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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCXXXIII. JULY 1868. Vol. CIV.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

NO. IV.—LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

The figure of a brilliant, vivacious, and graceful woman of fashion, when we meet with it in the sober paths of history, acts as one of the lights in the picture. It is not only the sparkling point itself that charms the eye, but the depth of contrast with which it relieves the masses of shade, and clears up the misty vista. Crowds of human creatures, especially when they are dead and past, mass themselves up like trees, with an instinctive huddling together and interlacing of passions and interests. The loftier figures, which stand well apart from the throng, are too much raised above it, in most cases, to throw much light on anything but the upturned heads, the eyes of eager attention, hope, or despair, with which the multitude regards its masters. The statesmen, the great soldiers, the great poets, throw only such lights as this from above upon the expectant mass below them. But there are actors less splendid, who thread out and in through the obscure crowd, leaving each a track among the nameless throng, by means of which we can distinguish the antique disused garments, the forgotten habits, the ancient forms of speech. Through the opening ranks it is a pleasure to watch the light soul tripping in airy, old-fashioned measures to the quaint strains that are heard no longer, to observe the dim partners in its dance which it selects from the crowd, to see it clasping visionary hands, and exchanging shadowy embraces with the half-seen creatures upon whom it casts a little of its own light. That light may be but the glow-worm glitter of a bright conversational superficial soul—it may be only the shimmer of a court suit of cloth-of-gold—but we follow it with an interest which is often above its deserts; for so much as human instrumentality can, it opens the common ranks to us, and makes our ancestors visible, not in the grave shape of their wars and their systems, but in their form and fashion as they lived.

This office is not one which is specially reserved to women. Far

different is the apparition of the heroic Maid or the patriot Queen. Women crowd closely upon the great highroad of the past. The unobtrusive domestic creature which is held up to us as the great model and type of the sex, could never be guessed at as its representative, did we form our ideas according to experience and evidence, instead of under the happy guidance of the conventional and imaginary. Every other kind and fashion of woman, except that correct and abstract being, is to be found in history; women who are princes, heroines, martyrs, givers of good and of evil counsel, leaders of parties, makers of wars. Their robes mingle with the succincter garments of statesmen and soldiers round them, with an equality of position and interest such as no theory knows. Nor is the butterfly-woman any commoner than the man-butterfly in the world of fashion and gossip dead and gone. The example we choose is of the best kind of the species, a higher specimen than the twin-creature, Horace Walpole, for example, who occupies something like a similar rank in the unimpassioned chronicle. There are qualities in Lady Mary which are quite above the range of her brother gossip, and a human interest which transcends any claim of his; but yet the light which flashes out from her delicate lantern upon every scene through which she passes, and upon the voiceless, unluminous mass around her, is the kind of light to which we have just referred—not the illumination from above, but the level ray which goes in and out amid the crowd, and reveals everywhere, in the little spot of radiance round her figure, the thronging forms, the half-seen faces, the gestures and fashions, the cries and exclamations of the generation which is past.

Mary Wortley Montagu was born Mary Pierrepont, of noble family and many gifts—Lady Mary, softest and sweetest of all titles, from her birth—in the year 1690. We do not pretend that she ever came up to the ideal of her name; but the young creature was sweet and fair, as well as sprightly and full of life, in the early days which she makes dimly apparent in her letters. The first incident in her story conveys a curious foretaste and prevision of her whole career. Her mother died when she was a child; and her father was one of those gay and easy men of pleasure who are the sternest and most immovable of domestic tyrants. He was very fond of her so long as she was a baby unable to cross his will—proud of her infant beauty and wit, and the first rays of an intelligence which was afterwards one of the keenest and brightest of her time. He was a Whig and a man of the highest fashion, and "of course belonged to the Kitcat Club." At one of the meetings of this "gay and gallant community," the object of which was "to choose toasts for the year," Lord Dorchester (such being his title at the time; he was afterwards Duke of Kingston) nominated his little daughter, aged eight, declaring that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members of the Club objected that their rules forbade the election to such an honour of any unknown beauty, upon which ensued the following characteristic scene:—

"'Then you shall see her!' cried he; and in the gaiety of the moment sent orders home to have her finely dressed and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form on a drinking-glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another, was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and what, perhaps, already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was

too poor a word to express her sentiments — they amounted to ecstasy; never again throughout her whole future life did she spend so happy a day. . . . Her father carried on the frolic, and, we may conclude, confirmed the taste by having her portrait painted for the club-room that she might be enrolled a regular toast."

This is the first appearance of the poor motherless child in the gay world she was to amuse and influence so long. After so ecstatic a glimpse of the triumphs which awaited her, she was sent back to the obscurity and seclusion which is the common fate of young-womanhood in the bud; but which, no doubt, after the above scene, was still more distasteful to the little beauty than it is in general to the captive princesses in their pinafores. There is a little controversy as to the mode of her education, of which her first polite biographer declares that "the first dawn of her genius opened so auspiciously that her father resolved to cultivate the advantages of nature by a sedulous attention to her early instruction. A classical education was not usually given to English ladies of quality when Lady Mary Pierrepont received one of the best," adds the courtly historian. "Under the same preceptors as Viscount Newark, her brother, she acquired the elements of the Greek, Latin, and French languages with the greatest success. When she had made a singular proficiency, her studies were superintended by Bishop Burnet, who fostered her superior talents with every expression of dignified praise." This is very fine language, and there is a dignified consciousness throughout the narrative that its subject is a person of quality, and not to be spoken of in the vulgar tongue; but the fact is very doubtful, and seems to have had no greater foundation than the existence of a translation of the 'Enchiridion' of Epictetus which Lady Mary executed in the ambition of her youth, and which Bishop Burnet corrected for her. She describes herself in one of her youthful letters as living surrounded with dictionaries, and teaching herself the learned tongue which was so great a distinction to her in those days. "My own education was one of the worst in the world," she says, when writing to her daughter nearly half a century after, "being exactly like Clarissa Harlowe's; her pious Mrs Norton so perfectly resembling my governess, who had been nurse to my mother, I could almost fancy the author was acquainted with her. She took so much pains from my infancy to fill my head with superstitious tales and false notions, it was none of her fault that I am not at this day afraid of witches and hobgoblins, or turned Methodist." There were three girls brought up in this way in the family house at Thoresby, which, like all the country houses of the period, was a place of penance and suffering to the possessors. "Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlour at Thoresby?" Lady Mary writes to her sister Lady Mar, when they were both in full possession of the freedom of maturer life, though life had not turned out so triumphant as the girls supposed. "We then thought marrying would put us at once into possession of all we wanted," she adds, no doubt with a sigh over the vain supposition. And yet the parlour at Thoresby cannot have been so very dull after all, and a pretty picture of girlish occupation might be made out of the few indications supplied by Lady Louisa Stuart in her introductory anecdotes to her grandmother's letters. "She possessed and left after her the whole library of Mrs Lennox's 'Female Quixote,' 'Cleopatra,' 'Cassandra,' 'Clelia,' 'Cyprus,' 'Pharamond,' 'Ibrahim,' &c. &c., all, like the Lady Arabella's collection, 'Englished' mostly by persons of honour." In a blank page of one of these great folios "Lady Mary had written in her

fairest youthful hand the names and characteristics of the chief personages, thus :—'The beautiful Diana, the volatile Climene, the melancholy Doris, Celadon the faithful, Adamas the wise,' and so on,"—a pretty piece of girlish enthusiasm which everybody who has had to do with such budding creatures will appreciate. She "got by heart all the poetry that came in her way, and indulged herself in the luxury of reading every romance as yet invented," a custom which stood her in great stead in after life, and at the same time did not prevent the translation of Epictetus, nor the perusal apparently of many grave authors. Besides all these labours and recreations, the girl, as she grew up, had the duties of the mistress of the house laid on her shoulders—no small matter in those days. No *dîner Russe*, blessed modern invention, had then been thought of. Poor Lady Mary had to take lessons three times a-week from "a professed carving-master, who taught the art scientifically," in order to be prepared for her father's "public days;" and on these public days ate her own dinner alone before the laborious social meal came on, to be fortified for its duties.

"Each joint was carried up in its turn to be operated upon by her, and by her alone, since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier; his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them—the curate, or subaltern, or squire's younger brother—if suffered through her neglect to help himself to a slice of mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election."

Hot from such tedious and trying labours, no wonder the girl was glad to take refuge in the Grand Cyrus, or bury her anatomical woes in Latin, whether that Latin was acquired legitimately under her brother's tutor or by private efforts of her own.

When Lady Mary was twenty she sent her translation of Epictetus to Bishop Burnet, with a letter in which the charming unconscious pedantry of youth breaks out in curious contrast with the light and not particularly refined epistles which at the same period she was writing to her youthful friends. It was "the work of one week of my solitude," she says; and with simple artfulness begs her correspondent to believe that her sole object in sending it to him was "to ask your Lordship whether I have understood Epictetus?" "My sex is usually forbid studies of this nature," adds the girl, with the oft-repeated plaint of womankind. "We are taught to place all our art in adorning our outward forms, and permitted without reproach to carry that custom even to extravagancy, while our minds are entirely neglected, and, by disuse of reflection, filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with. This custom, so long established and industriously upheld, makes it even ridiculous to go out of the common road, and forces one to find as many excuses as if it were a thing altogether criminal not to play the fool in concert with other women of quality." The young lady goes on to give her reverend counsellor a curious sketch of the manner in which "any man of sense that finds it either his interest or his pleasure" can corrupt women of quality, in consequence of their careless education,—a matter which Lady Mary and everybody belonging to her evidently thinks a quite natural and edifying subject for discussion on the part of a young woman just out of her teens; and the letter is concluded by a long Latin quotation from Erasmus. But for that one wonderful touch about the man of sense and the women of quality, the letter is

amusingly natural in its artificialness and eager strain after the calm of learning. It is the only bit of pedantry in the collection. Lady Mary and her descendants to the fourth and fifth generation evidently bear a modest consciousness that this 'Enchiridion' is a feather in the family cap.

But she had other things on her hands than translations. Among her friends one of the best-beloved was a certain Mistress Anne Wortley, whose acquaintance was to determine Lady Mary's life. Mrs Anne had a brother, young, handsome, and promising—a young man of family and fashion. This hero of the tale was in general, we are told, superior to female society. His granddaughter is indignant at the idea that Mr Edward Wortley was "a dull, phlegmatic country gentleman, of a tame genius and moderate capacity, of parts more solid than brilliant," as has been unkindly said. But the fact is, that the impression to be derived of Lady Mary's husband from the sole record in which he figures—that in which his wife stands out so clear and crisp and vivid—is of the vaguest and faintest character. He is as indistinct as the hero in a lady's novel. Certain general ideas of truth, straightforwardness, sternness, &c., are shadowed forth in him; but as to individuality, the man does not possess such a thing, either from the fault of the writer—which is scarcely to be supposed—or from his own. This dim being was, however, young when the two met. He was, we are told, "a first-rate scholar." "Polite literature was his passion." He was the friend of Addison, and formed part of the brilliant society which encircled that delicate wit. With all this prestige surrounding him, and clothed with that indefiniteness of youth which it is so easy to suppose full of hope and promise, no doubt he was a striking apparition in the eyes of the girl who chafed at her own ignorance, and courted the approach of genius. Few things have ever proved more charming to the feminine imagination in youth, than that lordly superiority which, alas! so seldom stands a closer examination. Female education, Lady Louisa Stuart informs us, was at so low an ebb, "that Mr Wortley, however fond of his sister, could have no particular motive to seek the acquaintance of her companions." But yet Fate beguiled the young hero, notwithstanding the debasement of womankind, and his own lofty sense of a higher being. This was how his downfall befell:—

"His surprise and delight were all the greater when, one afternoon, having by chance loitered in her apartment till visitors arrived, he saw Lady Mary Pierrepont for the first time; and on entering into conversation with her, found, in addition to beauty that charmed him, not only brilliant wit, but a thinking and cultivated mind. He was especially struck with the discovery that she understood Latin, and could relish his beloved classics. Something that passed led to the mention of Quintus Curtius, which she said she had never read. This was a fair handle for a piece of gallantry. In a few days she received a superb edition of the author, with these lines facing the title-page:—

"Beauty like this had vanquished Persia shown,
The Macedon had laid his empire down,
And polished Greece obeyed a barbarous throne.
Had wit so bright adorned a Grecian dame,
The amorous youth had lost his thirst for fame,
Nor distant India sought through Syria's plain;
But to the Muses' stream with her had run,
And thought her lover more than Ammon's son."

So changed have manners become since those days, that the nearest analogy to this curious beginning of courtship must be looked for among our housemaids and the faithful youths who "keep company" with them. But we suppose it was all right in 1710, or anyhow Lady Mary had no mamma to do what was proper, and send

back the premature offering. Perhaps it was the first time that Quintus Curtius had served such a purpose. The correspondence was carried on for some time by means of Mistress Anne, who is suspected of having sent her brother's fervid communications under her own name to her dear Lady Mary. Very soon, however, poor Mistress Anne died in the bloom of her beauty and youth; and the two, who were by this time, in their way, lovers, had to carry on their traffic directly, without any intermediacy. Then the character of the correspondence changed. We cannot but suspect that the lover must have been something of a prig. He who began his wooing by means of Quintus Curtius, soon found out that though he was in love he did not approve of himself for it; nor did he at all approve of her, the cause of his unsuitable passion. He loved her because he could not help it; against his will. His taste and his heart might be satisfied, but the same could not be said for his judgment. His letters are (again) like those of the superior hero of a novel, bound to the frivolous, flighty, beautiful creature whom he doubts and disapproves of, but cannot tear himself away from. Nor was this all. When he had at last screwed his courage to the point of a proposal, other obstacles came in the way. Mr Wortley was a theorist, a *doctrinaire*, a man of opinions. He was opposed, like the 'Spectator' and 'Tatler,' to the laws of entail. Indeed, his historian insinuates that on this point it must have been he who inspired Steele and Addison, neither of these worthies having anything to entail—a true piece of characteristic contempt for the mere professional writer, worthy of a person of quality. But Lord Dorchester did not appreciate Mr Wortley's fine sentiments. When every argument had failed to convince the philosophical lover, the treaty came to an end, and poor Lady Mary, the only one of the parties concerned in whom the reader feels any interest, was peremptorily condemned, after all the pretty preliminaries of her quaint courtship, to forget her *doctrinaire* and accept another suitor. The girl resisted, but in vain. She begged to be but left alone—to be allowed to give up both wooers, and remain in her father's house—but without success. The few letters to her friends which are preserved belonging to this period of her life are not more refined than the age; but her conduct at this crisis is decidedly more refined and delicate than was to be expected in the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is true she kept up a private correspondence with the philosophical Wortley, and finally ran away with him; but her letters are free from every taint of coarseness, and full of modest and womanly sentiment, scarcely to be looked for in the circumstances. A more curious correspondence between lovers was never given to the world. On his side there is no doubt a certain glow of restrained passion kept in curb by an almost dislike, a sense of superiority and unsuitability, which becomes comical in its seriousness. On hers there is no passion. She is grateful for the love by which she has been distinguished by a man whom, in her girlish humility, she is ready to take at his own estimate, and consider as superior as he believes himself to be. No doubt Quintus Curtius and the classics, and the flattering sense that it was her own superiority to most women which had determined his choice of her, had dazzled the young creature. She is affectionate, and humble in her affection; puzzled, but anxious to do what will please him, if only he will be candid, and let her know what he is aiming at. It is a virgin soul which speaks, unmoved by any fiery inspiration of love, tenderly unimpassioned, willing to be his wife, most unwilling to be the wife of another man. Perhaps this calm but anxious con-

dition of mind might be disappointing to a fervent lover, but it is a pretty attitude for the young soul, and one which charms the spectator. Mary Pierrepont looks a very different creature from Mary Wortley Montagu. She is standing on the brink of the transition when the following letters pass between her and her lover. The first which we shall quote refers apparently to his first proposal:—

"Give me leave to say it (I know it sounds vain)," writes the spirited and sensible girl, with a mingling of indignation in her candour, "I know how to make a man of sense happy; but then that man must resolve to contribute something towards it himself. I have so much esteem for you, I should be very sorry to hear that you were unhappy, but for the world I would not be the instrument of making you so; which, in the humour you are, is hardly to be avoided, if I am your wife. You distrust me—I can neither be easy nor loved when I am distrusted. Nor do I believe your passion for me is what you pretend it—at least I am sure, were I in love, I could not talk as you do. Few women would have wrote so plain as I have done, but to dissemble is among the things I never do. I take more pains to approve my conduct to myself than to the world, and would not have to accuse myself of a minute's deceit. I wish I loved you enough to devote myself to be for ever miserable for the pleasure of a day or two's happiness. I cannot resolve upon it. You must think otherwise of me, or not at all. I don't enjoin you to burn this letter—I know you will. 'Tis the first I ever wrote to one of your sex, and shall be the last. You may never expect another. I resolve against all correspondence of the kind—my resolutions are seldom made, and never broken——"

Notwithstanding this very determined conclusion, the same day, or perhaps the next morning, throws new lights on the lover's letter which had drawn from her this spirited reply; and, forgetting her resolve, Lady Mary puts pen to paper once more, to repeat and strengthen and enforce in a womanish way which has not yet gone out of fashion, the answer which she had already given, and which was decisive enough.

"Reading over your letter as fast as ever I could," she recommences abruptly, "and answering it with the same ridiculous precipitation, I find one part of it escaped my sight and the other I mistook in several places. . . . Your letter is to tell me you should think yourself undone if you married me; but if I could be so tender as to confess I should break my heart if you did not, then you would consider whether you would or no; but yet you hoped you should not. I take this to be the right interpretation of——'even your kindness can't destroy me of a sudden. I hope I am not in your power. I would give a good deal to be satisfied, &c.' . . . You would have me say that I am violently in love; that is, finding you think better of me than you desire, you would have me give you a just cause to contemn you. I doubt much whether there is a creature in the world humble enough to do that. I should not think you more unreasonable if you were in love with my face, and asked me to disfigure it to make you easy. I have heard of some nuns who made use of this expedient to secure their own happiness; but amongst all the Popish saints and martyrs I never read of one whose charity was sublime enough to make themselves deformed or ridiculous to restore their lovers to peace and quietness."

Perhaps the young man who received these letters was wise enough to see that the smart of wounded pride in them was too sharp to be compatible with absolute indifference; at least, he seems to have taken them as no decisive answer, and to have pursued his suit in a way which clearly points him out as the original type of many gentlemen who have since enlightened and entertained the world, from Mr Rochester and Felix Holt down to the detestable prigs of American fiction—gentlemen who carry on their wooing by a series of insults and lectures. Mary Pierrepont was not a meek heroine, but still she seems to have yielded in some degree to the tantalising power of this strange kind of wooing. She struggles, she resists, she breaks out into little appeals; she restates

her case, sometimes indignantly, sometimes half tenderly, and bids him farewell over and over again. But perhaps the lady doth protest too much. It is evident that she had no desire to terminate the correspondence, which must have been an exciting break to the dulness of the Thoresby parlour. "While I foolishly fancied you loved me," she cries—brought up to this pitch, it is apparent, by much aggravation—"there is no condition of life I could not have been happy in with you, so very much I liked you—I might say loved, since it is the last thing I'll ever say to you. This is telling you sincerely my greatest weakness; and now I will oblige you with a new proof of generosity—I'll never see you more. I shall avoid *all* public places, and this is the last letter I shall send. If you write, be not displeased that I send it back unopened. I shall force my inclinations to oblige yours; and remember that you have told me I could not oblige you more than by refusing you." The next page, however, shows a change of sentiment. There is no longer question of a last letter, an eternal separation; on the contrary, she discusses calmly her own character and his mistaken estimate of it, and even goes into such a matter of detail as the comparative excellences of life in the country and life in town. "You think if you married me I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next," she says; "but neither would happen. I can esteem, I can be a friend, but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond in me. . . . When people are tied for life," the young philosopher goes on discussing the disadvantages of retirement, which her lover seems to have proposed, "'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms I want, a face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would be soon tired of seeing every day the same thing. When you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects, which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, which is always a great charm."

This composed state of mind, however, does not last long. Next time she writes it is again with the determination of saying farewell for ever.

"I begin to be tired of my humility," she exclaims. "I have carried my complaisances to you farther than I ought. You make new scruples, you have a great deal of fancy, and your distrusts being all of your own making, are more immovable than if there were some real ground for them. Our aunts and grandmothers always tell us that men are a sort of animals that, if ever they are constant, 'tis only when they are ill-used. 'Twas a kind of paradox I never could believe. Experience has taught me the truth of it. You are the first I ever had a correspondence with, and I thank God I have done with it for all my life. . . . I have not the spirits to dispute any longer with you. You say you are not determined; let me determine for you, and save you the trouble of writing again. Adieu for ever! Make no answer. I wish, among the variety of your acquaintance, you may find some one to please you, and can't help the vanity of thinking, should you try them all, you won't find one that will be so sincere in their treatment, though a thousand more deserving, and every one happier."

Then it is the lover who comes in, tantalising and tantalised:—

"Every time I see you," writes Mr Wortley, on his side, "gives me a fresh proof of your not caring for me; yet I beg you will meet me once more. How could you pay me that great compliment of loving the country for life, when you would not stay with me a few minutes longer? Who is the happy man you went to? I agree with you, I am often so dull I cannot explain my meaning, but will not own the expression was so very obscure when I said if I had you I should act against my opinion. Why need I add, I see what is best for me? I contemn what I do, and yet I fear I must do it. If you

can't find it out that you are going to be unhappy, ask your sister, who agrees with you in everything else, and she will convince you of your rashness in this. She knows you don't care for me, and that you will like me less and less every year, perhaps every day of your life. You may with a little care please another as well, and make him less timorous. It is possible I too may please some of those that have but little acquaintance; and if I should be preferred by a woman for being the first among her companions, it would give me as much pleasure as if I were the first man in the world. Think again, and prevent a misfortune from falling upon both of us."

This letter concludes with instructions how they are to meet in the house of Steele by aid of his wife. And so the duel goes on. It is like the scene in Molière, which he repeats in several of his comedies, between offended lovers. No doubt the great dramatist repeated it because the quarrel of the two, their fury, their eternal farewell, their stolen looks, their relenting, and the sudden leap into each other's grasp of their eager reluctant hands, was such a piece of pretty fooling as no audience could resist. And here, in real English flesh and blood, in laced coat and quilted petticoat, in peruke and powder, stand Doris and Dorimène, performing their charming interlude. By-and-by matters become more serious. The formal negotiations are broken off, and there is the other lover, who offers £500 a-year of pin-money and a house in town, and on whose behalf Lord Dorchester lays out £400 in wedding-clothes. Things come to such a pitch at last that there is nothing for it but "a coach to be at the door early Monday morning," and an entire surrender into the hands of the honourable if aggravating bridegroom. "I tremble for what we are doing," the girl writes, in a fright, on the evening of the Friday before this momentous day. "Are you sure you shall love me for ever? Shall we never separate? I fear and I hope—I foresee all that will happen. I shall incense my family in the highest degree. The generality of the world will blame my conduct, and the relations and friends of —— will invent a thousand stories of me; yet 'tis possible you may recompense everything to me. In this letter, which I am fond of, you promise me all I wish. Since I writ so far I received your Friday letter. I will be only yours, and I will do what you please."

And accordingly "early Monday morning" they ran away.

It is the pleasant privilege of fiction to end here. In such a case where could there be found a more charming, graceful story? People who had spoken their minds so freely to each other before their marriage, whose love had been tried by so many frets, and one of whom at last concluded the matter in such beautiful dispositions, what could they do but live happy ever after? "I will be only yours, and I will do what you please." What prettier ending could close the youthful tender tale? Alas! the story of this Lady Mary did not end with these words, but only began.

There is something humbling and disappointing in dropping down to the calm level of ordinary life, after that moment of exalted sentiment and idealism. The happiest and the least pretentious marriage shares this revulsion with the most showy and the most unfortunate. After that strain of passionate feeling, that sense of new life beginning, those noble resolutions and beautiful dreams, to wake and find after all that the obstinate earth is still the same, that the still more obstinate self is unchanged, and that life falls back into its accustomed channel, taking incredibly little heed of that one alteration of circumstances which, before it was made, seemed so radical and overwhelming, is hard upon any susceptible imagination. Neither bride nor bridegroom in the case be-

fore us seem to have entertained any high-flown expectations; but yet it is not very long before Lady Mary begins to feel that a careless husband is a much less piquant and amusing interlocutor than a disapproving lover. It is evident that she spent a great part of the first few years of her married life alone. She writes to the errant husband, at first with pleasant expressions of her happiness in being his, but afterwards with alternations of petulance and melancholy and repentance for both. "I assist every day at public prayers in this family," she says in what it is evident is her first letter, a month or two after the marriage, when her heart is soft with unaccustomed happiness, and moved, in consequence, to a superficial religiousness, "and never forget in my private ejaculations how much I owe to heaven for making me yours." This blessed state of affairs, however, does not last very long. Within the first year a pensive sense of loneliness comes over the young wife; she does not complain, but she wonders at his absence and his silence; now and then she is sick and sad, and moralises: "Life itself, to make it supportable, should not be considered too nearly," she says. "It is a maxim with me to be young (the poor soul was three-and-twenty!) as long as one can; there is nothing can pay one for that invaluable ignorance which is the companion of youth; those sanguine groundless hopes, and that lively vanity which makes all the happiness of life. To my extreme mortification, I grow wiser every day." A little later she calls her fortitude to her, and is obstinately contented. "I discovered an old trunk of papers," she writes from the solitude of Hinchinbroke, "which to my great diversion I found to be the letters of the first Earl of Sandwich. . . . I walked yesterday two hours on the terrace—these are the most considerable events that have happened in your absence, excepting that a good-natured robin-redbreast kept me company almost the whole afternoon with so much good-humour and humanity as gives me faith for the piece of charity ascribed to these little creatures in the 'Children in the Wood.'" Some time after this she becomes indignant: "I am alone, without any amusement to take up my thoughts; I am in circumstances in which melancholy is apt to prevail even over all amusements, dispirited and alone, and you write me quarrelling letters. . . . Should I tell you that I am uneasy, that I am out of humour and out of patience, should I see you half an hour the sooner?——" . . . and then the poor young creature is penitent, and excuses herself for complaining. The bright, beautiful, high-spirited young woman, removing from one doleful country house to another, estranged from all her natural friends, bearing all the physical ills natural in the circumstances, consuming her heart in enforced solitude, while the curmudgeon of a husband, the cause of all her troubles, amuses himself in the great world, and writes her, when he writes at all, "quarrelling letters," are set forth before us with the greatest distinctness. Poor Lady Mary had, apparently, no high religious or any other kind of principle to support her. She was not a woman of the noblest kind, nor is her character a model one in any way: yet her courage, and spirit, and patience; her eagerness to make the best of everything; the comfort she takes in the kind robin and the old letters; her endurance; her fancies; her occasional little outbursts, make up a picture at once pretty and affecting. Had she been less reasonable and more passionate, the story of what was evidently an unsuitable and uncomfortable marriage would no doubt have been more dramatic. But the age was one in which people were very composed in their

affections; and she, it is apparent from first to last, was an eminently unimpassioned woman. But that she was chilled, wounded, mortified, lowered in her own estimation, and cut short in all possible blossoming of her affections, is clear enough. We wonder, if the story had been traced after marriage of all our modern heroes whose *rôle* it is to scold and find fault, like Mr Wortley, whether a similar result might not be perceptible? The consequence in this case to all readers will be a hearty pity and liking for Lady Mary, and a wholesome contempt for the narrow pedant whom, by bad luck, she had made the controller of her heart and fate.

Matters had come to such a pass between the two who, by a runaway marriage, had given what is generally supposed the strongest evidence of love, within two years after, that the young wife was moved to formal remonstrance.

"I cannot forbear any longer telling you," she writes, "I think you use me very unkindly. I don't say so much of your absence as I should do if you was in the country and I in London, because I would not have you believe that I am impatient to be in town when I say I am impatient to be with you; but I am very sensible I parted with you in July, and 'tis now the middle of November. As if this was not hardship enough, you do not tell me you are sorry for it. You write seldom, and with so much indifference as shows you hardly think of me at all. I complain of ill-health, and you only say you hope it is not so bad as I make it. You never inquire after your child. . . . You should consider solitude, and spleen the consequence of solitude, is apt to give the most melancholy ideas, and thus needs at least tender letters and kind expressions to hinder uneasiness almost inseparable from absence. I am very sensible how far I ought to be contented when your affairs oblige you to be without me. I would not have you do yourself any prejudice, but a little kindness will cost you nothing. . . . I have concealed as long as I can the uneasiness the nothingness of your letters have given me under an affected indifference; but dissimulation always sits awkwardly upon me. I am weary of it, and must beg of you to write me no more if you cannot bring yourself to write otherwise. Multiplicity of business or diversions may have engaged you, but all people find time to do what they have a mind to. If your inclination is gone, I had rather never receive a letter from you than one which in lieu of comfort for your absence gives me a pain even beyond it."

Notwithstanding all this, no sooner does the political horizon change, and an opening become visible for Wortley, if he can avail himself of it, in public life, than his wife springs eager to his side to encourage and stimulate him. And very strange to be uttered by a young woman of four-and-twenty, from the depths of rustic quiet, do these exhortations sound. The period is just after the accession of George I.—a new reign, a new era—when all the possibilities of power and influence lay before any new man who had force enough to seize them. Probably Lady Mary's faith in her husband's superiority had begun to fail, and, in consequence, she is great on the merits of boldness in opposition to modesty, which she evidently tries to persuade herself is all he wants to insure success. Here is the opening note of the trumpet with which, in mingled flattery and menace, she attempts to stir him up:—

"Though I am very impatient to see you, I would not have you, by hastening to come down, lose any part of your interest. . . . I am glad you think of serving your friends. I hope it will put you in mind of serving yourself. I need not enlarge upon the advantages of money—everything we see and everything we hear puts us in remembrance of it. If it were possible to restore liberty to your country, or limit the encroachments of the prerogative, by reducing yourself to a garret, I should be pleased to share so glorious a poverty with you; but as the world is and will be, 'tis a sort of duty to be rich that it may be in one's power to do good—riches being another word for power, towards the obtaining of which the first necessary qualification is impudence, and (as Demosthenes said of pro-

nunciation in oratory) the second is impudence, and the third still impudence. No modest man ever did or ever will make his fortune. Your friend Lord Halifax, R. Walpole, and all other remarkable instances of quick advancement, have been remarkably impudent. The Ministry is like a play at Court: there's a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost: people who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and still thrust heartily forward, are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd, is shoved about by everybody, his clothes torn, almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get in before him that don't make so good a figure as himself. I don't say it is impossible for an impudent man not to rise in the world; but a modest merit, with a large share of impudence, is more probable to be advanced than the greatest qualifications without it. If this letter is impertinent, it is founded upon an opinion of your merit, which, if it is a mistake, I would not be undeceived. It is my interest to believe, as I do, that you deserve everything, and are capable of everything; but nobody else will believe it if they see you get nothing."

Whether by means of the noble quality of impudence thus strenuously recommended to him, or by his relationship to Montagu Earl of Halifax, Mr Wortley got into office, and was for some time a Lord of the Treasury; the principal use of his advancement, so far as the public was concerned, being, that his sprightly and beautiful wife could no longer be kept in banishment. Lady Louisa Stuart informs us that Lady Mary became a favourite in both of the royal households. The Prince of Wales is said to have "admired her rather more than the Princess, though not usually jealous, could approve. Once in a rapture he called her Royal Highness from the card-table to look how becomingly Lady Mary was dressed. 'Lady Mary always dresses well,' said the Princess dryly, and returned to her cards." This anecdote, which is taken from the diary destroyed by Lady Bute, Lady Mary's only daughter, does not look particularly true; for, if we may credit other descriptions of her, and her own expression of her tastes not many years before, dress was never her *forte*, nor is she mentioned in any other description of the Princess's court. The other old court at St James's, where King George the First with dulness and the Duchess of Kendal presided over the tedious circle, was enlivened by the triumphant young beauty. She was so popular there, that Secretary Craggs, meeting her on her way out, and hearing that her early departure was much regretted by his Majesty, loyally snatched her up in his arms and carried her back again to the royal presence, that his master might have his will.

After two years of this gay life, Mr Wortley was appointed ambassador to Constantinople, a mission upon which his wife with her baby —the precious only son of whom in his infancy she writes with so much tenderness, and who in his manhood brought her both shame and grief — accompanied him. She seems to have accepted this splendid banishment with the liveliest satisfaction and excitement. Change, adventure, movement, new things to see and hear and find out—everything her brilliant and curious intelligence required—were thus supplied to her; and there never had been so clear a picture of the mysterious East as that which the gay young English ambassadress sent thereafter in long letters sparkling with wit and observation and real insight to all her English friends. She found, as other travellers have found since, that no previous authority was in the least reliable, and that all the ordinary commonplaces of Western belief about the Orientals were at once false and foolish. In the warmth of her enthusiasm for the new world which she must have felt she had discovered, she set forth the favourable side of all its institutions—found its women

the freest of the free, notwithstanding their supposed slavery; its men the most faithful, its religion the most pure, and its scenery the most lovely. Perhaps her own freedom in the intoxicating novelty of the new position had something to do with it. Her child throve notwithstanding the terrible journey across the Hungarian wilds—her husband probably was occupied, and did not oppress her with his company. She adopted the dress of the country, and, light-hearted as a child in "my *ferigée* and *asmâsk*," she says, "I ramble every day about Constantinople and amuse myself with seeing all that is curious in it." To the bazaars, the baths, the mosques, everywhere where a veiled woman could penetrate, or an ambassadress command entrance, the sprightly observer roves. And she sees everything through rose-coloured spectacles. Her letters glow with descriptions of the beauty of the women, given with a freedom which only a woman could use (and be it said by the way, there are no such admirers as women of beauty in the abstract, whether the current sneer about their jealousy of individual instances be worth more than other popular fictions or no), their polished skins, their dazzling jewels, their glorious hair, their tissues of gold and silver. Nothing escapes those bright eyes which already more than one poet had sung. One moment it is an embroidered napkin, at another a long Latin inscription, which attracts her notice and fills her letter. From the presence-chamber of the lovely Sultana Fatima, she flies by a natural transition to Turkish poetry and the romance of the Rose and Nightingale, and from thence to St Sophia and to the monastery of the dervishes with its weird worship. She makes merry over the extraordinary commissions sent to her—as, for instance, that of purchasing a Greek slave, which Pope playfully, and by way of flattery, but one good woman among her correspondents gravely and in good faith, requests her to do—and laughingly describes the terrible consequences to her own beautiful face of a certain balm, of which the English ladies had heard as an unfailing cosmetic. She tells how, at the bath, being requested to undress like the others, she silenced all cavillers by showing her stays, which they immediately concluded to be a machine holding her fast, of which her husband kept the key, and considered a very natural and reasonable arrangement. She describes her long theological conversations with a certain Effendi, in whose house she and her husband were lodged, and his amiable intellectual scepticism. She has information for each of her correspondents—the poem for Pope, the Sultanas for her sister, the religious discussions for her abbé—who must have been a most tolerant Catholic. She is even so good-natured as to describe a camel to some good rural gentlewoman. Altogether, there never was a more spontaneous, sprightly, and picturesque narrative of travel than this, which the light-hearted young woman with bright English eyes, which noted everything under her flowing Eastern veil, despatched to the little knot of men and women who followed her wanderings with the interest of friends. The country was all new and strange, the observer all life, vivacity, and intelligence. Under such conditions, the most uninteresting land grows curious and full of wealth.

Among the letters which contain these sparkling sketches, appear certain epistles from Pope—strange preliminaries to the deadly war of words which afterwards raged between the two. They must have made acquaintance in the short interval of town life which Lady Mary passed in London before her husband became ambassador. We will not here discuss the poet's style in letter-writing; but it is curious to

contrast these elaborate compositions with the pleasant freedom of the answers to them, and of the general correspondence in which they are enclosed. There is an artificial solemnity in the adoration with which Pope approaches the lady of his dreams, which already shadows forth the half-authenticated scene in the Twickenham garden, where the unhappy little man spoke out his passion, and the brilliant beauty was surprised into a peal of laughter—laughter never to be forgiven. But the comparison is not in favour of the man of genius—the woman's letters are incomparably fresher, brighter, more natural and easy than his. She puts his stilted rhapsodies aside with an unconsciousness which doubtless was in some degree assumed, and does her best to tone down his extravagance with a serene friendliness which is full of charm. There is all the difference between them that there is between a manufactured article and a spontaneous natural production. Lady Mary, no doubt, like all the letter-writers of her period, preserved and cherished her letters as things interesting to the world in general; but there is no sense of this fact underlying their graceful strain. The first and immediate purpose of telling her story happily shuts out from her eyes the cold shade of posterity listening in the background. They are not the effusions of an author to the world, but the spontaneous communications — whatever may happen to them afterwards—of a woman to her friends.

Let us quote, in passing, her description of the French ladies whom, fresh from the polished limbs and majestic bearing of her Turkish friends, she sees in Paris on her way home. It is an amusing contribution to the history of Fashion, and shows against what perpetual ingratitude from a disdainful world the disciples of that goddess, especially in Paris, her metropolis, have long and bravely struggled.

"I must tell you something of the French ladies," she writes. "I have seen all the beauties, . . . such nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. . . . 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty countrywomen; if I was writing to anybody else, I should say that these grotesque daubers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of dear Lady Rich's auburn hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion."

Mr Wortley's embassy lasted not much more than a year; and within two years his family, increased by a daughter, afterwards Lady Bute, who had been born in Constantinople, was again in England. But during that short time Lady Mary had managed not only to collect all the curious information embodied in her letters, and to learn—enough, at least, to enable her to translate —the Turkish language, but had acquired knowledge of a more serious kind, which only a woman of high courage and spirit, rising almost to the height of heroism, would have had the boldness to act upon. She found the system of inoculation for smallpox to be in universal practice around her, and, emboldened by the fact that she had already passed through that dreadful disease (with the loss of her eyelashes, which, it is said, made her brilliant eyes look fierce), Lady Mary, with enlightened curiosity, examined into it. She describes it thus to one of her correspondents :—

"Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The smallpox, so fatal and so general among us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month

of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the smallpox: they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met, commonly fifteen or sixteen together, the old woman comes with a nutshell full of the matter of the best sort of smallpoxes, and asks what vein you please to have opened. . . . The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days they are as well as before their illness. . . . Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly that they take the smallpox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment since I intend to try it on my dear little son. I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England."

This information was acquired, and the resolution formed, very shortly after Lady Mary's arrival in Turkey. With heroic courage she tested it upon her boy, who came through the trial successfully; and when the Turkish ambassador's pretty wife came back to England, it was not as a mere wit and beauty, strong as were her claims to both distinctions, but with a "mission" such as few young women of fashion would have had the courage to take up. She had already declared her total want of confidence in doctors, and certainty that "that distemper is too beneficial to them not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should attempt to put an end to it." Inoculation has been so entirely superseded that a critic of the present day, unless possessed of special medical knowledge, does not even know the extent of its use, or what amount of good it did. But there can be no doubt about the disinterested regard for her fellow-creatures, and dauntless spirit, which inspired this young mother, and kept her up in the struggle which her granddaughter describes as follows:—

"What an arduous, what a fearful, and, we may add, what a thankless enterprise it was, nobody is now in the least aware. Those who have heard her applauded for it ever since they were born, and have also seen how joyfully vaccination was welcomed in their own days, may naturally conclude that when once the experiment had been made and proved successful, she would have nothing to do but to sit down triumphant, and receive the thanks and blessings of her countrymen. . . . Lady Mary protested that in the four or five years immediately succeeding her arrival at home, she seldom passed a day without repenting of her patriotic undertaking; and she vowed that she would never have attempted it if she had foreseen the vexation, the persecution, and even the obloquy, it brought upon her. The clamours raised against the practice, and of course against her, were beyond belief. The faculty all rose in arms to a man, foretelling failure and the most disastrous consequences; the clergy descanted from their pulpits on the impiety of thus seeking to take events out of the hand of Providence; the common people were taught to hoot at her as an unnatural mother who had risked the lives of her own children. And notwithstanding that she soon gained many supporters amongst the higher and more enlightened classes, headed by the Princess of Wales (Queen Caroline), who stood by her firmly, some even of her acquaintance were weak enough to join in the outcry. We now read in grave medical biography that the discovery was instantly hailed, and the method adopted by the principal members of that profession. . . . But what said Lady Mary of the actual fact and time? Why, that the four great physicians deputed by Government to watch the progress of her daughter's inoculation, betrayed not only such incredulity as to its success, but such an unwillingness to have it succeed, such an evident spirit of rancour and malignity, that she never cared to leave the child alone with them one second lest it should in some secret way suffer from their interference. Lady Bute herself could partly confirm her mother's account by her own testi-

mony, for afterwards the battle was often fought in her presence. As inoculation gained ground, all who could make or claim the slightest acquaintance with Lady Mary Wortley used to beg for her advice and superintendence while it was going on in their families; and she constantly carried her little daughter along with her to the house, and into the sick-room, to prove her security from infection."

Women are getting such very hard measure in these days, that a little incident like this is worth recording in favour of the maligned section of humanity. Bad as they may be to-day, they are not so bad as they were in that unclean age. Yet this very striking instance of enlightened observation and the highest public spirit is entirely to be attributed to those mothers whose education, according to the common theory, made them unfit to be their husbands' companions or the instructors of their children. Fancy Mr Wortley taking any trouble to introduce a custom which only saved other people's lives and did himself no immediate advantage! or little George, the second of that blessed name, standing by him in his undertaking! Lady Mary did it, having at once the eye to see, and the heart to dare; and princely Caroline stood by her, with the same breadth of perception, and steady valour of soul. It is not to be expected that any such fact, however picturesque, should for a moment stand before the force of theory, but still the story is remarkable in its way.

Lady Mary remained in England after her return from Constantinople for twenty-one years, during which, no doubt, the most important events of her life took place, though they are not those in which we know her best. She was at home, and consequently, except to her sister, the wife of the banished Earl of Mar, she wrote but few letters. Whatever cause there might be for the clouds that have rested on her good name arose during this period. She quarrelled with Pope, and was assailed by him with a pitiless spite and venom which goes far to defeat itself; she lived and shone in London, and enjoyed the social life and triumphs for which her wit and talent so well qualified her, and doubtless did some equivocal things which her biographer is not sorry to have no very distinct particulars of. The quarrel with Pope is, like other incidents of this part of her life, left in much uncertainty. What is quite clear is, that he wrote to her while she was in Turkey frequent letters full of fantastical and elaborate adulation, just warmed with a flicker of real feeling—that he entreated her, on his knees metaphorically speaking, to go to Twickenham, where, apparently in consequence of his arguments, and to recruit the travellers after their journey, Mr Wortley took a house. Some time after, the poet, without a word of explanation given, turns from his worship to downright blasphemy, and assaults with every expression of rage and contempt the "Sappho" whom he had heretofore adored. It is true that it was on no meek and silent sufferer that his insults were poured. Lady Mary was quite able to defend herself, and meets him at his own weapons with scorn that equals his, if not with equal powers. But the description she gives of the quarrel is the only one in which there is any *vraisemblance*. At an unlucky moment, her granddaughter tells us, "when she least expected what romancers call a *declaration*, he made such passionate love to her, as, in spite of her utmost endeavours to be angry and look grave, provoked an immoderate fit of laughter." It is easy to realise that the ridicule of the fair creature by his side was more bitter to the unhappy little poet than any other punishment could have been. If his heart was really interested, as might very well be from the tone of his letters, what a frightful mor-

tification must have fallen upon him in that burst of laughter! It was enough to turn the milk into gall, the love into hatred. "From that moment he became her implacable enemy," adds the story; and but that Pope has fallen a little out of the knowledge of this generation, it would be unnecessary to recall the remorseless lines in which the enchantress is handed down to the justice of posterity. Our space forbids us to enter here into one of the bitterest of literary feuds. Lady Mary, as we have said, was no harmless sufferer; she turned upon her assailant, if it is true that she had a hand in the verses to the Imitator of Horace, with virulence at least equal to his own; and even if guiltless in this respect, spoke of him with a contempt which, like his bitterness, overshot its mark. If Lady Mary ever were vulgar, it would be in the passage in a letter to Arbuthnot, where she suggests that if Pope is "skilled in counterfeiting hands," he will not only gratify his malice but increase his fortune by these means, and so she hopes she will see him exalted according to his merits. But it is hard to be just, or even generous, in a quarrel of this description, and there is nothing to prove that at the beginning of it Lady Mary was to blame.

Her entire life worked itself out in these twenty years—the time of her maturity, her highest bloom of beauty, and full force of intellect. Her children, whom she brought back to England infants, grew up, the one to a disreputable and wretched manhood, the other to the life of a fortunate matron and good mother. She had all she had hoped for in the dreary moments of her seclusion, or so at least it would appear. Her letters to her sister afford us, for some time, various glimpses of her satisfaction with her actual circumstances. "I see everybody, but converse with nobody but *des amies choisies*," she says when she had been for six or seven years established in England, and had arrived *al mezzo del cammin di nostra vita.* "I see the whole town every Sunday, and select a few that I retain to supper; in short, if life could be always what it is, I believe I have so much humility in my temper that I could be contented without anything better, this two or three hundred years." . . . "I write to you at this time piping hot from the birthnight," she says a short time previously; "my brain warmed with all the agreeable ideas that fine clothes, fine gentlemen, brisk tunes, and lively dances can raise there. . . . First you must know that I led up the ball, which you'll stare at; but, what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there; to say truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show-days to keep the court in countenance." It was the kind of life she had longed for, when it had seemed unattainable; and so long as her children were babies, it was a pleasant life: a fact which she acknowledges with characteristic frankness, though the acknowledgment is one which, even in the most favourable circumstances, few people care to make. But Lady Mary's satisfaction with her existence does not seem to have lasted longer than that brief lull from anxiety, the moment when her children were young. Probably she had adopted the fashionable mode of dealing with her husband—had given up any expectation of support or tenderness from him, and transferred her hopes, as so many women do, almost without knowing it, to the children, in whom her existence had begun afresh. To Lady Mary, as to so many another mother, this expectation too, the last and most precious, failed like the others. As the years go on, it is in this changed cadence that her thoughts find utterance—a strain still full of courage and

unconquerable spirit, but to which their very tone of determined optimism gives an expression more sad than absolute complaint :—

"All these things, and five hundred more, convince me (as I have the most profound veneration for the Author of Nature) that we are here in an actual state of punishment : I am satisfied I have been one of *the condemned* ever since I was born ; and, in submission to the divine justice, I don't at all doubt that I deserved it in some former state. I will still hope that I am only in purgatory ; and that, after whining and grunting a certain number of years, I shall be translated to some more happy sphere, where virtue will be natural and custom reasonable. I grow very devout, as you see, and place all my hopes in the next life, being totally persuaded of the nothing of this. Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlour at Thoresby ? We then thought marrying would put us at once into possession of all we wanted. . . . Though, after all, I am still of opinion that it is extremely silly to submit to ill fortune. One should pluck up a spirit and live upon cordials, when one can have no other nourishment. These are my present endeavours ; and I run about, though I have five thousand pins and needles running into my heart. I try to console myself with a small damsel who is at present everything I like ; but, alas ! she is yet in a white frock. At fourteen she may run away with the butler :—there's one of the blessed consequences of great disappointments : you are not only hurt by the thing present, but it cuts off all future hopes, and makes your very expectations melancholy. *Quelle vie !*" "My girl gives me great prospect of satisfaction," she writes a little later ; "but my young rogue of a son is the most ungovernable little rake that ever played truant." And again, "I am vexed to the blood by my young rogue of a son, who has contrived, at his age, to make himself the talk of the whole nation. He is gone knight-erranting, God knows where ; and hitherto it is impossible to find him. Nothing that ever happened to me has troubled me so much——"

Thus after her moment of repose, after the disappointments of youth had come to be buried out of sight, and life, no longer craving for actual happiness, had grown contented with the reflection of it — the round of occupation, the chosen friends, the little damsel in her white frock—fate awakes, and the grand tumult recommences. Joy not being possible, the woman had contented herself with peace ; but such an escape was not to be. The course of pain begins over again, the lull is over, the storms rise ; the "young rogue," by steps that no doubt rang heavier, and ever heavier, upon his mother's heart, sank into a ruined and despicable man, about whose unworthiness even love could not deceive itself ; the little maiden grew up and married, and went away. The loneliness which had been too much for her in early days, when it was her husband who forsook her, fell back in full force upon the woman who had now no new life to hope for. She did what it was like her high spirit to do. She fled from it all, with or without the hope that her husband would join her. Like enough, the houses in which abode the ghosts of that child in white, and of that ruined boy, were intolerable to a mind which never could sink into the pathos of desertion. It was her nature to throw off the burden, so far as mortal powers could shake it off. The impatience of a temperament to which monotony was insupportable, drove her to seek remedies, if not of one kind, then of another. She could not have her children back, nor remodel her life. But she could rush away to the ends of the earth, with a desperate tranquillity, which nobody guessed at, and with a faith in her own power of being amused and interested, her own unquenchable vitality, which is pathetic in its utter abstinence from all appeals to our sympathy ; not she only, but many a dauntless self-sustaining spirit, has made use of the same remedy. She knew that her eyes could not refuse to see, nor her faculties to note, nor her thoughts, which were ever young, to rush into new channels, however

heavy the heart might be. And thus at an age when tame natures think themselves beyond all novelties of movement, and take refuge in chimney corners, Lady Mary, incapable of such consolation, arose and fled into new scenes, as many an imprisoned soul at this very day—unable to die, incapable of vegetation, compelled by God's will, and a vitality stronger than all griefs and troubles, to live in the fullest sense of the word—would be but too glad to do. A woman more bound by the real or imaginary bond of duty, more limited by conventional claims and regard for the world's opinion, would no doubt have stayed at home and devoured her heart in silence; but Lady Mary did not care for the world's opinion. Her character for eccentricity, her self-will and independent habits, must all have helped in her decision. When her daughter was married, and her son hopeless, and her life unsupportable, the daring woman at fifty went off alone into new scenes. To such a mind and temperament as hers, it was the natural thing to do.

And no doubt the unsympathetic, respectable critic wonders much how she could have left the every-day life, which was so tempting, and Mr Wortley's sweet society—why she could not have taken to knotting, and to gossip, and lived as other people did—for what reason she could not bear the son's shame and the daughter's absence as other people have to do? And the painstaking literary observer, with this problem before him, roots out gravely from the ashes of the past, a M. Ruremonde, a rash French speculator, and disappointed lover, who gave her his money to invest in South Sea stock, and raved at her when it was lost. Perhaps this was the reason why she left England for two-and-twenty years; perhaps the high-minded Wortley sent his wife away. "Causes for this separation have been rumoured, of a nature which, of course, never could have reached her granddaughter, which make it wonderful only that Mr Wortley should have so long borne with such eccentricities of conduct and temper, and should have arranged the separation with so much feeling and good sense," says one of these sages. But rumours are poor things to hold up before us at a distance of a hundred and thirty years—and even Horace Walpole, even Pope, has nothing but vague irritation to vent against Lady Mary. And Mr Wortley's letters after his wife's departure give us for the first time a certain friendliness for the heavy man, who is glad of her comfort in his composed way, and trusts her in their common concerns, and cares for her health and wellbeing. The two would seem after their stormy beginning to have grown into a certain friendship with the years. Perhaps he meant to join her, as several of his letters imply; or perhaps he permitted her to believe that he meant to join her; or perhaps it was held vaguely possible, as a thing that might or might not be, indifferent to the world, not over-interesting even to themselves. They had never been a fond pair—but they never seem to have been more thoroughly friendly, more at their ease with one another, than at the moment when, according to charitable critics, Mr Wortley, unable to bear it any longer, sent his brilliant wife away. Their correspondence clearly contradicts such a hypothesis, whatever Lady Mary's faults either of temper or conduct might have been. But the fact remains, that at an age when most people begin to feel doubly the want of friends and comforters around them, this woman tore herself up by the roots from the place where she had lived so long, and went forth alone into new scenes and among new faces. She fled into the wilderness like the typical woman of Scripture—where her past happiness could not stare her too closely in the face,

nor the present blank of existence crush her quite; where her feuds and controversies and enmities could not affect the new, white, gentle life of her good child, nor the miserable story of her evil one surround her with malicious whispers and the pity of the crowd. It was a strange, unprecedented sort of self-banishment; and yet for such a woman it was a natural thing to do.

Thus we arrive at the last period of Lady Mary's life. We have said that she never was an impassioned woman. No more futile parallel was ever made than that which calls her the English Sevigné. The two natures are as distinct as ever two natures were. It is possible that the character of Madame de Sevigné may have affected and moulded the ideal of her nation, as it certainly reaches in her its fullest impersonation. The highest type of excellence to the French mind is the woman who has no passion in her life but that of motherhood, who lives but for her children, and who is made by them, and by the race in general, into a tender idol, worried, no doubt, and vexed and wounded in the ordinary course of existence, but always theoretically worshipped. Madame de Sevigné is the highest type of this saintly creature; more tender, more constant, more impassioned, than any lover, giving all, asking nothing except that little recompense of love which she well knows is but a shadow of her own; content to give up all individual life, to regard the events of her existence only as so many means of interesting or amusing her absent child, living upon that child's recollection, longing for her presence, turning every scene around her into a shrine for the object of her soft idolatry. Such is the Frenchwoman. Her own many gifts, the tender brilliancy of her genius, her wit, her lively apprehension, are all handmaids to the love which is the one conscious principle of her being. They enable her to woo, with many a gentle art, the perhaps distracted attention of the absent; they furnish her with all those sweet wiles of affection, devices sometimes pathetic, always beautiful, to call back by moments the heart which once was her own, but now has gone from her to the stronger claims of husband and children. One weeps and one smiles over the tender record. Never was purer passion nor self-abandonment more complete.

Lady Mary Wortley is of an entirely different character. Love and longing for the absent may be, and no doubt are, gnawing at her heart also; but her philosophy is to make herself independent of these, to occupy herself, to fill the remnant of her life with interests which may break the force of that painful longing. Instead of concentrating her heart and thoughts upon the chance of a momentary meeting now and then, which may cheat with a semblance of reunion only to pierce the sufferer with new pangs of parting, she makes up her mind with a stern but not ignoble philosophy that all such sweet possibilities are over. She takes herself away to hide her solitude, to withdraw the shadow of her deserted life from that of her child. She sets forth in her letters all her surroundings, all her occupations, not by way of amusing her correspondent alone, but by way of showing that her own life is yet worth living, and her individuality unimpaired. It is possible that in this steady and unfaltering purpose there may be almost a higher principle of affection than that which moves the tender outpourings of the other mother's heart; but it is the tenderness of a stoic, content to take what is possible, and to resign what cannot be hoped for, and not the effusion of love which dies for a response. Madame de Sevigné, but for the soft dignity which was inalienable from her as her child's mother, would have been a servant for her love. Lady Mary could

not but live her own life, and preserve her independence and personality. In her Italian villa, queen of the alien hamlet, legislator for her neighbour cottages, the English lady took her forlorn yet individual place; filling her days with a thousand occupations, dazzling the strange little world about her with brilliant talk, seeking forgetfulness in books, living and growing old in her own way with a certain proud reasonableness and philosophy; deluding herself with no dreams, forbidding her heart to brood over the past, and making a heroic and partially successful attempt to be sufficient to herself. We follow her brave spirit through the haze of years with a certain wondering sympathy, a surprised respect. "Keep my letters," said Lady Mary, in the heyday of her life; "they will be as good as Madame de Sevigné's forty years hence." But no sacredness of time and no warmth of appreciation could ever make the two works equal. They spring from an altogether different inspiration, and reveal a totally diverse soul.

The period of exile imposed upon herself by this singular woman was almost a third part of her whole life. She was twenty-two years in Italy, not always resident in the same place, though Venice was her chief abode; and the little watering-place of Louvere seems to have been her favourite refuge from the summer heats; during which time her correspondence with her husband and daughter was uninterrupted except by the vicissitudes of the post, and the contrariety of ambassadors and consuls. Even then in her waning years she was not an inoffensive personage; but always a woman of mark, making enemies as well as friends. These letters undergo a gradual change as her life changes. From London she had written to her sister as one woman of the world, active and full of life, might be expected to write to another. In her Italian correspondence her voice grows sober, her style composed. It is the wisdom of years, not lofty, but yet full of sense and reason, and unexaggerated reality. She gives her opinion with the fulness of detail and calm of experience which belong to her age; but she does not insist on her opinion being received. She consents to the different views of her daughter with a quiet tolerance. "You see I was not mistaken in supposing we should have disputes concerning your daughters, if we were together, since we can differ even at this distance," she writes, apparently after receiving her daughter's reply to two or three long and careful letters upon education. "The sort of learning," she adds, "that I recommended is not so expensive, either of time or money, as dancing, and, in my opinion, likely to be of much more use to Lady ——, if her memory and apprehension are what you represented them to me. However, every one has a right to educate their children their own way, and I shall speak no more on that subject." Thus she withdraws from every appearance of controversy. Her life had been marked by broils enough, but here it is evident she put force on herself, and would give no excuse for estrangement. And as even this subject, which she felt herself to be an authority on, was dangerous ground, the exile, in her wonderful self-control, turns from it without a word of reproach, and goes back to the subject of her vineyards and gardens, her villages and her books. She tells her daughter how she has sat up all night over 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and wept over it; but adds the most sagacious criticism upon the defects of the school of fiction to which it belongs, and the book's individual weaknesses. "I fancy you are now saying, 'tis a sad thing to grow old," she says at the end of a long letter on literary subjects, with a half apology, which is won-

derfully pathetic. "What does my poor mamma mean by troubling me with criticisms on books which nobody but herself has ever read? You must allow something to my solitude. I have a pleasure in writing to my dear child, and not many subjects to write upon." Thus she lives her solitary life, and takes what forlorn pleasure she can out of it. "I find by experience more sincere pleasures with my books and garden than all the flutter of a court could give me," she says. But the picture has taken a sober colouring; an air of loneliness breathes through it. Not the restless palpitating loneliness of the young Lady Mary, years before, on the Hinchingbroke terrace, when all the brilliant world lay within reach, yet the robin-redbreast, with "good-humour and humanity," alone bore her company; but a calm solitude, undisturbed by anticipation, and without hope. Resolution steady and gentle, yet almost stern in its constancy, inspires the strange record. Never to murmur at the inevitable, to be no burden, no shadow upon any one, to make the best of her life, and get some good out of its most unpromising conditions; to be herself, let everything change around her. Such is the quiet determination that underlies all her pretty descriptions, all her accounts of places and people, her criticisms and her arguments. She is no melancholy suppliant bidding for pity, striving after a reluctant love; but a composed observer, reticent and unexacting upon others, because she has wisely preserved a life of her own. That life is not one that could have had many charms for a less powerful or self-sustaining spirit; but there is in it an inalienable dignity of self-command, and that mingled submission to, and resistance of, the fatal coil of circumstances which display the highest qualities of humanity. Lady Mary submitted and made the best of the changes which she could not help, but at the same time she made props to herself of her own abounding vital force, of her faculty of amusement, even of the eccentricities of her character, to save herself from being crushed by them. In doing so, she transgressed many of the chief articles in the code of respectability, which ordains that a woman, when lonely and abandoned, shall make up her mind to it, and die or sink into apathy without showing any frivolous inclinations towards a life which the world has pronounced over for her. The woman whose story we have so far traced was not one who could die, or who could consent to be crushed into inanity. She fled from that life-in-death. It was not possible to her to do less than live so long as existence lasted; and we believe it would be better for humanity, better for our common chances of happiness, if the wounded, the lonely, and the deserted shared her instinctive wisdom, and asserted their forlorn right to such existence as suited their constitutions, instead of sinking into the tedium of forced uniformity, as so many shipwrecked people do.

It is curious to turn from the subdued yet lifelike colours of this picture to the daub marked with the same name on the walls of Horace Walpole's endless gallery. She was old when he met her at Florence, and he was not the sort of young man whom an ancient beauty would inspire with any respectful or sympathetic feeling. Although she found him "wonderfully civil," Lady Mary was an old hag to the lively youth, as old women of every description often are in the eyes of the younger generation. "Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence must amaze any one that never heard her name," says Horace. "She wears a foul mob that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang down never combed nor curled; an old mazarine blue wrapper that gapes open and dis-

covers a canvass petticoat; the face swelled violently on one side, partly covered with a plaster, and partly with white paint, which for cheapness she has bought so coarse that you would not use it to wash a chimney. In three words I will give you her picture as we drew it in the *sortes Virgilianæ*—

'Insanum vatem aspicies.'

I give you my honour we did not choose it."

This description chimes in badly with the idea conveyed by her letters; but yet, alas, the evidence of tradition would seem to prove, as might be made plain by various unsavoury and unquotable anecdotes, that Lady Mary was not distinguished by that scrupulous regard to cleanliness of person which is one of the chief articles nowadays in the social code. It was not of the first importance then, and we fear there is nothing to be said on this subject for the old woman of fashion. When the Prince of Wales bade his wife observe how becomingly Lady Mary was dressed, he gave her the only tribute which in this particular she ever seems to have received. Even in her earliest years she herself expressed boldly her indifference and almost contempt for dress; and though she warms to a certain degree of womanly enthusiasm about the decorations of the harem, her admiration was stimulated by many extraneous causes. Possibly the young people in the Florentine palaces, when they gazed at the old Englishwoman, with her careless garb and her strange reputation, laughed with Horace Walpole; a circumstance with which we, whose aim is to draw the picture of her mind and heart from materials which she alone could furnish, have but a secondary concern. But at the same time the contrast between the sketch made from without and the picture which grows under her own fingers within is worth notice. No doubt there are other instances, as well as that of Lady Mary, in which the old-fashioned figure, worn with age, and subject to all the quips and cranks of time, yet clinging with what seems an unnatural frivolity to the amusements of the world, at which the young people laugh, would be found, if the spectator looked deeper, to be but balancing itself by these contemptible means on the frail plank that bridges over those abysses of self-annihilation and nonentity which are worse than death.

We will give a last sketch of this indomitable old woman in her own words, as addressed to the friends of her old age, Sir James and Lady Frances Stewart, to whom, when nearly seventy, she addresses letters as full of playful wit and cordial friendship as if her faculties had been at their freshest, and in whose behalf she employs what interest she has with her son-in-law Lord Bute, then in full favour with the young King George III. :—

"Solitude begets whimsies; at my time of life one usually falls into those that are melancholy, though I endeavour to keep up a certain sprightly folly that (I thank God) I was born with. . . . My chief study all my life has been to lighten misfortunes and multiply pleasures as far as human nature can. . . . You know I am enthusiastic in my friendships. I also hear from all hands of my daughter's prosperity; you, madam, who are a mother, may judge of my pleasure in her happiness, though I have no taste for that sort of felicity. I could never endure with patience the austerities of a court life. I was saying every day from my heart (while I was condemned to it), The things that I would do, these I do not; and the things I would not do, those do I daily; and I had rather be a sister of St Clara than lady of the bedchamber to any lady in Europe. It is not age and disappointment that have given me these sentiments; you may see them in a copy of verses sent from Constantinople in my early youth to my uncle Fielding, and by his well-intended indiscretion shown about, copies taken, and at last miserably printed. I own myself such a rake I prefer liberty to

chains of diamonds, and when I hold my peace (like King David) it is pain and grief to me."

Mr Wortley died in 1761, leaving behind him an enormous fortune. Whether the family business connected with this brought Lady Mary to England, or whether she was drawn home by the instinct of all dying creatures, we are not informed. It is evident, however, that her return had been spoken of for some time previously. "I have outlived the greatest part of my acquaintance," she writes in the year 1760; "and, to say the truth, a return to crowd and bustle after my long retirement would be disagreeable to me. Yet if I could be of use either to your father or your family, I would venture the shortening of the insignificant days of your affectionate mother." Still later she writes to Sir James Stewart, "I confess that though I am (it may be) beyond the strict bounds of reason pleased with my Lord Bute's and my daughter's prosperity, I am doubtful whether I will attempt to be a spectator of it. I have so many years indulged my natural inclinations to solitude and reading, I am unwilling to return to crowds and bustle, which would be unavoidable in London." But her husband's death seems to have decided the step which she thus regarded, and in the beginning of 1762 she had reached her native country. Walpole once more comes in at this point with the only description we have of the ancient beauty, now seventy-two, and in very broken health. He had sent her a copy of his book, 'Royal and Noble Authors.' Notwithstanding his contemptuous comments on her, he had been "wonderfully civil," she herself tells us, in Florence, and hastened to pay his respects on her arrival in London, but yet he cannot resist the temptation of making another ill-natured sketch of her:—

"I went last night to visit her," writes Horace. "I give you my honour, and you who know her will believe me without it, the following is a faithful description: I found her in a little miserable bedchamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood wrapped entirely round so as to conceal all hair or want of hair; no handkerchief, but instead of it a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a *pet-en-l'air*, made of a dark-green brocade, with coloured and silver flowers, and lined with furs; bodice laced; a full dimity petticoat sprigged; velvet muffetees on her arms; grey stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined. I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she should have taken it for flattery; but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her language as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at first with nothing but the cheapness of the provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men-servants, and something she calls an old secretary, but whose age, till he appears, will be doubtful, she has travelled everywhere. She receives all the world who go to homage her as queen-mother, and crams them into this kennel."

Yet Horace was one of the first to visit her, and the most ready to flatter, though he could not deny himself even here the monstrous insinuations about the *old* secretary of a woman of seventy-two! dislike evidently rendering him blind. "Those who could remember her arrival," writes Lady Louisa Stuart, on the other hand, "spoke with delight of the clearness, vivacity, and raciness of her conversation, and the youthful vigour which seemed to animate her mind. She did not appear displeased at the general curiosity to see her, nor void of curiosity herself concerning the new things and people that her native country presented to her view after so long an absence. . . . 'I am most handsomely lodged,' she said; 'I have two very decent closets and a cupboard on each floor.' This served to laugh at,

but could not be a pleasant exchange for the Italian palazzo." She came with her old prepossessions and enmities to a new world, in which her daughter had taken a new place of her own, and into which a new generation had grown up. But for that same daughter—no longer her "little damsel in white," the girl whose life had been, as she says, her passion, but Lord Bute's wife, and mother of nine or ten children, each one of whom, doubtless, was of much more consequence to her than her mother—Lady Mary must have felt herself more utterly a stranger than among the palaces of Venice or the rural byways of Louvere. She brought her death with her to her native country in the most terrible shape that death can come. A secret cancer, like the fabled fox that gnawed the Spartan's vitals, had been undermining her health for some time, and in ten months after her return to England, Lady Mary died.

Thus the tragedy ended like all tragedies, the last act in it being the least tragic, the least sorrowful of all. This woman of the world, too, had her speechless weight upon her, her burden patiently borne. She carried it heroically, without a word, trying ever with supreme valour to conceal it from herself, and refuse to herself the sad luxury of brooding over it. It is with a sigh of relief that we turn from this as from so many other graves. The labouring man had gone out to his toil and labour till the evening; and now the soft night, wrapping all griefs in its darkness and stillness, weeping all nameless agonies with its mild dews, had come.

There is little to be said about Lady Mary Wortley's writings. Her life and soul and curious personality live in her letters. In her verses there is only the artificial reflex of an age and style of the highest artificiality, with sparkles of wit, no doubt, and full of the wonderful clearness of a keen-eyed, quick, observing woman of the world. But she too, like most other persons with whom one comes in contact in the long vistas of history, is in herself more interesting, more curious, a thousand times closer to us, than any of her works.

THE ODES OF HORACE.

(*Continued from p.* 600 *in our May Number.*)

Book III.—Ode I.

ON THE WISDOM OF CONTENT.

Introduction.

This ode opens with a stanza which modern critics generally consider to be an introduction not only to the ode itself, but also to the five following—all six constituting, as it were, serial parts of one varied poem, written about the same time and for the same object—viz., to aid in the reformation of manners which Augustus undertook at the close of the Civil Wars. The date of these and other odes conceived in the same spirit (as Lib. II. Od. xv. and xviii.) would therefore be referable to the period from A.U.C. 725 to A.U.C. 728. The first line of the introductory stanza to this ode imitates the formal exhortation of the priest at the Mysteries, warning away the profane. The conclusion of the stanza, "Virginibus puerisque canto," if, as recent interpreters assume, addressed to the chorus of boys and girls surrounding the priest and singing the praises of the gods, has also, according to the scholiasts, a much wider significance, and is a special address to the rising generation. "Horace," says Macleane, "speaks as if he despaired of impressing his precepts on any but the young, and bids the rest stand aside, as incapable of being initiated in the true wisdom of life." It is not easy to assign an appropriate heading to this ode. That which we select appears, on the whole, better than any other in use, though not quite satisfactory. The whole ode, which ranks high among the noblest attempts of a poet to embody didactic purpose in lyrical form, consists in a succession of brilliant images or pictures, seemingly detached, but constituting a moral whole. 1st, The solemn recognition of the supreme God triumphant over brute force ("Clari Giganteo triumpho"), and governing the universe; 2dly, The impartiality of Fate, and the certainty of death; 3dly, The misery of the guilty conscience not to be soothed by sensual or artistic enjoyments. At line 25, "Desiderantem quod satis est," the main object of the poem—viz., in the inculcation of that wisdom of contentment by which Horace contrives to unite Epicurean with Stoic philosophy—develops itself, and is continued to the close.

"Odi profanum vulgus et arceo."

I hate the uninitiate crowd—I drive it hence away;
Silence, while I, the Muses' priest, chaunt hymns unheard before;
I chaunt to virgins and to youths,
I chaunt to listeners pure.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo;
Favete linguis: carmina non prius
Audita Musarum sacerdos
Virginibus puerisque canto.

Dread kings control their subject flocks; o'er kings themselves reigns Jove,
Glorious for triumph won in war when giants stormed his heaven,
And moving with almighty brow *
The universe of things.

Man vies with man—'tis so ordained; this, wider sets his vines,
That, nobler-born, the Campus † seeks, competitor for power
With one who boasts of purer life,
And one of clients more:

Necessity with equal law assorts the varying lots;
Though this may bear the lofty name and that may bear the low,
Each in her ample urn she shakes,
And casts the die for all. ‡

To him above whose guilty neck hangs down the naked sword,
Sicilian arts elaborate not the sweets that flavour food,
Nor song of bird § nor chord of lute,
Charms back the truant sleep.

Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis
Clari Giganteo triumpho,
Cuncta supercilio moventis.

Est ut || viro vir latius ordinet
Arbusta sulcis, hic generosior
Descendat in Campum petitor,
Moribus hic meliorque fama
Contendat, illi turba clientium
Sit major: æqua lege Necessitas
Sortitur insignes et imos;
Omne capax movet urna nomen.

Destrictus ensis cui super impia
Cervice pendet, non Siculæ dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem,
Non avium citharæque cantus

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* "Cuncta supercilio moventis." With his usual felicity of wording, Horace avoids the commonplace expression of "the Olympian nod," though the line implies that and something more; it implies the Deity's intellectual government of all things, and explains the connection with the stanzas that immediately follow,—the nod of Jove confirms the law of Fate to which all men are subjected.

† "Descendat in Campum." It was on the Campus Martius that the Comitia Centuriata, at which the election of magistrates took place, was held. The Campus was on low ground; but Yonge observes that "descendat" is the exact word to express a contest, to descend into the arena.

‡ "Omne capax movet urna nomen." The image is taken from the use of the dice, so familiar to the Romans. Fate is represented as holding the urn which contains the lots of all men. This she keeps shaking (as we shake or rattle the dice-box), and casts out the lots indifferently.

§ "Non avium citharæque cantus." It must not be supposed that the natural song of the wild bird out of doors is here meant. Horace is speaking of artificial luxuries in contradistinction to the banks and vales of the following stanza, to which the song of the wild bird would apply. Here he means the singing-birds which the Romans kept in aviaries within their houses. Their notes, and the sound of distant music, and the trickling of water, were among the artificial means for soothing the nerves and inducing sleep, practised by the luxurious. Mæcenas, who suffered from insomnia during that kind of nervous depression which saddened his later years, is said by Seneca to have endeavoured to lull himself to sleep by the aid of distant music. It is not to Mæcenas, however, that Horace here alludes, for such an allusion in this place would have been an unfeeling affront.

|| "Est ut viro vir latius ordinet
Arbusta sulcis."

"Est ut," "it is the case, it is ordained that men should vary in wealth and condition."—Yonge. "Latius ordinet Arbusta sulcis"—viz., one man may compete

Yet sleep is meek, nor scorns the cots that shelter rural toil,
Nor banks that find their pall of state in shadowy summer boughs,
Nor vales in Tempè never vexed
Save by the Zephyr's wing.

To him who curbs desire within the bounds of "The Enough,"
The wildest blasts that heave the sea awake no fear of wreck;
He quails not though Arcturus set,
Or Hædus rise, in storm;

Though reel the vines beneath the hail, though crops belie the hope,
Though trees despoiled of fruit accuse now spring's corroding showers,
Now summer's scorch and fiery stars,
Now winter's crowning wrongs.

Lo, where the mighty moles extend new lands into the deep,
The scalèd races feel their sea shrink round the invading piles;
As many a builder's burley gang
Heaves the huge rubble down;

Obedient to a lord who scorns so small a bound as earth,
Yet Conscience, whispering fears and threats, ascends with him the tower,
Black Care sits by him in the bark,
Behind him, on the steed.

Somnum reducent. Somnus agrestium
Lenis virorum non humiles domos
Fastidit umbrosamque ripam,
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.

Desiderantem quod satis est neque
Tumultuosum sollicitat mare,
Nec sævus Arcturi cadentis
Impetus aut orientis Hædi,

Non verberatæ grandine vineæ
Fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros
Sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.

Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt
Jactis in altum molibus; huc frequens
Cæmenta demittit redemptor
Cum famulis * dominusque terræ

Fastidiosus. Sed Timor et Minæ
Scandunt eodem, quo dominus, neque
Decedit ærata triremi, et
Post equitem sedet atra Cura.†

---

with another man in extent of possessions: literally, that he may marshal trees—chiefly, but not exclusively, vines—in parallel lines, or in the shape of the quincunx, to a greater extent than another.

* "Huc frequens
Cæmenta demittit redemptor
Cum famulis."

"Cæmenta," the rough mixture of large and small stones, mortar, &c. (rubble), which served for foundations. "Redemptor," literally the "contractor" or "architect."

† Sed Timor et Minæ
Scandunt eodem, quo dominus, neque
Decedit ærata triremi, et
Post equitem sedet atra Cura."

"Minæ internæ propter facinora commissa."—ORELLI. "Threats of conscience." "Scandunt," ascend the lofty tower or belvidere, which was then the fashionable appendage to the villas of the wealthy. "The 'ærata triremis' was the rich man's private yacht."—MACLEANE. The distinction between "Post equitem sedet atra Cura," and "Cura nec turmas equitum relinquit," Lib. II. Od. xvi. 22, has been noticed in the note to the line last mentioned.

Since Phrygian marble * nought avails to soothe a mind diseased,
And nought the pomp of purple robes albeit outshining stars,
And nought the Achæmenian balm,
Nought the Falernian vine;

Why should I rear some hall sublime to Rome's last taste refined,
With pillared doors which never ope but envy enters in?
Oh, why for riches, wearier far,
Exchange my Sabine vale?

Quodsi dolentem nec Phrygius lapis
Nec purpurarum sidere clarior
Delenit usus nec Falerna
Vitis Achæmeniumque costum,

Cur invidendis postibus † et novo
Sublime ritu moliar atrium?
Cur valle permutem Sabina
Divitias operosiores?

Ode II.

THE DISCIPLINE OF YOUTH.

Introduction.

As in the preceding ode the virtue of contentment is enforced, so this commences with enjoining that early training in simple and hardy habits which engenders the spirit of content, because it forms the mind betimes to disdain luxury. Discipline of this kind is the foundation of courage, love of country, the independence of character which loves virtue for its own sake, and the self-restraint which is essential to social good faith and honour.

"Angustam amice pauperiem pati."

To bear privation as a friend—to love its wholesome stint,
Train the youth nerved by hardy sports which form the school of war,
A rider dread, with practised spear,
To harry Parthian foes,

Inured to danger and to days beneath unsheltered skies.
On him from high embattled walls of kings at war with Rome,
Matron and ripening maid shall gaze,
And inly sigh, "Alas!

Angustam amice pauperiem ‡ pati
Robustus acri militia puer
Condiscat, et Parthos feroces
Vexet eques metuendus hasta,

Vitamque sub divo et trepidis agat
In rebus. Illum ex mœnibus hosticis
Matrona bellantis tyranni
Prospiciens et adulta virgo

---

* "Phrygius lapis," a costly marble from Synnada in Phrygia, white, with red spots, in great esteem for columns, &c.

† "Postibus invidendis." "Postes" were the jambs, columns, or pilasters that flanked the entrance door, and the word is often used for the door itself. We do not know of any authority for interpreting "postes" as the rows of pillars *within* the "atrium" itself, which some commentators are inclined to do.

‡ "Pauperiem." It is difficult here, as elsewhere, to find an English word that correctly renders the sense of "pauperies." In this passage we can think of no better word than "privation," interpreted as the privation of luxuries. Poverty would be here wholly inapplicable, this ode being addressed, with the one that precedes and the three that follow it, to youths quite as much of the richer classes as of the poorer. "Robustus acri militia puer:" we take "robustus" with "militia"—the boy made robust by martial exercise and discipline. Among the Romans, the age for military exercise began at seventeen.

"O never may our princely lord in arms unskilled, provoke
Yon lion whom 'twere death to touch, by the fell rage for blood,
Where most the slaughters thicken round,
Hurried, in rapture, on!"

Glorious and sweet it is to die for the dear native land;*
Ev'n him who runs away from Death, Death follows fast behind—
Death does not spare the recreant back,
And hamstrings limbs that flee.

Virtue ne'er knows of a defeat which brings with it disgrace;
The blazon of her honours ne'er the breath of men can stain;
Her fasces she nor takes nor quits
As veers the popular gale.

Virtue essays her flight through ways to all but her denied;
To those who do not merit death she opes the gates of heaven,
And, spurning vulgar mobs and mire,
Soars with escaping wing.

There is a silence unto which a safe reward is due.
With him whose tongue the sacred rites of Ceres blabs abroad,
May I ne'er sit beneath a roof,
Nor launch a shallop frail!

Suspiret, Eheu, ne rudis agminum
Sponsus lacessat regius asperum
Tactu leonem, quem cruenta
Per medias rapit ira cædes.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori:
Mors et fugacem persequitur virum,
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus timidoque tergo.

Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ †
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

Virtus recludens immeritis mori
Cælum negata tentat iter via,
Cœtusque vulgares et udam
Spernit humum fugiente penna.

Est et fideli tuta silentio
Merces: vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
Vulgarit arcanæ, sub isdem
Sit trabibus fragilemve mecum

---

* "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." "In Horace's mind there was a close connection between the virtue of frugal contentment and devotion to one's country." —MACLEANE.

† "Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
Intaminatis fulget honoribus."

The meaning of these lines has been much disputed, but seems to us sufficiently clear. The point is in the epithets, "sordidæ," "intaminatis." It cannot be truly said that virtue is ignorant or unconscious of a defeat or rejection ("repulsæ" applies to the defeat at a popular election ‡), but it is said truly that virtue knows not any such defeat as can disgrace her (sordidæ). The honours that virtue seeks are distinguished from civil honours, inasmuch as the latter, being conceded by the people or the state, are by the people or the state to be reversed or sullied; but the honours which virtue seeks being acquired by herself alone, cannot by others be stained or touched (intaminatis). Cicero has exactly the same sentiment (Pro Sestio, 28, 60), and Horace almost literally versifies the passage, "Virtus lucet in tenebris — splendetque per sese semper, neque alienis unquam sordibus obsolescit." See Orelli's note, vol. i. p. 345.

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‡ Thus, in the Epistles, I. i. 43, Horace says,—
"Vides, quæ maxima credis
Esse mala, exiguum censum turpemque repulsam;"
which Macleane, referring to "repulsæ—sordidæ" of this ode, interprets quaintly, "He who would secure an election must have a command of money."

For Jove neglected oft confounds the good man with the bad ;
And though avenging Punishment is lame indeed of foot,
Yet rarely lags she long behind
The swiftest flight of Crime.

Solvat phaselon ; sæpe Diespiter
Neglectus incesto addidit integrum :
Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede Pœna claudo.

Ode IV.

INVOCATION TO CALLIOPE.

Introduction.

It is observable that in this ode as well as in the last, and in Odes v. and vi., composed for political purposes, Horace indulges much more in the flights and fancies and seeming digressions proper to poetry purely lyrical than in Odes i. and ii., in which, inculcating moral or noble sentiments applicable to men of all parties, he is earnestly didactic. But treating political subjects, on which men's minds were divided, he shows wonderful delicacy of art in conveying his purpose through forms of poetry least likely to offend. In Ode iii., dissuading from the project of a settlement in Troy, it is not he that speaks, it is Juno. In Ode iv., desiring to imply that the ascendancy of Augustus is the intellectual and godlike mastery over irrational force, he begins by an invocation to Calliope, intimating his ambition to accomplish a majestic or sustained poem without revealing its purport ; passes on to the lovely stanzas descriptive of his own devotion to poetry from childhood ; links this description with inimitable subtlety of touch to Augustus's culture of the humanising arts (v. 37, "Vos Cæsarem," &c.) ; implies the union of such literary tastes with the policy of peace ("militia simul Fessas cohortes addidit oppidis," &c.), and with conciliatory and clement dispositions ("lene consilium," &c.) ; and then, with a lyrical suddenness, bursts into the theme for which he had invoked the muse at the commencement,—"Scimus ut impios ;" insinuating, by the myth of the victory obtained over brute force by the gods that represent wisdom (Pallas), industry (Vulcan), social and domestic order (Juno), the ennobling arts (Apollo), not only the victory of Augustus, but the social and civilising influences to which the victory is ascribed, and by which it is lastingly maintained.

"Descende cælo et dic age tibia."

Descend, O Queen Calliope, from heaven,
And on thy flute discourse in lengthened music.*
Or lov'st thou more the lyre
By Phœbus strung ; or thrill of vocal song ?

Descende cælo et dic age tibia
Regina longum Calliope melos,
Seu voce nunc mavis acuta,
Seu fidibus citharaque Phœbi.

---

* "Longum—melos."

"In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness, long drawn out."—Milton.

Macleane says "longum" means a sustained and stately song. Yonge observes, that though it may be so translated, it is enough to understand it, with Orelli, as a mode of saying "Come, and leave me not hastily or soon."

Hear ye, or doth the sweet delirium fool me?
I seem to hear her, and with her to wander
Where gentle winds and waves
Steal their soft entrance into hallowed groves.

Me, when a child, upon the slopes of Vultur
Strayed, truant, from my nurse Apulia's threshold,
And tired to sleep by play,
Did mythic doves with budding leaves bestrew;

A miracle to all who hold their eyrie
In beetling Acherontia, or whom forests
Embower in Bantian glens,
Or rich Forentum's lowland glebes enclose,

That, safe from prowling bear and baleful adder—
That, heaped with myrtle and the hallowing laurel,
Calm I should slumber on,
Infant courageous under ward divine.

Yours, yours am I, O Muses, whether lifted
To Sabine hills—or whether cool Præneste,
Or Tibur's sunny slopes,
Or limpid Baiæ more my steps allure.

The lines arrayed and routed at Philippi,
The accursed tree, the rock of Palinurus,
Stormed by Sicilian waves,
Spared me, the lover of your choirs and founts.

Where ye be with me I would go undaunted;
Tempt, a glad mariner, the madding Euxine;
Or, a blithe traveller, brave
The sands that burn upon Assyrian shores;

Auditis, an me ludit amabilis
Insania? Audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.

Me fabulosæ Volture in Apulo
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ
Ludo fatigatumque somno*
Fronde nova puerum palumbes

Texere, mirum quod foret omnibus,
Quicunque celsæ nidum Acherontiæ
Saltusque Bantinos et arvum
Pingue tenent humilis Forenti,

Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et ursis, ut premerer sacra
Lauroque collataque myrto,
Non sine dis animosus infans.

Vester, Camenæ, vester in arduos
Tollor Sabinos, seu mihi frigidum
Præneste seu Tibur supinum
Seu liquidæ placuere Baiæ. †

Vestris amicum fontibus et choris
Non me Philippis versa acies retro,
Devota non exstinxit arbos,
Nec Sicula Palinurus unda. ‡

Utcunque mecum vos eritis, libens
Insanientem navita Bosporum
Tentabo et urentes arenas
Litoris Assyrii viator;

---

* See Excursus at the end of the ode.

† "Liquidæ Baiæ." The epithet applies either to the salubrity and purity of the waters, or to the clearness of the air at Baiæ.—Schol. Cruq. Orelli prefers the latter interpretation. "Limpid" appears the best translation of "liquidæ," being applicable equally to either air or water, which "liquid," in our sense of the word, would not be.

‡ "Nec Sicula Palinurus unda." Cape Palinurus, a promontory on the western coast of Lucania. All attempts to ascertain at what period of his life, or on what occasion, Horace escaped shipwreck off Palinurus, are but mere conjectures.

Visit the Briton, terrible to strangers,
Concanian hordes, drunk with the blood of horses,
And, safe from every harm,
Quivered Geloni and the Scythian stream.

High Cæsar, seeking to conclude his labours,
Settling in peaceful towns war-wearied cohorts,
Ye solace and refresh
In the Pierian grotto's placid shade.

Ye are the natural givers of mild counsel,
Your joy to give it, ye yourselves so gentle ! *
† We know how He, whose law
Tempers the sluggish earth and windy sea,

He who, The Sole One, rules with tranquil justice
The 'stablished states—the varying crowd of mortals,
Gods, and the Ghastly Realms—
Smote with prone bolt the Titans' impious crew,

And banded giants towering into battle,
That horrid youth in strength of arm confiding—
Brethren who sought to pile
Pelion on dun Olympus, and to Jove

Visam Britannos hospitibus feros
Et laetum equino sanguine Concanum,
Visam pharetratos Gelonos
Et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.

Vos Cæsarem altum, militia simul
Fessas cohortes addidit oppidis,‡
Finire quærentem labores
Pierio recreatis antro.

Vos lene consilium et datis et dato
Gaudetis, almæ. Scimus, ut impios
Titanas immanemque turmam
Fulmine sustulerit caduco,

Qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat
Ventosum, et urbes regnaque tristia
Divosque mortalesque turbas
Imperio regit unus æquo.

Magnum illa terrorem intulerat Jovi
Fidens juventus horrida brachiis,
Fratresque tendentes opaco
Pelion imposuisse Olympo.

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* "Vos lene consilium et datis et dato
Gaudetis, almæ."

"Ye give peaceful counsel, and rejoice in giving it because ye are gentle."—MACLEANE.

† Here Horace, starting from the picture of Augustus cultivating the Muses, and taking from them humane counsels, proceeds with poetic abruptness to symbolise the victory of Augustus over the violent and irrational forces hostile to the great social interests of man. The reader must not suppose (as some critics have inconsiderately done) that Horace signifies Augustus himself in the attributes he assigns to Jove. He would very imperfectly understand Horace who could conceive him thus to abase to the level of an earthly vicegerent that supreme divinity, to whom there is no likeness and no second. Horace does but imply that the same divine powers who defeated the brute forces of the Titans and giants were on the side of Augustus in the Civil Wars.

‡ "Militia simul
Fessas cohortes addidit oppidis."

The MSS. vary in the reading—"addidit," "abdidit," and "reddidit." Dillenburger prefers "abdidit," which the scholiasts explain as being sent to winter quarters. Orelli powerfully contends for "addidit," as significant of new towns or colonies, in favour of which he cites Tacitus, Ann. xiii. 31, "Coloniæ Capua atque Nuceria additis veteranis firmatæ sunt." After the conquest of the Salassi, a people of the Gaulish Alps (A.U.C. 729), Augustus assigned their territory to the Prætorian troops, who built Augusta Prætoria (Aosta). To other troops were assigned lands in Lusitania, Augusta Emerita (Merida). Macleane agrees with Orelli. The true reading being, however, uncertain, we have left it equally vague in the translation. We

Himself sent fear. But what availed Typhoëus,
What Mimas or Porphyrion's stand of menace,
What Rhœtus, or the bold
Hurler of trees uptorn, Enceladus,

Rushing against Minerva's sounding ægis?
Here, keen, stood Vulcan—here the matron Juno,
And he, who never more
Will from his shoulders lay aside the bow,

Who in the pure dew of Castalia's fountain
Laves loosened hair, who holds the Lycian thicket
And his own native wood,
Apollo, Delian and Pataréan king.

By its own weight sinks force, when void of counsel.
'Tis the force tempered which the gods make greater;
But they abhor the force
Which gives blind movement to all springs of crime.

Witness this truth, the hundred-handed Gyas—
Witness the doom of Dian's vast assailer,
Lustful Orion, quelled
By the chaste conqueror with the virgin shaft.

Sed quid Typhoëus et validus Mimas,
Aut quid minaci Porphyrion statu,*
Quid Rhœtus evulsisque truncis
Enceladus jaculator audax

Contra sonantem Palladis ægida
Possent ruentes? Hinc avidus stetit
Volcanus, hinc matrona Juno et
Nunquam humeris positurus arcum,

Qui rore puro Castaliæ lavit
Crines solutos,† qui Lyciæ tenet
Dumeta natalemque silvam,
Delius et Patareus Apollo.

Vis consili expers mole ruit sua:
Vim temperatam di quoque provehunt
In majus; idem odere vires
Omne nefas animo moventes.

Testis mearum centimanus Gyas
Sententiarum, notus et integræ
Tentator Orion Dianæ,
Virginea domitus sagitta.

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may observe, however, that as Macleane, in common with other eminent commentators, considers this ode written between A.U.C. 725 and 728, the line cannot refer to the new towns in the territory taken from the Salassi, A.U.C. 729.

* "Aut quid minaci Porphyrion statu." As more poetic and expressive, we have adopted the literal translation of "status"—*i.e.*, "a standing still," as opposed to motion—rather than that of "attitude," in which sense Forcellini interprets the word in these lines,—an interpretation commended by Yonge.

† Every reader of taste will be struck by the exquisite grace with which Horace lingers on this lovely picture of Apollo (Augustus's favourite deity), in contrast, as Orelli observes, to the monstrous images to which he is opposed. "Delius et Patareus." Apollo is mythically said to have resided (or given oracles) at Patara, in Lycia, for six months in the year—the other six at Delos, his native isle. Macleane remarks that, "in enumerating the principal gods who assisted Zeus in the battle, Horace means to say that although they were present, it was Pallas to whom the victory is mainly owing, otherwise the force of his argument is lost." But, as we have ventured to say in the introduction, Horace appears to us to have desired emphatically, though symbolically, to intimate the nature of the Powers that were ranged on the side of Pallas, *i.e.*, in the cause of Augustus—Vulcan, the representative of industry—Juno, of social order and marriage—Apollo, of arts and letters. This supposition is in accordance with the social or political objects to which these odes are devoted, and with the special benefits which Horace elsewhere ascribes to the reign of Augustus.

Earth heaped above them mourns her buried monsters,
And wails her offspring, into lurid Orcus
Hurled by the heavenly bolt;
The swiftest fires consume not Ætna, piled

Over the struggling giant; the winged jailor *
Of lustful Tityus never quits its captive;
Three hundred fetters hold
The ravisher Pirithous fast in hell.

Injecta monstris Terra dolet suis
Mæretque partus fulmine luridum
Missos ad Orcum; nec peredit
Impositam celer ignis Aetnam,†

Incontinentis nec Tityi jecur
Reliquit ales, nequitiæ additus
Custos; amatorem trecentæ
Pirithoum cohibent catenæ.

EXCURSUS.

"Me fabulosæ Volture in Apulo
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ
Ludo fatigatumque somno."

We omit in the translation the adjective Apulian (Apulo) applied to Vultur, because, as between Apulo in one line and Apuliæ in the next, the text is generally supposed to be corrupt. Āpu(lo) in the first line, is Ăpu(liæ) in the second; and though there are sufficient instances of variation of quantity in proper names—such as Prĭamus, Prĭamides, Sicanus, Sicania, Italus, &c.—yet it is thought improbable that in so elaborate a poem Horace would have varied the quantity in two consecutive lines. Passing by the prosodiacal objection, a graver difficulty has been found in the construction, "Me in Apulian Vultur beyond the threshold of my nurse Apulia." The Apennine range, still called "Monte Vulture," was partly in Apulia, partly in Lucania. And Horace, Satire ii. 1, says it is doubtful whether he was a Lucanian or an Apulian, for the farmers of Venusia (his birthplace) ploughed the boundaries of both these provinces. Had he said "Lucanian Vultur," "beyond the threshold of Apulia," the passage, therefore, would have been clear; but "in Apulian Vultur, out of Apulia," is a puzzle for commentators. It is not to be wondered at that Bentley, ever ready upon slighter ground to disturb a text and hazard an invention, should vehemently repudiate this reading; and, getting rid of Apulia and poetry altogether, boldly propose to read,

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* The vulture.

† "Nec peredit
Impositam celer ignis Aetnam."

The fires of Ætna, however swiftly they burst forth, cannot consume the heap piled above Enceladus, so as ever to free him.—ORELLI. Horace does not say who was the giant crushed under Ætna. Callimachus says it was Enceladus, and also Briareus; Pindar and Æschylus say it was Typhoëus. We have left this question in the translation as vague as Horace leaves it, though we have been compelled to take the licence of adding the words, "the struggling giant," in order to prevent a misconception of the meaning,—such as occurs, for instance, in Smart, "Nor does the active fire consume Ætna, that is placed *over it.*"

"Nutricis extra limina sedulæ," "beyond the threshold of my careful nurse." Another critic, still more ingenious, not contented with taking "altrix" or "nutrix" literally as Horace's nurse in flesh and blood, has discovered her name to be Pulia, "extra limina Puliæ;" in which case the lines might be imitated thus:—

"Me on the slope of Brighton Downs,
Beyond the threshold of nurse Downie."

The most recent and the most plausible conjecture will be found in the preface to Mr Yonge's edition, p. vi., "Altricis extra limina villulæ," "beyond the precincts of my native homestead." Mr Yonge suggests, p. vii., a yet bolder, but, we think, a less acceptable emendation, "Nutricis extra limina vilicæ," observing, that the "vilica" was an important person in a plain country-house—the responsible manager for every part of the household arrangements. The construction would then be, "beyond the threshold of my nurse the bailiff's wife." As the obscurity of this passage has tasked the subtlest critics, we feel that we shall gratify all Horatian scholars by subjecting the following communication from a very high authority: "I cannot see any difficulty about the Apuliæ and Apulo; the adjective and substantive often differ in accent, as gállant and gallànt. Horace claims Vultur as an Apulian mountain, but says that he has strayed beyond its Apulian side; just as a child at Macugnaga might say that he had strayed on the 'Piedmontese Monte Moro' beyond the limits of Piedmont."

Ode XIX.

TO TELEPHUS.—IN HONOUR OF MURENA'S INSTALLATION IN THE COLLEGE OF AUGURS.

Introduction.

A. Terentius Varro Murena, adopted by A. Terentius Varro, whose name he took, according to custom, subdued the Salassi, an Alpine tribe, and divided their territory among Prætorian soldiers, who founded the town of Augusta, now Aosta. He was named Consul Suffectus for B.C. 23. In B.C. 22 he was involved in the conspiracy of Fannius Cæpio against the life of Augustus, and, though his guilt seems doubtful, executed. This is the same person whom Horace addresses under the name Licinius, Book II. Od. x., "Rectius vives Licini," &c. The metre in the original is the second Asclepiadean; but we have found it easier to preserve fidelity to the sense and spirit of the poem by employing one of the varieties of rhythm which we have appropriated to the Alcaic.

"Quantum distet ab Inacho."

You tell us how long after Inachus flourished
King Codrus, who feared not to die for his country;
What noble descendants from Æacus sprung,
What battles were fought under Ilion the sacred;

Quantum distet ab Inacho
Codrus pro patria non timidus mori,
Narras, et genus Aeaci
Et pugnata sacro bella sub Ilio:

But you say not a word upon things more important—
What price one must pay for a cask of old Chian?
Baths, rooms—where and whose? What the moment to thaw
These frost-bitten limbs in the sunshine of supper?

Ho, boy, there, a cup! * Brim it full for the New Moon!
Ho, boy, there, a cup! Brim it full for the Midnight!
Ho, boy, there, a cup! Brim it full—to the health
Of him we would honour!—Murena the Augur.

Let the bowls be proportioned to three or nine measures,
As each man likes best; † the true poet will ever
Suit his to the odd-numbered Muses, and quaff
Thrice three in the rapture the Nine give to brimmers.

But the Grace, with her twin naked sisters, shuns quarrel,
And to more than three measures refuses her sanction.
Ho! ho! what a joy to go mad for a time.
Why on earth stops the breath of that fife Berecynthian?

And why is that harp so unsocially silent,
And the lively Pandèan pipe idly suspended?
Quick, roses—and more! Let it rain with the rose!
There is nothing I hate like the hand of a niggard.

Let the noise of our mirth split the ears of old Lycus.
He is envious—our riot shall gorge him with envy.
The ears of our neighbour, his wife, let it reach.
No wife could suit less the grey hairs of old Lycus. ‡

Quo Chium pretio cadum
Mercemur, quis aquam temperet ignibus,
Quo præbente domum et quota
Pelignis caream frigoribus, taces.

Da lunæ propere novæ,
Da noctis mediæ, da, puer, auguris
Murenæ: tribus aut novem
Miscentur cyathis pocula commodis.

Qui Musas amat impares
Ternos ter cyathos attonitus petet
Vates; tres prohibet supra
Rixarum metuens tangere Gratia

Nudis juncta sororibus.
Insanire juvat: cur Berecyntiæ
Cessant flamina tibiæ?
Cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra?

Parcentes ego dexteras
Odi: sparge rosas; audiat invidus
Dementem strepitum Lycus
Et vicina seni non habilis Lyco.

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* "Here, in a kind of phantasy, the poet transports himself with Telephus into the midst of the entertainment."—ORELLI.

† "Tribus aut novem
Miscentur cyathis pocula commodis."

"The 'cyathus' was a ladle with which the drink was passed from the mixing-bowl to the drinking-cup. The ladle was of certain capacity, and twelve 'cyathi' went to the Sextarius. Horace says, in effect, 'Let the wine be mixed in the proportion of three cyathi of wine to nine of water, or of nine of wine to three of water.' . . . 'Commodis,' 'fit and proper,'—'cyathi,' that is, 'bumpers.'"—MACLEANE. The above seems the best and most intelligible interpretation of a passage in which, if conjectures were cyathi, the commentators would have greatly exceeded the number allowed to the nine muses.

‡ The graduated process of a drinking bout is most naturally simulated in these verses. First stage, the amiable expansion of heart in the friendly toast—the toleration of differing tastes;—each man may drink as much as he likes. Secondly, the consciousness of getting drunk, and thinking it a fine thing;—joy to go mad. Thirdly, the craving for noise;—let the band strike up. Fourthly, a desire for something cool;—roses in ancient Rome—soda-water in modern England. Fifthly, the combative stage;—aggressive insult to poor old Lycus. Sixthly, the maudlin stage, soft and tender;—complimentary to Telephus, and confidingly pathetic as to his own less fortunate love affairs.

Thee, O Telephus, radiant with locks of thick cluster,
Thee, with face like the star of the eve at its clearest,
Budded Rhode is courting; I too am on fire,
But me Glycera keeps in the flames burning slowly.*

Spissa te nitidum coma,
Puro te similem, Telephe, Vespero
Tempestiva petit Rhode:
Me lentus Glyceræ torret amor meæ.

Ode XXV.

HYMN TO BACCHUS.

Introduction.

Of this ode Orelli says, that it belongs more properly than any other ode of Horace to the dithyrambic genus, any closer imitation of which was denied to the language and taste of the Romans, as savouring of affectation or bombast. Nowhere in Horace is there more of the true lyrical enthusiasm: the picture of the Bacchante, astonished by the landscape stretched below her, is singularly beautiful. Dillenburger and Orelli conjecture the poem to have been written A.U.C. 725-726; Macleane thinks it may have been on the announcement of the taking of Alexandria, A.U.C. 724. It was evidently while some new triumph of Cæsar's was fresh in the mind of the poet and of the public.

"Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui."

Whither, full of thee, O Bacchus,
Am I hurried by thy rapture, with a spirit strange possessed?
Through what forests, through what caverns?
Underneath what haunted grottoes shall my voice be heard aloud,

Pondering words to lift up Cæsar
To his rank 'mid starry orders, in the council-halls of Jove?
Oh, for utterance largely sounding,
Never yet through mouth of poet made the language of the world!

As the slumberless Bacchante
From the lonely mountain ridges, stricken still with wonder, sees
Flash the waves of wintry Hebrus,
Sparkle snows in Thracian lowlands, soar barbarian Rhodopè,

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
Plenum? quæ nemora aut quos agor in specus
Velox mente nova? quibus
Antris egregii Cæsaris audiar
Æternum meditans decus
Stellis inserere et consilio Jovis?
Dicam insigne recens adhuc
Indictum ore alio. Non secus in jugis
Exsomnis stupet Evias
Hebrum prospiciens et nive candidam
Thracen ac pede barbaro
Lustratam Rhodopen, ut mihi devio

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* Commentators have endeavoured to create a puzzle even here, where the meaning appears very obvious. Rhode runs after you (petit), who are so handsome—Glycera does not run after me, but keeps me languishing; the sense is consistent with the tone, half envious, half sarcastic, with which the poet always speaks of Telephus, the beauty-man and lady-killer.

Such my rapture, wandering guideless,*
Now where river-margents open, now where forest-shadows close.
Lord of Naiads, lord of Mænads,
Who with hands divinely strengthened, from the mountain heave the ash,

Nothing little, nothing lowly,
Nothing mortal, will I utter! Oh, how perilously sweet
'Tis to follow thee, Lenæus,
Thee the god who wreathes his temples with the vine-leaf for his crown.

Ripas et vacuum nemus
Mirari libet. O Naïadum potens
Baccharumque valentium
Proceras manibus vertere fraxinos,
Nil parvum aut humili modo,
Nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum est,
O Lenæe, sequi deum
Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

Ode XXIX.

INVITATION TO MÆCENAS.

Introduction.

No ode of Horace specially addressed to Mæcenas exceeds this in dignity of sentiment and sustained beauty of treatment. Horace's descriptions of summer are always charming, and though he rejects the prosaic minuteness by which modern poets, when describing external nature, make an inventory of scenic details as tediously careful as if they were cataloguing articles for auction, he succeeds in bringing a complete picture before the eye, and elevates the subject of still life by the grace of the figures he places, whether in the fore or the back ground. But he has seldom surpassed the beautiful image of summer in its sultry glow and in its languid repose which adorns this ode, in contrast with the statesman, intent on public cares, and gazing on Rome and the hills beyond from his lofty tower. It is unnecessary to point out the nobleness of the comparison between the course of the river and the mutability of human affairs, or the simple grandeur of the lines on Fortune so finely, though so loosely, paraphrased by Dryden, and so applicable to public men that it

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* "Ut mihi devio
Ripas et vacuum nemus
Mirari libet."

Some of the MSS. have "rupes" instead of "ripas," and that reading is adopted by Lambinus and Muretus.—Dillenburger, Macleane, and Orelli agree in preferring "ripas," as having the authority of the best MSS. Assuming this latter reading to be right, it renders more appropriate the previous description of the Bacchante's amaze in seeing all the landscape expand before her. The poet then comes on the river bank as he emerges from the forest, the country thus opening upon him, and again closed in. So in Schiller's 'Der Spaziergang' the poet plunges into the wood, and following a winding path, suddenly the veil is rent. The passage is well translated by a lamented friend, Dr Whewell:—

"Lost is the landscape at once in the dark wood's secret recesses,
Where a mysterious path leads up the winding ascent;
. . . . . .
Suddenly rent is the veil; all startled, I view with amazement,
Through the wood's opening glade, blazing in splendour the day."

We cannot help thinking that Horace had in his mind an actual scene, as Schiller had in the Walk—that it was in some ramble amidst rocks, woods, and water, that the idea of this dithyramb occurred to him. We have his own authority for believing that, like most other poets, he composed a good deal in his rural walks. "Circa nemus uvidique Tiburis ripas operosa parvus carmina fingo,"—"I wander through the woods and along the banks of Tibur, studying my verses."

has furnished with illustrations appropriate to themselves some of the greatest of English statesmen. The precise date of the ode cannot be fixed. It was evidently after Mæcenas had built his palace on the Esquiline; and if the twenty-eighth verse refers to the Eastern disturbances under Tiridates and Phraates, as Dillenburger suggests, it could not have been composed before A.U.C. 729.

"Tyrrhena regum progenies, tibi."

Long since, Mæcenas sprung from Tuscan kings,
A vintage mellowing in its virgin cask,
Balms to anoint the hair,
And roses meet for wreaths on honoured brows,

Wait at my home for thee. Snatch leisure brief,
And turn thy gaze from Tibur's waterfalls
The slopes of Æsula,
And parricidal Telegon's blue hills;

Desert fastidious wealth, and that proud pile
Soaring aloft, the neighbour of the clouds;*
Cease to admire the smoke,
The riches, and the roar of prosperous Rome.

Sweet to the wealthy the relief of change;
Nor needs it tapestried woof nor Tyrian pall
For simple feast, whose mirth
In humble roofs unknits the brows of care.

Now, hidden long, Andromeda's bright sire
Glares forth revealed: now rages Procyon,
And the mad Lion star,†
As Sol brings back the languid days of drought.

Now doth the shepherd, with his languid flock,
Seek streams and shades, and thickets dense, the lair
Of the rough Forest-God;
And silent margins miss the wandering winds.

Tyrrhena regum progenies, tibi
Non ante verso lene merum cado
Cum flore, Mæcenas, rosarum et
Pressa tuis balanus capillis

Jamdudum apud me est. Eripe te moræ;
Ne semper udum Tibur ‡ et Æsulæ
Declive contempleris arvum et
Telegoni juga parricidæ.

Fastidiosam desere copiam et
Molem propinquam nubibus arduis;
Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.

Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices,
Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum
Cœnæ sine aulæis et ostro
Sollicitam explicuere frontem.

Jam clarus occultum Andromedæ pater
Ostendit ignem, jam Procyon furit
Et stella vesani Leonis,
Sole dies referente siccos:

Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido
Rivumque fessus quærit et horridi
Dumeta Silvani, caretque
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.

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* The lofty tower or belvidere of the palace built by Mæcenas on the Esquiline Hill, whence Nero looked down on the conflagration of Rome.

† This fixes the season to the beginning of July, when Cepheus, a northern star below Ursa Minor, rises. Cepheus was mythically King of Æthiopia, and father of Andromeda. Procyon rises about the same time, and is followed, eleven days afterwards, by Sirius. Leo completes the picture of summer heat.

‡ "Ne semper udum Tibur." We interpret "udum" as referring to the cascades of Anio; it may mean the rills meandering through the orchards of Tibur.

All rest save thou, intent on cares of state
And fears lest aught against thy Rome be planned
In farthest east, or realm
Of Persian Cyrus, or by factious Don.

The issues of the Future a wise God
Veils in the dark impenetrable Night,
And smiles if mortals stretch
Care beyond bounds to mortal minds assigned.

That which is present heed, and justly weigh;
What rests flows onward as the river runs—
Now, in mid-channel calm,
Peacefully gliding to Etruscan seas;

Now, when wild torrents chafe its quiet streams,
Rolling, along with its resistless rush,
Loosed crags, uprooted trees,
And herds and flocks, and the lost homes of men,

While neighbouring forests, and far mountain-peaks
Mingle their roar. Happy indeed is he,
Lord of himself, to whom
'Tis given to say, as each day ends, "I have lived!"

To-morrow let the Sire invest the heaven
With darkest cloud or "purest ray serene,"
He mars not what has been,
Nor from Time's sum blots out one fleeted hour.

Fortune, exulting in her cruel task—
Consistent in her inconsistent sport—
Shifts favours to and fro,
Now to myself, now to another kind.

Tu, civitatem quis deceat status,
Curas et Urbi sollicitus times,
Quid Seres et regnata Cyro
Bactra parent Tanaisque discors.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosa nocte premit deus
Ridetque, si mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat. Quod adest memento

Componere æquus; cetera fluminis
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo *
Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
In mare, nunc lapides adesos

Stirpesque raptas et pecus et domos
Volventis una non sine montium
Clamore vicinæque silvæ,
Cum fera diluvies quietos

Irritat amnes. Ille potens sui
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse Vixi: † cras vel atra
Nube polum Pater occupato,

Vel sole puro; non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro est, efficiet neque
Diffinget infectumque reddet,
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.

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* Orelli has "æquore"—most of the MSS. "alveo,"—which last reading is adopted by Yonge. See his note on the subject.

† "Cui licet in diem
Dixisse Vixi."

See Orelli's note against the usual interpretation of this passage. The meaning is,—"Happy the man who at the end of each day can say, 'I have lived.'"

I praise her seated by me ; if she shake
Her parting wings I give back what she gave,
And, in my virtue wrapped,
Make honest Poverty my dowerless bride.

'Tis not for me, when groans the mast beneath
Fierce Africus, to gasp out piteous prayers,
And bargain with the gods,
Lest gainful bales from Cyprus or from Tyre

Add to the treasures of the greedy deep ;
Then from the wreck my slender boat the gale
And the Twin star shall speed,
Safe with one rower through Ægæan storms.

Laudo manentem; * si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit et mea
Virtute me involvo probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.

Non est meum, si mugiat Africis
Malus procellis, ad miseras preces
Decurrere et votis pacisci,
Ne Cypriæ Tyriæque merces

Addant avaro divitias mari :
Tunc me biremis præsidio scaphæ †
Tutum per Ægæos tumultus
Aura feret geminusque Pollux.

Ode XXX.

PREDICTION OF HIS OWN FUTURE TIME.

Introduction.

This ode appears clearly intended to be the completing poem of some considerable collection of lyrical pieces, forming in themselves an integral representation of the idiosyncrasies of the poet in character and in genius, thus becoming his memorial or "monumentum." We are therefore disposed to regard it as the epilogue, not to the Third Book only, but to all the first three books ; after the publication of which Horace made a considerable pause before he published the fourth. This, however, is a matter open to conjecture, and on which every reader can judge for himself. There is a great difference in tone between this and Od. xx. Book II., addressed to Mæcenas. That ode, half sportive, half earnest, seems written in the effervescence of animal spirits, and might have been called forth in any moment of brilliant success. But this is written in dignified and serious confidence in the firm establishment of his fame. It is unnecessary to defend Horace here from the charge of vainglory, to which a modern poet, arrogating to himself the immortality of fame, would be exposed. The manners of an age decide the taste of an age. The heathen poets spoke of the immortality of their verses with as little scruple as Christian poets speak of the immortality of their souls. Not to mention the Greek poets, Dillenburger gives a tolerably long list of passages from the Latin—Ennius, Virgil, Propertius, Ovid, Martial—who spoke of their conquest over time with no less confidence than Horace here does. The metre in the original is the same as that of Ode i. Book I., which perhaps strengthens the supposition that the poem is designed to complete a collection which that ode

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* "Laudo manentem." Orelli says that there is extant a rare coin of the time of Commodus, inscribed "Fortunæ Manenti," in which a woman is represented *seated* holding a horse by the halter with her right hand—in her left a cornucopia. We have availed ourselves of this image in translating "manentem."

† "Biremis scaphæ," a two-oared boat, rowed by a single rower.—Orelli.

commenced. But in translation the spirit of this ode seems to us imperatively to demand a measure more akin to our associations of grave expression and earnest sentiment than that which we have adopted for the version of the dedicatory ode.

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius."

I have built a monument than bronze more lasting,
  Soaring more high than regal pyramids,
Uncankered by the gnawing of the rain-drop,
  Unshaken by the rushing of the blast,

Standing unchanged amid the changeful seasons,
  Through the linked march of the innumerous years.
I shall not wholly die! From Libitina*
  A part, yea, much, of mine own self escapes.

Renewing bloom from praise in after ages,
  My growth through time shall be to fresher youth,
Long as the High Priest, with the Silent Virgin,
  Ascends the sacred Capitol of Rome.†

Where rolls loud Aufidus his headlong river,
  Where parched-up Daunus ‡ held his rustic sway,
Mine on men's lips shall be a name familiar;
  I of the low-born now become the prince

Under whose leadership Æolian music
  First found an empire in Italian song.
Take airs of state—the right is earned—and crown me,
  Willing Melpomene, with Delphic bay.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius,
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere aut innumerabilis

Annorum series et fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam: usque ego postera
Crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium

Scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex.
Dicar, qua violens obstrepit Aufidus
Et qua pauper aquæ Daunus agrestium
Regnavit populorum, ex humili potens,

Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse§ modos. Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis et mihi Delphica
Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.

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* Venus Libitina, the Funereal Venus—Death.

† Viz., "while the Pontifex Maximus shall, on the ides of every month, go up to the Capitol to offer sacrifices to Vesta, her virgins walking solemnly in the procession, as they did, while the boys sang hymns in honour of the goddess. With a Roman this was equivalent to saying 'for ever.'"—MACLEANE.

‡ "Pauper aquæ Daunus," "Daunus scant of water." The epithet is thus, by poetic licence, applied to the legendary king, which, in plain prose, belongs to the country he ruled.

§ "Princeps deduxisse." We take that which is expressed in the translation to be the true meaning. "Princeps" is the technical title of the chief of a band of emigrants, led from (deduxisse) one country to found a colony or state in another. And it is in that capacity of prince or leader thus establishing a state, that Horace then proceeds to demand the crown of bay.

(*To be concluded in our next Number.*)

GRACE OWEN'S ENGAGEMENT.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER VII.

It was not a hard task to overcome the few difficulties that stood in the way of carrying out Maurice's scheme. And now came to Antonia the dawn of a new life and the fulfilment of her old one. The fulfilment of the old, because she had at last found scope for the full exercise of her talents, and was fairly on the road to finding scope for her genius also; the dawning of a new life, because—was it not only to be expected that her warm and sympathetic nature should seek to find fulfilment too?

And so it happened, as indeed was inevitable. When perfect sympathy exists between a woman and one who possesses mental qualities which she has not, and which she therefore, after the manner of women, exaggerates, and when this sympathy is combined with the undoubting belief that her own feelings, whatever they may be, are appreciated and returned, there can be but one result. In Antonia's case, a passionate nature, intensifying every thought and every emotion, carried her along the pleasant and natural, but dangerous, road without allowing her to stop and examine her own heart; while her unconsciousness of self and want of feminine vanity made her place Maurice upon a higher level in comparison with herself than perhaps he deserved. He was, no doubt, really above her in some things—in delicacy of perception, for instance, which with him was the result of refinement and cultivation, and was founded on comparison and judgment, while with her it depended almost entirely upon an instinct which was very apt to make mistakes. Again, he had a quality in which she was almost entirely deficient—that which leads the possessor of it to look upon human nature and the outside world with a constant view to artistic relation, and which sharpens, subtilises, and fills with life the brain, while it renders the heart cool and equable in its pulsations. He was, in a word, essentially the artist of talent and culture, and so far was the superior; but then she had genius, which, when once it has received the seed of culture, does not cease to produce tares, it is true, but of every good grain sown therein brings forth a thousand-fold.

This exuberant nature of hers, hitherto narrowed and confined, rapidly expanded under the influences of love and art. Her personal appearance even shared in the change; and, without becoming beautiful, she began imperceptibly to acquire the charm of manner which is the privilege of those only whose souls are large and fair. Her figure gained a kind of stately elasticity, her bright eyes brightened, she attended more carefully to matters of dress and appearance, she looked younger and happier. It was in her the artist and the woman flowering together. Gradual as the change was, Maurice could not help being struck by it; but, though by no means stupid in such matters, and certainly not without his share of the vanity common to all men where women are concerned, he never connected himself in any way with it.

The life lived by both was now happy in the extreme. Maurice had already tasted the delightful foretaste of fame, and nothing had occurred to deaden its effect. He was no longer hampered by poverty, he was already distinguished in that art which he now loved entirely and for its own sake, his society was courted, his intellectual nature gratified by the friendships

that he was enabled to form among men, and his deeper needs of the heart by what so few men ever find —and the highest and best of men the least often of all—the full sympathy and devotion of a woman who could keep pace with him in all his advances, console and encourage, praise and appreciate, learn and teach—to whom he could open all his heart, and who gave him all hers in return.

And her happiness was complete also. Her love had grown so gradually, and had become so much a part of her nature, that she never thought about it. It was like the air she breathed; and she was never disturbed by the most passing doubt. How should a woman like her bestow all her soul in vain? It could not be so in the very nature of things.

Meanwhile her progress in study was rapid and brilliant. It can scarcely be said, however, that she astonished the skilful musician under whose instruction she placed herself; he accepted her at once for what she was, and she had to pass through no preliminary course of "*so!*"*s* and "hm!"s. It was not long before her teacher procured her an engagement at the Court Church, and she had every prospect of coming to terms with the Director of the theatre at Dresden, where it was thought best for her to overcome the difficulties of a first appearance.

The friendship between herself and the painter was equally beneficial to both, so far as related to artistic development. Each supplied a want in the other. She supplied his deficiency in enthusiasm, while he rectified the somewhat uneven balance of her nature, in which enthusiasm was carried to so high a pitch. The relation between them was thus of a peculiar and unusual nature. No word of love had as yet arisen between them to disturb them or break their perfect confidence. The love that was felt by Antonia was too strong and too real, and had enveloped her too completely, to make her afraid, and he—was he not the lover of Grace Owen?

Maurice now lived in good lodgings in the Schlosz-Gasse, but he removed to them from his old attic much against the grain. The daily presence of Antonia had become almost a necessary part of his life and of his work; and, though he affected to rejoice at having regained his peace of ear, the absence of the voice, of whose industry he had so often complained, was missed by him more than he himself imagined.

So weeks and months passed on, during which the two lived a kind of ideal life without ever pausing to think of the real nature of their feelings towards each other. The days resembled each other so closely, and were so calm and pleasant, that it never occurred to either that their present way of life could ever end. But the inevitable end must come at last—and it came.

One spring evening, nearly a year since Edward Maurice had achieved his first sudden and unexpected success, he found himself alone with Antonia at her lodging. Her uncle had a temporary engagement at Leipzig, and her aunt had accompanied him. She herself was singing at the piano when Maurice entered, so that, her back being towards the door, she did not see him. When she had finished he made an exclamation of applause. She turned round.

"That is not fair," she said, "to listen when I am singing to myself."

"I am very glad that I did so, though. I have found out an important secret about you by it."

"What is that?"

"That you sing better to yourself alone than to an audience. That is common among amateurs, but not among artists."

"Is that a compliment, or not?"

"It doesn't sound like one, I admit. What I mean is, that the

singer who takes equal care when alone, and finds her own heart the most sympathetic audience, must love art in the very highest way, and not at all for the thalers and groschen."

Antonia laughed. "But I do love it for the thalers and groschen," she answered.

"Less than you think, I fancy," replied Maurice. "But *vive l'argent*, nevertheless. I certainly shall not quarrel with you."

"But I mean to quarrel with you. I would really rather that you would not listen when I don't know it." Antonia spoke seriously, and as though she meant what she said.

"There—do not scold me, but I cannot say I repent. Have you seen the Herr Director lately?"

"A hundred times, but we cannot agree. We are both too fond of the groschen, I think."

"You are quite right—don't let him get hold of you for nothing. I would go to Leipzig sooner—they would be glad of you there just now."

"Of course—and if I had only been wise enough to drop a hint to our Director here that I was uncertain where I should come out, he would soon have come to terms. But I have rather set my heart on Dresden, and he knows it too well."

"He will come round at last; so many people here would be angry, if he did not. So hold out, by all means."

"Trust me! And you—— how is the fresco to-day?"

"Oh, as usual—that is to say, getting on slowly enough. I will take you to see it in a day or two—only I am always afraid of you."

"Why?"

"Because you are always comparing me against Murillo, and Raphael, and Titian,—which is grossly unfair."

"Should you like me to judge your picture against the Tinker of Mieris, then?"

"God forbid! That would be outside me altogether—the spirit of the Dutchman would stand aghast in his grave at my vagueness. So don't be absurd, but play me something. I won't ask you to sing any more—that would be unfair in my turn."

"I thought you were going to the theatre to-night."

"So I was, but felt tired and lazy. I don't think I shall go there much again before a certain occasion."

"Thank you. So my music will suit you when you are tired and lazy."

"At all events it will suit me now."

"Perhaps I am tired and lazy too."

"You are never lazy, and if you are tired, I will not be hard on you."

He took a chair and sat down at the piano close to her side.

She put out her hand and took up at random a piece of music from the heap that lay all round her in the wildest confusion. She never kept anything in its place, and always had to trust to instinct to find what she wanted. The piece to which her hand was guided was a rather light sonata of Mozart. She began to play from the notes, but the evening light was gradually diminishing, so that she had to trust to memory more and more. As she did not know this sonata very accurately her performance became rather vague, and she began to make repeats, and to try experiments in expression. Her mood at the time was by no means in harmony with the character of the music, but still she went on, without knowing why, until, mingling the composer's fancies with her own, she created an effect which was that of Mozart exaggerated and almost caricatured—the joy of earth rendered wildly sad.

There was something in the deep, almost grotesque, yet pathetic irony of the music, as she played it,—in the soft, warm dimness of the spring

evening that entered at the open window,—in the gentle swaying motion with which Antonia always kept time to her own playing,—and even in the bare sombreness of the room itself, that had an effect upon the sensitive nature of the painter something like that of autumn on the year—the closing of the ever too short summer, and the warning that, very soon, no good things will be left in life save the memories of the past, and such sorry makeshifts for warmth and joy as winter allows. He seemed as though he felt the roses of his life—they had been of late so many and so sweet—dropping prematurely from their thorns, and the fragrance of its white lilies changing into the sad, heavy odour of fallen leaves. Antonia, too, seemed more than touched by the same melancholy spirit. The very soul of the great master whose music was before her, who knew so well that from laughter to tears the interval is imperceptible, who felt so fully how beautiful is earth, but how sad and how vain, after all, is its beauty—in whose brightest strains we seem always to hear the words, "Earth is very fair, but how soon it passeth! Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"—seemed present with them both. It would have been quite impossible for either to have uttered a word. Gradually Maurice lost all definite idea of the sounds which never ceased to float around, and felt them only in his heart. A great dread of the end was upon him. It seemed as though his happiness, his life itself, depended upon the duration of those wandering sounds, and that, when they should cease, all would cease too. What Antonia felt, who can guess? But, suddenly—what caprice, what impulse, what strange power stirred her, she, at least, could never have told—she began to sing softly, and to herself—for she had, by now, become unconscious of aught save dreams—that air from 'Le Nozze di Figaro,' which is the very soul of yearning, passionate, yet undoubting love—the languor of joyful longing and the deep melancholy of intense passion—the joy of sadness, and the utter sadness of joy—

"Deh vieni, non tardar, O Gioja bella!
Vieni ove amore per goder t'appella;
Finche risplende in ciel notturna face,
Finche l'aria è dolce, e il mondo tace
. . . . .
Vieni, mio ben!" . . .

The secret of the hour was told—the veil of both their lives at last was torn away.

When the last notes of the song had died unheard, her wonderful eyes, soft and bright even in the darkness, and full of a strange light, were drawn towards his. His face was pale, and he trembled.

"Antonia!" he said, but in so low a tone that his voice was inaudible. Her heart heard it, however, and understood it too, for the next moment she was in his arms.

It was late when they parted. When Maurice returned to his lodging he found two letters for him, one from Lawson, the other from the father of Grace Owen.

CHAPTER VIII.

Grace Owen—where was she in the memory of Edward Maurice?

It may be opposed to poetic theory, but is not the less true, that love affords no contradiction to the common experience of men that a great change of scene, combined with a still greater change of habits, associations, and aims, is fully sufficient to cast a very thick veil indeed over old aims, old scenes, and old feelings. No one is wilfully inconstant, but no one is proof against involuntary forgetfulness. The saying of Horace about those who hurry beyond sea is daily condemned by facts. So much does a change of country, with all its at-

tendant and consequent changes, alter our feelings and almost our very nature, that, to all intents and purposes, a man who is subjected to it very seldom remains the same person, even in his own eyes. Who even among those whose experience of change of country has been confined to an autumn tour has not found that, before three days are well over, a cloud has formed itself between his immediate present and his immediate past; before three weeks, a thick wall of new ideas and new associations? But he must either be very old in years, or extremely unimpressible, or very abnormally constituted, who, having changed not only his country but his opinions, his views about life and all his aims and desires—having held no communication with his own country for two eventful years, having been surrounded during that time by intensely powerful influences,—remains the same in his feelings as before the change came about. Now Edward Maurice was not old, not unimpressionable, and not constituted differently from other men of his mental level, and so Grace Owen had gradually come to dwell less and less in his thoughts, until of late he often spent days together without giving her a single recollection. Still, until this evening, he had never dreamed of being inconstant to her, and no doubt fancied, and would have asserted, that he was as much in love with her as ever. If she had been false to him, he would probably have been extremely indignant, and have looked upon himself as deeply injured, and, if he had ever examined himself closely, would probably have made an effort to thrust Antonia from his heart. But, as with Antonia, so with himself, his love had grown so gradually that self-examination had been rendered impossible, and the more so that no obstacles had lain in the way which might have ripened it or laid it bare prematurely. There had been no absence, no interference of friends, no occasions for jealousy, no quarrels; all had been sunshine, and constant intercourse, and undoubting trust. The course of my life is pleasant, let it run on. There is no danger to me who love Grace, none to Antonia who is absorbed in art. Such had been the nearest approach to self-examination that Maurice had made during the whole period, and that not often and never consciously. Thus, for some time, matters between himself and Antonia had come to a crisis that needed only the slightest accident to develop itself fully. Such an accident had now happened, and both now knew their own hearts and the heart of each other.

Certainly no one was less than Grace in the mind of her professed lover when he returned to his lodgings and found the two letters. He remembered now with anything but pleasure that his two years of probation, to which he had not long before looked forward with such impatience, had more than come to an end. He would have given almost anything save the love of Antonia, if he could have purchased two years more. "However," he thought, "since the time must have come at last, perhaps it is best now. Besides, I don't deserve that my path through the affair should be one of roses." He opened first the letter from Grace's father.

"Hotel de ——, Paris,
June 10, 184–.

"My dear Edward,—Though I thought it best that there should be no direct communication between us during the period of your study, I have taken care, through others, to keep myself informed of what you have been doing. I am glad to have heard nothing but what is even more than satisfactory. Your industry and your character are spoken of in the highest terms, and these, together with your talent, have, it seems, found their reward. I congratulate you most heartily,

and am fully prepared, on my own part, to keep my promise.

"But are you still in the same mind? I presume so, as your own sense of honour, under the circumstances, would have led you to inform me, if otherwise. But now those circumstances have changed, and I think it right to inform you at once how matters stand. If you *now* wish to withdraw I shall not blame you—you will only be taking a wise and prudent course. But I am forced to put your affection for Grace very strongly to the proof.

"I grieve to say that I am no longer a rich man. It is unnecessary to tell you how my misfortunes have come about—that I will keep to another opportunity. I will only say now that they have been allowed by all, even those who suffered with me, to have been misfortunes only and not faults. But it comes to this—that I have not enough left to support myself and Grace in reasonable comfort—and, what is worse, I fear that my state of health will never permit me to take any steps to recover my position.

"You yourself cannot yet be in a position to marry at once. Grace has therefore thought it best—against my wish, certainly, but it seems inevitable—to attempt to do something. Indeed there is no help for it. Her plan is to spend the next year or two on the Continent, so that we may live as cheaply as we can, and at the same time that she may learn to turn her musical talent to the best account.

"We are accordingly on our way to Dresden, which place we have fixed on because you are there. If, however, you think it best to change your mind—I shall not blame you, nor will Grace—let me know at once, and we will endeavour to avoid a meeting. I cannot remain here to await your answer, as I am obliged to save every penny. So the best way will be for you to address a note for me to the Hôtel de Pologne, at Dresden, so that I may receive it immediately on my arrival, containing your answer. If the tenor of it should induce me not to remain, we should continue our journey to Vienna, where I have friends and introductions.

"Grace is well in health. She does not know I am writing to you.

"This is indeed a terrible overthrow of the prospects of all of us—of yours as much as any one's. But I trust that both you and I are good Christians enough to submit with hope and patience to the will of God, whatever it may be.

"Hoping to find your answer on my arrival, believe me to be, yours always, RICHARD OWEN."

"NEWMAN STREET, LONDON,
June 9.

"MY DEAR MAURICE,—I am going to send you some very bad news indeed. You perhaps may have heard of it independently of me, but reports are such strange things that I hasten to tell you what I know.

"Well then, there is no mincing the matter—old Owen has gone to complete smash—as complete as can be imagined. What is worse, matters can never be set right again with him, and he, I fear, is sinking fast. I am not man of business enough to tell you all the causes and circumstances—they were awfully complicated, but no one blames Owen in the least—that, at all events, you will be glad to hear. I myself came back from Rome, between which place and Florence I have been getting rid of the last year or thereabouts, as soon as I heard of the affair, to see if I could be of any use, for the sake of old times. As you know, the poor girl has no relations who are in the least likely to do anything for her; besides, when one is down, relations are worse even than friends, if that is possible. Not only do they never help you, but they give good advice into the

bargain—from which may the gods preserve us all for evermore!—and when you don't take it—what sane man ever does?—they shake their heads and shrug their shoulders and say that at all events they have done their best, and let you go to the devil. *Crede experto.* Where was I? Well, I have seen her, and I can give you at least the consolation of knowing that she has kept her health and her looks also, though of course she has lost a little of her brightness, for the time. She was very glad to see me, and, as I could do nothing else, I tried to do what I have just been inveighing against, to give good advice. Like a brave and sensible girl, however, she scorned it altogether. I don't think she would even take yours. If these things are done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry? You will certainly have a wife with a will of her own. She has made up her mind, as her father can do nothing, to go abroad and make music her profession instead of her amusement. Well, she has good talent—at least we used to think so — and might make something of it. She won't, of course, be a Pasta, but she ought to be able to pay her baker's and cheesemonger's bills. Still, I hope from my soul it will be unnecessary. Of course no one here now knows your exact position. You could not write to Grace, and you would not write to me. Well, we are in the same boat, and so I must not complain, and you may, or may not, be well off. If you are, and your prospects are as good as the rumour of the studios—that abominable liar!—vaguely says, well and good. If you are not, I suppose the lady must go into training. Time will show. The only wise thing to which I could persuade her was to begin the world at Dresden, where you will be able to keep them both, and, perhaps, be able, if you still frequent the society of musical people, to put her in the way of what she ought to do. But I don't suppose she would have taken my advice on that point either, unless her own inclinations had accorded with it. As it was, she made a little fight of it, but her game was very open, and she yielded to my arguments as soon as I made a pretence of giving them up.

"She knows I am writing to you, but, as she will not send any but the coldest messages, I will not repeat them. I do not think they soar above kindest regards. You will, however, see both father and daughter and hear what she has to say to you, without having to trust to a third person, in a very few days. They start to-day, and to-morrow will be in Paris. The father means, he tells me, to write to you himself from there, and then they will proceed immediately to Dresden. But, to tell you the truth, my dear fellow, I am very much afraid they will never arrive there. Of course, I do not hint my suspicions to Grace—I consider it to be my mission at present to keep her spirits up as much as possible—but her father's life is not worth a day's purchase. It is as well to be prepared for the worst. He is very weak, and has violent palpitations of the heart on the least occasion of exertion or excitement, and an acute pain apparently across the muscles of his chest. Perhaps you will say it is folly for them to travel—but what is to be done? I myself believe that anything will be better for him than to remain in England, and Dr Lewis tells me he thinks so too.

"This is all I have to say now. I offered to see them to Dresden myself, but—alas and woe is me!—the evil genius who takes charge of my pocket says "impossible;" and that other evil genius who watches over all people who have money to lend, confirms the decree. Even my friends, who would have spared me a pound or two if I were going to remain in England, would have nothing to do with me when

they heard I was going abroad; and those who would have helped me if they could are of course in the same state as myself. As it is, I must wait some weeks before I can get back to Florence, where I now have a little copying work to do—very little, indeed, but still enough to keep me in not the very worst tobacco and not the very blackest wine—the only things upon which I spend more than two *lire* at a time.

"In two hours I accompany the Owens to Dover—I wish I was going farther, but *che fare?* The worst is, I fear Grace may take it unkindly of me—but I daresay she guesses the reason pretty well.

"Now, my dear Maurice, I have written this letter rather lightly, but you know my way. I need not say how much I really feel for you all, especially for that poor girl. If I can possibly be of any service to you here—I *must* remain in London three weeks more at the least—write to me at the old place. I am not living there, but they take in my letters.

"Good-bye. I suppose that in the course of this extraordinary muddle called life, and somewhere in this extremely small place called the earth, we shall meet again one of these days. If not—well, I suppose it won't much matter, though I confess I should be sorry. Let me hear from you. Grace has promised for you, so you will have to buy some pens at last. They are not very expensive things, and not difficult to discover, although you seem to think so. Ever, my dear Maurice, yours,

"Frank Lawson."

Maurice sat down at the table as one stupefied. He had to read both letters at least twice over before he was able fully to comprehend their meaning. When he at last succeeded, he sat for some time longer without being able to realise his position. Not that he was in doubt—it was clear that gratitude, duty, honour, all summoned him to fulfil his engagement to Grace Owen. Had she not bestowed herself on him when no marriage appeared too brilliant for her, and when he was scarcely able to find daily bread? Had it not been through her father's kindness that no obstacles had been thrown in his way, save those which were obviously necessary? Had it not been at her father's expense that he had been enabled to acquire the position he held already in the world of art and the brilliant prospects that lay before him? More than this, there was no attempt to force him to keep his engagement now that circumstances were altered—he was left free to do what seemed best for himself. And Grace herself, who had waited for him for two long years—had she not a right to look to him for self-sacrificing protection? It would be base to have obtained her love while she was rich and he poor, and as soon as she became almost destitute and he had acquired the means of marrying to throw her aside. As regarded Grace, it was not a question of love at all—the question was simply whether he would or would not act like a gentleman. But Antonia—had he no duty towards her?

He owed her also gratitude. Not all the wealth of Richard Owen, told a thousand times, not all the skill and experience of Tibald, could have done for Edward Maurice what the sympathy and enthusiasm of the Italian had accomplished. He felt that although to Owen he owed his education, it was to Antonia that he owed his success. It would be like robbing her to lay his laurels at the feet of another. It was Antonia, not Grace, who had encouraged him, who had consoled him, who had gone through all his labours with him step by step; it was she who had toiled with him—it was she who should share that toil's reward. She, too, had claims

upon his duty and his honour—she who had bestowed herself upon him freely and fully, and had given up to him that life which, once lost, is lost for ever. Was she, so intensely capable of suffering, to be tossed aside for no fault of her own—her magnificent nature, with all its wealth of love and passion, to be checked and poisoned? She would suffer far more than Grace. Besides, he loved her and she him—their souls were married already. With regard to her, it was scarcely even a question of acting as a gentleman—it was, rather, whether he was capable of acting the part of a brave and honest man. After all, Grace claimed what he had not to give—his love. Marriage with her could only lead to misery in the long run, and the immediate effect upon Antonia would be terrible indeed. On the other hand, to be despised by Grace as a mere fortune-seeker, as a man without the most ordinary notions of honour, to be utterly degraded in the opinion of all his friends, to be contemptible even to himself—could he bear this? Death would be better.

So he sat and thought till morning came. He then threw himself on his bed and fell into a heavy sleep, which lasted far into the day. When he woke his resolution was formed.

CHAPTER IX.

The next day Maurice left the following note at the Hôtel de Pologne, directed to Mr Owen, with orders that it should be delivered as soon as possible :—

"My dear Sir,—I need not say how deeply I sympathise with you in your misfortunes. But I do say that nothing that has happened, or that can happen, will make the smallest difference to me with regard to Grace. I could almost be selfish enough to be glad that now there can be no suspicion as to my motives in claiming her hand, and it shall be the pride and aim of my life to protect her and endeavour to make her happy, and to act towards yourself as a good son.

"I will write no more now, as you will see me as soon as I hear that you are arrived. Till then, I shall call at the hotel daily to make inquiries.

"With my kindest love to Grace, and with all possible respect and gratitude towards yourself, believe me to be, my dear sir, yours most sincerely,

"Edward Maurice."

He did not call on Antonia that day. With her now lay the most difficult part of the business—the part that would make them both miserable, perhaps for both their lives. He ought not to be accused of weakness for dreading the interview. He would have been a strong-minded man indeed if he could have looked forward with calmness to a meeting which must end in despair. The next day he did call, but found her out—perhaps, unconsciously to himself, he fixed on an hour when she would probably be absent. He left, however, a pencil note on her table.

"Dearest Antonia,—Will you take care to be in, this evening? I tried to see you to-day, but failed. What I have to say is most important—most unhappy for both of us. I shall have to ask your forgiveness for having kept a secret from you that must alter our lives for ever. It is impossible to explain myself farther in writing. You will hate me for ever, I know—and your forgiveness is too much to ask—and I shall not ask for it. I shall hate myself—but, whatever happens, you must not think that I cease to love you, or that I have wilfully deceived you. E. M."

In the evening he went to her lodgings. On the way he more than half repented of the step which he had taken, and which he had now rendered irrevocable. His conscience was ill at ease, although he had taken the course that reason told him was right. "Perhaps she has not returned," hope whispered to him—"perhaps I may yet find the note unopened on the table." What he might be inclined to do in such a case he dared not confess to himself. But then there was, in any case, that other letter at the hotel which it was probably too late to recall.

He reached Antonia's lodgings at last, and, with a sick and heavy heart, knocked at the door, and soon heard a quick light step hasten to open to him. He grew faint, and the walls seemed to swim round him. Then he was conscious of a soft warm hand holding his own, and of a gentle arm supporting him to a seat, on which he fainted away. The struggle through which he had passed had, like physical pain when too great to be borne, found relief at last in temporary death. When he came to himself, Antonia was kneeling by his side, and bathing his temples with her handkerchief.

As soon as he had passed through the agony caused by a return to life and memory, he looked into her eyes; but he read in them nothing more than solicitude for himself.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed. "But do not move—lie still—I will open the window and let in the air. There—are you not better?" She spoke anxiously, and looked alarmed, but there was nothing farther to be learned from her manner.

"I am all right again now," said Maurice, sitting up. "It was only a fainting fit. I wonder what could have made me so absurd. I am certainly not used to that sort of thing."

"But are you quite well again? Well, sit there quietly, and let me give you some wine."

"I think that will be the best medicine for me," he said, attempting to smile.

She brought him the wine, and he drank a glass of it. Then, drawing her towards him, and taking her hand, he said, nerving himself as well as he could for the purpose of the interview, but speaking calmly—

"You have read my note, Antonia?" he said.

"What note?" she asked.

"The note I left here to-day."

"I received none."

Maurice glanced quickly towards the table. It was not there. A desperate feeling of hope rose within him.

"I left a note in pencil upon your table when I called this morning, asking you to be at home in the evening."

"Ah! I wondered that I had not heard from you. Perhaps it is there now." She went to the table and looked all about it, but in vain, and then returned to his side.

"The note seems to have prepared a surprise for me, it seems," she said, "for it is certainly gone."

"Look once more, Antonia—look round the room." He could not help speaking excitedly and as though much depended on the result.

"Why, how anxious you are about it!" she said, laughing. "Cannot you tell me yourself what it says? No, it is nowhere." She came back to him again.

The interview had now become more difficult than ever. How could he possibly enter upon it? But he meant to go through with it nevertheless, and he sat in silence. Antonia thought he was still faint, and made him rest his head upon her shoulder.

"Ah!" she exclaimed suddenly, "I have it! I took up a slip of paper, just folded up, which I saw on the table. There was no direction, was there?"

"Yes, I directed it in pencil. Well?"

"Well, it was dark when I came in, and I suppose I mistook it for some memoranda of my own that I thought were on the table, and used it to light the lamp." She felt in her pocket. "See, here is the piece of paper for which I mistook it. It was very careless of me, but you know how untidy I am," she said, smiling; "and it serves you right for writing to me on such shabby scraps of paper."

Was, then, some unseen power fighting on their behalf? Surely there was more than mere chance in this; it was at once an omen and a move in his favour. What could he do but yield, and surrender for the present his own will, which had been rendered so powerless? After all, a hundred accidents might happen. It would be mad and cruel to throw away the uncertainties in his favour that the future might have in store. If he broke with Antonia now, and if anything happened afterwards to break off his engagement with Grace, he would have made himself and the former miserable for nothing. He would subdue his own will, but he could not be expected to counteract the aid of circumstances. So he drew her still closer to him, and talked of anything but of that which he had come to say.

The next morning he inquired again at the Hôtel de Pologne, but without result. The next day passed in like manner, and the next, until Maurice began to feel half anxious, half relieved. Meanwhile he saw Antonia as usual, and still the friendly powers seemed fighting for him. He did not, however, withdraw the letter, having made up his mind to do nothing, but to be guided by circumstances. At last so long a time passed that he thought of writing to Paris to make inquiries. On going to the hotel, however, he was told that a letter had been received from the landlord of the Hotel —— at Erfurt announcing the arrival of a young English lady. The name, however, as it was written, was not necessarily Owen. Still, this made him determine to wait a day longer. The next morning he was informed that a Miss Owen had arrived the evening before, but unaccompanied. She had, however, asked for letters, and had taken possession of that which Maurice had left. He immediately sent up his card, and in a few minutes found himself in the presence of Grace herself.

She was very pale and worn, and looked very ill. But her fair calm beauty was of that order that cannot be destroyed, scarcely even by old age itself; for it depended upon faultless features, a faultless figure, the grace which springs from refinement, and the expression which comes only from goodness and purity. She was rather tall, and, in the stateliness and dignity of her sorrow, looked like an empress dethroned. She was the beautiful Grace Owen still.

She held out her hand when she saw Maurice. He took it in both his own, and kissed it. When he looked into her face he saw that she was weeping. He led her to a seat, and sat down beside her, with her hand in his.

For some time it was impossible that either should speak. What was lying at the heart of each was far too deep to find expression.

"Dearest Grace," said Maurice at last, "what would I not have done to have been with you during that long journey!—I cannot bear to think of your having been all alone."

"My poor father!" she sobbed. Then, after the manner of strong natures, when, after all the agony of compulsory self-support in solitude, they at last meet with a heart on which to lean securely, she gave way in proportion to the strength of her courage.

Her father, it appeared, had

died suddenly at Erfurt of disease of the heart. She had remained there till after he was buried, and had then come on to Dresden. It was the only course left open to her. Maurice remained with her nearly the whole of the day, but left her in the evening, promising to return on the morrow. Both needed to be alone after their meeting. She had not made any allusion to his letter to her father, but he knew that she trusted him as much as he trusted her. If he himself alone were concerned, he would honestly have tried to thrust the image of Antonia from his heart, and endeavoured to live down his love; but then he was not concerned alone.

Work came to be rather at a standstill. While he had been happy in Antonia's friendship, Maurice had always painted in solitude. Now, however, since his mind had lost its ease, he could not work when alone; and when he did exert himself, it was in a feverish and nervous fashion. Antonia herself had become alarmed about him since his fainting fit. His restlessness, his loss of appetite, his worn and wearied expression, his fits of silence,—all told either of an over-worked brain or some great anxiety. The latter, she thought, was impossible. Would he not have confided in her? But the former seemed probable in the extreme, and she did all she could to induce him to take some rest. Tibald also noticed his state, and told him, in his plain-spoken way, that he was becoming a worse painter even than he was when he first came to Dresden. But Maurice persisted in declaring that nothing ailed him, and resented anything like blame being thrown upon his work, which was in itself a strange symptom in him, who had always been used to court the freest criticism; and though Antonia might easily have persuaded him to leave Dresden for a time, he could not do so on account of Grace. She proposed to him many tours and excursions of which he had often talked with interest, reminding him how efficacious her advice had proved on a former occasion, but all to no purpose. To all about him he seemed to be in the first stage of a nervous illness produced by over-application to work, and many were already shaking their heads over the fate of the young artist, whose career had begun so brilliantly, only to end so soon. Antonia devoted herself to him as far as was possible, and did all she could think of to divert his thoughts.

When he was with Grace, however, his nervousness gave way to a strange, dull calmness. There was no want of attention to her, and no apparent loss of affection, but he acted towards her with a careful and minute attention to details rather than with the eager zeal of a lover, which sometimes overreaches its mark. Grace, however, trusted him implicitly, and, in fact, she could have found no real cause for complaint. If she perceived any change in him, she laid it to the effect of the two years' absence, and, when she saw that those two years seemed to have rendered him grave and worn, she had sufficient womanly vanity not to be doubtful as to the cause, and sufficient womanly cruelty not to be very sorry.

Then came long discussions as to plans. Of course no immediate marriage was possible, but still their marriage ought to take place as soon as they could possibly afford it—as soon as Maurice should have received the first instalment of the pay for the public work on which he was engaged. Thus they would be obliged to wait some months. Meanwhile Grace went to live in a boarding-house, and was to spend her time in studying music professionally, for it would be necessary for the wife as well as the husband to work for their living for a long time to come.

Grace's musical ambition, how-

ever, was not a lofty one. She had a pure, light soprano voice of good quality, though with little power, which might, as she possessed talent and good musical instinct, enable her to become a good performer where there was not much space to be filled. Thus, with her skill as a pianist, which was already above the amateur standard, she would, in time, be able to take engagements as a teacher of music and as a concert singer. She was not well fitted for the stage by nature, even if her character, the associations of her life, and her own inclinations, had given her the least tendency in that direction, as was far from being the case.

With her present views, therefore, she became a pupil of the same eminent musician by whom Antonia had been trained. The latter had now become a most accomplished singer, and great things were expected of her on the lyric stage. She carefully avoided taking public engagements until she should make her regular *début*, and her voice was known to those beyond her own very small circle only as the leading soprano in the choir of the Court Church. This engagement was of very great service to her, as she received by that means that thoroughness and precision of knowledge which a practical acquaintance with the best ecclesiastical music alone can afford.

Miss Owen and Mademoiselle Salvi did not become more than the merest and most distant of acquaintances. Grace lived the most retired of lives, and her only opportunity of meeting Antonia was when they met by chance at the house of the Professor. She did not even hear Antonia's voice more than once or twice, for Grace was a good Protestant, and did not feel quite at her ease in attending Catholic services when she ought to be taking part in her own. She was a little shy and proud also among people she did not know, and was unable to fall at once into the ways of the artist-world. When she did happen to meet Antonia, the manner of the latter, made up as it was of extreme self-possession and impulsiveness, with no pretence at concealment of whatever thought or feeling was uppermost, rather offended her ideas of good taste and good breeding; while Antonia, on the other hand, while she admired the fair, calm beauty of Grace, and even felt, as women will, an undue consciousness of her own social inferiority, thought her cold and proud, and had, moreover, no great respect for her as an artist. Antonia, too, led a very retired life, and knew, and wished to know, no one intimately but Edward Maurice.

The latter became by degrees to a certain extent used to the situation. He did not conceal from Grace the fact of his acquaintance with Antonia, nor from Antonia that of his intimacy with Grace. Circumstances seemed to have shown him a mode of settling matters by which he alone would be the sufferer. It was not to be supposed that Antonia would remain in Dresden long after her *début*. She was already in treaty with the Director of the opera at Vienna, and, if her first appearance at Dresden succeeded, she was pretty sure of being regularly engaged by him. Once embarked on the open voyage to fame, it was not likely that she and Maurice would see much of each other for some time, and the blow, when it fell, would be rendered slight, and, perhaps, altogether harmless. Art must at last, in a nature like hers, he thought, supply the place of love. No man or woman with brains can depend upon a mere simple passion for all interest in life. It was only the sudden and immediate blow that was to be avoided, and, after all, he should punish himself more than her. So he tried to reason himself out of his difficulty: but he knew neither his own heart nor hers.

CHAPTER X.

"Edward," said Grace one morning, "I want your advice. You know that the opera begins in a day or two. Well, I had a call today from Signor ——."

"What! does he want to engage you?"

"His offer was not a very complimentary one. It seems that it depends upon circumstances whether they open with 'Lucrezia' or with 'Norma.' If with 'Lucrezia,' it seems everything will go smoothly, but if not, they will want an Adalgisa."

"Haven't they got Louise Schöning?"

"It seems she is very ill."

"Then what is it they want you to do?"

"To learn the part of Adalgisa on the chance. The Director went in great distress to the Herr Professor, and he sent him on to me."

"Well, it seems to me a cool request. I should refuse."

"Well, I don't know. The Professor sent me a note advising me to accept, and making it rather a personal matter, and I mustn't disoblige him. To tell you the truth, I rather want to see what I can do."

"But you may not be wanted, after all."

"That, perhaps, is what tempts me."

"Let me see the note."

"My dear Pupil,—The Herr Director of the theatre, Signor ——, has called on me in great anxiety. He will himself explain the cause. I should strongly advise you to accept his offer, as I think you will find it a useful introduction to him, and if he finds you willing to oblige him, he will be able to do a great deal for you. Besides, it will be a good thing for you now to learn some music with a view to public performance, as you tell me that you must enter on your profession as soon as possible. If you intended yourself regularly for the stage, I should have advised you to decline the offer. But, as this is not so, you will, should you have to appear at all, find it a great advantage hereafter to have appeared in a theatre. I have also, I admit, selfish motives in urging my advice. You know how important it is that the Norma should be well supported in the duet, and as you also know that the Norma of the occasion is my own pupil, you can understand how exceedingly vexed I should be if anything went wrong. It might be fatal to her to fail at her *début.* Now, as you are at present the only one among my pupils whom I can thoroughly trust, you will confer a great kindness on me, as well as a benefit on yourself, by consenting. If you wish, I will talk to you about it, and I will take care myself that the engagement shall be profitable to you in every sense.

"I think I should advise you to take a name for the occasion.

"Hoping, my dear pupil, that you will accept Signor ———'s offer, for the sake of all of us, I am, your most sincere friend,

"——— ———."

Maurice bit his lip. "I don't much like it," he said. The chance of Antonia and Grace singing together in 'Norma' was by no means pleasant to him. "But I suppose you must accept after that letter." This meant—"But Antonia must run no risk of failure."

"No—I don't see how I can help it."

"The Professor is complimentary to you after all. But are you as certain of yourself as he is of you?"

"I confess I am afraid. But I will go and see him, however."

She went out immediately, and Maurice, having seen her to the Professor's door, called on Antonia.

He found her in good spirits, but not, as usual, at the piano. She was writing a letter.

"Why, what is this, Antonia?" he said. "I do not think I ever saw you letter-writing before."

"It is to my uncle at Leipzig. He must be here to see me come out."

"So it seems there is some doubt of their opening with 'Lucrezia'?"

"Is it not annoying?"

"But what is the difficulty?"

"It all depends upon whether la Waldmann—the contralto, you know—comes from Berlin in time. She is very uncertain, they say, and is always playing tricks."

"I shall be very sorry if you have to make your *début* in 'Norma.'"

"So shall I. I detest the opera."

"We must hope that la Waldmann will be good, then. But it seems there has been a misfortune about 'Norma'—Louise Schöning is very ill."

"My God! Why, there is no one else with whom I could sing. Who is there? Surely they are not going to put in the Varini? She would make me ridiculous."

"You will be surprised—they are negotiating with Miss Owen."

"What! Why, she has never sung on the stage. Varini would be better."

Maurice smiled. "Why, you talk like a *prima donna* of twenty years' standing."

She laughed also. "I am different from Mademoiselle Owen," she said. "I shall be nervous, of course, but nervousness like mine rather helps one. But suppose she broke down—or forgot her part—or—there might be a hundred accidents with her."

"I think not," said Maurice, gravely. There had been a bitterness in Antonia's tone in speaking of Grace which he did not like.

"And she is so cold and so proud," Antonia went on—"she will chill me, and not try to help me at all. Poor Louise! She had no ideas in her head, that is true; but then ideas are not wanted in the part, and she was so warm-hearted and so set upon my succeeding."

"Miss Owen will do her best for you, I am sure," said Maurice.

"The fact is, I don't like Miss Owen." She looked at Maurice, and saw that he was vexed. "Oh, forgive me," she said. "I always forget she is a countrywoman and friend of yours. Perhaps that is why I don't like her," she added, laughing, "so you ought not to be angry."

"I shall never be angry with you, Antonia."

"Well—why not? Well, then, I suppose I must do what I can with my sister-*débutante*. But does she know the music at all? We must practise together, and there is not much time now."

Chance seemed to have deserted Edward Maurice at last. He had, strange to say, forgotten how the engagement of Grace would bring her and Antonia together for some days. But it could not be helped now.

"I will go to the Professor at once," said Antonia. "Perhaps I may find the new Adalgisa there, and we can arrange matters together. Oh, how I hope that la Waldmann will come! Do you know any one who knows her?"

"No one who would have the least influence over her movements. They say that those depend entirely upon her poodle."

"Well, I must trust in fortune and the poodle, then. For I certainly don't trust in Mademoiselle Owen, although she is your friend. Come—will you walk with me?"

"I will see you to the door, and will then leave you to settle by yourselves."

On leaving Antonia at the Professor's door, he found another surprise. The day seemed crowded with them. But, this time, the surprise was pleasant. He met his friend Frank Lawson.

"Why, Frank, what in the name of all that is wonderful brings you to Dresden? I am delighted to see you, though."

"So we meet at last! After how long?"

"Nearly three years, I should say. But I should have known you anywhere. But what brings you?"

"*Ennui.* I have given up my idea of staying for ever in Rome, and have taken to vagabondage. I have been at Venice and Vienna and Munich. Of course, therefore, I could not help coming on here to see what you are doing. But I forget. Am I to congratulate you? Ought I to ask after Mademoiselle Owen or Madame Maurice?"

"Grace is still Miss Owen."

"You seem to take matters very slowly. But then, I suppose, you have become more than half German by this time."

Maurice told him of the death of Grace's father, and her present plans. "And now you must come and dine with me," he said. "How strange it seems to find you in Dresden! Have you been here long?"

"Two hours. I am at the Hôtel de Pologne."

"Well, I suppose you are not off in a hurry? Any way I can put you up at my place."

"Why, we shall have Newman Street again, *à la mode allèmande.* By all means. No, I am not off for a day or two. Do you know, I am intrusted with a mission of public importance?"

"I should not have guessed it, certainly."

"Well, it is a long story. When I was in Florence I got to know, rather intimately, the director of the opera at Vienna—he was in the same hotel, and was a very good fellow. I called on him when I went to Vienna the other day, and told him I was bound for Dresden, so he asked me to go to the theatre on the first opera night and notice a certain singer whose name is unknown to fame—I have it written down, but I think it is Salvi—and see whether she was a success as far as applause went, and all that sort of thing. He said he didn't want any of my criticism—complimentary, was it not?—but only facts, and asked me to send the latter to him at once."

Here was another chance in Maurice's favour. It would be strange if he could not get his friend to send a good account of Antonia to Vienna. "She will do," he said. "Do you remember some far back letters of mine in which I weaved, as you said, a romance out of nothing?"

"What? the invisible nightingale?"

"Yes. That is Mademoiselle Salvi. If I am not mistaken she will turn out the greatest singer in Europe."

"By Jove! then it was a romance after all. Do you still keep up the acquaintance?"

"I know her very well — intimately, in fact. I must introduce you."

"I shall be delighted."

"After dinner we will go and see Grace. She often talks of you."

"I am glad she has not quite forgotten me. It has always been rather on my conscience that I couldn't manage to see them to Dresden, and, now you have told me the story of their journey, I am grieved indeed. However, I suppose she understood the reason."

"I took care that she should."

"How very oddly things come about! Who would ever have thought, less than a year ago, that I, Frank Lawson, who was never going to leave Italy again, should ever hear the rich Miss Owen, living luxuriously in London, sing a second-rate part in a Dresden theatre?"

"Or that I, the hard-up Edward Maurice, should become richer than Richard Owen himself? But come, I am getting hungry."

The first opera night at the the-

atre now began to draw very near indeed. It was tolerably certain that the season would open with 'Lucrezia Borgia,' with Antonia as Lucrezia, and a certain celebrated contralto from the opera at Berlin as Maffeo Orsini, and it was so announced officially. But the contralto, being extremely popular, was correspondingly capricious, and the manager kept 'Norma,' in which there is no contralto part, as a reserve in case of disappointment. Grace, although very little expecting to be called upon, studied her part energetically, and was zealously helped both by the Professor and by Antonia, who was too anxious about herself not to take all the pains she could with Grace. It is to be feared, however, that poor Grace did not find her hours of practice and rehearsal very pleasant. She could not overcome her shyness under such unwonted circumstances, and Antonia's almost violent energy and impatient quickness, which made no allowance for the slowness of others, rather frightened her. Antonia was a woman who could never much like or be liked by other women; and, without knowing why, had taken a particular dislike to Grace Owen — a dislike which she was hardly at the pains to hide. There was certainly no room for Maurice's fear that there would be confidences between the two.

At last good news arrived — Mademoiselle Waldmann, the great contralto, was actually in the town. Grace gave up her practice with intense relief, Edward Maurice was delighted, Antonia full of joy. 'Lucrezia Borgia' was put at once into rehearsal.

Now Signor and Signora Salvi returned at last from Leipzig, and embraced their niece with genuine pride and affection, although they had neglected her for so many months. That was their way. They were quite unchanged—they came to Dresden without any luggage except a placid smile and half a cigar. They were glad to see Maurice, but the violinist evidently considered that the good prospects of his niece were entirely owing to himself.

At length the last rehearsal was over, and on the very next day Antonia was to make her first appearance on the stage. It was arranged that she was to be left entirely to herself, and was to see no one, not even Maurice himself, during the whole day—she herself desired this — and was to be taken to the house in the evening by her aunt. Maurice, Lawson, Grace, and an English lady of their acquaintance, were to occupy a box together, the two former arranging to meet the two ladies at the theatre itself.

There were at least two persons in Dresden who slept badly that night. The sleeplessness of Antonia was caused by natural and healthy excitement, but that of Maurice by a deeper cause. Tomorrow night must, in all probability, separate him from Antonia for ever.

Was it even now too late to break with Grace? Was it even now too late to save her from the fate of marrying one who loved her not—himself from treachery to nature, to the woman to whom he owed everything, whom he loved? Was it even now too late to confer happiness upon at least two persons out of three—to save three from misery? With these questions, in one form or another, his brain was racked all night, and ever with the same answer, It is too late!

But morning came at last. Grace went to spend the day with Mrs Ford. Antonia shut herself up in her room, would not see or speak to any one, and even took her meals in solitude. Signor Salvi smoked up and down the Terrace nearly all day. The Signora ate, drank, slept, and smiled. The Professor taught even his most interesting pupils in rather an absent manner, and took much snuff.

Mademoiselle Waldmann held a kind of levee all day at the Hôtel de Pologne. Maurice went to his studio, and Lawson accompanied him, but no work was done there. After dinner they smoked a cigar and went to the theatre.

On entering, the house was full —their own box alone was empty. Neither Mrs Ford nor Grace were there, though it was late. But the following printed notice was lying on the ledge :—

"In consequence of the sudden, though not serious, indisposition of Mademoiselle Waldmann, Signor Bellini's opera of 'Norma' will be performed this evening instead of that which was announced.

"Pollio,	.	Herr SCHWARZ.
Oroveso,	.	Herr BAUER.
Flavio,	.	Sig. LUIGI.
Clotilda,	.	Mde. HEGEL.
Adalgisa,	.	Mdlle. GRAZIA.
	and	
Norma,	.	Mdlle. SALVI."

CHAPTER XI.

Lawson made a grimace and shrugged his shoulders. Maurice frowned, folded his arms, and leaned resolutely forward. He thought of the story of the opera he was going to hear, and felt as though Fate were amusing itself at his expense, even if he had nothing really to fear.

The overture was soon over, and the curtain rose upon the not very magnificent scenery which represented the sacred grove. Then came the chorus of Druids, which every one who ever heard a barrel organ knows. It was well done, and the voice of Herr Bauer told well; but the audience was cold—the inevitable result of a change of programme—and they missed their favourite, the Waldmann, who could not contrive to lose her popularity in spite of the contemptuous and capricious behaviour towards her admirers for which she was notorious. The familiar notes, therefore, called forth but little applause. The long *scena* between the two tenors which followed the chorus, in which the feeble-minded proconsul tells his friend the story of his love for Adalgisa and his faithlessness to Norma, was worse received still, for Herr Schwarz was deservedly no favourite. When the *scena* ended, the irritation of the house was so obviously on the increase, that Maurice threw himself back in a state of despair, and Lawson was already making up his mind that he should have to send to Vienna the fatal word, "*Fiasco.*" Then the march sounded, and the chief priest, the Druids, and the warriors entered upon the stage in procession, and heralded in chorus the approach of Norma herself.

Antonia Salvi came forward at last, slowly, calmly, serenely. Her loose robes suited well the dignity of her carriage, and she looked every inch the inspired priestess. But she was not the traditional Norma, nevertheless — there was something wild and incomplete about her. All the musical part of Dresden had been anxious to hear her for months, and had made up its mind to welcome her enthusiastically; but the temper of the house had become so bitterly cold, that, though there was a slight attempt to applaud her entrance—an attempt which she barely acknowledged by the slightest of bows—she proceeded to the altar in silence.

For some instants she stood motionless, with her eyes fixed on the ground. Then raising them, and stretching aloft the golden sickle, she began to sing.

That magnificent voice! The coldness thawed in a moment before its divine secret—the secret of finding the straight road, in spite of every barrier of circumstance, to the very inmost heart of every man

at once. Intellect has it not—culture cannot produce it: it is the golden harp, which is bestowed by the hand of nature alone. In less than a minute every one in the house was in sympathy with the singer, and not only with her, but with each other also. From the moment that she opened her lips there was no doubt of her success. Maurice leaned back with a sigh of relief, Lawson leaned forward with an expression of interest.

It was, perhaps, not altogether unfortunate that 'Antonia' had to make her first appearance in an opera like 'Norma.' If the music had belonged to a higher class, the critical German audience would very likely have found her interpretation different from some special standard, and so, after the first enthusiasm, have taken to fault-finding, out of pure revenge for having been carried away; but as it was, there was nothing to distract attention from the singer herself, so that, without having to give up a single prejudice, every one present was able, with a good critical conscience, to yield himself to her sway.

"*Casta Diva*"—or rather Antonia's execution, which was faultless—was applauded rapturously, and she retired from the stage laden with bouquets. It was already a success of enthusiasm.

Then Grace Owen entered. But she was painfully nervous; and the more so as she had been so unexpectedly called upon to take the part, at the last moment, after she had been led to consider herself safe, so that the few bars which she had to sing by herself were scarcely audible. Had she appeared before Antonia's entrance, she would probably have been greeted with something worse than silence; but the *prima donna* had put the house into a good humour, and the youth and beauty of Grace gained her even a little applause. This encouraged her; and, in her duet with the unpopular tenor, she acquitted herself better, though her heart did not cease to tremble. Maurice tried to catch her eye, but she was in that state known to all who appear before an audience for the first time, whether as actors or orators—she saw nothing whatever, and heard no sound but that of her own voice—the most fearful sound for a nervous person to hear.

The comparative failure of the duet made Antonia's return to the stage the more welcome. This time her appearance was warmly cheered, and now came the first duet between herself and Grace.

The latter was more nervous now than ever. She felt more than half inclined to follow the example of the Waldmann, and cry off at the last moment, reckless of consequences. But the first words of Antonia's recitative—

> "T'inoltra, O giovinetta!
> T'inoltra—e perche tremi?"

"Approach, O maiden; why dost thou tremble?" were uttered intentionally in a tone so kind and full of encouragement, that she looked up, and felt drawn to Antonia as she had never felt before. The fascination of triumphant Art was now pervading every spot where Antonia stood. Grace herself felt it, and, forgetting the audience, became conscious only that she was about to sing with Antonia. With such support how could she fear? Then she even let her eyes leave the stage, and saw her friends. So she took courage, and did her best—and her best was very fair indeed.

Then came the trio, which ends the first act, and then—for there was scope for a display of passion in it—Antonia let herself out, and sang and acted with her whole power. Dresden had never heard anything like it before, and the most gentle of composers would have been astonished to find so much in his own music. Her rage, her contempt were almost terrible. When she concluded, all was silent for an instant—and then

burst forth a storm of applause such as had not been heard in the house within living memory. Antonia was recalled over and over again to be applauded. It was no longer only a great success—it was a triumph.

Maurice and Lawson hastened, when the curtain fell, to the room where the performers were waiting between the acts. Antonia and Grace were both there. Maurice hastily pressed the hand of the former, reflecting in his own face all the joy, the triumph, the love, that shone in hers. He forgot, for the time, the existence of the whole world save that of Antonia and of himself. On recollecting himself he went to the side of Grace, leaving Lawson talking to Antonia. The two latter spoke in Italian.

"What a triumph, Mademoiselle!" said Lawson. "You have gained the first of your ten thousand. It will be my greatest boast all my life that I assisted at the first appearance of the divine Antonia Salvi."

"Ah, it is clear that you have lived in Italy," she said, laughing. "That is the way we Italians talk, but we do not always mean what we say."

"You will soon find, I hope, that my admiration is sincere. Honestly, I cannot say too much."

"Signor, I am proud to have your approval. I wish I could have asked for it in some better part."

"You prevented my thinking of the part, Mademoiselle."

"You are a great friend of Signor Maurice, are you not?"

"Most intimate. We lived together for some years before he came to Dresden."

"So I have heard. He has often spoken of you. Do you know Mademoiselle Owen, also?"

"Very well, and like her better than I know her. She didn't do so badly to-night. I was afraid she would be more nervous."

"No; she did very well indeed, and she is a beautiful girl. She would look a better Norma than any of us, I think—I am quite jealous of being eclipsed by Adalgisa—that is against all rule," she added, with a laugh.

"You are doing yourself the grossest injustice, Mademoiselle—you are eclipsed by none. But you are right in one thing—she is very beautiful."

"I believe she is very amiable also; but I have not seen much of her."

"She is very amiable."

"She and Signor Maurice are very old acquaintances, it seems."

"They did not know each other very long before their engagement, but that has been rather a long one—more than three years. However, I suppose we shall soon be asked to the wedding now."

Antonia's face was one that by its changes of expression betrayed the slightest and most transient emotion; but now, the smile did not even leave her lips—she did not show by the quivering of a nerve that the life of her life was destroyed.

"I suppose so," she answered, calmly. She looked at Grace and Maurice, who were speaking together, and read in the honest grey eyes of the former full confirmation of Lawson's words.

"Their story was quite romantic," continued Lawson. He then told her the history of their engagement.

Maurice came up just as he finished. "Come, Frank," he said, we must get back to our box unless we want to miss Mademoiselle Salvi's next scene. Antonia," he whispered to her, "I shall see you again this evening."

She bent her head, but did not answer, and he and Lawson went back to their places in the theatre.

The curtain rose again for the second act, on the scene where Norma is about to murder her sleeping children. There was a settled, hard energy about her de-

livery of the passage which was almost unpleasant—her voice seemed, in its over-intensity, to have lost half its music, and there was apparent effort. In reality she sang mechanically, and as if asleep. Still, however, the peculiarity of her style was not inappropriate to the situation.

When, however, Grace entered, no longer nervous, but filled with courage drawn from the approving words of Maurice, to join her in the great duet, the hard dream passed away. The strange similarity of her own position to that of the deserted priestess came with a cold, piercing rush of reality into her soul. All her vehement nature, like a dying flame, flared up in an unnatural glow. There, not on the stage, but in the box before her, was the faithless foreigner who had amused himself with her and deceived her—her, who now recognised herself and her genius, who was conscious at last of her own greatness,—conscious, although her consciousness of it meant not pride, but despair—and there, smiling beside her, she stood who had really held his heart—a true Adalgisa, pretty and tame and weak—fit consort for such a lover. She scorned them both. Now the world should know her, and Maurice should know her too, even as she knew herself. In a whirl of emotions, strained to their utmost and uniting in a single turning-point in her bursting heart—in a storm of love, hate, jealousy, and despair—she hurried through the few bars of recitative, and then, with an almost superhuman effort, she threw all that storm, all herself, into the air. Rapidly, energetically, recklessly—almost desperately, she poured forth the notes with the whole power of her voice in a style of which the composer had certainly never dreamed. Grace found it impossible to follow her. It was no longer a duet. Still, the effect was grand in the extreme. Her voice rang out clearly almost like a grand burst of desperate triumph—it was no longer a song of tender, womanly sentiment, it had no reference to the words of the librettist, none to the idea of the composer—it was the real agony of living human nature rebelling against the feeble fetters of conventional art—a war of passion and destiny. It was all hopelessly, utterly wrong, but there was no help for it—the applause must come. And again it did come, in a storm of cheering and a torrent of flowers. In the midst of it all stood Antonia, deaf and blind. A sharp spasm came over her face—she placed her hand to her left side, and fell on the stage.

Grace sprang to her side with a scream, and she was at once carried to the dressing-room. Maurice and Lawson followed, and found her lying on a sofa surrounded by many persons—the Director of the theatre, the Professor, her uncle and aunt—all, in short, who could find room. A surgeon, who had been among the audience, was passing his hand over her heart. Her wreath of oak leaves had fallen off, and her long black hair floated down to the ground. Her hands were tightly clenched, and her face still wore an expression of pain. All were silent.

Maurice fell on his knees by her side, and, grasping one of her heavy, passive hands, recklessly poured forth all the passionate expression of such intense love as can only be inspired by such women as she. Grace, who stood by, terrified and faint—all who stood around—were invisible to him; he saw only her whom he loved with all his soul.

But his words were too late. Antonia was dead, and Grace Owen's engagement at an end for ever.

PETER PINDAR.

LITERARY death does not of itself prove literary worthlessness. To all writers, except the pre-eminent few, it must come soon or late; and if it come not until they have ceased to instruct, or interest, or charm mankind, it is only the natural end. If it arrive untimely, there is surely a sufficient cause. Most commonly it is that their writings contain something untrue, or mischievous, or offensive; and certainly premature death is likely to be the doom of those who have transgressed against good taste and good manners, notwithstanding that they have parts and wit, and that their matter is still fresh and attractive. Such are banished to remote shelves and suspected corners of libraries, their dust rarely disturbed, the good that is in them scarcely known. We may not question the justice of such a judgment; but we must deplore the burial of bright thoughts and clever work in a common grave with the peccant language and tropes.

The above remarks are specially applicable to the subject of this notice, in whose case brilliant talents, considerable accomplishments, an exquisite sense of humour, and, above all, a kind and hearty disposition, have been obscured by his disregard of propriety. Like Mercutio, he was a man whom God made himself to mar. They who enjoy his satire and his fun will pity if they cannot help him, and moralise with Sir John, as the waters close over letter after letter of his name, saying, "If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked; if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host of our acquaintance is condemned." For it is sad to be obliged to avoid a pleasant shrewd fellow because of his constant lapses from decorum. It would be idle to say that if he had not been thus ill-advised he would have held a high place and enjoyed a long appreciation; for that would be equivalent to saying that, if he had not been himself but somebody else, his reputation would have been different. The coarseness was part of the man as much as his wit: he had education and position to enable him to see and approve the *meliora;* if he followed the *deteriora*, it was from inherent defect. Let us take him as he is, and say that, while there is much to blame in him, there is also much to admire. That which was good in him we would rescue if we could; and it is with a view of making his better parts popularly known that we are now poring over his works. Men who, if they had not sufficient excellence to float their dross, have yet prompted others of larger buoyancy, are worth inquiring about; and, certes, men more prudent and better known than himself have not disdained to take hints from Peter Pindar. Even Lord Byron would appear to have read him attentively, and to have copied something more than his beauties. Not only were his lordship's humorous and satirical works, especially his 'Vision of Judgment,' cast in Peter's mould, but some ideas and images therein have been borrowed from the pieces now before us: and, if we mistake not, these funny stories were often thumbed by Thomas Ingoldsby. Moreover, there is yet another reason for throwing Peter a rope; his satire was aimed at men of mark, sometimes illustrious men, so that, in studying the history of the last forty years of George III.'s reign, or of any part of that period, one is pretty sure to come across the poet's name. It is as well, therefore, to know who and what he was.

Far back in the last century,

John Wolcot* was born at Dodbrooke, which is near Kingsbridge in Devonshire. Cornwall, however, has a better claim to him than the county of his birth, for it was in Cornwall that his talents grew and ripened, and amid Cornish scenes and Cornish folk that the muse of song first brightened his fancy. While still a lad he was transferred to the care of an uncle who was a medical practitioner of skill and reputation at the little seaport Fowey. He received the beginning of his education at the grammar-school of Bodmin†—about twelve miles distant from Fowey—from the Rev. Mr Fisher. From school he went to France to learn the language, and thence returned to Fowey, where he was bound to his uncle, and studied medicine under him for seven years. Although he was not charged with any neglect of his proper profession, he exhibited, during his apprenticeship, tastes and aptitudes which alarmed his relatives, and which have dismayed many an anxious family besides his. The fine arts shared with medicine his young attentions; drawing and painting delighted him; and, to seal him as a castaway, he scribbled verses. We must remember that he lived in an atmosphere which was very likely to stimulate ambition, for the west country had been putting forth some very pretty fellows in their several walks. Reynolds had reached his lofty eminence as a painter; Boscawen had won high renown on the seas; and Pitt the elder, not yet Earl of Chatham, but still electrifying England as "the great commoner," was the foremost man in the country. Boconnoc, then the seat of the Pitts, is but a few miles from Fowey, and within an easy walk from Bodmin, and no doubt the heart of the district was lifted up by Pitt's fame. Those of that neighbourhood who were conscious of possessing talents were not likely to smother them in napkins. Wolcot ventilated his, and dire were the forebodings in consequence: but the young man's mind was well ballasted; he regulated the flights of his fancy, and did not lose his hold of this work-a-day world. In due time he went to London, walked the hospitals, and received his credentials as a general practitioner. About this time, however—that is to say, in 1767, just a century ago—Sir William Trelawney, whose goodwill the young genius had obtained, was appointed Governor of Jamaica, and he took Wolcot with him as his physician, the latter having procured the necessary diploma from a northern university. Soon after, Sir William made his young protégé Physician-General of the island, and promised him further advancement. But some accident seems to have stayed the patron's ability, for after a time so little was he able to choose how he would endow the youth—in whose versatility, by the way, he must have felt unbounded confidence—that he exhorted him immediately to take holy orders, that he might present him to a rich living which was all he had to give. Peter Pindar in a cassock is a thought that does not sort well

* We perceive that it was a question debated in 'Notes and Queries' last year, whether the poet's name was Wolcott or Wolcot. If his own signature and the testimony of his nearest surviving relation can decide, there is no doubt that the name should be spelled as in the text of this article.

† This grammar-school, which, by the aid of a small endowment, afforded the means of education to the town and neighbourhood, ceased to be soon after the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832. The last head-master, the Rev. L. J. Boor, was a gentleman fit to control a school of far greater pretensions. More than one of his pupils have since been contributors to Maga; and the better knowledge they acquired of the teachings of public schools, the more sensible they became of the advantages which they gained from his ability and faithful training.

with our ideas of propriety; but then Jonathan Swift wore a cassock, so did Lawrence Sterne, so did Sydney Smith. *Cucullus non facit monachum.* Wolcot got into a cassock somehow, probably by no better authority than the *sic volo, sic jubeo* of the Governor (which was in those days very potent), for, when he afterwards sought ordination from the Bishop of London, the qualification was refused.* And now all hope of colonial advancement was crushed by the death of Sir William Trelawney, and Wolcot proved the wisdom of having learnt an ordinary profession instead of having cast himself upon the fickle tide of literature or art, or of trusting to patronage. Like a true follower of Democritus, he made light of his disappointments, and commenced the practice of medicine at Truro in Cornwall. He did not, however, cease to devote some of his time to the Muses, which divinities, apparently dissatisfied with only a share, soon after took measures for taking him wholly to themselves; for they prompted him to some satirical performance which made the neighbourhood too hot to hold him, and from that time he became altogether theirs. He went to London and commenced the effusion of a stream of verse which flowed almost without interruption for nearly half a century, purporting to be the work of Peter Pindar, Esquire.

Of his poems, satires constitute by far the greatest part. It was by these that he was known; this was his walk in poetry. His earliest published pieces are addressed to the Royal Academicians, who underwent his criticism in the years 1782, 1783, 1785, and 1786. His opinions, put forward with unmeasured audacity, appear to be the genuine impressions made on him by the paintings, and not vehicles for venting spleen on individuals. He brought to his work much knowledge and taste, distinguished Reynolds and Gainsborough from the crowd of pretenders, and, spite of West's pseudo-renown, pronounced against that painter the verdict which posterity has confirmed. The odes, as they are styled, abound with *facetiæ*, and, every now and then, one of them is illustrated by a fable or a tale told with consummate humour. Some of the tales, softened down in language, kept their places in school recitation-books thirty or forty years ago; and a few no doubt are lively yet, though probably their paternity is but scantily known. Our friend "The Razor-Seller" is one of these. Of course the reproof lies in the fellow having hawked useless razors which were made only *to sell;* but Peter's imagination having received the whole scene, he is not content with that part of it which points his moral, but relates it graphically throughout; exhibits the countryman who thinks he got his bargain cheap because the vendor stole the wares, the disappointment and rage of ditto on finding the razors useless, his passionate reproaches on the dealer, and, best of all, that person's modest vindication of himself:—

"'Friend,' quoth the razor-man, 'I'm not a knave;
As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my soul I never thought
That they would shave.'"

In 1783 West having complained, or it suiting the poet to pretend that West had complained, of Peter's discipline in the year preceding, some of the verses affect to be consolatory to the artist's feelings. How far they were so may be guessed from the following extract:—

* Some accounts say that he did receive ordination for the colonial ministry; and, since this was written, a paragraph in 'Notes and Queries,' headed THE REV. DR. WOLCOT, positively asserts that Wolcot was a clergyman.

"Still bleeding from his last year's wound,
Which from my doughty lance he found;
Methinks I hear the trembling painter bawl,
'Why dost thou persecute me, Saul?'

West, let me whisper in thy ear—
Snug as a thief within a mill,
From me thou hast no cause to fear:
To panegyric will I turn my skill;
And if thy *picture* I am forced to blame,
I'll say most handsome things about the *frame!*"

Having observed that some of the younger painters had such a pedantic reverence for rules, that they refrained from availing themselves of allowable and useful *knacks* for improving their pictures, he admonishes them accordingly; and, after his wont, appends to his ode an illustrative fable, which, fortunately, we can extract almost entire, and so afford a good specimen of his humour:—

"A brace of sinners, for no *good*,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
And, in a curled white wig, looked wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel:
In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had ordered peas into their shoes.

A nostrum famous in old Popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes;
A sort of apostolic salt
That Popish parsons for its powers exalt
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.
The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;

But very different was their speed, I wot;
One of the sinners galloped on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limped as if he bad been shot.

One saw the VIRGIN soon — *peccavi* cried—
Had his soul whitewashed all so clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied;
Made fit, with saints above, to live for ever."

We break off here for a moment, and say that the happy pilgrim, on his way back, met his still sin-laden brother toiling along in the greatest anguish, despairing of absolution, and "cursing the souls and bodies of the peas:"—

"'How now,' the light-toed, white-washed pilgrim broke,
You lazy lubber——'
'Ods curse it,' cried the other, 'tis no joke—
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as *blubber*.

'Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear;
As for Loretto, I shall not get there:
No! to the devil my sinful soul must go;
For, damme, if I han't lost every toe.

'But, brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain;
What POWER has worked a wonder for *your* toes:
Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes!

'How is't that you can like a greyhound *go*
Merry, as if that nought had happened, burn ye!'
'Why,' cried the other, grinning, 'you must know,
That just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to *boil my* peas.'"

The commencement of the '83 odes shows his opinion of English art in that year, and his manner of criticising it. He calls to mind how ten righteous men would in days of old have saved the cities of the plain, and yet the ten were not forthcoming; and he observes of the Royal Academicians:—

"This house is nearly in the same condition—
Scarce are good things among those wide abodes,—
Find me ten pictures in this exhibition
That ought not to be d—d, I'll burn my odes!
And then the world will be in fits and vapours,
Just as it was for poor Lord Mansfield's papers."

But the most audacious, as well, perhaps, as the cleverest, is one

of his farewell odes in '86. The painters are represented as having heard of Pindar's intended retirement from the chair of criticism, and being wild with joy thereat. They exult frantically that

"No longer now afraid of rhyming praters,
Shall we be christened tea-boards, varnished waiters:
No verse shall swear that ours are pasteboard rocks,
Our trees brass wigs, and mops our fleecy flocks."

Their portraits shall now hang unmolested: no one shall abuse their landscapes, nor compare their flying clouds to apple-dumplings. Their enemy is brought low: he will admonish them no more, and they revel in their freedom to paint contemptible pictures; then, being wrought to a gloating ecstasy, they, as the ode has it, break forth into singing, and shower insult over the abdicated censor. The parody in which they "break forth" would shock many readers, so that we forbear to extract the whole of it, or even sufficient to indicate the prototype which he has profaned. We can give, however, the R.A.s' crowning verse and malediction: they have previously compared him to a Red Indian with tomahawk and scalping-knife:—

"'How art thou fallen, O Cherokee!' they cry:
'How art thou fallen!' the joyful roofs resound;
'H—ll shall thy body for a rogue surround;
And there for ever roasting mayst thou lie:
Like Dives mayst thou stretch in fires along,
Refused one drop of beer to cool thy tongue.'"

To which effusion the poet, concluding his ode, replies in the following lines:—

"Ye goodly gentlemen, repress your yell,
Your hearty wishes for my soul restrain;
For if our *works* can put us into h—ll,
Kind sirs! we certainly shall meet again."

After '86, though he did not leave the Academicians absolutely comfortless, he ceased to flatter them with periodical notices. His ambition contemplated a higher flight, and laboured with a series of impertinences which, we regret to say, are not without parallel in other writers and in other times. He levelled his shafts, as talented men before and since have done, at the greatest personage in the realm, whom he endeavoured to represent in most ridiculous lights, and at whose expense he raised many a hearty laugh; for, after all, it is good-humoured drollery, written with a broad grin on his face, and without gall or malice. His intention to take a new subject was announced in a paraphrase of Virgil's "Prima Syracosio dignata est," &c., which is rendered by him as under:

"I, who so lately in my lyric lays
Sung to the praise and glory of R.A.s;
And sweetly tuned to Love the melting line,
With OVID'S art and SAPPHO'S warmth divine;
Said (nobly daring), 'Muse, exalt thy wings,
LOVE and the SONS OF CANVASS quit for KINGS.'
Apollo, laughing at my powers of song,
Cried, 'PETER PINDAR, prithee hold thy tongue.'
But I, like poets, self-sufficient grown,
Replied, '*Apollo*, prithee hold thy *own!*'"

His first attack upon royalty was called the "Lousiad," a mock-heroic poem in five cantos. The subject is not very inviting, and we shall say little about it as there are plenty of his satires on royalty which will better bear examination. The king, it would seem, had been startled by the apparition on his plate at dinner of a little *beast* about naming which we feel the same delicacy as did the fastidious Edward Gibbon when he was describing the condition of the Emperor Julian's beard. We will imitate the great historian, therefore, and, borrowing a periphrasis from Sir Hugh Evans, say that it was a little animal familiar to man, and signifying *love*. His Majesty's wrath is kindled more than a little, and he decrees that

all his cooks shall be shorn and shaven and wear wigs. The cooks are in the greatest excitement, the kitchen in an uproar. They petition, but in vain. They threaten resistance. The monarch, however, whose rage cannot be appeased, causes the decree to be rigorously carried out. There is a good deal of fun in the telling: take, for instance, this illustration of the king's horror :—

"Not more aghast he looked, when 'midst the course
He tumbled, in a stag-chase, from his horse,
Where all the nobles deemed their monarch dead;
But luckily he pitched upon his head."

One of the cooks in his indignation is made to say—

"However *modern* kings may cooks despise,
Warriors and kings were cooks, or History lies.
Patroclus broiled beef-steaks to quell his hunger:
The mighty Agamemnon potted conger!
And Charles of Sweden, 'midst his guns and drums,
Spread his own bread-and-butter with his thumbs."

Towards the end the royal family is assembled in the kitchen to put down the revolt, and insist on the execution of the sentence. It is here that the following passage occurs between her Majesty and one of the cooks :—

"'Lord! den you may be tankfull dat we *spare*,
And only cut off good-for-notin hair.
You know dat in our history you read,
How King of England cut off subject's head!'

'Yes, please your majesty,' the cook replied,
'And something, if I don't mistake, *beside*,
How *subjects* also cut off heads of kings!
But these undoubtedly are horrid things—
Wide from the truth, then, does the proverb wander,
Sauce for the goose is sauce too for the gander.'"

But on the whole, as we have said, we prefer to pass rapidly over this poem, and to take some of the other royal burlesques. Of these the story of the apple-dumplings is one of the best. The king, after hunting, has alighted and entered a cottage where

"The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny,
In this same cot illumed by many a cranny,
Had finished apple-dumplings for her pot:
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When lo! the *monarch*, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke, 'What's this? what's this? What? what?'

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand;
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple;
''Tis monstrous, monstrous hard indeed,' he cried.
'What makes it, pray, so hard?' The dame replied,
Low curtsying, 'Please your majesty, the apple.'

'Very astonishing indeed! strange thing!'
Turning the dumpling round, rejoined the king.
''Tis most extraordinary then, all this is—
It beats Pinetti's conjuring all to pieces—
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream!
But, Goody, tell me, where, where, where's the seam?'

'Sir, there's no seam,' quoth she; 'I never knew
That folks did apple-dumplings *sew*.'
'No!' cried the staring monarch with a grin.
'How, how the devil got the apple in?'

On which the dame the curious scheme revealed
By which the apple lay so sly concealed,
Which made the Solomon of Britain start;
Who to the palace with full speed repaired,
And queen and princesses so beauteous scared,
All with the wonders of the dumpling art!
There did he labour one whole week to show
The wisdom of an APPLE-DUMPLING MAKER.
And lo! so deep was majesty in dough,
The palace seemed the lodging of a BAKER."

There is also the royal visit to Salisbury Cathedral, a gem in its way :—

"A king of this great land
In days of yore, we *understand*,
Did visit Sal'sbury's old church so fair.

An Earl of Pembroke was the monarch's guide.
Incog. they travelled, shuffling side by side;
And into the Cathedral stole the pair.
The verger met them in his blue silk gown,
And humbly bowed his neck with reverence down,
Low as an ass to lick a lock of hay.
Looking the frightened verger through and through,
All with his eyeglass, 'Well, sir, who are you?
'What, what, sir—hey, sir?' deigned the king to say.

'I am the verger here, most mighty king:
In this Cathedral I do *every* thing;
Sweep it, an't please ye, sir, and keep it clean.'
'Hey? verger! verger! you the verger?—hey?'
'Yes, please your glorious majesty, I *be*,'
The verger answered with the mildest mien.

Then turned the king about towards the peer,
And winked, and laughed, then whispered in his ear,
'Hey, hey—what, what—fine fellow, 'pon my word:
I'll knight him, knight him, knight him—hey, my lord?'
Then with his glass as hard as eye could strain
He kenned the trembling verger o'er again.

'He's a poor verger, sire,' his lordship cried;
'Sixpence would *handsomely* requite him.'
'Poor verger, verger, hey,' the king replied:
'No, no, then, we won't *knight* him—no, won't *knight* him.'"

After leaving the Cathedral, his Majesty visits Wilton House, and desires to see the sculptures, upon which the following remarks take place:—

"'Who's this? who's this? who's this fine fellow here?'
'Sesostris,' bowing low, replied the peer.
'Sir Sostris, hey? Sir Sostris? 'pon my word!
Knight or a *baronet*, my lord?
One of *my making?*—what, my lord, *my making?*'
This with a vengeance was mistaking!

'*Se*-sostris, sire,' so soft the peer replied;
'A famous king of Egypt, sir, of old.'
'Poh, poh,' the *instructed* monarch snappish cried;
'I need not *that*—I need not *that* be told.

'Pray, pray, my lord, who's that big fellow there?'
'"Tis Hercules,' replies the shrinking peer.
'Strong fellow, hey, my lord? strong fellow, hey?
Cleaned stables! cracked a lion like a flea;
Killed snakes, great snakes, that in a cradle found him.
The queen—queen's coming! wrap an apron round him."

And a longer piece, the visit to Whitbread's brewery, is extremely droll. Peter submits the poem to the Laureate as a model for a birthday ode, arguing that, instead of ascribing to royal personages exploits which they never did perform, and nobody supposes that they performed, it is rather the poet's duty to exhibit their real tastes and virtues. He thinks that the interest which arose in the royal mind concerning the mode of producing beer, and the acts to which it led, are worthy to be embalmed in song. And he accordingly goes back to the conception of the design, and records its execution *ab ovo*:—

"Full of the art of brewing beer,
The monarch heard of Whitbread's fame.
Quoth he unto the queen, 'My dear, my dear,
Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name;
Charly, we must, must, must see Whitbread brew—
Rich as us, Charly, richer than a Jew:
Shame, shame, we have not yet his brewhouse seen!'
Thus sweetly said the king unto the queen."

A page is sent to announce the coming honour to Mr Whitbread, who is properly overpowered at the thought of it, and makes, on the receipt, an obeisance so profound that he touches the earth with his nose. But after a time he is enabled to support the weight of honour, recovers the normal attitude, and proceeds with much energy to set his house in order for the sovereign's inspection. The "rout of preparation," though a labour of love, is nevertheless a heavy tax on the time and pocket of the brewer, who, *nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum*, remorselessly tumbles over all his gear, and puts his workmen into

new clothes. At last the royal party arrives, and is received by the brewer and his maiden daughter. The whole brewery is astir, and all sorts of efforts are made by the employés to observe the awful visitors. People get into casks, and peer through the bung-holes. The king commences his progress through the establishment, and makes his observations by the way, as we are divertingly told. One of the incidents is Whitbread's boast to the king that his beer-barrels, if placed side by side, would reach to Kew; which astounding announcement induces his Majesty to ask whither they would extend, if placed end to end; whereupon the host knits his brow, makes a mental calculation *à la* Bidder, and presently declares that they would extend almost to Windsor,—

"On which the king, with wondering mien,
Repeated it unto the wondering queen;
On which, quick turning round his haltered head,
The brewer's horse, with face astonished, neighed:
The brewer's dog too poured a note of thunder,
Rattled his chain, and wagged his tail for wonder."

Soon after, the illustrious visitor, observing the number of horses, is pleased to inquire whether they are all fond of hay; and is informed that they relish both hay and oats, but that in their happy circumstances there is another suitable provender—to wit, grains.

"'Grains, grains,' said majesty, 'to fill their crops?
Grains, grains?—that comes from hops—yes, hops, hops, hops?'
Here was the king, like hounds sometimes, at fault.
'Sire,' cried the humble brewer, 'give me leave
Your sacred majesty to undeceive:
Grains, sire, are never made from hops, but malt.

'True,' said the cautious monarch, with a smile;
'From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while.'
'Yes,' with the sweetest bow, rejoined the brewer,
'An't please your majesty, you did, I'm sure.'
'Yes,' answered majesty, with quick reply,
'I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I.'

Now, this was wise in Whitbread—here we find
A very pretty knowledge of mankind:
As monarchs never must be in the *wrong*,
'Twas really a bright thought in Whitbread's tongue
To tell a little fib, or some such thing,
To save the sinking *credit* of a king."

The king, it seems, had been taking much interest in the pigs on his farm, and Peter had animadverted on the amusement. So now the brewer's pigs afford occasion for another joke. They are paraded of all ages, "squinting, snuffling, grunting in their sty," and make so good a figure, that Majesty condescends to declare they are vastly like his own porkers; at which mark of favour Whitbread can hardly restrain his tears, and exclaims in ecstasy that *his* pigs are thought worthy to be compared with pigs-royal; while Miss Whitbread dips and bridles at such high honour done her father's swine. The visit ends with a collation, and Whitbread declining to be knighted.

Peter excused his impertinences by saying that he only did his duty, and that he inculcated gently and by insinuation that which the bards and seers of old did not scruple plainly to urge. In particular, he shelters himself under the example of the prophet Nathan, who took David to task roundly, and brought him to a sense of his errors; but the parallelism of Nathan and Peter would scarcely have suggested itself to the latter's readers. David, it is feared, would have denounced Peter as one of the ungodly, and classed him with the scorners.

Wolcot had a great dislike of William Pitt the younger, whom, as well as Addington, Dundas, Rose, and others, he lashed in a series of political squibs; but the person who, after his royal theme, afforded him most amusement, was Sir Joseph Banks, the President of

the Royal Society. Peter contemned Sir Joseph for being an entomologist. The sagacity which in many instances pierced through the accidents of his generation, and saw with the eye of the future, failed to recognise the importance of a pursuit which was soon to expand into a science. He has one good joke about the President's attempt to prove that fleas were small lobsters, and his disappointment at not being able to establish the identity; but a better example is "Sir Joseph Banks and the Emperor of Morocco," a few extracts from which we are tempted to make. Sir Joseph, at the opening of the poem, is about to disport himself with grub-hunting; and, purposing a notable field-day, he prefers a prayer for success before starting. If this had been addressed to Minerva, or some of the Olympic patrons of science, we could have fully enjoyed it; but, unfortunately, its invocation is utterly inconsistent with light matter, this being one of the innumerable instances of bad taste by which Peter Pindar brought condemnation to himself. The President represents that Pharaoh was unworthy of the privilege which he enjoyed in being favoured with such swarms of flies. If he, Sir Joseph, could only get such a chance, he would know how to use it. He desires that new flies and other insects of an unheard-of and monstrous character should be created, and that he should have the honour and glory of discovering them, and bringing them before the Society. The last verses being free from expressed profaneness, we may quote:—

"Since monsters are my great delight,
With monsters charm Thy servant's sight,
Turn feathers into hair;
Make legs where legs were never seen,
And eyes, no bigger than a pin,
And broad as saucers, stare.

The reptiles that are born with claws,
Oh! let Thy power supply with paws,
Adorned with human nails.
In value more to make them rise,
Transplant from all their heads their eyes,
And place them in their tails.

And if Thou wisely would contrive
To make me butterflies alive,
To fly without a head;
To skim the hedges and the fields—
Nay, eat the meat Thy bounty yields,
Such wonders were indeed!

Blagden should puff them at our meeting;
Members would press around me, greeting;
The journals swell with thanks:
And, more to magnify Thy fame,
Those headless flies should have a name—
My name—Sir Joseph Banks!"

Then, his petition ended, the man of science goes forth full of ardent hope; nor are his anticipations unwarranted, for he has not been long afield before an emperor butterfly starts up before him, exciting his fervour to the highest pitch. Losing sight of every other consideration, he devotes himself to the chase. Falls, brambles, dirt, trespass are unheeded as he pants after his quarry, who gives him a sort of jack-a-lantern run, frequently disappearing, but fluttering up again before the point of despair is reached:—

"Lightly, with winnowing wing, amid the land,
His Moorish majesty in circles flew!
With sturdy striding legs, and outstretched hand,
The virtuoso did his prey pursue.
He strikes—he misses—strikes again—he grins,
And sees in thought the monarch fixed with pins;
Sees him on paper giving up the ghost,
Nailed like a hawk or martyr to a post."

On one of the occasions where the scent is lost, the President plumps into a field, rolls over, and, springing up again covered with filth, astonishes a countryman who is there at his work. He is in a state of frenzy, for the emperor has disappeared. His groans and gestures are wild and pitiable. Suddenly perceiving the clown, he rushes up to and accosts him:—

"'Speak,' roared the President, 'this instant say,
Hast seen, hast seen, my lad, this way
The Emperor of Morocco pass?'
Hob to the insect-hunter nought replied,
But shook his head, and sympathising sighed,

'Alas!
Poor gentleman, I'm sorry for ye;
And pity much your upper storey!'"

But lo! the insect flits before him again, and Sir Joseph is off and away; this time, however, he breaks through a garden fence, and begins to crush the flowers and vegetables, to smash the bell-glasses, and to create utter havoc. The gardener is for a moment petrified at these sudden vagaries, and stands with open mouth viewing the devastation; and before he regains his wits Sir Joseph has upset a hive, the tenants of which swarm about him, endeavouring to punish his intrusion, but in vain, for

"The happy head their pointed spears defied,
Strong, like old Homer's shield in tough bull-hide
And brass well tempered to support the shock!
The bees their disappointed vengeance mourned,
And from their fierce attack fatigued returned,
Believing they had stormed a barber's block."

By this time the gardener has recovered his presence of mind, and he rushes at and seizes upon the trespasser, threatening him with all manner of pains and penalties; but Sir Joseph, his eyes fixed steadfastly on the point where the emperor disappeared, answers by some frantic sentences only, which bring a new emotion into the man's mind:—

"His eyes the gardener, full of horror, stretched,
And then a groan, a monstrous groan, he fetched,
Contemplating around his ruined wares;
And now he let Sir Joseph's collar go,
And now he brayed aloud with bitterest woe,
'Mad, madder than the maddest of March hares!'"

In the end the emperor makes his escape, and Sir Joseph returns home wearied and crestfallen.

One after another they caught it—chancellors, bishops, judges, admirals, authors; but there was always the same good-humour in his jokes, and one cannot doubt that he would be ready to make merry *with* any of his victims as well as *at* them. Some very strong commendations, by Porteus, Bishop of London, of Miss Hannah More's auctorial merits excited Peter's critical ire, and caused him to throw off some odes under the title of "Nil Admirari!" addressed to the prelate. He had taken the lady's measure as an authoress, and could not endure that she should be puffed into undue literary eminence, although he quite admitted her moral worth. In witness whereof we cite the following:—

"With sighs I tell thee of Miss Hannah More,
A mighty genius, in thy charge displayed!
Know, I have searched the damsel o'er and o'er,
And only find Miss Hannah a *good* maid.

. . . . . .

Twice can't I read *her* labours for my blood,
So *simply* mawkish, so sublimely sad!
I own Miss Hannah's life is *very* good,
But then her verse and prose are *very bad.*

No Muse e'er touched Miss Hannah's lips with fire;
No fountain *hers* of bright imagination:
So little doth a genuine Muse inspire,
That Genius will not own her a *relation.*"

And in another ode he has—

"Indeed Miss Hannah has a *so-so* lyre;
So out of tune, it murders all the nine;
She really playeth not with taste or fire;
No, Dr Porteus, no, thou great divine!"

But one of his most amusing performances is that headed "Bozzy and Piozzi." The Johnson-worship practised by these two writers is powerfully ridiculed. They are made to stand up and chant the Doctor's deeds and sayings alternately, like a chorus and semi-chorus, or like the shepherds of the eclogues contending in amebean verses. Whatever dictum or pecu-

liarity the one relates, the other endeavours to cap and outdo. And truly absurd they are made to look, the poet contributing little beyond the loan of his funny spectacles, or a dose of his laughing-gas, for the matter is a faithful paraphrase of the actual narrations of the Doctor's two friends, whose writings are referred to in the margin in corroboration of every portion of the context. Sir John Hawkins is the umpire. We give a short specimen of the contest :—

"MADAME PIOZZI.

In Lincolnshire a lady showed our friend
A grotto that she wished him to commend;
Quoth she, 'How cool in summer this abode!'
'Yes, madam,' answered Johnson, 'for a *toad!*'"

Again—

"MADAME PIOZZI.

I asked him if he knocked Tom Osborn down,
As such a tale was current through the town—
Says I, 'Do tell me, Doctor, what befell.'
'Why, dearest lady, there is nought to *tell:*
I pondered on the *properest* mode to *treat* him,
The dog was impudent, and so I beat him!
Tom, like a fool, proclaimed his fancied wrongs:
Others that I belaboured, held their tongues.'

BOZZY.

Lo! when we landed on the Isle of Mull
The megrims got into the Doctor's skull:
With such bad humours he began to fill,
I thought he would not go to Icolmkill:
But lo! these megrims (wonderful to utter)
Were banished all by tea and bread-and-butter."

After a time the judge protests that he shall fall asleep if he attempts to hear more, and prays for a short adjournment, during which the soporific powers of the eclogue prevail, and he is entranced, and beholds the meek Samuel himself, who fulminates sentences against both of the competitors :—

"'Wake, Hawkins,' growled the Doctor with a frown,
'And knock *that* fellow and *that* woman down;
Bid them with Johnson's Life proceed no further;
Enough already have they dealt in murther;
Say, to their tales that little truth belongs;
If fame they mean me, bid them hold their tongues.'"

Of Bozzy he says that his mind is, like a paper kite, composed of scraps, and that "the dog" is unequal to the history of Tom Thumb or a Tyburn speech. And of his fair friend Piozzi some of his remarks are, that she should draw her immortality from porter, give up anecdotical inditing, study housewifery, and not, through vanity, crucify a friend's reputation. He concludes by a message to Peter Pindar to go on and lash them :—

"'Tell Peter Pindar, should you chance to meet him,
I like his genius—should be glad to greet him;
Yet let him know *crowned heads* are sacred things,
And let him reverence more the *best of kings;*
Still on his Pegasus continue jogging,
And give that Boswell's back another flogging.'"

Under which authority the poet gives the termination of the contest. We cannot resist the temptation to quote a little from the sequel :—

"BOZZY.

On Thursday morn did Doctor Johnson wake,
And call out 'Lanky, Lanky,' by mistake;
But, recollecting, 'Bozzy, Bozzy,' cried—
For in *contractions* Johnson took a pride!

MADAME PIOZZI.

Whene'er our friend would read in bed by night,
Poor Mister Thrale and I were in a fright;
For, blinking on his book too near the flame,
Lo! to the foretop of his wig it came;
Burnt all the hairs away, both great and small,
Down to the very network, named the caul."

Bozzy goes on to detail the infirmity to which he yielded at Corrachitachin's, where—not to put too fine a point on it, as some friend of Mr Dickens says—he got "con-

founded drunk," and woke in the morning with a splitting headache, a reproving conscience, and a terror of what the Doctor would say. In the latter respect, however, he got off cheaply, being only called "drunken dog," and, elated by his escape, he proceeded to say his prayers and take a dram. By-and-by the biographers lose their tempers, become exceedingly personal, and after snarling through a page or two, end the match, the umpire declaring that he cannot say for the life of him which of the two is more unendurable.

The trick of Johnson's style has ceased to be a mystery in these days, and there are hundreds who can analyse, imitate, or caricature it. But we know that it was not so in Johnson's own day. His writing was then thought to be unapproachably grand, and yet the acumen of Peter Pindar at once penetrated the word-machinery, detected the pomposity, and forged Johnsonian periods *ad libitum.* He had, however, too just an appreciation of Samuel's desert to presume to ridicule anything but his style.

We come now to the part of his writings which won for Wolcot the affection of the west-country folk—namely, the pieces which he wrote in their dialect. The principal of these is "The King's Visit to Exeter," and a specially humorous production it is, purporting to be written by a young countryman who had gone to the city sight-seeing, to his sister at the farm. The bishop, it appears, being a very old man, excused himself from entertaining the royal visitors, who consequently gave the dean a benefit, and on this the writer, John Ploughshare, is uncommonly severe. The poem will need a glossary, which, however, we are enabled to supply. It begins—

"I promised thee, dear zester Nan,
That thee shudst hear vrom brother Jan
About the king, wey[1] speed:
And now I zet[2] me down to write,
To tell thee everything outright,
The whole that I've azeed."[3]

The excitement and commotion in the city and the struggle to view the royal entry are then graphically given:—

"Leek[4] bullocks stinged by appledranes,[5]
Currantin[6] it about the lanes,
Vokes theese[7] way dreavd[8] and that;
Zome hootin, heavin, soalin,[9] hawlin!
Zome in the mucks[10] and pellum[11] sprawlin,
Leek pancakes all zo vlat.

Hosses and mares, assnegers,[12] moyles,[13]
Leaping the hedges, ditches, stiles,
Hunderds commed in at least;
Gallopin, trattin, spurrin, vallin,
Hallooin, laughin, cryin, squallin,
Vour mounted 'pon one beast."

John then digresses a little to describe the charms of the ladies and the quantity of hair-powder they had used on the occasion, but remembers that such refined beauty is not for the like of him, notwithstanding which prudent reflection he lapses into more admiration: and then he brings his Majesty on the scene:—

"But than agan, Iss[14] can't but say
Iss could look at mun[15] a whole day,
They looked so vair and vresh;
Iss longed to gie zome hearty smacks
Upon their little rosy chacks,[16]
They zeemed zech wholesome vlesh.
Well! in a come—King George to town,
With doust and zweat az nutmeg brown,
The hosses all in smoke;
Huzzain, trumpetin, and dringin,[17]
Red colours vleein,[18] roarin, zingin,[19]
So mad seemed all the voke."

The aldermen and mayor, of course, turn out to do the honours of the city. Squire Rolle is vastly busy, and appears to be on intimate terms with the illustrious travellers. The procession passes through Fore Street amid acclamation and every testimony of joy, and takes its way to the deanery:—

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[1] With. [2] Sit. [3] Seen. [4] Like. [5] Wasps. [6] Galloping wildly. [7] This. [8] Pushed their way. [9] Handling roughly. [10] Dirt. [11] Dust. [12] Donkeys. [13] Mules. [14] I. [15] Them. [16] Cheeks. [17] Probably ringing here; it has another meaning. [18] Flying. [19] Singing.

"Becaze the bishop sent mun word,
A could not meat and drink avoord
A hadn't got the means.
A zaid that 'as vor he poor man,
A had not got a pot nor pan,
Nor spoon, nor knive, nor vork;
That he was weak and ould and squeal,[1]
And zeldom made a hearty meal,
And zeldom draed[2] a cork.'

Indeed a was a moderate man,
And zo war all the clargy clan,
That with un[3] uzed to chatter;
Who, if a axed mun to drink wine,
To one the wother they tipped the sign,
And begged my lord's fine water.

In voolish things a wudn't be cort;[4]
'Twas stoopid to treat vokes for nort;[5]
'No, 'twas not his dezire:'
Prefarment, too, was at an end;
The king would never more vor'n[6] zend,
To lift'n one peg higher."

The royal party attend divine service at the cathedral, but the king does not at first show himself very freely, to the disappointment of John and his fellows. Glimpses of him are, however, thought to have been got over the garden wall, and at last an opportunity is afforded of gratifying almost all eyes, for a public reception is announced. Squire Rolle busies himself in instructing the citizens how to approach the august presence, but is unable to prevent a *contretemps* or two; for instance—

"Now varmer Tab, I understand,
Drode his legs vore,[7] and catched the hand,
And shaked wey might and main:
'I'm glad your madjesty to zee,
And hope your madjesty,' quoth he,
Wull ne'er be *mazed*[8] again.'

'*Mazed! mazed!* what's *mazed?*' than[9] zed the king:
'I never heerd of zich a thing;
What's mazed?—what, what, my lord?'
'Hem,' zed my lord, and blowed his nose;
'Hem, hem, sir, 'tis, I do suppose,
Sir—an old Dev'nshire word.'"

Mr Ploughshare, himself an agriculturist, and, as may be judged from his correspondence, a man of taste and polish, is naturally jealous of the honour of his calling, and shocked at these solecisms of the uncouth Tab. Tab is verily a west-country surname, but is here happily selected as a generic appellation, inasmuch as it is also a common noun signifying a clod. John admires the princesses vastly, but the impression made by the queen does not seem to have been particularly favourable. It ends with:—

"The 'oman is not much amiss,
And tak'th a power o' snuff."

The countryman's indignation is now aroused by the king slighting, as John says, the feast prepared for him by the corporation; nevertheless, the loyal burgesses pocket the affront, and once more parade in their wigs and gowns to take leave of their dread guests:—

"Now woundy[10] mad was Measter Mare[11]
To think a shud a veast prepare,
Of vlesh, and vowl, and vish;
Of ham, and terkie, goose and mustard,
Dumplin, and apple-pye, and custard
As good az mouth could wish.

Vor whan[12] unto King George a sends
To tell'n the aldermen, his vriends,
Wud all be glad to zee'n;
The king no notice tuke, 'tis zaid,
But, leek a pisky,[13] laughed and played
To push pin wey the queen.

Zo there the meal, vorzooth, was spoiled,
The baked, and roast, and vried, and boiled;
Oh, 'twas a dismal day;
The zyder, brandy, wine, and ale,
The gert[14] gold chair[15] to hold his tail
Was money droad[16] away.

It,[17] when King George did leave the town,
The aldermen, in red fur gown,
And Mare, vore Guildhall houze,
Vurst havin had a little veeding,
Leek soldiers formed to show their breeding
And make their Zenday[18] bows."

Upon a retrospect of the whole

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[1] Infirm. [2] Drew. [3] Him. [4] Caught. [5] Nothing. [6] For him. [7] Threw his legs forward. Squire Rolle had told them to keep their feet back, and bend the knee in taking the king's hand to kiss. [8] Mad. [9] Then. [10] Exceedingly. [11] Mayor. [12] When. [13] West-country fairy; sometimes pixie. [14] Great. [15] Made expressly for him at great expense. [16] Thrown. [17] Yet. [18] Sunday.

pageant, Mr Ploughshare decides that it was all vanity. He perceives with disgust that kings and queens are made of the same material as other folk, and he adds a postscript calculated to console his sister for having been absent from the show :—

"Now, zester Nan, by this you zee
What zort of vokes gert people be;
What's *cheny* thoft is *clome;*[1]
And, zester, now I do believe,
That after this yow doan't much grieve
Becaze yow staid at home.

Theeze once I've made myzelf a vool,
And now I feel my courage cool
For zeeing royal things :
And whan my Bible next I rede,
Zo leet[2] I worship all the breed,
I'll *skep* the Book of Kings."

To appreciate the humour of this piece one must be "to the manner born;" it is, however, so well executed independently of the dialect, that it cannot fail to amuse even those who do not feel the full force of the provincial expressions. The writer, who laughed over it as a child, has lost nothing of his delight now that he is winnowing it for Maga.

When General Kosciusko was in England, he sent for Wolcot and complimented him highly on his verse, which he said had been his chief solace in prison. And Peter had admirers in plenty, but there was so much that was indefensible in his writing, that they were obliged to be less energetic than his assailants, of whom we shall speak again further on.

The influence of Voltaire and his school, who were paramount in literature when Wolcot was a youth, probably produced his disrespect and profaneness. It is to the latter's honour, that he copied only the licentious style of these writers, and that when French revolutionary sentiments were imported to this side of the Channel, he repudiated the whole snarling brood of Jacobins and unbelievers, and denounced them in rhyme. Some of his odes are devoted to the castigation of Tom Paine and his school. Let us hope that his profaneness would, when tested, have been no more seriously adhered to than his apparent disloyalty and republicanism. Possibly the levity engendered by high spirits, and an inclination to bravado, caused him to fall into latitudinarian errors: for there was true metal somewhere in the man, though it may have lain deep; and he was too discerning not to feel that he had much reason to thank the Providence which had given him a cheerful heart, and anointed him with the oil of gladness above his fellows. Therefore, though we have lately heard repeated some of the epithets which were current in his lifetime, and to which we shall hereafter again allude, we have decided against accepting these damaging accusations as proved. We are not aware that he wrote anything for the purpose of throwing discredit on religious faith. His sin seems to have extended no further than an irreverent and profane allusion to sacred things on occasions generally when the mention of them was improper. But more than he have been fools enough to do this, who, far from being sceptics, believed and trembled as they wrote.

Besides forming very unjust estimates of the younger Pitt and Sir Joseph Banks, our bard made another egregious blunder, which he lived to acknowledge. While the Prince of Wales was young Peter trumpeted His Royal Highness as the future blessing and glory of the nation, and exalted him by comparisons at the expense of the good King. His doubts of the veracity of Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, are referable rather to the impossibility of immediately verifying the account than to want of discernment. Many men refuse

[1] What is thought to be china is really earthenware.

[2] Little.

to receive testimony which cannot be proved to their judgment or their senses: we have in the present decade heard Monsieur du Chaillu doubted and sneered at with quite as little charity as Peter showed to Bruce.

It is almost needless to say that a poet who laughed at everybody made a host of enemies. Some of them were very bitter, and would have broken him on the wheel if they could. He was denounced by every method; all kinds of defamation were squirted against him; he was a traitor, an atheist, a liar, a slave, the meanest of mankind, the recipient of a pension from those whom he had maligned, the sworn enemy of everything that was good, and so on. That these assailants were known at all, was owing to Peter's own publication of their attacks. He paraphrased them one after another, adding glass-papery little commentaries, with an imperturbable good-humour which must have been more irritating than his sarcasms. The adversaries had not the satisfaction of putting him in a passion, or seeing him wince. To gird at him was about as profitless an undertaking as to make war on our friend 'Punch.' There was no winning a trick of him. One Mr John Nichols, editor of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' endeavoured to make a little capital at Peter's expense, and got his jacket laced in a way that must have given him heartfelt complacency.

There is an exception, so the grammarians say, to every rule, and it behoves us to note one remarkable instance which contradicts the above general description. Mr Gifford fitted to his string a cloth-yard shaft, which found a joint in Peter's harness, and pierced him through and through. And in proportion to the difficulty of finding his raw place was the effect produced when it was hit. He winced notably, and this time did not (that is, in the first instance) advert to his quiver for a return-shaft. But—hear it not Phœbus: shade of Pindar *the first* be still!—he went to work like an uninspired mortal, and, grasping a cudgel, swore (Peter *could* swear) that he would annihilate his little assailant. He made the attempt in the shop of Mr Wright the publisher, but was restrained, and obliged to withdraw, by some witnesses of the *fracas*. Then, and not till then, the poet bethought himself of his lyre, and essayed to act as at other times. But the strings jangled out of tune and harsh. His passion had made him as impotent as a shorn Samson; and the rabid piece which he threw off from his red-hot brain, and called, "A Cut at a Cobbler," was one of which he must have been as much ashamed as he could be of anything. Let us condone his indiscretion, and look at a pleasanter phase of him.

His merry temper was not Peter's only good moral point. His heart must have been considerably better than he allowed it to appear. He turned his worst side to the public. In his deprecation of the character of a hypocrite he magnified his defects, and hid any redeeming quality as if he had been ashamed of it. If he professed selfishness and impiety, he knew how to *act* the good Samaritan. The painter Opie would have recognised his *neighbour* in John Wolcot. It was Wolcot who, by chance observing some rude attempt of the carpenter, John Oppy (that was the way of spelling the name at home), discerned therein indications of power, sought out the embryo artist, gave him instruction, lent him paintings to copy, and made him fit and able to achieve renown. He afterwards furnished the means of moving Opie to London, and establishing him there as a painter. His opinion of Opie's abilities was justified and his liberality rewarded by the marked fame and success of his

protégé.* It is stated also that Bone, the famous painter in enamel, another Cornishman, was assisted and introduced to the world of art by Wolcot.

We have in vain endeavoured to obtain some account of the poet's mode of life after he went to London to reside. One or two of his own letters give us the only glimpses that we are now likely to get. Certainly he did not consort with disaffected, impious men, as from the tone of his writings might be supposed. On the contrary, he was able to introduce Opie in 1785 to some of the first people of the day.† He appears to have frequented the theatres, and to have been passionately fond, and a good judge, of music. In 1787 he writes: "My life is chiefly amongst the arts and sciences, in order to lay up a little stock of knowledge for old age. Now and then I am invited to murder a day at the house of a lord, and, like murderers, ought to be hanged for the offence."

It has to be added that Wolcot in his higher moods produced some tender and moving poetry; but unfortunately this was communicated chiefly to his private friends, while the public was made acquainted with all his blemished productions. Among his published works there is a pastoral entitled "Julia, or the Victim of Love," from which the following song is extracted:—

"O summer, thy presence gives warmth to the vale;
The song of the warbler enlivens the groves;
The pipe of the shepherd too gladdens the gale:
Alas! but I hear not the voice of my love.

The lilies appear in their fairest array;
To the valleys the woodbines a fragrance impart;
The roses the pride of their blushes display;
Alas! but I meet not the nymph of my heart.

Go, shepherds, and bring the sweet wanderer here,
The boast of her sex and delight of the swains;
Go, zephyr, and whisper this truth in her ear,
That the PLEASURES with JULIA are fled from the plains.

If thus to the maid thou my wishes declare,
To the cot she has left she will quickly return;
Too soft is her bosom to give us despair,
That sooner would sigh than another's should mourn."

He also imitated old poetry in a series of what he called *new-old ballads*, of which we give a specimen:—

"BALLADE ON THE VIOLET.

Sweete infant of the fielde, myne eye
Doth joye thy modest form to meet,
For thou goode news dost say;
How WYNTER, with his horrid yell,
Hath bid at laste his rode farewell,
And borne his blasts away.

While wynter his wilde rule did spread,
Thou couldst not show thy tender head,
But from his rage didst hide;
And golden cup, and primrose pale,
Did peeping tremble in their vale,
And eke the daisie pied.

The surly wight your robes had torne,
And on his wings of tempest borne,
And scattered through the skies;
But now the gentle zephyr's breath
Doth whisper 'There's no dread of death,'
And bids you fearless rise.

* Years ago a story was current in Cornwall to the effect that when Opie was in his glory, his old mother made a pilgrimage to London to visit him. The old lady travelled in the waggon, and after a weary journey of many days and nights she was set down in the quadrangle of a huge London inn, where she alighted with her little box in her hand, and, turning to a lounger in the yard, said, "Take up my pattens, young man, and show me the way to Jan Oppy's." Fortunately for his simple-minded mother, "Jan Oppy" was pretty well known.

† Opie went to exhibit his pictures at the palace, where he was kindly received by the king and queen. Wolcot gave him hints how to behave himself on the occasion, apprehending that he might fall into transgressions like those of Farmer Tab. One of the letters humorously describes the pupil's besetting tendencies, and the instructor's difficulty.

Sweet is thy lot, O little flower!
Like man, thou dost not life devour,
Well pleased on *dews* to dine—
Of heaven's pure balm to make thy fayre:
What pity 'tis we cannot share
An innocence like thine!"

We have recently sifted out of an old escritoire the following acrostic, written by him nearly a hundred years ago:—

"To S. P.

So bright a maiden never yet was seen,
A form more perfect boasts not beauty's queen;
Love tuned thy voice and taught thy tongue to speak,
Love formed that pleasing dimple on thy cheek:
Youthful as Hebe, as Diana chaste,
Pleasing to all, with every virtue graced:
Open and generous, free from all disguise,
Meek tho' majestic, and tho' witty wise:
Ease then, dear girl, my bosom from alarms,
Reward my love, and bless me with thy charms.
Oh! look some comfort, if thou mayst not speak;
Yield me one answering glance, lest my heart break."

S. P., who is remotely guilty of the production of this paper, must, to judge by her portrait, have been a person very apt to disorder the brains of a young poet. She is represented as a very lovely young woman, in a dress which varies very little from the present mode; her hair is on pillows, and she bears a parasol with a stick about a yard and a half long. Three of her children, who have seen far beyond eighty years, are, we rejoice to write, living and in green old age; while the number of her younger descendants justifies a hope that, with God's blessing, she may not for many ages want a man to stand before Him. Two of the nonogenarians and some other aged inhabitants of the West country who have kindly communicated with the writer, remember Wolcot, whom they describe as a man of middle height, not over nice in his person, and exceedingly merry and droll. The last epithet we could have divined from his works to be applicable to him. There could not, we are certain, be a more amusing companion. He had no need of bottling up his good things for publication, for the profusion of them was inexhaustible. To the last he maintained the same merry, cheerful disposition; and even when, towards the end of his days, he lost his sight by cataract, his mental vision of what was naturally amusing or could be twisted into a ridiculous form did not forsake him. He went on jesting to the very end of his life. He never married; but he has left behind him evidence of having been much chagrined by a lady's rejection of him in his youth. His works were collected and published at different times. The last collection that we can find was printed in 1816, and this does not, of course, contain all his poems, as he continued to write till 1818, the year before that in which he died.

The estimate of the poet's character which appears dispersedly through this notice was formed partly from oral mention of him which the writer recollects to have heard in days gone by, and partly from the internal evidence of his works. It is gratifying to be able to add that this opinion has been, in every particular save one, entirely confirmed by some private letters of Wolcot, which, through the kindness of his representative and nearest living relation, we have been allowed to peruse. The exception is remarkable. If there is one quality which more than another we ventured to attribute to his every production, it is indecorous licence; but lo! when the thoughts and expressions which in his youth he unreservedly poured forth to his familiar friends and contemporaries are inspected, they are found to be singularly innocent. There is no ribaldry, no profanity, no impure suggestion. They corroborate abundantly our inference that he libelled himself in his works,

but they contradict the idea that his mind was radically coarse. The letters appear simple and inoffensive, even when viewed by the light of modern refinement; but as the relics of a time which was certainly not refined, they are positive marvels. Here we have a hypocrite of a peculiar kind—one who would have persuaded us that he was ten times worse than other men were, and who, unmasked after a century of successful imposture, is discovered to be but a pretended reprobate. We are glad to write this of John Wolcot: as to Peter Pindar, Esq., that gentleman's character is patent, and in nowise entitled to benefit from these remarks.

It was Wolcot's great mistake that he narrowed his mind for the most part to matters petty in themselves and of only ephemeral interest. Had it not been so, his defects would no more have slain him than their many deformities destroyed Congreve, Swift, Sterne, and others that we could name; for it is impossible to conceive anything more indecent or more profane than some of the language of the writers last mentioned. But we will not dwell so much on their escape as on the fate of our subject, whose talents have not been able to save him. It must ever be in this world that a gifted few will be able to follow their will, and to outrage good manners with impunity. Not these brilliant exceptions, but the body of offenders it is that furnish the moral. Wolcot is one of the many on whom the law has taken effect, and he is, as Sam Slick says, a caution to sinners. Putting aside the high views of the matter, and looking at coarse writing only with regard to expediency, it is a most dangerous walk. However successful it may be for a moment, the probability is that it will bring its own early punishment,—the punishment of perverted talent, debasing imaginations, unprofitable musings. Let him who is enticed thereto, reflect on Peter Pindar and resist the tempter; for the end of these things is DEATH.

MOTLEY'S HISTORY OF THE NETHERLANDS.

We had the pleasure of giving an early welcome to the two first volumes of Mr Motley's 'History of the Netherlands.' Since that time his name has become enrolled in the list of our accepted historians—in that list of our contemporaries whose writings it is a kind of obligation, as well as pleasure, to peruse, presuming the requisite leisure is at command. The present instalment, volumes third and fourth, completes his undertaking so far as the Dutch Republic, its origin and establishment, is concerned. But the author intends, he tells us, in subsequent volumes, to launch out into the great European theme of the Thirty Years' War. We shall follow his researches with interest. He will have ample scope before him for his descriptive powers, and for his love of sarcasm.

If the two later volumes do not quite equal their predecessors, it is not the fault of the historian, but of his subject. The greater events which mark the origin of the Dutch Republic had already been narrated, and the sieges and battles that remained to be recorded are of a less stirring and momentous character. There is also inevitably something like repetition. Philip II. continues for some time to be the most conspicuous personage in the drama; and with Philip II. Mr Motley had already dealt amply and most ably. Nevertheless the readers of the preceding volumes will not fail to be considerably interested in pursuing the sequel of the narrative: and the complication of the affairs of the Netherlands with those of the French monarchy, enables the historian to introduce into his picture a full-length portrait of Henry IV.,—a portrait which, if it is not quite so flattering as some that have been executed of that monarch, is perhaps more faithful, and, at all events, deserves our study.

Mr Motley's previous volumes terminated with the assassination of William the Silent, that Prince of Orange on whom, for the time being, the cause of freedom and national independence seemed to rest. So thought, at all events, his enemies, or the enemies of his country, for they never ceased to plot his assassination until they had actually accomplished it. The Spanish monarch and the Catholic Church, in the person of some at least of its priesthood, are seen here as the unblushing instigators of the assassin. The Prince of Orange, it was thought, was the only great political chief round whom all the provinces of the Netherlands, Catholic as well as Protestant, could have rallied. Whether they would have found a bond of union in this common allegiance to a man whom Protestant and Catholic could indeed equally have honoured, is problematical. But by his death all such schemes of union were, for the time, rendered hopeless. The seven Protestant provinces held on to their League, and became the famous Commonwealth of Holland. The Catholic provinces earned from their Spanish monarch the title of "The obedient." Being Catholic, and therefore having but one of the two powerful motives which stirred the Dutch (who were contending for their religion as well as for their polity), it was not to be expected that they should manifest the same obstinate resistance to their foreign despot. They fought intermittent-

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'History of the Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce, 1609.' By John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L., &c. &c. London: Murray.

ly, and with a crippled zeal, for their municipal rights and for political independence. The formation of the Dutch Republic is the one great result of all these civil wars. But at this epoch—that is, at the period of the assassination of William the Silent—something still remained to be done to the establishment of the Republic. The seven United Provinces were still at war with Philip—with a man who abated no jot of all his arrogant pretensions, who possessed the greatest military force in Europe, and who was served by the most consummate generals of the age. There were still some towns and fortifications in the hands of the Spaniard, which must be wrested from them to complete and render secure the territory of the Republic. There could as yet be no pause, no peace, no relaxation from the energy of war; a little folding of the hands, and all would have been lost. Happily the United Provinces found, in the *second son* of William the Silent, a warrior equal to the emergency. Prince Maurice of Nassau had indeed a military genius; he applied all the existing knowledge of the mathematician and the engineer to the purposes of war; and in the conduct of a siege, we presume, there was not at that time his equal in Europe. Maurice is the military hero of the present portion of Mr Motley's History. His great civilian is Barneveld. These two eminent men are occasionally seen at variance, but, on the whole, they work together in harmony.

But while rejoicing in the victories of Maurice, and sympathising with the firm bearing and enlightened views of Barneveld, and, above all and perpetually, consoling ourselves for the endless treachery and bloodshed and persecution we have to pass through, by the thought that, after all, this great commonwealth of Holland *is* really to be founded in Europe,—while thus attempting to do justice to Mr Motley's main theme, we must confess that we find our attention more actively engaged when we are invited to look over into France and see what is going on there, than when the narrative is more especially concerned with Philip and his Generals. We look to the right and the left more curiously than on the battles and sieges and civil contests that take place in the United Provinces themselves. In fact, the history of Europe at this period is intensely interesting, as portraying the action of the Catholic Church. Whether we look to France, or Spain, or the Netherlands, which lay exposed to both of these powers, we everywhere see the Church militant. It is seen fighting everywhere—and everywhere for dominion, and fighting with all weapons—the axe, the stake, the assassin's pistol, the organised army, and the public massacre. The theme is European. We have to study an ecclesiastical *régime*, under which the worst passions of our nature are invested with the authority of conscience. We have an institution before us which, for the salvation of human souls, sanctions, with equal readiness, the insane pride and ambitions of a prince, or the cruel carnage of a mob.

Philip II. was fortified in all his nefarious schemes by the claims which he supposed were made on him by the Catholic Church. Did he covet the throne of England? It was to punish a heretic people. Did he intrigue for the crown of France,—did he bribe its nobility, and pour his troops into that country? It was all to prevent that heretic Henry IV. from ascending the throne. Did he prosecute the war in the Netherlands with a bitterness and obstinacy that was ruinous to his own exchequer and destructive of his own commerce? It was for the sake of Holy Church—it was in the mad determination to root out a religion which could only be eradicated by exterminating a people.

"The United Provinces," writes Mr Motley at the opening of these volumes, "had now been engaged in unbroken civil war for a quarter of a century. It is, however, inaccurate to designate this great struggle with tyranny as a civil war. It was a war for independence, maintained by almost the whole population of the United Provinces against a foreigner, a despot—alien to their blood, ignorant of their language, a hater of their race, a scorner of their religion, a trampler upon their liberties, their laws, and institutions—a man who had publicly declared that he would rather the whole nation were exterminated than permitted to escape from subjection to the Church of Rome!"

Neutral powers often attempted to mediate; they interposed with the hope of restoring peace to Europe. But offers of mediation were idle—there could be no compromise with such a foe as Philip. His anger, his cruelty, his lust of power, were all confirmed, fixed, eternised by the sacred authority of his Church, bidding him to smite and spare not. Had the Dutch been cajoled into any premature peace, they would have merely been compelled to renew the war at a disadvantage. Philip often professed himself ready to negotiate, and there were times when a suspension of arms would have been very convenient to him. But, in his treaties, he insisted first of all, "That the rebels should reconvert themselves to the Catholic religion." There was no compromise with such a man, and glad may we be that the Dutch would not accept the only possible alternative of war, which was submission, but fought out for themselves, and for all Europe, the glorious cause of civil and religious liberty.

They were contending against two great *Ideas* which were the pest of Europe, and which have not yet ceased to plague and torment it. Some day it will be numbered amongst the incredible things of the past, that the *right* to govern a people should be a sort of personal property, to be transmitted, or made the subject of a marriage settlement,—much like other property. By intermarriage amongst themselves, a small class of these peculiar proprietors determined who were to govern a people, and to a great extent how they were to be governed. Through such alliances the government of the Netherlands fell into the hands of a Spaniard, who, not in name only, but in heart and soul, was a foreigner, who hated every institution, every municipal privilege which put a curb upon his arbitrary will. Strange *right!* yet one which was accepted by jurists, and one which, under ordinary circumstances, the popular mind acquiesced in. But a revolution has taken place, and such a right is now a wrong. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not speaking of the hereditary right which a nation bestows on some chosen family. It may have excellent reasons for bestowing such a right, or recognising it, if it should have descended by tradition. We speak of the right which made of the government of a people a private property, which might be transmitted by intermarriage to a foreign prince without consultation of the national will. Such right, we believe, would be no longer recognised in Europe. If, for instance, Louis Philippe had succeeded in what, considering the political experience he had had and the age in which he lived, was a most foolish scheme—if he had succeeded by his Spanish marriages uniting the right to the crown of Spain with that of France—would the two *countries* have submitted to such a union? Would Spain have submitted for a moment to be passed over to France as the marriage-portion of a princess? Not only Spain, but all Europe would have regarded such a thing as preposterous.

The other monstrous idea, the other strange right, which the Commonwealth of Holland had to do battle with, was of an ecclesiastical order. One great religious corpor-

ation had usurped the dominion over men's minds; they had claimed a monopoly of piety and truth, and, on the ground of this assumption, they had arrogated to themselves the right to use the civil and military power of every nation to impose their own tenets, and uphold their own wealth and power. And here also, if we had been writing thirty years ago, we should have perhaps said that such a right, such a claim, belonged to the past, or was now put forth with harmless parade. But what has lately taken place in France, in England, and even in Germany, abates our confidence. Heaven only knows what may be the effect of loud, unlimited, reiterated assertion on the one side, an ignorant multitude on the other, and between the two a middle class that is overwhelmed with timidity and trembling at the fear of social revolutions. The very virtue of our modern zealots is a force against us; for although a few intelligent men may distinguish between what is eternally good in humanity and what is temporary or fictitious in ecclesiastical teaching, yet the generality of mankind will blend the two together, think they are inseparable, and combine them in the relation of cause and effect.

Christianity, as taught by its great Founder, was a protest against Sacerdotalism; and that eminent disciple who first gave the faith to the Gentiles, substituted for all other priesthoods one "High-Priest" — namely, Christ. Each Christian strove for a spiritual union with Christ, and this common headship was sufficient to make of all true Christians one united body. Their union as a Church was the necessary result of that attraction by which each individual was drawn to the same celestial Source of all his hopes and all his righteousness, of his salvation and his joy:—just as needles which cluster round the point of a magnet have, and need, no other bond of union than what is found in the similar attraction of each one of them to the same source of power. The bond which held together the first Christians was purely spiritual. They loved each other, for this resulted from their love of the same Christ. The soul that lost its individual hold on Christ, ceased that moment to belong to His Church—dropped instantly from the communion of the faithful.

But this lofty and simple state of Christian piety was not long sustained. The subtlety of the Greek mind, or say generally of the scholastic intellect, multiplied doctrines of a more or less metaphysical character, and a belief in some set of these doctrines was made the bond of union and the indispensable passport to heaven. It was no longer the spirit of love which constituted the essence of Christianity. Dogma thrust itself in before love, and took upon itself the office of determining whence and how that spirit of love should be introduced into the heart of man. The Church was the authority for dogma. And now, instead of the Church being the result of a common allegiance to Christ, an allegiance to the Church was put forth as a first requisite in order that the soul should come to Christ. The Church claimed to be the interpreter of the oracles of God, claimed to be the dispenser of the mercies of God: the love of Christ was to shine only through the Church.

Paganism died out, and Christianity was declared the religion of the State; the civil power made itself subservient to the Church; and since that time the world has been vexed, tortured, disgraced, and humiliated by priesthoods, who not only thrust themselves between Christ and man, who not only overwhelmed us with the clamour of their unintelligible dogma, but who had the power to say, Believe, or perish! The sword of municipal justice has been made the instrument of what proclaimed itself a sacred purpose, but which was, in fact,

the most unholy of purposes—the killing of the very spirit of truth and freedom. War, which was rife enough already, was inflamed by the new rage of theology; and the hostility between nation and nation was raised to a higher pitch than ever by the terrible name of Heretic.

No institution gains a footing in the world but by some good office it accomplishes, though it may hold its ground long afterwards by what mechanicians would call the force of inertia. Accordingly, our books of history give us ample record of the good services rendered to humanity both by the Eastern and the Western Churches. The latter is the especial favourite of historians. Not only by her missionary enterprises did she assist in civilising the world, reclaiming large tracts from utter barbarism, but, on the decay of the Empire, many of the functions of civil government, even in Rome itself, devolved upon the Western Church. Let all due honour be paid to missionary monks and administrative bishops; but when we descend to the times of which our history treats, society can at all events dispense with the jurisprudence or the administrative talent of a clerical corporation. There is a lay intelligence equal to all the functions of civil government; and now, when the Church is seen to intervene in the legislation and politics of states, it has one conspicuous and quite undeniable object—it has to secure and augment its own wealth and its own power. In the first stage of degeneracy, Christian dogma was made to supplant the spirit of Christian love; in the second stage of degeneracy the dogma itself is made subservient to the upholding the wealth and power of an ecclesiastical corporation. The people are taught that their salvation depends on believing in the Church—*that* faith secure, salvation is not difficult—*that* faith wanting, salvation is impossible. What the Church believes it is not necessary even to know; it would not be very easy for all men to learn; it is enough to have an implicit faith, an unlimited trust, to know that whatever the Church believes is truth, that whatever it commands is virtue, that whatever it promises or threatens God in heaven will accomplish. A people thus indoctrinated return a zealous support to a Church so potent, so wise, so beneficent; they crowd round its *auto-da-fés*, they shout over its victims, and they are ready to kill and torture any number of its enemies.

In the time of Philip II. we see the sacerdotal spirit, and the popular superstition that supports it, in their least disguised, in their most flagrant criminality. The little country of Holland had to fight against it as with a mortal foe, cruel as a wild beast, relentless as that ocean against which they had also to do battle, and in which latter contest they had learnt a lesson of perseverance and of patriotism, of working together for the good of all, and of working unremittingly. It may come to this again in Europe. It may again be a case of blow for blow. The clamour of controversy may be lost in volleys of musketry. Again may a priesthood, in part dominated by its own ideas, and made cruel by a pious zeal, stir up war, and defile every jurisprudence in Europe. At present it is still the hour of controversy. No Pope has at present a Philip II. to launch at refractory nations—a little fearful himself, it may be, of the great champion he employs. It is still the hour before the tempest, and those who have an influence on public opinion would be wise not to slumber in the use of it.

There is no want of zeal, it may be said, in Protestant theologians. Certainly not—in those who really are Protestant. But there is another class, the intelligent and cultivated laity, the literary class, or those who enjoy a lettered leisure, who are not altogether without blame in this matter. We make

no prophecy, we have no wish to deal in gloomy forebodings, we confess to having the greatest difficulty in understanding the religious movements going on around us in France and England at this moment; but this we will venture to say, that if the intelligent laity of either of these countries find themselves prostrate under a priestly domination, it will be partly the result of their own pusillanimity, of their own want of candour, want of love of truth, their indifference to combat, or even to protest against error, their dislike to make any protest which may occasion them the least personal annoyance. So far as our own observations enable us to speak, we find in the class we are alluding to a certain dilettanteism, a bland habitual hypocrisy, and something very like a mental cowardice. They dislike earnestness, and are disposed to mock those few amongst them who are in earnest. Such systematic hypocrisy has this effect, that it destroys all genuine love of truth, while it fosters a secret spirit of disdain towards those very men in consideration of whom the hypocrisy is supposed to be practised. A priest, or the disciple of a priest, is listened to with a smile of acquiescence which fades, on his departure, into a sneer of derision. Both the smile and the sneer are misplaced. An honest, frank, and courteous contradiction were infinitely better. But this would give trouble, it would stir unpleasant controversy, it would endanger popularity. Perhaps some charming hostess might look grave. So much of martyrdom is not to be thought of. Well, this love of ease and supercilious indolence forfeits for educated laymen the natural influence they would have upon society, while it materially deteriorates from their own mental culture. They are supposed to have no truth to contend for; every religious sect passes them by with indifference; they have no influence on the currents of religious opinion, and at last some sect stronger than the rest may tread them under foot. One day they may neither smile nor sneer, but lie crushed between the upper and the nether millstone—between priestly power and popular superstition.

But we seem to be deserting the pages of Mr Motley, which we had no intention whatever of doing. As we have already intimated, one of the most interesting portions of his present work is the account he gives of Philip's relation to France, of the internal condition of that kingdom, and of the character and conduct of Henry IV. It seems hardly credible that Philip, with his hands already full, and his exchequer already sufficiently burdened, should have seriously projected the acquisition of the crown of France: yet such was the fact. If not the crown, he at least reckoned on acquiring a large portion of its territory. "The Duke of Parma," we are told, "was privately ordered to lend all his energies to the conquest of that realm, under pretence of assisting the Holy League." Meanwhile the chiefs of the Holy League, and every French nobleman sufficiently powerful to aspire to such an object, were bent on carving, each one for himself, some independent principality out of their common country. They took Philip's gold, but followed each one his own private project. Mayenne indeed offered the crown to Philip, in consideration that he should have a large province for himself, and a large sum of money. All these parties were making use of the fanaticism of the people to forward their own nefarious schemes. So it has always been. The Church inflames and maddens the populace; princes and nobles turn the fanaticism to their own profit; they are resolved to share in the spoil; with the people is left simply the rage, the crime, the misery of a pernicious enthusiasm.

Henry IV. represented the principle of national union as opposed to foreign domination in the dis-

memberment of France. And in this point of view he was the popular favourite. The people, we may be sure, who had no principality to carve out of the common territory, were zealous to maintain the unity of France. But they were Catholics first, and Patriots second, and they could not accept the national independence and integrity from the hands of a Protestant, though that Protestant was, in their own belief, the rightful heir to the throne. Manifestly, what was wanted in this emergency was that he should convert himself to the Catholic faith. By this one step Mayenne and Philip and the Holy League would lose their hold at once upon the people. Henry saw this clearly enough; his lay counsellor, De Thou, and others, all advised it: but he had to proceed cautiously, for at the actual moment his military force depended mainly on the Huguenots. He had a considerable following of what may be called the moderate or patriotic Catholics, but the cavaliers "of the religion" formed the main strength of his army, and from them it was necessary that he should studiously conceal his *intention to be converted.* It was a difficult part which the Prince of Navarre had to play. We extract Mr Motley's piquant description of the position he held at this moment:—

"The hope of a considerable portion of the Catholic nobility of his realm, although himself an excommunicated heretic; the mainstay of Calvinism, while secretly bending all his energies to effect his reconciliation with the Pope; the idol of the austere and grimly Puritanical, while himself a model of profligacy; the leader of the earnest and the true, although false as water himself in every relation in which human beings can stand to each other; a standard-bearer of both great branches of the Christian Church, in an age when religion was the atmosphere of men's daily lives, yet finding his sincerest admirer, and one of his most faithful allies, in the Grand Turk; the representative of national liberty and human rights against regal and sacerdotal absolutism, while himself a remorseless despot by nature and education, and a believer in no rights of the people save in their privilege to be ruled by himself,—it seems strange at first view that Henry of Navarre should have been for centuries so heroic and popular an image. But he was a soldier, a wit, a consummate politician; above all, he was a man, at a period when to be a king was often to be something much less and much worse.

"To those accustomed to weigh and analyse popular forces, it might well seem that he was now playing an utterly hopeless game. His capital garrisoned by the Pope and the King of Spain, with its grandees and its populace scoffing at his pretence of authority, and loathing his name; with an exchequer consisting of what he could beg or borrow from Queen Elizabeth—most parsimonious of sovereigns, reigning over the half of a small island—and from the States-General governing a half-born, half-drowned little republic, engaged in a quarter of a century's warfare with the greatest monarch in the world; with a wardrobe consisting of a dozen shirts and five pocket-handkerchiefs, most of them ragged, and with a commissariat of what could be brought in the saddle-bags of his Huguenot cavaliers, who came to the charge with him to-day, and to-morrow were dispersed again to their mountain fastnesses,—it did not seem likely, on any reasonable theory of dynamics, that the power of the Béarnese was capable of outweighing Pope and Spain, the meaner but massive populace of France and the Sorbonne, and the great chiefs of the confederacy, wealthy, long-descended, allied to all the sovereigns of Christendom, potent in territorial possessions, and skilful in wielding political influences."

The battle of Ivry, however, soon placed our paradoxical hero in a very imposing position. It was a glorious victory, and due greatly, as is well known, to the personal valour of Henry. The King of Spain had despatched Count Egmont with 1800 picked cavalry to join Mayenne and the Holy League, and these did good service in the engagement; but in spite of their valour, and the bravery of the French cavaliers of the League, resplendent in their steel armour and their silken scarves, the "Ironsides" of the Huguenot army beat

down all opposition, and gave the victory to the Prince of Navarre.

Then followed the terrible siege of Paris, in which, as Mr Motley observes, the most hideous details of the celebrated siege of Jerusalem were reproduced. While women, driven mad by the pangs of hunger, were devouring their own children, the League and the priests were kindling the rage of the people against the *heretic* at their gates. The same people who committed the massacre of St Bartholomew are here seen in the attitude of fanatical suffering; the same detestable *rage* animated them in both situations. "The priests persuaded the populace that it was far more righteous to kill their own children, if they had no food to give them, than to obtain food by recognising a heretic king." The bones of the dead were taken from the cemeteries, ground and baked into bread. It was called Madame Montpensier's cake, because that distinguished member of the League commended it to the poor Parisians. "She was never known to taste it herself," says one who lived in Paris at this time. All who ate of it died.

Philip now sent his famous general, Alexander Farnese, to relieve Paris, a task which was accomplished with admirable adroitness. Henry and his cavaliers were panting for the battle. Seven days they stood chafing before the encampment of the Duke of Parma. At length his cavalry and a certain portion of the infantry were seen to emerge from their intrenchments, and take up what seemed their line of battle. Henry only waited that he might understand the plan and position of his opponent, before he gave the order to charge. Meanwhile, however, the Duke had despatched his main body in another direction. The cavalry wheeled round, and became the rear-guard of his army, now in full march towards Lagny on the Marne. By seizing upon that town, he was enabled to throw provisions into Paris. Henry found, with intense mortification, that he had been completely outgeneralled. He could not strike a blow; Paris was relieved, and his own army, disgusted at their disappointment, and themselves ill-provisioned, melted away from him.

The League was again in the ascendant. In Paris itself one sees an incipient reign of terror. Sixteen town-councillors, presiding over the sixteen sections of the town, extemporise a government —a *justice* of their own. In this case the "suspect" were those who showed a want of zeal for the Church. Their most eminent victim was Brisson, President of the Parliament of Paris. He was a patriot or legalist, one who ranked jurisprudence above priestcraft. When the papal legate, Gaetano, followed by a great train of adherents, went down, on one occasion, to the House of Parliament, and was about to seat himself on the daïs reserved for the King, President Brisson plucked him back by the arm, and obliged him to take a seat immediately below his own. He did not hold that the ecclesiastical power was supreme in the realm. He, as representative of the National Jurisprudence, felt it his duty to take the higher seat. Such a man was sure to be *suspect* to our pious citizens. They contrived that he should be seized on his way to the Parliament, and carried to the prison of the Little Chatelet.

"Hardly had he been made secure in the dimly-lighted dungeon, when Cromé, a leader among the Parisian populace, made his appearance, accompanied by some of his confederates, and dressed in a complete suit of mail. He ordered the magistrate to take off his hat, and to kneel. He then read a sentence condemning him to death. Profoundly astonished, Brisson demanded to know of what crime he was accused, and under what authority. The answer was a laugh, and an assurance that he had no time to lose. He then begged that he might at least be imprisoned long enough to enable him to complete a

legal work in which he was engaged, and which, by his premature death, would be lost to the Commonwealth. This request produced, no doubt, more merriment than his previous demands. His judges were inflexible, and allowed him hardly time to confess himself. He was then hanged in his dungeon."

That request to be imprisoned till he had written his book will excite an additional sympathy for him in those who now read of his murder. Two other magistrates were executed in the same way. They had spoken against the sixteen. The three bodies were afterwards gibbeted in the Grève in front of the Hotel de Ville, and exposed for two days to the insults and fury of the populace.

But this was the culminating point of the reign of terror. The Duke of Mayenne was quite willing to sell France to the King of Spain, but he was by no means disposed to let these civic gentlemen assume his place in the treaty. They, too, had presumed to offer the crown to Philip. Thereupon he entered Paris, and without delay hanged four of these turbulent gentry, at the basement of the Louvre. The power of the sixteen was broken at once. In a moment they became as despicable in the eyes of the populace as they had been formidable.

What hope remained for France unless Henry would reconcile himself with the Church? As heretic he could not rule, and without him the country was breaking up into factions, and perhaps into independent provinces. Long ago the Prince had intimated that he would not change his religion "on compulsion," but that he was willing to be "instructed." Philip and the League did what they could to prevent this public instruction; but the Pope, whether as head of the Church or as temporal prince, would have had no unwillingness to receive the repentant heretic. A Legate was commissioned to give the indispensable *Instruction* which should render patent to all France the real cause, the true nature and process of his conversion.

"And now the great day had come. The conversion of Henry to the Roman faith, fixed long before for the 23d July 1593, formally took place, at the time appointed. From six in the morning till the stroke of noon did Henry listen to the exhortations and expoundings of the learned prelates and doctors whom he had convoked, the politic Archbishop of Bourges taking the lead in this long expected instruction. After six mortal hours had come to an end, the King rose from his knees, somewhat wearied, but entirely instructed and convinced. He thanked the bishops for having taught him that of which he was before quite ignorant, and assured them that, after having invoked the light of the Holy Ghost upon his musings, he should think seriously over what they had taught him, in order to come to a resolution salutary to himself and the State.

"Nothing could be more candid. Next day at eight in the morning there was a great show in the Cathedral of St Denis, and the population of Paris, notwithstanding the prohibition of the League authorities, rushed thither in immense crowds to witness the ceremony of the reconciliation of the King. Henry went to the church clothed, as became a freshly purified heretic, in white satin doublet and hose, white silk stockings, white silk shoes with white roses on them, but with a black hat and black mantle. There was a great procession with blare of trumpet and beat of drum. The streets were strewn with flowers.

"As Henry entered the great portal of the church he found the Archbishop of Bourges seated in state, effulgent in mitre and chasuble, and surrounded by other magnificent prelates in gorgeous attire.

"'Who are you, and what do you want?' said the Archbishop.

"'I am the King,' meekly replied Henry, 'and I demand to be received into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church.'

"'Do you wish it sincerely?' asked the Prelate.

"'I wish it with all my heart,' said the King.

"Then, throwing himself on his knees, the Béarne—great champion of the Huguenots—protested before God that he would live and die in the Catholic faith, and that he renounced all heresy. A passage was with difficulty opened through the crowd, and he was then led to the high altar, amid the acclamations of the people. Here he

knelt devoutly and repeated his protestations. His emotion and contrition were most impressive. The people of course wept piteously. The King, during the progress of the ceremony, with hands clasped together and adoring the Eucharist with his eyes, or, as the Host was elevated, smiting himself thrice upon the breast, was a model of passionate devotion.

"Afterwards he retired to a pavilion behind the altar, where the Archbishop confessed and absolved him. Then the Te Deum sounded, and high mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Nantes. Then, amid acclamations and blessings, and with largess to the crowd, the King returned to the monastery of St Denis, where he dined amidst a multitude of spectators, who thronged so thickly around him that his dinner-table was nearly overset. These were the very Parisians who, but three years before, had been seen feeding on rats and dogs and dead men's bones, and the bodies of their own children, rather than open their gates to this same prince of Béarne."

Our author appears to think that Henry might have dispensed with this painful sacrifice—if such it were. He represented the principle of natural unity. "Had he," says Mr Motley, "relied upon it entirely it might have been strong enough to restore him to the throne of his ancestors without the famous religious apostasy with which his name is for ever associated." But, judging by Mr Motley's own narrative, it seems evident that, while the Church stood opposed to the heretic King, neither the principle of natural unity nor that of herditary right could possibly have prevailed. It was an apostasy the guilt of which lies at the door of those who made it necessary. Mr Motley, we observe, bestows the epithet of "freethinker" on Henry IV. The epithet seems to us altogether out of place, inapplicable to the man and the age; at all events not justified by this notoriously political conversion. There were a multitude of men at the time of the Reformation who fluctuated between the two creeds, or the two Churches, as political power went over to one or the other, who were certainly not freethinkers. They thought too little on the subject to be deeply interested in the triumph of either system of theology, but they looked upon themselves as Christians under whichever banner they were ranged. How many in England were ready to go to mass when Mary was on the throne, and to discard the mass for a Protestant service when Elizabeth was on the throne! They found conversion from one Church to the other easy enough, but they were not freethinkers. A laxity of this kind is no more a proof of intellectual disbelief than a laxity of manners; and we are quite sure that Mr Motley would not apply the epithet to Henry on the ground that he disobeyed the moral precepts of Christianity. Some of our greatest villains have been admitted universally to be amongst the most orthodox of men.

We leave the gay and valiant Henry established on the throne of France, and return to the gloomy Sovereign of Spain. Disappointed at the result of all his intrigues, his bribes and other expenditure, he readily listened to spies and tale-bearers, who lay all the blame of his failure on the slackness and the treachery of the Duke of Parma. The great general, who had not only served him faithfully in the field, but who had always given him the most honest and sagacious counsels, was to pay the penalty of the ill-success of schemes he had always discouraged. Philip determined to take from him his command and to bring him back to Spain. What would have been his fate when once completely in the power of the King, reduced to the condition of a private nobleman, residing in a palace at Madrid, we may shrewdly guess. That palace would soon have been a prison. Philip set about his design with all the guile and treachery of a conspirator—a private assassin could not have proceeded in his enterprise more stealthily. But another stealthy enemy, disease, was at the same time attacking the Duke, and

gained precedence of the King. Though Alexander Farnese has for us little to commend him except his great military genius, we feel glad that he escaped the ignominy which Philip was preparing for him as the reward of all his exploits. He died—so to speak—in the open air, still a free soldier, and in the saddle to the last. He gave instructions in his will that he should be laid out barefoot in the robe and cowl of a Capuchin monk.

But the great actor in all this terrible drama was himself about to quit the scene. We have a painful, distressing, and yet most instructive account of the death of Philip. A torturing illness was borne with meekness and fortitude, and the last days of a man who had not a single virtue were those of a martyr and a saint.

"Longing to be once more in his favourite retirement of the Escurial, he undertook the journey towards the beginning of June 1598, and was carried thither from Madrid in a litter borne by servants, accomplishing the journey of seven leagues in six days. When he reached the palace-cloister he was unable to stand. The gout, his life-long companion, had of late so tortured him in the hands and feet that the mere touch of a linen sheet was painful to him. By the middle of July a low fever had attacked him, which rapidly reduced his strength. Moreover, a new and terrible symptom of the utter disintegration of his physical constitution had presented itself. Imposthumes, from which he had suffered at the breasts and at the joints, had been opened after the usual ripening applications, and the result was, not the hoped relief, but swarms of vermin, innumerable in quantities and impossible to extirpate, which were thus generated and reproduced in the monarch's blood and flesh."

No torture, says Mr Motley, ever invented by Torquemada for the heretics could exceed the agony which the Most Catholic King was now called upon to endure. And not one, he adds, of the long line of martyrs who, by decree of Charles or Philip, had been strangled, burned, or buried alive ever faced a death of lingering torment with more perfect fortitude than did now the Monarch of Spain, nor was any such martyr ever sustained by more ecstatic visions of heavenly mercy! He declared to the priest, and subsequently to the Infanta, his son, "That in all his life he had never consciously done wrong to any one. If he had ever committed an act of injustice it was unwittingly, or because he had been deceived in the circumstances." He bore his sufferings with an angelic patience, and bade the Prince observe well his father's happy estate, "in order that when he, too, should be laid thus low, he might likewise be sustained by a conscience void of offence." But, though thus supported by the approval of his own conscience, it must not be supposed that he neglected any of the customary duties of confession or penance. "Father confessor," he said to his priest, "you are in the place of God, and I protest thus before His presence, that I will do all that you declare necessary for my salvation. Thus upon you will be the responsibility for my omissions, because I am ready to do all."

Some will, perhaps, be reluctant to believe that one who had committed so many crimes, and who, according to our author, had not a single virtue, could die in so happy a frame of mind, so entirely relieved from the reproaches of conscience; but, in fact, this is the very moral of the tale. Such is the man whom the Church could nurse into complete self-complacency, into all the beatitude of a saint. Obedience and service to the Church stood in lieu of virtue —crimes *became* virtues when the Church profited by them; and what were the personal failings (if he had any) of such a servant?—the sins of the man were redeemed by the crimes of the monarch—we mean what seem crimes to ignorant laymen. We, looking from a judicial point of view, see a life full of lies, of treachery, of assassinations, of bloodshed. The same

life, seen from an ecclesiastical point of view, is a continuous act of pious servitude.

We have no reason to doubt the happy conscience of Philip II. We commend it to the consideration of our ultramontane friends on the other side of the Channel. Perhaps there are some on this side who may profit by a contemplation of it. They may learn to what we may be *logically* brought if we substitute the reign of the Church for the reign of Christ, and let a priesthood be the lord of our souls. If your Church is all, if *there* lie the preservation of religious truth, your union to God, and your hope in immortality, what object can a civil ruler have comparable to that of sustaining the integrity and predominance of the one true Church? What is the death of a man, however compassed —what is the slaughter of ten thousand men, if this sacred ark, the depository of all that is precious to mankind, is thereby kept floating on the waters? Philip was an assassin, a ruthless persecutor, treacherous to all who served him, sowing dissensions in neighbouring countries, and by his bribes fomenting civil war and rebellion in them, that he might extend a territory already too great for him to govern. He habitually masked an insatiable and cruel ambition under sacred pretexts, yet as throughout his career he did aggrandise the Church, did war against heretics, the Church taught him to live with an approving conscience, and to die in saintly beatitude. It is all logical enough; and we shall see it again and yet again, while the infatuation remains that God's truth and the keys of heaven are in the keeping of an ecclesiastical corporation.

Mr Motley closes the life of Philip with an analysis of the character and policy of that monarch, to which we refer those who have any doubt of the moral estimate that ought to be formed of such a man. His enormities are well known; perhaps it is not so generally known that he could be simply dishonest, break his word, and pilfer other men in the vulgarest as well as the most unscrupulous manner. Of course he was in debt; he had borrowed money of merchants and others, mortgaging his royal domains and his revenues. When he found that it had become highly inconvenient to pay these debts, or the interest of them, he calmly revoked all the assignments, mortgages, &c., by which they had been secured. He was scandalised that money-lenders should grow rich while he was growing poor. Therefore he set a royal example of repudiation. Many of the chief bankers and merchants in Europe were obliged to suspend payment; their creditors in turn became bankrupt; and Frankfort, Genoa, Antwerp—all the great emporiums of commerce—were thrown into consternation. Philip was a bad financier. With all his resources, he frequently allowed his troops to mutiny for want of pay; he set on foot enterprises which he had not the means of carrying through. At one time we are told that the whole of his regular revenue was pledged to pay the interest on his debts, with the exception of the Sussidio and the Cruzada. The Sussidio was a voluntary contribution, collected by the monks, in small sums, from the people at large, for the special purpose of sustaining the war against the infidels of England and Holland. The Cruzada was the result of a privilege granted to his Most Catholic Majesty by the Pope, in a bull called *the Cruzada*, to sell to his subjects the licence to eat meat and eggs on Fridays and other fast-days. This curious traffic brought in annually about 800,000 dollars.

With the death of Philip II. the reader of history hopes to find the war in the Netherlands come to a close. But he is disappointed; his weak successor, Philip III., is a tool in the hands of a favourite and a confessor, and continues the policy of his father. It may be

said of him that he had not energy enough to make peace; and, as for his ministers and generals, they found their profit in a continuation of the war.

To trace the events of the Netherlands, and of the glorious struggle of the new-born Commonwealth of Holland, we ought to go back to the death of Parma, and follow the narrative of his successor. This would be to give a *resumé* of the history itself, which, we need not say, cannot be our object. We survey the leading events to draw some general lesson from them. If, on the one side, we see the stagnation and decay brought on the noble province of Spain by tyranny, civil and ecclesiastical; on the other hand we observe a country won, in part, from the sea itself, becoming the seat of learning, of the greatest maritime power of the age, full of enterprise and every kind of noble energy. Universities are established, and harbours are constructed, from which fleets go forth, either for the defence of the national independence, or for discoveries in remote regions of the world. There is a point of view in which we may fairly compare the struggle of Holland against Philip to that of Athens against the Persian despot. And modern Europe may be as grateful to the Dutch as pagan Europe to the Athenians.

There is a touching incident which Mr Motley introduces, painfully illustrative of the different *education* which a free state and a despotic sovereign can give. Third in succession, in a very brief time, from the Duke of Parma, there was appointed to be governor of the Netherlands the *Archduke Cardinal Albert, Archbishop of Toledo.* Whether he retained his title of Cardinal in his new dignity we are not prepared to say; he was compelled to resign his bishopric of Toledo, whose revenues amounted to the sum of 300,000 dollars a-year. On his entrance into Brussels he was greeted by the citizens with one of those foolish displays of pageantry and adulation where allegory and mythology do all they can in the telling of egregious lies. In the description of these absurdities our author takes a malicious pleasure.

"But," he continues, "there was one personage whose presence excited perhaps more interest than did that of the Archduke himself. There rode in the procession a gentleman forty-two years of age, whose grave melancholy features—although wearing a painful expression of habitual restraint and distrust—suggested more than did those of the rest of his family the physiognomy of William the Silent, to all who remembered that illustrious rebel.

"It was the eldest son of the great founder of the Dutch Republic. Philip William, Prince of Orange, had at last, after twenty-eight years of captivity in Spain, returned to the Netherlands, whence he had been kidnapped while a schoolboy at Louvain, by order of the Duke of Alva. Rarely has there been a more dreary fate, a more broken existence than his. His almost life-long confinement, not close, nor cruel, but strict and invariable, together with the devilish arts of the Jesuits, had produced nearly as blighting an effect upon his moral nature as a closer dungeon might have done on his physical constitution. Although under perpetual arrest in Madrid, he had been allowed to ride and to hunt, to go to mass, and to enjoy many of the pleasures of youth. But he had been always a prisoner, and his soul—a hopeless captive—could no longer be liberated now that the tyrant, in order to further his own secret purposes, had at last released his body from jail. Although the eldest born of his father, and the inheritor of the great estates of Orange and of Buren, he was no longer a Nassau except in name. The change wrought by the pressure of the Spanish atmosphere was complete. All that was left of his youthful self was a passionate reverence for his father's memory, strangely combined with a total indifference to all that his father held dear, all for which his father had laboured his whole lifetime, and for which his heart's blood had been shed."

The second son was the Maurice now holding at bay the armies of Philip. The eldest son was the sickly plant of priestly culture. The marvel is that any reverence at all for his father's memory had been allowed to remain. An anec-

dote is told of him which shows that he was not without some natural and filial feeling, though it displayed itself in no very wise manner. Balthazar Gerard, his father's assassin, had been rewarded by Philip for his services to the good cause by a pension for his heirs charged upon the estate of that Prince of Orange whom he had murdered. It was an economical arrangement; it blazoned the deed with royal shamelessness, and it showed a due contempt to all the ordinary sentiments of mankind. When Philip-William was told that it was the King's intention to reinstate him in his father's possessions, but that this rent-charge of 18,000 florins was still to be paid out of them to the heirs of Balthazar Gerard, he is said to have burst into a violent passion, and drawn his poniard on the venerable President, who was explaining to him this delicate condition. Whether the condition was insisted on we are not told; we are left to infer that after some delay, as a punishment for this outbreak of anger, the estates were restored to him.

We ought now to draw attention to the military enterprises of Maurice, and to the sagacious administrations of Barneveld. But it is too late; we have spent our space over other themes. We observe that the second of Mr Motley's present volumes, the fourth of the whole work, has been left untouched by us, and our notes on it unused. We can only commend it in general terms to the reader. He will find it replete with interest from the great variety of topics that are introduced. Of course, the contemporary history of our own country, of the courts of Elizabeth and James, take their place in that wide range of subject which Mr Motley embraces. We are not aware that any new light is thrown on the conduct of Queen Elizabeth and her Ministers; but the relations between France and the Netherlands, and the politics of the French Court, are brought more distinctly before us than has been done, to our knowledge, in any previous history. We need not say that to the main theme of the narrative ample justice is done. The nascent Republic of Holland is honoured in all her enterprises, on land and sea, but not more honoured than she deserves.

Our readers are by this time well acquainted with Mr Motley's peculiarities of style and manner. There is no occasion that we should here comment on them. His well-deserved popularity stands conspicuous, and may defy the cavils of the critic. We ourselves read his pages with undiminished pleasure. Yet we venture to hint—since our author intends to continue his historical writings—that there are some peculiarities of style that are already carried quite as far as is safe. There is sometimes a reckless throwing about of epithets,* a slashing manner, sharp phrases in short paragraphs, that more remind us of the writing we meet with in novels, than what we are accustomed to find in historical works. Let none suppose that we are reviving the antiquated claim for the *dignity* of

* It is not worth while to occupy the text with proofs of the very slight fault we are hinting at, but as an instance of what we mean, the reader may turn, if he pleases, to the bottom of p. 234, vol. iii., and note a sentence beginning thus:—"Amid all the hubbub of learned doctors of law, archbishops, Leaguer and political, Sorbonne pedants, solemn grandees from Spain with Latin orations in their pockets, intriguing Guises, huckstering Mayennes, wrathful Huguenots, sanguinary cardinal-legates, threatening world-monarchs, heralded by Spanish musketeers, Italian lancers, German reiters, shrill screams of warning from the English Queen, grim denunciations from Dutch Calvinists, scornful repulses," &c. &c. This is not pleasing,—would be fatiguing if we had much of it. But it occurs in patches only, which we instinctively hurry over, just as one jumps over the muddy places in the road.

history; there are abundant examples to show us that history may be well written in any style in which a cultivated man naturally speaks or thinks. The fatal tendency we would caution against is not to the too unstudied style, but to one of manifest and tasteless *effort*, the too evident strain to be smart and pungent. We beg to say that it is a *tendency* only we speak of in the present case. It is only occasionally that we feel the disposition to hurry over a paragraph which might become displeasing if too closely scanned.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

POLITICAL PRIZE COURTS.

I HAVE often thought of the wisdom that instituted Prize Courts, and decreed that there should be a close and searching investigation into the claims of those who demanded to be rewarded by prize-money. First of all, it threw an air of legality over "loot," a matter of no small consequence; and secondly, it tempered down by time, delay, and hesitation, the fierce passions of those who had put their faith in rapine.

It was essentially necessary to distinguish between boarding and burglary—to show that the heroism of the one case may be the felony of another; and then, the law's wise delays interposed in a most salutary manner to indicate that though a man may seize by violence he can only retain by right, and that there is a world-wide difference in signification between the words to "have" and to "hold."

It was vexatious, no doubt, for the brave fellow who had been first up the breach or the earliest to scramble over the enemy's bulwarks to feel that certain elderly gentlemen in arm-chairs around a green-covered table, who incurred no deadlier peril than an over-heated room, should sit for months long higgling and hair-splitting over the reward of an achievement, the very reading about which set them trembling all over. Jack would like to have seen one of those drab-coloured men just for five minutes where he had been. It would reconcile him to much of their careful slowness and sifting discrimination, if he could but believe that there was even one amongst them who would have remembered his own name at such a moment. This, however, was not possible, and the only thing to be done was to wait patiently for the award, and accept it when it came.

There is, however, nothing so good in the system of the Prize Court as the fact that its decrees are made by men who have never participated in any way in the struggles they are called on to investigate, and who bring to the inquiry the quiet plodding habits of mind and thought they would bestow on a complicated account. There they sit, discoursing of smashed skulls and fractured thigh-bones as so many items in a bankrupt's schedule, and appraising bravery and dash as an excise officer measures the amount of alcohol in a hogshead of port. I say the excellence of the system consists in the fact that the rewards are not apportioned by men who have shared in the expedition, and who consequently would be likely to accord an undue importance to what they have themselves seen, and a proportionate disbelief of all that they only heard of, but by a calm tribunal, who have no interest in exalting

this incident or depreciating that, and who can have no favouritism nor any preferences.

I do not know that it is possible to overrate the value of this principle; for while it secures to the claimant the fairest of all courts of justice, it also relieves the leader of an expedition of the invidious position he would be placed in if called on to decide rival claims and apportion contested rewards. The man who saves his chief's life in battle would certainly, in that chief's eyes, be deemed more worthy of recompense than he who perhaps decided by some prompt action the fate of the day; and yet the Prize Court would not make such an award.

I incline, therefore, to think that it is a great gain to have a well-conducted recognised tribunal to decide on these claims, and that, even at the price of delay, the benefit is one not to be denied. So assured am I that the system works well for the community, that I would like to ask, Might we not carry it out further, and import it into the world of political life?

Are we not all agreed in thinking that there is nothing that imparts such an air of jobbery to political life as the fact that the accession of a particular man to power means the immediate rise of a whole host of followers, whose only claim is their connection with the great man's fortunes? In the great fight which culminated in his victory they may have done nothing, or next to nothing. Many were not even in the action; and yet when the hour of distributing the spoil has come none are absent. It is this rush of comparatively unknown and unrecognised individuals into prominence and notoriety that outrages the masses, who cannot see why it should rain honours and rewards on men who have achieved nothing. But even of those who have fought, how many are there who were mere partisans — the henchmen of this or that chief, whose star they trusted and whose destiny they believed in!

Now, I want to see the loot of the Treasury benches fairly divided. I want an equitable partition of the spoils when the fight is over. He who storms Whitehall will naturally enough think more of the men who have stood nigh him in the assault, and whose vigorous cheers have rung out above the din of battle. *Suum cuique*—let those people have their fitting rewards. Let the man who furnished the apt quotation, let him who remembered the additional line from Horace that destroyed all the point "of the hon. gentleman's apt scholarship," let the brave fellow who rescued Darby Griffith, or carried the wounded Gaselee off the field, be remembered. Be not unmindful also of that ready reckoner who is ever on the watch for a "count out." If there be not Victoria Crosses to bestow, there are gaugerships and consulates. Harbour-masters are needed at Nootka Sound, and port-surveyors at Heligoland; but do not, I beseech you, convert your corporals into lieutenant-colonels, nor make major-generals out of sergeants.

A Political Prize Court, ably and honestly administered, would do all that I ask for. I know there are excellent people who would like to hand over these things to competitive examination, and put the postulant for the Chancellorship of Exchequer through his decimals, and give the Foreign Secretary a canter through Servia and the Herzegovina; for we are all pretty well agreed that the only minister who is bound to know nothing about his department is the First Lord of the Admiralty. It might seem invidious to say that no party in the State would so much benefit by this arrangement as the Whigs, who would see the Greys, Elliots, and Russells provided for without that interposition of family influence which the nation looks at with such

dissatisfaction—for of course we all know that a Prize Court would feel how necessary it was to respect vested interests, and take care of those whose forefathers have been cared for so long.

I do not dwell on another benefit, though it is one of some moment—I mean the gratification men would feel in accepting their rewards from the decree of a tribunal rather than from the munificence of a patron. I'd like to feel I was made a tide-waiter by a sort of national fiat, and not by the caprice of the Right Honourable the First Lord. The whole course of modern events, in political as well as in social life, is to obliterate small people. It would appear that great intelligences like to play the game of life like the game of piquet, by first throwing out all the small cards. Now I don't like this, and I protest loudly against it. Perhaps I am more bitterly opposed to it that I am a small, a very small, card myself—not higher in the pack than what Yankees call "the two spot of clubs." As the world will, however, continue to the end to have a large majority of little people—people who really exert a very adventitious and fourth-rate influence in life—would it not be a wise policy, in these days of compound householder and lodger franchise, to assume that they are here for something, and not to ignore them completely? My plan of a Prize Court would go a good way towards this.

In the days of the first Empire it used to be said that every recruit carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack; and without asserting that every new chosen Member has a prospective interest in the Treasury bench, let us at least suppose that he connects his success in the House with some state of future reward, and see what vigour it will impart to him. What courage in the breach! what daring in the *mêlée!*

As to the comfort and freedom it would afford the Minister to relieve him of the embarrassment of patronage, it is only necessary to listen for a moment to those men who have held Cabinet office, and who feel that the pains of refusal are a heavy set-off against all the pleasures of conferring place, and the inevitable necessity that, for one case of very doubtful gratitude, you have secured to yourself the undying dislike of at least fifty unsuccessful applicants.

Last of all. When we have before us the spectacle of an Opposition composed of men who differ on almost every question of the day—an Opposition in which the aristocratic Whig rubs shoulders with the rampant Irish Democrat, where Nonconformist hugs Papist, and timid Constitutionalism gives its hand to more than American Democracy, but who merge all differences in the desire to hang on by the fortunes of a leader they "have backed to win"—when we see how little Principle has to do where Promotion is in prospect, would it not be a boon to us, whose fate is to be governed by these men, if they were to be rewarded for other merits than those of subserviency to a summons, and the alacrity with which they respond to the crack of a party whip? It is a very intelligible if not a creditable line of argument that says, "I'm not sure as to the benefit of disendowing the Church, but I know it will endow *me.*" The sooner we get rid of such simple roads to conviction the better, and I see no readier way than by a Political Prize Court.

JAMAICA COMMITTEES.

I hope that when "the honour of England and the interests of humanity and justice" shall have been vindicated by the prosecution of ex-Governor Eyre, the high-souled patriotism which has so ably and energetically carried on these proceedings will not relax its efforts, but vigorously attack those other men who, placed in positions of honour and influence, have used exalted station and power to compromise the credit and tarnish the fame of the country they served.

There is that terrible sameness about crime, and especially about crime in which great cruelty forms the chief element, that the story of one man's derelictions may often serve for many, and the same indictment suffice against offenders separated by every circumstance of clime, accident, or condition. Crown prosecutors know the advantage of working in these grooves, and how smoothly the machine of the law moves along the broad gauge of precedent and custom. It will then be easy for our humanitarians, when they have succeeded against Governor Eyre, to extend their proceedings to that greater and more conspicuous criminal who has just tarnished the honour of England in Abyssinia.

Like case, like rule. Eyre convicted, it will not be difficult, I should say, to bring Sir Robert Napier to condign punishment. Thanks to those noble-hearted and generous men—a credit and a glory to the nation they belong to—who have instituted the Eyre prosecution, and who have shown themselves, in the press and before the law, animated by a spirit so pure, so lofty, so devoid of all personal rancour, and so free from every trace of partisanship, we are at last enabled to trace the disasters of Jamaica to their true source, and to see, in the person of her Majesty's representative, the cause and origin of cruelties that would have been a disgrace to a tribe of Indians. It is true he has not yet been tried and convicted legally, but there is a greater and higher and more unerring tribunal than that of judge and juries, before which he has been arraigned and found guilty. The public opinion of the Anti-Eyre Fund has already decreed his guilt; and when he comes to think over the spirit which dictated the organisation, and some of the names who figure as its supporters, he would be a rash man who would dispute the force or justice of its award.

There is something so grand and so imposing in the action of Lynch law, that however we may occasionally be shocked by the precipitancy and thoroughness of its action, yet are we ever consoled by the thought that where this wild justice exists in the heart of a nation, there must be a deeply-founded sense of right and honour; and that the people who reject the infamy of crime as a personal taint are a noble and splendid spectacle of humanity.

I know of my own knowledge what Continental nations say of this great prosecution—how they are struck by the majesty of that people who can assume at a moment's notice all the responsibilities of a governing power, and who know better than courts and cabinets of the merits of public servants, and who, unaided by the wearisome details of documents and despatches, can detect the secret workings of conspiracy in a distant colony, and trace out all the mysterious meanderings of guilt by a mere glance at the veracious paragraphs of a local newspaper.

I say I know the envious spirit in which foreigners canvass these things, and how malevolently they would, if they could, decry the enormous advantages of that popular control over a government at

once the pride and glory of all that calls itself English. Frenchmen may affect to declare that these national outbursts are not evidences of a well-regulated state,—just as they mockingly said the charge at Balaclava was "not war," though even envy could not deny it was magnificent.

Germans, in their prosy habits of routine, may protest that the work of administration could not proceed with force or effect if subjected to the disturbing influence of popular passions, and those "unerring instincts" of interference which mobs are gifted with as a birthright.

Italians indeed envy—they own that they envy—a procedure which invests vengeance with a national colouring, and cheers on an entire people to the persecution of one man. Nor is the satisfaction lessened by the thought that it was an individual highly placed and considered, trusted by his superiors, and approved of by his Sovereign. How pleasant it would have been to have turned on Cavour for the peace of Villafranca! and what a noble enthusiasm it would have evoked had the Milan mob stoned that statesman as he passed through on his flight to Geneva! The happy opportunity was lost, and to England is left the honour of that initiative which might have belonged to Italy.

It is a consoling sign, however, of that popular vitality which now glads the heart of patriotism throughout the globe, that statesmen are watched and weighed with an accuracy unknown in former times; and it is a significant and important fact, that since the birth of that Princess at Pesth who ought to have been a Prince, the popularity of Baron Beust has steadily decreased, and falls daily lower and lower. People will be deceived no longer. Courtiers may smile and chamberlains may cajole, but the masses—those glorious representatives of all that is great and high-souled in humanity—will not stoop to be duped and cheated; and however adroit in statecraft, and crafty in the devices of a cabinet, a minister must now answer at the bar of public opinion, and explain, if he can, why popular wishes are disregarded, and why the hopes of a whole people are flouted and despised.

It is positively marvellous how even a few men of the Beales and Potter stamp can leaven the whole mass of humanity, and how completely the atmosphere of jobbery is purified by the wholesome influence of their presence. The appeal to white sympathy for the black man is, however, never made in vain. It is like one of those great national airs, to hear a few bars of which is alone enough to call forth a perfect thunder of applause. Next to our roast beef and bitter beer, I believe we like our nigger,—and he is as much an institution as either of them. It is for this reason, I say, that, Governor Eyre convicted, let us at once proceed against Napier. That he is mainly responsible for the death of Theodore, I believe no lawyer of any eminence will dispute. The cruel, gratuitously cruel, rejection of all terms of surrender, the insolent desire to humiliate, the inhuman appeal to brute force to terminate negotiations still pending, and the open violation of the sanctity of a home, were outrages that might well have carried a proud and unbending spirit to the last limit of endurance. It is fortunate at this moment that the enlightened press of our daily papers teem with articles tending to show how much the great monarch's character and nature have been misunderstood and misrepresented. The supposed cruelties to his prisoners turn out to be the somewhat capricious attentions of a warm-hearted and impulsive man; and as to those acts of inhumanity ascribed to him with regard to his own people, it should be borne in mind that Abyssinians have not the same terror of death that we

should find in the inhabitants of Southwark or the Tower Hamlets, and that a code we should deem over-sanguinary for ourselves, might by them be regarded as a safe and wholesome state of the law. Let us therefore begin by enlisting a strong public sympathy in favour of Theodore, and in separate articles exhibit Theodore the Legislator, Theodore the Warrior, and Theodore the Christian. The width of the base of the building is an immense strength; and when the day of popular discussion arrives, it will be seen how adversaries, on grounds the most dissimilar and even contradictory, will agree to terms of alliance and fraternity. All the cruelties which he might and did not perpetrate on his English prisoners, can also be adduced as evidences of the mildness of his disposition; and certainly I agree with the writer of one of our morning papers, where he hints that if a respected gentleman, one of the prisoners, was only personally as tiresome as his letters bespeak him, a cooler temper than King Theodore's might have been tempted to get rid of him.

A careful examination of all the steps taken against Eyre, will be a safe guide for the persecution of Napier. That Eyre was needlessly terrified by a harmless display of popular fervour—that he mistook the nature of the people he was dealing with — that from cowardice he passed on to cruelty, the invariable transition in men of small natures — that he believed every story that reached him, and that he hurried along in a course of reckless, unthinking severity—that he had personal reasons for animosity against certain individuals, —will all apply with equal force to Napier. The same unchristian impetuosity, the same inhuman ardour to deal with his victim, existed in one case as in the other; and as Eyre's subordinates have been worried and persecuted, let not Napier's escape. I hope that Phayre, and Mereweather, and Staveley, shall be taught that even in the discharge of what they deem a duty, the principles of humanity must not be outraged, nor the sacred rights of justice and mercy be trampled on and despised.

As to that stupid interrogation, Who will now serve the Crown if this be the measure meted out to them? let us always remember that we live in an age of great capacity and great courage. Beales would take the Home Office tomorrow, and I have not a doubt that Pagan O'Leary, when he comes out of prison, would accept the Irish Secretaryship. As to the offices of Lord Chancellor, Governorship of India, and Viceroyalty of Ireland, let us put them up to public tender, and I am ready to vouch for it we shall save fully two-thirds of the present salaries. The first great lesson is to teach men in office to whom they are to hold themselves responsible—that, however they may be in correspondence with Secretaries of State, receiving instructions, cautions, or injunctions from those in authority, the real masters are the mighty masses whose will is interpreted by Potter, and whose decrees are signed "Beales."

Until the governing classes know this—until they find that till their acts have received the sanction of the greasy demagogues of Trafalgar Square the approval of their immediate superiors is as nothing—until they shall be taught that in all moments of difficulty, in times of immense emergency, the great thing to be thought of is, What shall be said of us in Houndsditch?—until this happy era shall arrive, we may expect to hear of many atrocities as terrible as the suppressed rebellion of Jamaica, and many national disgraces as humiliating as the finished war in Abyssinia.

A HINT FOR "THE HOUSE."

There was once on a time, and not a great many years ago, a fair in Ireland, which had a very remarkable reputation for the promptitude of its sales, the businesslike despatch of all its transactions, and the certainty that he who came to sell, or he whose desire it was to buy, did not lose his time by repairing to Ballyragget. The spirit of dealing was represented there in its strongest and boldest characters. All the hesitations, mock reserves, and pretended reluctances of barter, were banished; there were none of the coquetries of bargaining permitted. Men asked the price they intended to stand by, and the buyer agreed to the terms or passed on elsewhere at once. Few condescended to vaunt their wares, and even the possessor of a prize pig has been known to take the proud cordon from his tail, and let the snorter stand upon his visible merits of obesity. A Ballyragget bargain was, in fact, a synonym for all that was prompt, plain, and explicit in dealing, and there was about it an air of businesslike simplicity and directness which positively amazed people who had not witnessed these traits in action before. A tacit understanding prevailed, that he who wanted to sell his heifer, or he who desired to buy a pig, was a direct gainer by the despatch with which the object could be accomplished; and this conviction was so diffused, that the men who trusted rather to their abilities as puffers than to the quality of their wares avoided Ballyragget altogether, gave the fair itself very unusual names, and, in their ignorance, even called it un-Irish!

Now, as it was plainly evident that there was no class of people who frequented this fair exclusively; that there was not a population who only resorted to Ballyragget and refused to go elsewhere; that, in fact, it was the same peasantry who joked, wrangled, disputed, menaced, and ridiculed at other fair meetings who displayed their great business aptitudes at Ballyragget, the question arose, Why and how it happened that there should exist here usages and ways which never were seen to prevail elsewhere? To be sure it must be owned that men in other places, when desiring to waste no time over a bargain, but to deal promptly and decisively, have been heard to ask, "Is it Ballyragget?" meaning, Are we treating on the well-known principles of that straightforward locality?

How came it, then, that Ballyragget attained to its peculiar excellence? Was there anything in the place, the climate, the traditions, or the time of the year in which the fair was held, to account for usages so novel and so remarkable, and so little likely to prevail in the land where we find them?

The answer is easy, and gives no pretext for any abstruse or ingenious theorising as to the place or the frequenters. The Fair of Ballyragget stood in the calendar for the 21st, 22d, and 23d August, but the first day was entirely devoted to fighting! On that day no man thought of business. Traffic was as rigorously excluded as if it were the Sabbath. The people came for diversion; and what could there be in that line to compare with the pleasure of damaging your neighbour's occiput or smashing his ribs? All the little bickerings and ill-wills that had been fostering and festering for a twelvemonth came now for settlement. It was a doomsday of mutual judgments; and people who would have scorned to be thought brawlers or rioters came openly forward now to clear off the scores of their several wrongs—get a receipt in full for their injuries.

If Ballyragget was businesslike in its sales, it was no less prompt and active with the shillelah; and few blackthorns that had served in the *mêlée* were without honourable signs of their contact with the skulls of the finest peasantry in Europe.

It might be thought that they who had passed Monday in mutilating each other, could scarcely command on Tuesday that frame of mind that conduces to the transaction of business, and that one might have felt some reluctance to deal with the man who had smashed your nose. This is entirely error. The day of conflict over, animosities ended with it; and a man no more thought of being paid twice for his cow than of asking a second reparation for his wrong of the day before. Pleasure discussed, business followed naturally and uninterruptedly. Those discursive rows, those drunken incursions which interfere with traffic elsewhere, were unknown in Ballyragget. The day appointed for such transactions was as rigidly kept and devoted to them as the pig fair was separated from the flax market, and the most abandoned disturbers of the public peace would not have rioted when business had begun. It was this division of labour, this admirable separation of the hours of play from those of work, that made Ballyragget famous, and gave it that character for purpose and performance which established its credit throughout the country. It is possible that those boys of Kilkenny—those "fine roving blades," as the song calls them—contributed more to the amusements of the first day than to the profitable transactions of the following ones; and that he who was eager to sell his hoggets or dispose of his fillies deferred his arrival till the second morning of the fair. Nothing more likely than this. Tastes will differ. We see people leave after the opera, and others who only come in for the ballet, &c. There was nothing better in the system of Ballyragget than the fact that the amusement of the idlers never clashed nor interfered with the industrious occupations of the business man.

Now, looking to the spectacle the House of Commons has lately presented to us, might we not, without any presumption, ask, Is there not something to be learned from the habits of Ballyragget? Could there not be a stated period —the Government might give a day — for personalities, — a time set specially apart for attack and insult, contradiction and invective, where all the animosities that we now find interchanged, to the great detriment of debate, could be pleasantly imparted, and replied to in the same courteous spirit?

Why do we hear nothing in the press, in our clubs, in the world at large, but complaints that the time of Parliament is frittered away, the business of the House in arrear, the session half lost, the very grants for the public service in arrear? Is it not that the collective wisdom prefers wrangling to business, and likes baiting a Minister better than passing a Bill? There was a time when men addressed themselves to the work of the session seriously, steadily, conscientiously. They stored their minds with whatever bore upon the measure before them —read upon it, talked upon it, and meditated over it, so that they might speak with authority, and be heard with deference. How is it now? Why, one personality is better than a score of arguments; an insulting reference to something spoken or written twenty years back, the quotation of some rhetorical artifice at a civic dinner, are worth all the energy of Pitt and the wisdom of Burke.

How could it be supposed the business of the session could go on

with interruptions which inflame passions and outrage feelings? When statistics come associated with sarcasms—a snowball with a stone in it—the spirit of rejoinder is addressed to the personality, and not to the argument.

How it degrades party, too, to convert it into faction-fighting! How it lowers the tone of debate, and diminishes the respect with which the nation should regard its deliberative Assembly!

To inveigh against every inconsistency of public men—to ransack their lives to discover how, a quarter of a century back, they said or wrote something which should not chime in with their language today—is simply to avow total ignorance of human nature. Every man who has talked much, or written much, will have said and written scores of things that involved contradictions. It is only your silent, self-contained, and not uncommonly stupid fellow who is always consistent. Mediocrity has very few indiscretions; just as the miser who rarely changes a shilling has less risk of finding a bad penny in his purse. And, after all, would the nation who owns these men, who is proud of them and looks up to them, barter the frank confidences they exchange, with all its dangers and occasional slips, for a prim propriety that never lapsed into a prediction, nor rescued itself by a joke? Party warfare has been carried too far; and although we who only look on may be amused with the conflict, the thought *will* invade, that we have a heavy stake, not on the issue of the struggle, but on the best compromise the combatants can hit on, and that we care far less who shall be the victor than that the victory shall be to our benefit.

Let the House, then, take a lesson from Ballyragget. Let them have their day for every personality and insolence. That over, let them leave their blackthorns at home and look after their muttons, like honest stewards of their country's interests.

MARCUS ANTONIUS.

'Tis vain, Fonteus!—As the half-tamed steed,
Scenting the desert, lashes madly out,
And strains and storms and struggles to be freed,
Shaking his rattling harness all about—
So, fiercer for restraint, here in my breast
Hot passion rages, firing every thought;
For what is honour, prudence, interest
To the wild strength of love? O best of life,
My joy, bliss, triumph, glory, my soul's wife,
My Cleopatra! I desire thee so
That all restraint to the wild winds I throw.
Come what come will, come life, come death, to me
'Tis equal, if again I look on thee.
Away, Fonteus! tell her that I rage
With madness for her. Nothing can assuage
The strong desire, the torment, the fierce stress
That whirls my thoughts round, and inflames my brain,
But her great ardent eyes—dark eyes, that draw
My being to them with a subtle law
And an almost divine imperiousness.
Tell her I do not live until I feel
The thrill of her wild touch, that through each vein
Electric shoots its lightning; and again
Hear those low tones of hers, although they steal
As by some serpent-charm my will away,
And wreck my manhood.
Oh! Octavia,
This lying galls me, and 'tis worse than vain!
Life is too short to waste in love's pretence,
In the bleak shadow of indifference.
And you—what are you but a galling chain!
I hate you that I cannot hate you more.
Even hate for you is only cold and dull—
Cold as your heart, and dull as is your sense.
Were you but savage, wicked to the core,
Less pious, prudish, prudent, made to rule,
I might have loved or hated more; but now
Nothing on earth seems half so deadly chill
As your insipid smile and placid brow,
Your glacial goodness and proprieties.

Tell my dear serpent I must see her—fill
My eyes with the glad light of her great eyes,
Though death, dishonour, anything you will,
Stand in the way! Ay, by my soul! disgrace
Is better in the sun of Egypt's face
Than pomp or power in this detested place.
Oh! for the wine my queen alone can pour
From her rich nature! Let me starve no more
On this weak tepid drink that never warms
My life-blood: but away with shams and forms!
Away with Rome! One hour in Egypt's eyes

Is worth a score of Roman centuries.
Away, Fonteus! Tell her, till I see
Those eyes I do not live—that Rome to me
Is hateful. Tell her—Oh! I know not what!—
That every thought and feeling, space and spot
Is like an ugly dream, where she is not;
All persons plagues; all doing wearisome;
All talking empty; all these feasts and friends—
These slaves and courtiers, princes, palaces—
This Cæsar, with his selfish aims and ends,
His oily ways and sleek hypocrisies—
This Lepidus; and, worse than all by far,
This mawkish, pious, prude Octavia—
Are bonds and fetters, tedious as disease,
Not worth the parings of her finger-nails.

Oh for the breath of Egypt!—the soft nights
Of the voluptuous East—the dear delights
We tasted there—the lotus-perfumed gales
That dream along the low shores of the Nile,
And softly flutter in the languid sails!
Oh for the queen of all!—for the rich smile
That glows like autumn over her dark face—
For her large nature—her enchanting grace—
Her arms, that are away so many a mile!
Away, Fonteus!—lose no hour—make sail—
Weigh anchor on the instant—woo a gale
To blow you to her. Tell her I shall be
Close on your very heels across the sea,
Praying that Neptune send me storms as strong
As Passion is, to sweep me swift along,
Till the white spray sing whistling round my prow,
And the waves gurgle 'neath the keel's sharp plough.
Fly, fly, Fonteus! When I think of her
My soul within my body is astir!
My wild blood pulses, and my hot cheeks glow!
Love with its madness overwhelms me so
That I—Oh! go, I say! Fonteus, go!——

W. W. S.

ORESTES.

How tranquil is the night! how calm and deep
This sacred silence! Not an olive leaf
Is stirring on the slopes; all is asleep—
All silent, save the distant drowsy streams
That down the hillsides murmur in their dreams.
The vast sad sky all breathless broods above,
And peace and rest this solemn temple steep.
Here let us rest: it is the hour of love,
Forgetting human pain and human grief.

But see! half-hidden in the columned shade,
Who panting stands, with hollow eyes dismayed,

That glance around as if they feared to see
Some dreaded shape pursuing? Can it be
Orestes, with that face so trenched and worn—
That brow with sorrow seamed, that face forlorn?
Ay, 'tis Orestes! we are not alone.
What human place is free from human groan?
Ay, 'tis Orestes! In the temple there,
Refuge he seeks from horror, from despair.
Look! where he listens, dreading still to hear
The avenging voices sounding in his ear—
The awful voices that, by day and night,
Pursue relentless his despairing flight.
Ah! vain the hope to flee from Nemesis!
He starts—again he hears the horrent hiss
Of the fierce Furies through the darkness creep.
And list! along the aisles the angry sweep,
The hurrying rush of trailing robes, as when,
Through shivering pines asleep in some dim glen,
Fierce Auster whispers. Yes, even here they chase
Their haunted victim—even this sacred place
Stays not their fatal footsteps. As they come,
Behold him with that stricken face of doom
Fly to the altar, and there falling prone,
Strike with his brow Apollo's feet of stone.
"Save me!" he cries; "Apollo! hear and save;
Not even the dead will sleep in their dark grave.
They come—the Furies! To this tortured breast
Not even night, the calm, the peaceful, can give rest.
Stretch forth thy hand, great god! and bid them cease.
Peace, O Apollo! give the victim peace!"

See! the white arm above him seems to wave,
And all at once is silent as the grave,
And sleep stoops down with noiseless wings outspread,
And brooding hovers o'er Orestes' head;
And like a gust that roars along the plain
Seaward, and dies far off, so dies the pain,
The deep remorse, that long his life hath stung,
And he again is guiltless, joyous, young.
Again he plays, as in the olden time,
Through the cool marble halls, unstained by crime.
Hope holds his hands, joy strikes the sounding strings,
Love o'er him fluttering shakes his purple wings,
And sorrow hides her face, and dark death creeps
Into the shade, and every Fury sleeps.
Sleep! sleep, Orestes! let thy torments cease!
Sleep! great Apollo grants thy prayer for peace.
Sleep! while the dreams of youth around thee play,
And the fierce Furies rest.—Let *us* away.

W. W. S.

SHALL WE FOLLOW THIS MAN?

THE time is approaching when the country will be required to choose between two rival candidates for the highest office under the Crown. Ostensibly the Liberals may go to the country with a cry of, "Down with the Established Church in Ireland!" Most heartily we trust that they may; because, in spite of the line taken by the moribund House of Commons, and the applause with which it has been greeted in the Radical newspapers, we very much deceive ourselves if there be not among the people of England, and of Scotland and of Ireland too, perspicacity enough to determine for themselves to what such a cry is pointing. It appears, therefore, to us more probable, that though the disestablishment of the Irish Church must be treated as one of the acts for which Mr Gladstone deserves the support of the country, his chances of acceding to power and bringing Mr Bright with him will turn upon more claims than one. It will be shown, or the attempt will be made to make it appear, that he is the most honest of statesmen; that to him we are indebted for every blessing which we enjoy; that he has had in view from the first the best interests of the people, and steadily and persistently striven to effect his great purpose. Now men, like trees, are best judged of by the fruits which they bear. If Mr Gladstone's career will stand examination on the score of honesty and unselfish consistency, then nothing is left for us except to acknowledge that, in opposing him as we have heretofore done, we are to blame. If, on the other hand, unprejudiced inquiry result in an issue the very reverse of this—if it turn out that no living statesman has so often changed his opinions, and changed them on every occasion as if for the purpose of pushing himself forward—then, as it appears to us, we shall have done well in offering to him all the opposition in our power. And a still more important issue is raised: Whom are we—whom is the country hereafter to look to as its leader? We will do our best in this and in some subsequent paper to answer these questions.

There is no separating the leader of a party from his party, nor the conduct of the many from that of the individual whom they have selected to guide their counsels. The motives which operate in the individual will operate more or less strongly in the mass, and their acts be alike coloured by the passions which lead to them. We cannot pretend to feel the least surprise that the Liberal members of the present House of Commons, however well defined the shades of opinion among themselves, should have entered upon the Parliamentary campaign of 1868 in the worst possible temper. A game which was as surely in their own hands as ever game could be in the hands of the most practised of professionals, they had ridiculously thrown away. The question of Parliamentary Reform, which had well served their purpose so long as they made use of it as a means of harassing the enemy, proved a rock ahead the moment they began seriously to deal with it. They ran upon that rock in the most reckless and unaccountable manner, and fell to pieces. They fell to pieces too, not because their adversaries were strong enough to beat them in fair fight, but because Lord Palmerston's death seemed to remove the single bond of cohesion which kept their discordant elements together. Now

it is bad enough to be beaten under any circumstances, especially on a field which we have ourselves selected; it is infinitely worse to feel that we owe our defeat to our own lack of discretion or of temper, or of both. But to the lack of discretion and forethought on the part of some of their chiefs, and to the total inability to restrain their temper in others, the Liberal party is, without doubt, indebted for the misfortunes of which they complain. It was not Mr Disraeli and the Tories, but Mr Gladstone and Mr Lowe, and their respective followers, that broke up the Liberal party. Mr Gladstone, ill-advised, perhaps misled, entered upon an enterprise from which, though the blunder soon became apparent to him, he was too obstinate to withdraw. Mr Lowe, with a considerable section of members calling themselves Liberal, objected to the enterprise; but objected by no means on the same ground. Whether Mr Gladstone failed to see the opportunity which opposition, thus incoherent, presented to him, or whether his pride took fire, and he flung the opportunity from him, is a doubt which we are not concerned to solve. The results, however, are on record. He abandoned his measure of Parliamentary Reform in disgust, and, with his colleagues, quitted office. Bear in mind what followed. Mr Lowe and others of the recalcitrant Liberals, had objected to any change whatever in the constituencies. They regarded the Reform Act of 1832 as a perfect measure, and opposed alike the lowering of the franchise, whether in counties or boroughs, and all interference with the distribution of political influences throughout the country. If any one of them—say, for example, Mr Lowe—had been able to command the allegiance of the thirty or forty members who went with him, then the matter in dispute between the retiring and the incoming Ministers might have been defined and settled. In this case it would have been competent to Lord Derby, if he thought fit, sustained by so large a defection from the other side, to go in for a policy of "rest and be thankful;" it would have been possible for him to keep the constituencies as he found them, and to apply all his energies to that which is admitted to be of urgent necessity—Departmental Reform. But Mr Lowe could claim to exercise no such influence over his fellow-occupants of the Cave. A considerable section of these would have gone heartily, or otherwise, with Mr Gladstone, if he had not, as they professed to believe, endeavoured to cajole them. Their objections lay more to the manner in which change was proposed, than to change itself. They declined to support a measure of which only a fragment was proposed to them in the first instance, and took offence, as they had good reason to do, at the insolence with which their scruples were treated. Making common cause with Mr Lowe, therefore, to throw out the Bill, they at once took ground apart from him, their object being accomplished. To them, as subsequent events have shown, the resignation of Lord Russell's Administration proved to be an embarrassment rather than the reverse. They could not coalesce with Mr Lowe, nor support any Government which adopted his political opinions. They were not strong enough to form a nucleus round which a third party might gather. The general aspect of things became, in consequence, as unprecedented and incongruous as it could well be, and the results are before us. Sections of Liberals who had allied themselves with Tories to accomplish a particular purpose, carried their point. Their own leader, become personally obnoxious to them, was overthrown. They raised a shout of triumph which, to the bystanders, sounded very like a

wail, and forthwith broke up into fragments.

It is no longer a secret that in coming to the determination to resign, the Liberal Government of 1866 were influenced by hopes which, in their result, deceived them. They never counted on the adoption of a Reform policy by their rivals. They had measured the strength, or supposed that they had done so, of the more obdurate section of their own recalcitrant followers, and believed that it was insufficient to sustain Lord Derby in his anti-Reform policy. Their intention, therefore, was, as soon as the fitting opportunity occurred, to move some abstract resolution affirming the necessity of change; and they reckoned confidently, first, on having it resisted, and, next, on beating the Tories, and forcing them to resign. They were not at this time afraid of a dissolution, for two reasons. They did not believe that on such a question the Tories would have the courage to dissolve, and if a dissolution did take place, they were pretty sure that the elections would go in their favour. Besides, they were angry with their own party, and, as angry men invariably do, they looked at matters, both proximate and remote, through a jaundiced medium. Mr Bright, as he has himself assured us, entreated the Government, as soon as it got into difficulties, to dissolve. The Government did not care to stand out before the world as his creatures absolutely; and they further flattered themselves that a show of moderation in this respect would tell more in their favour than an act of rigour. They would not put the country to the inconvenience—not they—nor their own stanch supporters to the expense, of a fresh struggle so soon after the election of a decidedly Liberal Parliament. Why? Because they really cared about these things? No; but because they desired to get credit for caring about them, being at the same time convinced that they should carry their point perhaps more effectually with the House of Commons as it was. The Tories dared not adopt a Reform policy, or, if they did, it must inevitably fall so far short of the scheme which the Liberals had just propounded, that the bare proposal of it must lead to their overthrow. Then would Lord Russell and Mr Gladstone return to power, absolute masters of the situation, and do their work, whatever it might chance to be, with instruments exactly suited to the occasion—a House of Commons entirely subdued.

Such were the hopes, the sanguine hopes, entertained by Lord Russell and his colleagues in 1866, when, after an adverse decision on a point of no radical importance, they quitted office. How intensely these hopes deceived them, and to what desperate shifts they were subsequently driven, it will be our duty to point out by-and-by. Meanwhile, a word or two explanatory of the condition in which the Tories found themselves on being suddenly called upon to undertake the responsibility of power, will not be out of place.

It has been cast as a reproach at Lord Derby, that, finding himself called upon to form an Administration, he applied, in the first instance, to the chief men among the seceding Liberals, through whose co-operation Lord Russell's Ministry had been overthrown. There is surely no just ground of reproach in this. Nothing could be more natural, nothing more judicious, than that the leader of a party numerically weak should endeavour to strengthen himself by recruiting from his enemies. And, perhaps, had the Adullamites, or even a considerable section of them, acceded to Lord Derby's wishes, the state of the country might have been at this moment different from what it is. But the Adullamites declined to

listen to his overtures. Mr Lowe, as is well known, stood upon the ground of "No surrender." "If you take office determined to resist all electoral change, then I may join you. If you meditate any increase to the constituency, either by lowering the franchise or extending it laterally, then we are at issue." What Lord Grosvenor's reasons were for standing apart is not so obvious; but whatever they might be, this much at least we gather from the issue of the abortive negotiations. The idea of bringing in a Reform Bill under Tory auspices was certainly not the inspiration of a moment, but had been contemplated, perhaps matured, in the minds of Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli, long before there was any immediate prospect of their accession to office.

Thus far the controversy between Tories and Liberals may be said to have been conducted on both sides with due regard to constitutional usage. Mr Gladstone pressed his scheme, or rather Mr Bright's scheme, upon the House of Commons with all the power which he could command. It was threatened with defeat by an Opposition discordant upon many other points, yet perfectly agreeing in one—viz., hostility to the particular measure before the House, and to the Ministerial strategy in putting it forward. But no sooner were the Ministerialists made aware that they might be unable by constitutional means to secure the success of their policy, than they had recourse to means which were not constitutional. While the matter was still at issue—while their own measure was under the consideration of Parliament, they appealed in the most reckless manner from Parliament to the people, and, unfortunately, not in vain. Nor must our readers fail to keep another fact in view while pondering over Mr Gladstone's policy of 1866—that the leader of the then Opposition in the House of Commons, and the probable proximate Minister of the Crown, had never once throughout the debate uttered a single sentence antagonistic to Parliamentary Reform in the abstract. Other speakers delivered themselves distinctly enough on that head; Mr Disraeli, on the contrary, while objecting to a special measure, guarded himself with singular ability from appearing to make common cause with anti-Reformers, whether on one side of the House or another. When, therefore, during the earlier recess, Mr Gladstone went down to harangue in Lancashire, and Mr Bright and Mr Forster agitated elsewhere, the object which they had in view was not so much to bring odium upon the Tory party, as to overawe the House of Commons by inducing the people to interfere with the freedom of its deliberations. In like manner, by-and-by, when the change of Administration took place, those to whom Mr Gladstone had made his appeal—those to whom Mr Bright and Mr Forster gave their countenance—did their best to frighten the Sovereign into a reversal of the decision at which she had arrived. For what were the formation of leagues, the marshalling of processions, the gatherings in Trafalgar Square, and the disgraceful Hyde Park riots, except attempts on the part of a misguided populace to intimidate the Crown, by making it appear that the work of Government was impossible, if committed to any other hands than those which demagogues approved? Remember what the common cry of leagues, processions, and gatherings in Trafalgar Square was. "The people demand that the franchise shall be enlarged, and new and better blood infused into their own House of Parliament. The people look to Mr Gladstone to achieve

these objects for them. Therefore, the people will not obey the laws if a Tory Government attempt to administer them. They must have Gladstone to advise the Queen, and the Queen to do exactly as Mr Gladstone shall recommend."

Such was the state of public affairs during the last months of the session of 1866. The Tories were in office, but confessedly weak in the House of Commons. The Liberals, in opposition, believed that they held the House of Commons in leash, and exerted themselves to strengthen their position by taking the mob into their counsels. Every word spoken indoors and out rang to the same cadence. "The nation shall not be cheated out of its rights. You have, by guile, thwarted the nation's friends for a moment; but all this is to convince you that their success is ultimately certain, and the sooner you give place to them the better for yourselves and the country."

The recess came, and with it an extended agitation into the provinces, down into Scotland, away over to Ireland. Everywhere the same refrain was heard. Not one expression escaped the lips of a single Liberal leader indicative of a settled purpose except on one head, "We are not going to be balked of our Reform Bill." To the Church, whether in England or Ireland, no allusion whatever was made, except indirectly here and there by Mr Bright, and by Mr Bright alone. We had, to be sure, our friends the Roman Catholic Dean of Limerick, Sir John Gray, and others like them, eloquent enough on the outrage offered to their feelings by the maintenance of a Protestant Church in Ireland. But the Roman Catholic Dean and the member for Athlone referred, not indirectly, at the same time to a dissolution of the Union; the one project appearing both to them and to the rest of the country to be just as reasonable and just as easy of attainment as the other. As to Mr Gladstone, Lord Russell, Sir George Grey, and even Mr Forster—all these either avoided the subject of the Church entirely, or they positively interfered, if others in their presence brought it forward, to stifle discussion. They had other matters to discuss, other projects filling their minds. They were mustering their strength to fight an anti-Reform Administration, and counted surely on success.

The summer and autumn passed away, and in the early spring of 1867 Parliament met again. It had oozed out during the recess that the Ministers were hardly agreed among themselves; and when, again, Cabinet councils began to be frequent, one rumour after another respecting the subject-matter of their discussions made its way into the Clubs. At last the murder came out. The Tories were not going to fight the battle of resistance to all change. Experience had taught them that an enlargement of the constituencies of the country had become a necessity, and that, till a point should be reached such as might give a fair chance, at least, of stopping agitation, neither they nor any other Ministers whom the Crown might select would be able to carry on the business of the country. It would be impossible to exaggerate the amount of consternation and fury which the announcement to this effect, which was early given, produced among the Liberals. Now then, at last, they felt and admitted that they had fallen into the snare which was set for others. The plans which they had laid with so much care were all frustrated; the combinations which they had formed were useless. Not only was the ground cut away from beneath their feet, but the very bread was taken out of their mouths. As desperate men generally do, they laid themselves out to try desperate measures. How

far their policy has benefited, or is likely to benefit, the country, time will show.

It is not worth while, looking to the state in which affairs now stand, to linger long over the incidents which gave their character to Lord Derby's last Administration. On some of them it is scarcely agreeable to look back. There was a display of indecision and irresolution about the first steps of Ministers, in the direction on which they entered, that did little good to themselves or to their cause. It was humiliating to find them introduce first one measure of Reform into the House; then withdraw it; then feel their way to what might be attempted by proposing distinct resolutions; then withdraw their resolutions after they had been proposed. The process showed that they were not at one among themselves, and it gave enormous advantages to the enemy. Never, indeed, had such a course of legislation been heard of before, and, let us add, may it never be heard of again. But the reasons for it are obvious. A small section of the Cabinet would have preferred fighting to the death for the Constitution of 1832, and when prevailed upon to look beyond it, did so with a film upon their eyes. The majority yielded, so far as was possible, to scruples which they respected, and to men whom they knew to be honest and in earnest. But the majority could not surrender their own deliberately formed opinions to a minority however respectable. Hence the tentative process on which they ventured, concerning which there is no denying that it was as little dignified as it was unusual. Let us not forget, however, what the temper of the House of Commons was in 1867. Ministers could not with honour abandon their post only that the House should have forced back upon it leaders whom it refused to follow. They did not like, after parting from three of their ablest colleagues, to dissolve a Parliament which was barely twelve months old. Possibly they fancied that, though in a minority at first starting, they might succeed in process of time in attaching permanently to themselves a sufficient number of Conservative Liberals to give them the command of the House. Be this as it may, there is no denying that they did a very unusual thing in keeping their places after successive failures, and carrying their measure at last, subject to endless modifications, by the co-operation of their political enemies. Let us not, however, be misunderstood as representing this state of things as unconstitutional. Not at all. The Constitution takes no account whatever of parties, or of the allegiance due to party. It regards either House of Parliament as a deliberative assembly, wherein each individual member is expected, on every occasion, to exercise his own judgment and express his own opinion. But though not unconstitutional, nobody will say that it was other than a very unhappy state of things. Parliamentary government gained nothing in the respect of the people when they saw to what extraordinary uses it could be turned; and whatever has a tendency to bring discredit on Parliamentary government brings every other institution of the State into disrepute. But for this the leader of the Opposition and his principal advisers were entirely to blame. They could not understand why they should be left out in the shade, commanding all the while, or persuading themselves that they still commanded, a majority in the House; and their frantic efforts to reconquer Downing Street taxed to the uttermost the skill as well as the patriotism of their adversary. Still, the retrospect of all this—of concessions here and shiftings there, of cabals, intrigues,

dodges—is not satisfactory, any more than it is pleasant to look back upon the opportunity thereby afforded to individuals like Colonel Dixon and Mr Beales to become powers, so to speak, in the State. On the other hand, Lord Derby's Administration, having made up their minds to go in for Parliamentary Reform, could not well set aside the obligation of carrying a measure of some sort by any means and at all hazards. It was as clear to them as to the rest of the world that, with that question unsettled, the largest measure of political genius ever granted to man could effect nothing to meet the real wants of the country. Useful legislation had indeed come to a deadlock; and to remove the obstacles to real progress no concession to popular feeling could be too great, so long as the principles of the constitutional monarchy were preserved inviolate.

The session of 1867 saw the Reform Bill for England carried. A process of give and take altogether unprecedented had indeed been necessary to achieve that object; but achieved it was, to the great apparent content of all except Mr Bright and Mr Gladstone and their immediate followers. The Old Whigs hung their heads, to be sure, and spoke of being hurried to the verge of democracy. The Tories, with few and inconsiderable exceptions, expressed themselves convinced that all that could be done was done to save, in its essentials, the Constitution of which they are the main supports. Mr Gladstone lost what little command over his passions he had heretofore exercised, and spoke with as much of bitterness as of recklessness in regard to what must follow. For the first time in his long public life he took advantage of a political gathering during the recess to drop hints indicative of half-formed purposes of going to extremities in Church matters. It seemed to dawn upon his mind—it had never done so before—that at the root of the Fenian conspiracy lay, somehow or another, hostility on the part of the Irish towards the Church established among them by law. We were struck by the tenor of that speech at the time, and, if we mistake not, hazarded certain comments upon it. But certainly it never entered into our heads, or into the heads of any with whom we conversed, to imagine that the speaker was already meditating the device which he not long afterwards carried into effect. Indeed, we will go a little further. It may be doubted whether, but for the illness and consequent resignation of Lord Derby, Mr Gladstone would have taken the plunge that he took. Mr Gladstone has on every suitable occasion professed to entertain for Lord Derby personal esteem and respect. He has not always made these sentiments apparent, either in word or deed, in his dealings with Lord Derby as Minister. But then Mr Gladstone is a creature of strong impulses, for whom many allowances are expected to be made, as indeed many allowances are made. Of Mr Disraeli, on the other hand, he never speaks—we cannot suppose that he ever thinks—except as a perfect impersonation of the evil one. And in this feeling, we are sorry to say, not only the dregs of the Peelites, but the Parliamentary chiefs of the Whig portion of the Liberal party, largely participate. It was hard enough upon them to see Mr Disraeli leader of the House of Commons, carrying through a policy to which they were opposed, and fighting them at every turn for a year and a half. The thought of his presuming to aspire, and aspire successfully, to the office of First Lord of the Treasury, was enough to drive them wild. Rather than submit to such a degradation for a single day, Mr Gladstone, at least, was prepared to cast off the last shred of consistency and decorum

which up to that moment he had reserved. What, then, was to be done? How could the wretched parvenu be set aside? The business chalked out for the session of 1868 was, indeed, both important and simple. There was a Boundary Bill to be passed for England, a Bribery Bill for the three sections of the empire, and Reform Bills for Scotland and Ireland, neither of them free from difficulties. Could Mr Gladstone hope to cross his rival's path effectually on any one of these? Unhappily no. That crafty politician had so managed to play his cards during the session of 1867, that any attempt to break him down while seeking only to accomplish for Scotland and Ireland what he had done for England would clearly fail. A bolder policy must therefore be adopted. He should be attacked on a question where it was assumed that he would be found all but defenceless, and forced to fight for existence there. And the leader in the enterprise was to be, not Mr Bright nor Sir George Grey, far less Mr Forster or Mr Fawcett, but one whose past career we sketched at length not very many months ago, and to which, so far as it connects him with the Established Church and its interests, it seems expedient that we should again shortly revert at the present juncture.

Mr Gladstone entered Parliament in 1832, a disciple, but an instructed and discriminating disciple, of Drs Newman, Hawkins, and Pusey, and Mr Keble, as these English divines then taught. He took his seat upon the Opposition benches, behind Sir Robert Peel, eager to defend to the utmost of his ability the Church of his fathers. In 1833, two opportunities of doing so were presented to him, and he embraced them both. Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, brought in a bill to reduce the Irish Episcopate. Mr Gladstone, though not unaware that the measure had received the sanction of the then Irish Primate, resisted it, and failed. He was more successful in opposing the admission of Dissenters to the English Universities. In the same spirit he not long afterwards gave his vote for the exclusion of Jews from Parliament, and for the retention on the statute-book of the Conventicle Act, which the Government proposed to repeal. All these votes were the votes of one who understood what the Church is, and entertained strong opinions as to what it ought to be in its relations to the State. On points affecting its interests less directly Mr Gladstone exercised a wider discretion. The Church-rate question was already a troublesome one. Lord Althorp made a judicious attempt to settle it by making the land-tax of the country liable for the maintenance of the fabrics of the national churches. Though his leader, Sir Robert Peel, stood aloof from this wise proposition, Mr Gladstone affirmed it. He affirmed it in vain; and an opportunity was lost of getting right done without offence to any section of the community, such as never came again.

Mr Gladstone had been two years or more in Parliament before he ever spoke on a question of public importance. His first essay occurred when, as a young member of Sir Robert Peel's Administration, he opposed Lord John Russell's insidious attack upon the Irish Church. It gained him great applause from both sides of the House; but with Churchmen it certainly did not raise him higher than his spirited resistance to that measure of Church reform in England which Sir Robert Peel had proposed, with the concurrence of Archbishop Hooley and Bishop Blomfield, and which Lord John Russell carried into effect. These two efforts of his, both of them brilliant, one eminently thoughtful and wise, fixed upon him at once

the eyes of Churchmen everywhere. Ever since the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill, Churchmen had distrusted Peel. They therefore rejoiced with a twofold joy in having found, among Peel's confidential followers, one on whom they could rely for giving to his chief a Churchman's advice, and to whom, because of his youth, they trusted that they might look, in years to come, for a faithful defender of constitutional principles after Peel should have passed from among them.

If Churchmen were delighted with the conduct of the young member for Newark in Parliament, they were almost as much surprised as gratified by the appearance, about this time, of his really great work on 'The State in its Relations with the Church.' The treatise was attacked and severely handled in many quarters, and especially in an article by Mr Macaulay in the 'Edinburgh Review;' but it held its place in public favour, and reached, so early as 1841, its fourth edition. The author wisely availed himself, likewise, of each new impression to expose and refute the fallacies by which he had been assailed. Where is the work now? We never heard that the public had grown weary of reading it. Was it suppressed? Were all the copies on which the author could lay his hands bought up? Why does he not put it forth again, enriched with a commentary or appendix? If he will only consent to do this, we think that we can assure him of as wide a circulation as the most ambitious of authors could desire.

True as steel to his principles as a Churchman, Mr Gladstone early exhibited a leaning towards the views of political economists on the subject of free trade. He appears, indeed, to have studied the subject at Oxford, and took of it the views which Adam Smith, Ricardo, and all the leading writers of the day inculcated. It is even said that, from the beginning of his official relations with Sir Robert Peel, he did his best to indoctrinate the mind of his chief. It is certain that he aided largely in maturing the schemes which, under Sir Robert's last Administration, resulted in the establishment of a free-trade policy. And though there was, in truth, no necessary antagonism between wise liberalism on commercial questions, and wise adherence to principle on questions affecting the Constitution in Church and State, Mr Gladstone's mind is so curiously constituted that he appears very soon to have taught himself, almost against his will, to mix up the one in strange confusion with the other. Between 1832 and 1846, it is past dispute that the constitutional Church party were, with few exceptions, opposed to a policy of unrestricted freedom in trade. The Corn Laws, in particular, they held to be essential to the continued preeminence of what was called "the agricultural interests;" and with these interests they connected, in their own view of the question, the supremacy of the Church as by law established. Doubtless it was the contemplation of that phenomenon which shook, so early as 1844, Mr Gladstone's faith in some of the opinions which in his great work he had enunciated; and the method which he pursued in order to make the world aware of such change in his faith was, to say the least of it, very peculiar. Speaking of Maynooth in his written treatise, he describes it as "a nursery of error," and its establishment as "a great political blunder." Of the annual grant then made for its support he says, that "in amount it is niggardly and unworthy, in principle wholly vicious." "When foreigners," he continues, "express their astonishment at finding that we support in Ireland the Church of a

small minority, we may tell them that we support it on the high ground of conscientious necessity for its truth. But how can we evince the consistency which so elevated a principle requires for its profession, while we are bound to support an institution whose avowed and legitimate purpose it is constantly to denounce that truth as falsehood?" Strong words these—not, a common man might suppose, easy to be retracted or explained away. Yet observe what followed. In 1844 Sir Robert Peel considered it judicious to convert into a permanent endowment what had heretofore been voted annually, and somewhat to increase the amount. His President of the Board of Trade—that is, Mr Gladstone—immediately resigned. But scarcely were the plaudits uttered which pronounced him to be a martyr to principle, ere he confounded friends and foes alike, by taking a course the most extraordinary that ever statesman followed. As a private member, he not only voted for the Ministerial proposal which, as a Minister, he was supposed to have censured, but he made a long speech in explanation of the circumstances which had induced him to pronounce that white to-day which he had declared yesterday to be black. It was the most grotesque scene that had ever been witnessed in the House of Commons; and both there and elsewhere the question arose, Can the young man have taken leave of his senses? Can he be labouring under some hallucination brought on by over-work? Not at all. He was as thoroughly convinced that he had made a martyr of himself by resigning office and then speaking for the Minister, as the world at large was satisfied that he had only made a fool of himself. And the worst part of the business was, that no man living—Tory, Whig, or Radical—could thenceforth repose in him that measure of confidence which the Tories had heretofore been forward to give him.

Mr Gladstone's fiscal policy, and the speeches in which he pled for it, were not approved by the landed interest. His vote on the Maynooth question offended all extreme Protestants. He had, however, a party, and a strong one, among Churchmen—not all of them what may be called ultra-high, but well-instructed and therefore consistent Churchmen. These gentlemen, wedded neither to protection nor to freedom in trade, were, on the subject of the Maynooth Grant, very reasonable. Perhaps, had they been able to advise at the outset, they would have recommended that no grant should be made for the propagation of error. But the question brought before them was this, and no more, Shall we, from year to year, wrangle over a point which is virtually settled; or shall we take away ground of offence and angry discussion by making that perpetual which is now held by a process of renewal? And believing that the affairs of Government are best carried on when polemics are thrown into the background, they took no offence at the course which Mr Gladstone had followed. Hence when, at the eventful era of 1846, Peel having broken up his Cabinet in order to repeal the Corn Laws, Mr Gladstone went down to Newark as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, it never entered into his head, nor into the heads of his many Church friends, that any opposition would be raised to his return. Mr Gladstone and his Church friends had alike deceived themselves; he was not only opposed at Newark, but beaten—an outrage on his self-love which he never forgave, and out of which arose some, at least, of the most startling of the eccentricities which marked his after-progress in public life. Mr Gladstone attributed his defeat at Newark, rightly or wrongly, to

the Duke of Newcastle. Not the Duke only, but the whole of his order became thenceforth objects of strong aversion to him—a feeling of which he made ostentatious display as often as the opportunity presented itself of browbeating and insulting the House of Parliament to which dukes belong.

Mr Gladstone, after this catastrophe, had no seat in the House of Commons till 1847, when, a vacancy occurring in the representation of the University of Oxford, he was brought forward to fill it. Peel was then in opposition, having been driven from office by the indignant party which it had cost him two years of incessant labour to build up. We are not going to rip up old sores by referring either to the overthrow of that great Minister, or to the causes of it. Enough is done for the present, when we observe that the Tories had, as they believed, just cause of complaint; and that no individual among them expressed their common grievances with greater perseverance and ability than the gentleman who now holds office as First Minister of the Crown. Had Peel lived a little longer, we venture to say that, in spite of all the passages of arms between them, a complete reconciliation would have taken place between him and Mr Disraeli. Unfortunately for England, Peel died just as tokens of such reconciliation were beginning to show themselves; and his adherents, few in number, immediately separated. General Peel, Mr Corry, Mr Wilson Patten, and others of the less impulsive members of the clique, showed unmistakable signs of a return to their old allegiance. They preferred following the lead of Lord Derby to that of Lord John Russell, though they did follow him cautiously and by degrees. Mr Gladstone took a line directly opposite, and, hating Mr Disraeli with a bitter personal hatred, stood opposed to him on every possible occasion, without acknowledging either Lord Derby or Lord John Russell as his chief. He became, indeed, the head of the small section of Peelites of whom the late Lady Georgina Lewis wittily said "that they were always putting themselves up to auction, and always buying themselves in again." We need not stop to particularise instances in which the rancorous feeling of which we speak showed itself in Mr Gladstone and in some of his friends. The late Sir James Graham and the late Lord Herbert never forgave or forgot the pertinacity and vigour with which their political rival had dethroned their chief; and the skill with which he cemented and kept the new Tory party together made them furious.

Men of high honour and fixed principles are slow to suspect those with whom they have once acted of being influenced by motives more mixed than their own. It was long before Lord Derby could bring himself to believe that Mr Gladstone had ceased to be what he once was. He could not be unaware of the strength of his former colleague's prejudices; but he estimated at their full value—perhaps beyond their full value—Mr Gladstone's abilities, and he believed him to be at bottom a Constitutional statesman. Hence, when called upon in 1851 to form an Administration, his first thought was how to secure the co-operation of the member for Oxford. Mr Gladstone was absent on the Continent when the Ministerial crisis came, and Lord Derby kept his negotiation with the Queen open till he should be able to ascertain whether or no Mr Gladstone would support him. A greater mistake never was committed. Few men deserve to be so flattered, and fewer still fail to be spoiled by the process; and if, as happened in the present instance, the refusal of the individual be followed by the collapse of the whole undertaking, the

amount of evil done, far beyond the little circle immediately affected by it, is not to be measured. Mr Gladstone, for example, the vainest and most arrogant of living men, received at once the impression that no Government could go on without him—that he held the fate of the empire in his hand. And a stupid and uninquiring public, which usually takes men at the estimate which they put upon themselves, came by degrees to be of the same opinion. Public opinion is, we are happy to believe, taking at last another and a better direction. But to this persuasion, both on his own part and on the parts of those who took from him their inspiration, the country is without doubt indebted for not a little of the anarchy into which the affairs of the State have fallen.

From the day when he found himself courted by one great party in the State, and anxiously, and, as it seemed to him, sensitively, pulled in an opposite direction by the other, Mr Gladstone appears to have come to the conclusion that destiny had marked him out as the future Prime Minister of England. A few, and only a few, men stood in his way. But they were getting old, and for that, among other reasons, it was impossible that they could long prevail in flinging their shadows over him. Meanwhile his business was to accustom even them to make their will, on every possible occasion, subservient to his. And in order to effect this, he felt that he must, as far as prudence would allow, emancipate himself by degrees from all the prejudices—for they were nothing more—of his youth. Now he could not hope, by means like that, to obtain an ascendancy over the Tory party. Theirs were principles of order—not adverse to change, so long as change implied improvement—but entirely opposed to revolution, disguise it under what name men might. They could be persuaded by no one to sacrifice the prerogatives of the Crown, the rights of the House of Lords, the union of Church with State in all portions of the three kingdoms, the liberties of the people. Besides, the Tories had elected as their leader, next to Lord Derby, a statesman of Mr Gladstone's own standing, of great courage, and far better temper. Apart, therefore, from personal considerations, which, by the by, are as strong with Mr Gladstone as any other, there was that in the condition of the Tory party which closed against him the avenue to power of which he was in search. Neither, as yet, was he willing to cast in his lot with that section of extreme politicians on whom he has latterly accustomed himself to lean, and who use him for their own purposes. But controlling such men as the late Duke of Newcastle, Sir James Graham, Mr Sidney Herbert, and even Mr Cardwell, he flattered himself that, with their co-operation, he would yet be able to make England such as he then desired her to be. Mr Gladstone had gone a good way already in the direction of Liberalism, both as a politician and a Churchman—he was prepared to go still farther. But if any one had charged him with contemplating schemes such as would be approved by Mr Bright, Mr Miall, and Mr Beales, that man would have been answered as he deserved. Mr Gladstone's ideas of England and its future were, at the period of which we are now speaking, a rich, thriving, commercial state, having at its head a sovereign who reigns without governing; a House of Lords just strong enough to support a Minister, if by chance he needed support, though powerless to resist him, having the Commons at his back; a Church closely interwoven with the State, yet so shorn of all pretence at supremacy that no religious sect could have the shadow of a complaint against it; and all this perfected and kept

in active operation by himself—the head of an Administration which should recognise no will except his own. Are we acting unfairly to Mr Gladstone when thus we paint him in the year 1853? No. He had gone apart, even then, from the paths along which he once moved. He was no longer the earnest, uncompromising, perhaps enthusiastic, supporter of the Constitution as it was settled in 1688. But he was no leveller. Principles were indeed less regarded by him than persons; and the one person never absent from his thoughts and from his worship was himself. But his ambition was so far a noble ambition that it aspired at doing good. He was not prepared to sacrifice either the Church or the State, because he still believed that as a Churchman and a royalist access to high office was free to him. What is he now? We shall see by-and-by.

Of all the Administrations that in modern times have had to conduct the affairs of this country, that which came into office under the auspices of the late Lord Aberdeen was perhaps the most contemptible. Nobody can deny that the separate materials of the pudding were excellent. With the solitary exception of the First Lord of the Treasury—and even he possessed talents of his own—there was scarcely a member of the coalition Cabinet of whom it would be possible to speak except as of a man of great ability. But the materials were badly put together, and the results proved to be disastrous. Mr Gladstone, as we need scarcely remind our readers, formed one of that motley body. He was supported by the Duke of Newcastle, Sir James Graham, Mr Sidney Herbert, from among his friends; by Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston from among the Whigs; by Mr Milner Gibson as the representative of the Radicals; and by others whom we need not stop to particularise. It is no longer a secret, we believe, that he gave more trouble to his chief than all of them put together; and that between him and Lord Palmerston in particular there was the most entire absence of mutual trust. Bear in mind what followed. The coalition fell to pieces. Its members quarrelled among themselves. One only—the most cunning of the whole—managed to keep himself straight in public opinion; and he did so by betraying his associates. Lord Derby was again sent for. He had the game absolutely in his own hands. Had he called to his counsels almost any dozen men gifted with common capacity and ordinary courage, he might have insured for himself and his followers a monopoly of place and power for many years. All that the people of England wanted then was a Minister capable of conducting the war with Russia as it ought to be conducted, or else of doing what Lord Palmerston not long afterwards did, bringing it to a not dishonourable close. But Lord Derby could not see this, and, putting far too much store on the passing popularity of Lord Palmerston, he addressed himself first to that most cunning of foxes, and through him to Mr Gladstone, Mr Herbert, and Sir James Graham. The negotiation failed, and failed, as Mr Gladstone and his friends took care afterwards to make public, because Lord Palmerston acted unfairly towards all concerned. What then? Lord Palmerston himself received a commission to form a government. He proposed to Mr Gladstone, Mr Herbert, and Sir James Graham, that they should join him. They did join him, only to discover how little he was disposed to be guided by their counsels, and immediately resigned. No fiercer invectives were ever launched against a Minister than they, and especially Mr Gladstone, forthwith hurled at their quondam chief. He had betrayed trust; he had deceived the people; he was the

merest mountebank that ever attained to place and power. We must really decline enriching these pages with the flowers of eloquence which, during two whole years, adorned the Parliamentary speeches of the present leader of a Liberal Opposition. But to such of our readers as are curious in such details, we recommend the study of Hansard between 1856 and 1858.

The two years in question were to Mr Gladstone years of sorrow and great depression of spirits. He was out of office, and the line which it had pleased him to take led, so far as common foresight could determine, nowhere. At last came Sir John Bowring's Chinese war, and with it a vote of want of confidence in the Government. It is well worth while, in reference to passing events, to contrast the behaviour on that occasion of one statesman who had served in the same Cabinet with the defeated Minister, and another whose relations with him had always been those of political antagonism. Lord Palmerston naturally desired time before dissolving to wind up the ordinary business of the session. Mr Disraeli, with the Tories at his back, supported the appeal. Not so Mr Gladstone and the recalcitrant Liberals. They could not hear of an hour's delay, and they carried their point. The results are well known. Lord Palmerston went to the country on the cry of insult to the national flag. The constituencies took up the cry heartily, and a House of Commons was returned pledged to support the champion of the nation's honour against all gainsayers. Never had Minister since the days of Pitt such a majority to support him. Was Mr Gladstone cowed or silenced thereby? Quite otherwise. His vituperations became more vehement from night to night. They went considerably beyond the limits of good taste, though not of Parliamentary usage. Lord Palmerston treated them with perfect indifference, and the House in general, rather more cavalierly than was prudent. He reaped his reward. The House of Commons will not tolerate any leader who treats it otherwise than with respect. Even upon Lord Palmerston it turned when, with a jaunty air, he endeavoured to thrust his "Conspiracy to Murder" Bill down the throats of his own party; and a majority against him forced him to resign. Again, as if incapable of learning from experience, Lord Derby made advances to Mr Gladstone. Again they were rejected, and to an extent even more offensive than before, because, veiled by a show of wondrous moderation, the great man so bore himself as to impress the world with a belief that England could never thrive, nor its people prosper, till the management of the nation's affairs should have been committed to him. For Mr Gladstone was not on this occasion arrogant and repulsive; very much the reverse. He could not serve under Lord Derby, nor sit in the same Cabinet with Mr Disraeli — at least not then. But by way, we presume, of showing his superiority over both, he proceeded to coquet, now with the Government, now with the Opposition. He raised his own price in the political market enormously by that process, and knew that he did so. It was wise, moreover, to teach the Opposition a lesson; wherefore he accepted the mission to the Ionian Islands very much to their dismay. The Opposition did not quite understand the man. He was playing his own game, and he won it. Coming back in a humour apparently more friendly than adverse to the Government, he went into the lobby with Mr Disraeli against the adverse vote upon the Address. The vote was carried in spite of him, and immediately afterwards he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Ad-

ministration which Lord Palmerston was called upon to form.

From that time forth Mr Gladstone aimed at becoming, and to a great extent became, the moving spirit in the Liberal Government. He felt his own power, and constrained his colleagues, and especially his chief, whom he had described as "the least trustworthy of modern statesmen," to feel it also. His impatience of the control which the more aristocratic portion of the Cabinet endeavoured to put upon him, broke out over and over again in the most offensive manner. His conduct in the matter of the repeal of the duties on paper outraged all decency; but it secured to him the support of the extreme Liberals in and out of office. Few can withstand the influences of flattery well applied; Mr Gladstone is weak as a child when brought in contact with it. One by one his old opinions melted before it. In 1862 he discovered that the declaration required of Dissenters by the Act of 1828 had nothing whatever of the nature of a compact in it. The words of the declaration are indeed as explicit as words can be; and each Dissenter elected to a corporate office or a seat in Parliament was required deliberately to pronounce them. Here they are: "I swear that I will not use any influence which accrues to me by my office, or from my seat in Parliament, to the injury of the Church as by law established, its rights or property." But Mr Gladstone's powers of explaining away the most distinct of propositions are marvellous. He satisfied himself, and practically convinced others, that no pledge whatever was given here, nor any contract entered into between the swearer and the Legislature. His conduct on this and subsequent occasions—his speaking in favour of Mr Baines's proposal to abolish all religious tests in connection with the Universities—his unwarrantable abuse of the Irish Church, not altogether freed from threats affecting its existence as an establishment—told at last upon his constituents; and one of these, as is well known, called upon him to explain. His letter to Dr Hannah, the head of the College of Glenalmond, has become a historical document; and it illustrates, almost more than any other work of which he is the author, the extraordinary character of the man. But he had gone too far. In spite of the disclaimer therein contained of any purpose on his part hostile to the Church in Ireland, the masters of Oxford were by this time thoroughly alarmed. Mr Gathorne Hardy was brought forward at the dissolution in the autumn of 1865, and carried the University seat by a large majority.

It would be idle to assert that Mr Gladstone was not greatly moved by this issue. He had set his heart on retaining the representation in Parliament of a constituency with which, for many sentimental reasons, he believed himself to be more in unison than with any other in the empire; and his mortification was great in proportion to the strength of his feelings. Let us, moreover, do him justice. His sorrow, as first expressed before the freeholders of South Lancashire, to whom he immediately turned, had little if any tinge of bitterness in it. It was the outpouring of a heart wounded, but not torn—of a spirit grieved, perhaps mortified, without being stirred to anger. This moderation of sentiment, however, did not long continue. Mr Gladstone never forgives. His canvass on a new field had not gone very far before utterances escaped him which seemed to imply that Oxford might have greater cause to mourn the severance of the connection than he. At the same time, Mr Gladstone is capable, when the need arises, of exercising considerable control over

himself. He knew that the Conservatives of South Lancashire, though quite strong enough to bring in their own member, had determined not to oppose him on that occasion, partly because they pitied a man of his eminence rejected by such a body as the electors of Oxford, partly because they were willing to believe that, if returned to Parliament through their instrumentality, he would show some respect for the principles which had once been his and were still theirs. They reckoned without their host. What Mr Gladstone would have done had Lord Palmerston's life been prolonged for a few years, it is impossible to surmise; what he could not have done seems to us self-evident. He would not have given ear to the suggestions of Mr Bright, nor been induced by Lord Russell—restless even as Foreign Minister—to take part in the concoction of any new Reform Bill, the bare idea of which was offensive to the more thoughtful members of his own party. Certainly the House of Commons which answered to Lord Palmerston's call, had as little of the spirit of genuine Radicalism in it as any that had come together for a quarter of a century. Not once at any hustings, except where candidates were pledged to go with Mr Bright, was the subject of Parliamentary Reform broached. And as to the Irish Church, we doubt whether its existence was so much as thought of, far less objected to, anywhere out of Ireland itself, and very little there.

It would be waste of time to glance, even briefly, at the fortunes of the abortive Reform measure which Lord Russell's last brief Administration brought forward. From the day when the Bill was first laid upon the table of the House of Commons its failure was morally certain. It failed, and the Tories came into power. How their scheme, when it took at last a definitive shape, was carped at and wrangled over, is a subject fresh in the recollection of all men. But the part played by Mr Gladstone in the course of the debates to which it gave rise must not be forgotten. There was no spark of generosity in his speeches, there was the absence of all moral standard from the terms of his opposition. His first attack was upon the principle of rating, as contradistinguishing from his principle, that of rental, in boroughs. Now, we will not go so far as to say that the State has no right to determine on what grounds individual citizens shall exercise the rights of freemen. The State has such right, and in all constitutional countries has invariably exercised it. But surely the participation in public burdens, the occupation of a dwelling-house, the contribution by the occupant to the rates and taxes of the place in which he resides, confers at once a more legitimate and a far more comprehensible title to the exercise of the franchise than the mere fact that for the house which he occupies he pays so many pounds sterling of rent to the owner. What a man is to pay for the use of a dwelling, a shop, or anything else which he leases, is a matter of bargain between him and some other private citizen. Whether he contribute or not to the exigencies of the commonwealth is a point which concerns the commonwealth itself. Mr Gladstone could not, in point of fact, deny or refute this proposition; but he assailed the principle of the Government measure as first proposed, because it took a line which no previous reformers had ventured to take, and threatened to let in too large a number of people to the rights of freemen. And this by a friend of the people!!

His next point of ferocious attack was upon the Minister's proposal to let every compounding householder claim his right to

vote, and exercise that right, on the simple condition of paying his own rates instead of leaving them to be paid by his landlord. How grossly Mr Gladstone misrepresented the object of that proposal, and falsified the conditions on which it rested, we need not now pause to show. He failed, however, to carry his motion, and by a compromise—neither of his seeking nor yet sought by the Government, though by him eagerly pressed when proposed, and by them accepted—that difficulty also was got over. The abolition of the entire order of compounding householders has proved, and will yet more prove, we suspect, very inconvenient to parishes. But of that matter Mr Gladstone took no heed at the moment, however much he may affect to be distressed on account of it now. The parishes must not be allowed to forget, that for whatever trouble and loss they suffer, to him they are indebted for both. The Government would have avoided such inconveniences, but could not help itself. It had a principle to affirm, and it was affirmed.

The tactics to which Mr Gladstone lent himself with a view to break down the Government on the Reform question were, from first to last, as little consistent with the dignity of the House of Commons in its aggregate, as with the self-respect of individual members. Power, it appeared, was not so easy of recovery as he had expected. His rival had quite taken the wind out of his sails, and, unless stopped by some clever manœuvre, would certainly run away from him, carrying the prestige of office with him. The Opposition was accordingly invited to meet their leader in his own house, and there to receive their instructions. They did meet more than once in Carlton Terrace, but somehow or another the unanimity which appeared to prevail among them there died out as soon as they took their places elsewhere. There was something comical as well as derogatory in the issues of these cabals. The tea-room of the House of Commons proved fatal to them all. Mr Gladstone's first move was so to cajole his supporters as that they should prevent the Ministerial Bill coming to a second reading. Now, among his political supporters there happened to be honest men, who preferred Mr Disraeli's measure to that which Mr Gladstone had failed to carry, and who would not, therefore, defeat that measure for the mere purpose of restoring Mr Gladstone to place. These declined to act as he advised; and the Bill went through its second reading almost *sub silentio*. Then followed the instructions which Mr Gladstone drew up, and Mr Coleridge undertook to propose to the Committee. But again a section of the Liberals stood apart, and the instructions were snuffed out. By-and-by Mr Gladstone stood boldly forward to attempt by open vote what he had not been able to carry by a side wind. Mr Clay utterly destroyed this device, and Mr Gladstone became furious. "Allow me to say that it is utterly impossible for me, under any circumstances and conditions whatever, to accept the suggestion of Mr Clay." It might be so; but the House accepted them, nevertheless; and the Bill, carried into Committee, was there sifted and turned about till it became, as far as England is concerned, the law of the land.

Distracted, amazed, bewildered, and very angry, the nominal chiefs of the great Liberal party quitted London. It seemed to them that they had lost all power over their followers. They talked, indeed, and wrote of reopening, as soon as the House met again, the measure which had just been passed; but the difficulties which stood in the way of so doing were enormous. Besides, what benefit would accrue

to them if, as was quite upon the cards, they should find the party averse to undo the work so recently and with such labour completed. Possibly they might succeed—as the event has shown that they could—in confounding slightly the Scotch with the English Reform Bill. But such a triumph as this would hardly assist them in attaining the one object which they had in view. The Tories would scarcely resign because some trifling changes were pressed upon them in an arrangement with which, in the bulk, they were satisfied. It was far more probable that they would accept these changes, and guide their great measure to a happy conclusion. Something, therefore, must be thought of which should at once unite all sections of the Liberals, and strike home at the heart of those Constitutional principles to the defence of which the Tories are pledged. What could that be? Ireland was uneasy. No doubt, Ireland had been uneasy for many years. The Fenian conspiracy was indeed ripe for action before Earl Russell resigned; for at his suggestion the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and the Irish jails were crowded with prisoners. In like manner the Romish prelates, with a few of their fellow-religionists among the laity, made no secret of their desire to bring about the disestablishment of the Irish Church. But the sentiments of these gentlemen on that head were not strange to the members of the ex-Government, for they had been repeatedly memorialised on the subject, and always with the same result. "We are far from denying the abstract justice of your claim. The Protestant Church is in a minority among you; and if we had a constitution to frame for Ireland, we should never think of producing that which now exists. But to meddle with a settlement which has existed for three centuries, and to confiscate property held upon the tenure of prescriptive usage, is what no constitutional Government can attempt. We will do what we can to render the Irish Establishment as little offensive to you as possible; but towards its extinction, you must excuse us if we decline to take a step." Such was the language of Lord Russell and Mr Gladstone on every occasion when the subject of Irish grievances came before them, they being still in office. And among their colleagues, and especially with Sir George Grey, opinions still more firmly settled were introduced and expressed. But what are opinions, what are principles, when weighed in the balance against place and power? It was clear that the Tories were assailable only in one quarter, and upon that quarter the whole force of Opposition must be brought to bear. And it must be brought to bear wisely. No plan, well arranged and definite, could serve Mr Gladstone's purpose. His quondam chief, Lord Russell, might write as many letters as he chose, setting forth his own views of what it would be equitable to do with the spoils of the Protestant Church when he got them. But Lord Russell's suggestions were very little likely to command the approval of the Liberation Society; and unless that busy section of politicians were secured, there would be slender prospect of success. Observe, we by no means wish it to be understood that, so short a time back as last December, Mr Gladstone had made up his mind to go in for the entire disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church. We suspect, on the contrary, that, though strongly urged to take this course, he hesitated, perhaps declined, to do so, till the fact of Lord Derby's forced retirement, and the reconstruction of the Government under its present head, dissipated the last of his scruples. Then the haughty spirit rose within him. "This will never do. I might have endured with com-

parative calmness the ascendancy of Lord Derby, hoping—perhaps believing—that it was for a brief space only; but that the Treasury should come into the hands of that man who has been my evil genius ever since I began to take a lead in public life,—rather than suffer that outrage, I will dare everything." Hence the attack upon the Irish Church, as much out of time as it has been in violation of all principle. Mr Gladstone no more believes than we do that the success of his measure, if it had succeeded, would have brought peace to Ireland, than he calculated, when bringing forward his resolutions, on any other result than the probable resignation of the Ministry. His calculations have failed him, and his belief is, we take it upon us to affirm, exactly what it was five months ago.

Mr Gladstone has, in the most extreme sense of the term, been all things to all men, and everything to himself. He began life a Tory, high among the highest of the band—a Churchman pledged to the most extreme opinions on Church matters. He retained these opinions as long as he found that they assured to him the support and admiration of what was for long after 1832 the most powerful party in the State. By what process and for what reasons he fell off by degrees from his old faith, we have taken more than one opportunity to show. He is now at the very antipodes of all his old opinions. Having served in the same Cabinet with the late Sir Robert Peel, with the late Duke of Wellington, with Lord Derby and the Duke of Buccleuch, he is associated now in the closest political relationship with Mr Bright, Mr Forster, Mr Miall, and Mr Beales. Is he blind to the inevitable effects of his last move? Can he shut his eyes to the fact that whether ultimately successful or not, it must seriously affect the relations in which the Sovereign must henceforth stand with her people? Will Irish demagogues or Roman Catholic prelates ever allow the question to fall back again into abeyance? Will the Protestantism of England and of Scotland ever be content to see Popery triumphant in one section of the empire, and straining after a like ascendancy elsewhere? And is the Queen to be committed to the acceptance of an act which violates her Coronation Oath, and strikes at her very title to the throne? We cannot believe any of those things. See, then, what a legacy of embarrassment and trouble Mr Gladstone has deliberately prepared for both the people and the Sovereign. On a point so vital as he proposes there can be no compromise. The Protestant Church in Ireland, not for its own sake only, but for the sake of the Protestant Church elsewhere, must either be maintained or destroyed. No measure of internal reform in its constitution and arrangement will satisfy those who demand its overthrow. No measure which, neglecting reform and readjustment, aims at overthrow and nothing else, will now commend itself to the approval of the Protestant people of these realms. And which of these issues is to be brought about—whether the maintenance or the overthrow of the Irish Church, with the inevitable consequences incident on either, the results of the next general election must determine. We quite agree with what Mr Disraeli said in his admirable address at Merchant Taylors' Hall, sharp as have been the criticisms applied to it by the 'Times' and others:—

"But what is most strange and singular in this eventful history is, that just at the moment when a constituent body is about to be established which will represent all classes, all interests, and all opinions in the United Kingdom, no doubt more fully and more completely than before, or than was anticipated even by those favourable to political

change—what is most strange and singular is, that this great constituent body, founded upon those enlarged sympathies and interests, will be called upon as their first duty to decide whether they will sustain or whether they will subvert the Constitution of their country—(loud cheers). I confess that I cannot resist recognising the hand of Providence in this awful dispensation; and when I remember the circumstances under which this change in our political system was first conceived, and remember also the state of the political world at this moment, when its conclusion is about to be accomplished, I cannot believe that it is through mere chance and the casual concurrence of everyday affairs that England, with its increased franchises, which have no sound foundation except on the assumption that there is a healthy national spirit in the country, is called upon to decide whether it will destroy or uphold its venerable Constitution."

Mr Gladstone has brought us into all these difficulties. He acted, as far as the Whigs are concerned, absolutely alone. He had neither Lord Russell nor Sir George Grey to advise with, though both have meanly consented to follow him. His counsellors were Mr Bright, Mr Miall, and Cardinal Cullen. Shall we take this man for our leader? Emphatically, No!

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THE RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN DISRAELI.—NO. I.

It would not be easy to imagine a greater contrast than is presented between the early start, the subsequent career, and the present relative positions, of the two distinguished men on whom has devolved the leadership of the two great rival parties in the State. Mr Gladstone, as we have elsewhere shown, began his race for fame and station under circumstances as favourable as could well attend the entrance of any man into public life. The son of a successful and wealthy merchant, himself a member of Parliament, who lived on terms of intimacy with Sir Robert Peel, and shared his confidence, young Gladstone had received, and duly profited by, the best education which Eton and Oxford can afford. For his father's sake in the first instance, and next because of his own well-earned college reputation, the party which accepted Peel as their leader at once took him up; and, almost as soon as he had attained the age which, in this country, qualifies for a seat in the House of Commons, a seat was found for him. Mainly through the influence of the then Duke of Newcastle, the freemen and electors of Newark chose him to represent them in Parliament, where the reception which awaited him was as flattering as a large circle of friends and admirers believed that it was deserved. Mr Gladstone was barely three-and-twenty when he first took his seat on the Opposition benches and among the supporters of Sir Robert Peel. Before he completed his twenty-fifth year he became one of the Under-Secretaries of State; and at thirty-three he was a Cabinet Minister. It is fair to add that no human being grudged him this rapid advancement. The impression made upon the House by the earliest displays of his eloquence (and he soon began to show what was in him) satisfied all who listened to him that Peel had judged wisely. There was an earnestness of manner, a distinctness of purpose in all that he said, and in his mode of saying it, which commanded the respect of political enemies as well as it conciliated the goodwill of friends. Nobody could doubt that he spoke from a sincere conviction of the truth. Besides, had he not written a book which,

though certainly not addressed to the imagination, nor lit up with flashes of genius, was yet in everybody's hands? The theory set forth in it might be somewhat fanciful; or if not fanciful, at least extreme. But what then? The highest authority on the Church side of the question pronounced it to be by far the most logical treatise which had appeared in modern times—at least as ably argued as Warburton's, and having this manifest advantage over his, that the alliance between Church and State as maintained by the Bishop is one of expediency only, whereas Gladstone rests his whole case upon principle. No doubt, the 'Edinburgh Review' went dead against the scheme. That perverse Whig journal objected to all Mr Gladstone's premises, and positively and rudely denied the justice of his conclusions. But to Gladstone as to other men who aspire to high place among politicians, the abuse of the enemy, provided it be more rancorous than wise, is, for the most part, as advantageous as the undiscriminating applause of admirers. It is not, therefore, going too far to say that when, in 1841, Mr Gladstone put out the fourth edition of his work, refuting and defeating his critics at every turn, he occupied ground in public estimation more commanding than any other man of his years had ever reached since the days of William Pitt. How he subsequently comported himself, and to what a level he has at length fallen, we took occasion only last month to show. Let us dismiss him therefore for the present from our thoughts, while we endeavour to sketch the course of his rival, in order that a fair comparison may be instituted between the two men, and such inferences drawn as shall be just, and nothing more than just, towards both.

Mr Disraeli's life as a statesman may be said to be coincident with the present reign. He entered the House of Commons as representative for the borough of Maidstone in November 1837, becoming by that act a member of the first Parliament which met at Queen Victoria's summons. No ducal or other partisan helped him to his seat. That he won for himself by the exercise of the same ability, temper, and skill in the management of men which have since raised him to the eminence on which he now stands. His reception by the House of Commons was very much the same which that body affords to nameless newcomers. At first men looked on him with indifference; by-and-by indifference grew in more than one quarter into aversion. He had neither wealth nor social eminence, nor the prestige of a successful college career to recommend him to the notice of the leaders of parties. All the renown that attached to him was that he had won a name for himself in the arena of literature; and that, as we need scarcely pause to observe, if it stand alone, if it be not backed up with professional eminence or high connection, tells rather against than in favour of the aspirant for influence in the House of Commons. Though sprung from a family of old and honourable lineage, he could claim to be only the son of a private gentleman—a man of great talent, but moderate means; of whom the world knew no more than that he too had written books which were much read and universally admired. His education was well cared for, but it was carried on neither at Eton nor at Oxford. He was intended by his father for that branch of the legal profession which presents few avenues to personal ambition. But the years which he passed in a conveyancer's office were not misspent, because they gave him the opportunity, which he wisely embraced, of becoming conversant with both the theory and practice of jurisprudence. You cannot, however, by any weight of circumstances, restrain genius, if it be real,

from following the bent of its own inclinations. Mr Disraeli soon began to mix up literature with the study of law; and before he attained his twenty-first year, produced a novel which took public opinion by storm. From that day the tide of his destiny broke into a new channel. He withdrew from attendance at the conveyancer's office, and gave himself up to letters and society. His aspirations, however, perhaps his settled convictions, impelled him to seek, even at this early stage in his history, for some end more determinate than either literary or social success. There was the consciousness within him of power to influence the fortunes of his country otherwise than by his pen; and he made up his mind to prepare himself for a life of more active usefulness by foreign travel. Just before he went abroad an incident befell which is worth recording, and the more so because we do not remember that any allusion has ever been made to it, either by his admirers or his detractors, when discussing the incidents of his youth.

When Mr Disraeli launched his first tale and found it to be a great success, Lord Lytton, then Mr Edward Lytton Bulwer, had achieved the proud place as a novelist which he has ever since retained. The aspirant for literary distinction had long admired at a distance the renown of his senior, and, encouraged by the reception which his own maiden effort had received, he did what young authors under similar circumstances are apt to do. He sent to Mr Bulwer a copy of 'Vivian Grey,' writing, at the same time, an apologetic note, and giving reasons for the liberty he had taken. The letter, with its accompanying gift, were at once acknowledged, and Mr Disraeli was requested to name a day for dining with their recipient. It happened that Mr Disraeli had arranged for quitting England on the day but one after receiving this invitation. He wrote to say so, and the morrow was fixed for the symposium. Four gentlemen sat down at Mr Bulwer's table on that occasion—one being, of course, the host; another, Mr Disraeli; the third, a man, shy, but evidently intelligent, for though he said comparatively little, his remarks, as often as he hazarded them, were keenly to the purpose. The fourth, a private friend of the host, need not be specified. It was an evening not to be forgotten, because then, as now, both Lord Lytton and Mr Disraeli shone in conversation. The party broke up about midnight, and the host and his friend were left alone together. After discussing Disraeli, the question was put, "Who is your silent guest?" "He is one of the ablest men I know," was the reply. "He was my contemporary at college. He is now a barrister; and, mark my words, he will attain the highest honours of his profession. His name is Cockburn." The climax to this little bit of domestic history or gossip is very remarkable. The two brilliant novelists and the painstaking lawyer who dined together some forty or more years ago comparatively obscure men, have all risen to positions of eminence in the State. Mr Cockburn is Lord Chief-Justice of England; Mr Bulwer, after serving as Secretary of State for the Colonies, has become a peer of the realm; and Mr Disraeli, on more than one previous occasion Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, is now First Lord of the Treasury. So much for the practical working of a Constitution which Mr Bright denounces as repressive of merit, and Mr Gladstone, forgetful of what it has done for himself, seeks to overthrow.*

We are not writing a memoir of

* We cannot allow this anecdote to pass from us without observing that Lord Lytton, like Sir Walter Scott, has always been forward to notice and encourage

Mr Disraeli, and must therefore decline to follow him in his tour to the East. On its completion he returned home, to find the England which he had left apparently tranquil, rocking and heaving with the impulses to change. The influences of Lord Liverpool's death, of Canning's brief Administration, of Lord Goderich's failure, and of the Duke's accession to power, were all upon it. Toryism, which had for many years past been petrified into the mere semblance of what it once was, had lost its hold on the people's respect altogether; and the attempt to breathe new life into the inert mass served only to reduce it to chaos. "The feckless," by apparently studious and insulting neglect, had allowed all the rising talent of the age to pass over into the enemy's camp. Lockhart, indeed, still wielded the 'Quarterly' in defence of principles, the representatives of which, with all the patronage of the Government at their command, did nothing for him. Wilson enriched the pages of Maga, true to himself, but neglected in high quarters; and others whom we could name, but will not, fought a battle which, so far as they were personally concerned, exhibited the merest and most disinterested fealty to abstract truth, in adhering to which virtue was allowed to be its own reward. Meanwhile the wave of talent which came after theirs, at an interval of from ten to twenty years, flowed not unnaturally into a different channel; and it brought an enormous increase of power to the Whigs. Bulwer and Cockburn were both Liberals. The Tories affected to despise—they certainly did nothing to conciliate either; and if Disraeli had taken the same line, who could have blamed him? But Disraeli never, at any period of his life, made common cause with Whiggery. He mixed, on his return to London, much, as was to be expected, in the society of literary people, and more or less adopted their tone. But his politics, if he had any at that time, were what may be described as eclectic. There arose a school of which it pleased sciolists, both Whig and Tory, to speak lightly as Young-Englandism. Of this Mr Disraeli soon became not only a member, but a leader. Now, Young-Englandism might have a good deal in its ideas of things which was impracticable. You cannot roll time backwards. You cannot revive, in an age which has passed them by, habits either of thought or of action which are obsolete. But the principle on which the school professed to act was excellent; and we are indebted to it for not a few of the improvements in social life, of which, in spite of the leaven of democracy more or less infesting them, we reap at this moment the fruits. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, have been thrown far more together than they were forty or fifty years ago, and on terms far more agreeable to all parties. We owe this happy circumstance mainly to that knot of generous men which numbered, among other names on its list, those of Mr Disraeli, Lord John Manners, the late Mr Smythe, and Lord Winchelsea. These held out to the labouring classes the right hand of brotherhood. They did not, like Brougham and the doctrinaires, aim at making philosophers of artisans and scholars out of mechanics. They endeavoured rather to draw both artisans and mechanics, and still more the agricultural labourers, into kindly intercourse with the classes above them. The doctrinaires undertook to instruct, and they did instruct with the airs of the superior coming down to the

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rising merit, and that more than one author who might have otherwise lived and died unknown, is indebted to him for his first decided start and subsequent success in life.

level of the inferior. The Young-Englander greeted kindly the peasant and the weaver alike, and invited both to join him in those sports and recreations which refresh the spirit as much as they invigorate the frame. We are not prepared to say that either the doctrinaire or the Young-Englander did exactly the right thing, or exactly the wrong thing; but of this we are quite sure, that if it be wise as well as beneficent to weld society together in the bonds of mutual good feeling, the Young-Englander came a great deal nearer to the accomplishment of that purpose than his pompous rival, prating ever of knowledge and miscalling it power.

Mr Disraeli's intimacy with the band of young men who adopted his views on these subjects, and perhaps carried them to an extreme, more and more confirmed him in the desire which he had long experienced of devoting his talents to the service of the State. His friends did their best to strengthen this determination and to pave the way for its accomplishment. They acted, too, in the most generous spirit, for they acknowledged his superiority, and were prompt on every fitting occasion to show that they looked up to him. It is not long since one of that noble band, and he, in his career, not the least distinguished of the whole, spoke to us of those early intimacies in terms which were a most expressive and satisfactory contradiction of the aspersions and prejudices so industriously circulated against the subject of our sketch. Mr Disraeli seems to have been indebted for the place which he involuntarily assumed in that little circle, not so much to his genius, nor to his extensive knowledge, nor to his power of bringing both to bear on whatever subject came under discussion, as to the genuine friendliness of his disposition, his kindly nature, and his considerate forbearance and long-suffering with the shortcomings of others.

Mr Disraeli was many years in Parliament before the House or the country began in any degree to appreciate his powers. He took his seat on the Opposition benches, and gave to Sir Robert Peel and the party which he led an honest but independent support. It was, however, a discriminating support. He repeatedly divided against his chief, and, curiously enough, on more than one such occasion, went out into the same gallery with Mr Gladstone. In 1838, for example, when Lord Melbourne took up Peel's measure of Church reform, Mr Disraeli supported it only so far as it seemed to him to be reasonable. He would not consent to merge the ancient see of Sodor and Man in that of Carlisle, voting with Mr Gladstone against that arrangement, while Peel himself voted for it. Again, in the case of the Notting Hill Footway Bill, Peel and Gladstone went against the concession to the people: Disraeli for it. He held that where private privilege, however ancient, stands between the toiling multitudes and the blessings of fresh air and innocent recreation, private privilege ought to give way. In like manner he opposed himself on every occasion to the efforts which were then made to deprive the working classes of their liberty of action, under the pretext of enforcing the due observance of the Sabbath. His votes were, however, for the most part, silent votes. Only twice, between November 1837 and the recess in August of the following year, he ventured to address the House. His first speech, in March 1838, was in opposition to Mr Villiers's annual motion, when he showed that the Prussian Commercial League, the Zollverein, had originated, not in hostility to the English corn-laws, but in jealousy of France.

His second, in April of the same year, was in support of Mr Serjeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill, from the division upon which Peel absented himself, while Gladstone and Praed went, with Disraeli, into the same lobby with the author of the measure.

It cannot be said that, on either of these occasions, nor indeed for long after the last of them, Mr Disraeli gained the ear of the House. His nominal chief had paid him no attention since he entered Parliament; and the hangers-on about the great man did as hangers-on are prone to do—exaggerated Peel's neglect into something like insolence. Other young members were, besides, in occupation of the vantage-ground which seemed barred to him. Gladstone and Praed had University honours to refer to, as well as the reputation of first-rate debaters in the Unions at Oxford and Cambridge. These the leader of the Tories encouraged; and the Tories cheered them as often as they spoke. Disraeli had, on the other hand, as yet to show that the *vis bene loquendi* was in him; and the opportunity of making such display, unless afforded by circumstances external to himself, is less easy to be found by a new member in a British House of Commons than in any other assembly of educated men perhaps in the world. But Mr Disraeli had greater difficulties to surmount than stand in the way of members merely new. He was known as the writer of certain tales, the vigour and beauty of which could not be gainsaid, but which outraged conventionalities to such an extent as was held by trading politicians to be intolerable. How could Chin Grant, for example, or Charles Ross, or Bonham, or any other of Sir Robert's flunkies, suffer a word which fell from the limner of Tadpole and Taper to be received otherwise than with rudeness? It was about this time, we believe, or a little later, that Mr Disraeli, indignant at the neglect with which he was treated, gave utterance to the expression which has long ago passed into the roll of prophecies fulfilled, "You will not hear me? I tell you the day is coming when you *shall* hear me."

No man living possesses more than Mr Disraeli the power of subduing personal feeling, and keeping it subservient to higher things. That the rudeness—for it was more than neglect—with which he was treated galled him could not be doubted; yet he preserved, on all occasions, a manner calm and unruffled, nor ever allowed the sense of private wrong to interfere with the performance of public duty. We do not find his name, as we do the names of far inferior men, on the list of every division as it occurs. He seems to have absented himself from many, perhaps because his views differed from those of his party; and here and there he divided against his leader. In February 1839, for example, the Government proposed to allow theatrical performances in Westminster during Lent. The proposition, which Sir Robert Peel successfully resisted, Mr Disraeli supported, on the ground that, if the theatres be closed, people bent on amusement will seek it in worse places and by worse means. What was refused to him, and to the Government of the day, has since come to pass; and we do not understand that either the religious sentiment or the moral conduct of London has suffered in consequence. Again, in June of the same year, he took the view which Sir Robert Inglis took of the question of Municipal Reform for Ireland. His chief voted the other way, and the Government scheme was adopted. On occasions of greater importance, however, where questions of principle were at issue, he stood by his leader. Thus, when the Government brought in their Bill to deprive Jamaica of its con-

stitution, he divided with Sir Robert Peel against the second reading, which, being carried by a majority of only five, led to the resignation of Ministers. Neither the Sovereign, nor perhaps the people, were as yet, however, prepared to accept and do justice to a Tory Government. Sir Robert Peel failed, as is well known, to form an Administration; and the Whigs, resuming their old places, floundered on till the measure of their political misdoings became complete.

We must hurry over the incidents which gave their character to the last three years of Lord Melbourne's Administration. The most remarkable among them, so far as they bear upon the subject which we are now discussing, are these: In May 1839 the election of a new Speaker took place, when Mr Shaw Lefevre, now Viscount Eversley, was chosen. Mr Disraeli opposed the appointment, following the lead of Sir Robert Peel, which was carried by a majority of eighteen only. June of the same year witnessed an occurrence not then held to be of much moment, but which, if ever their memories revert to things of the past, must appear strangely out of colouring to Lord Russell and Mr Gladstone. A petition was offered to the House of Commons, which professed to emanate from the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam and his clergy. The document itself bore indeed the signature of Dr M'Hale, but the prelude to the prayer set forth that it was the petition of "the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam and his clergy." Here was a distinct breach of the law. The Emancipation Act had pronounced it penal for any Roman Catholic prelate or priest to assume a title which belonged of right to a Protestant Churchman, and Dr M'Hale had clearly violated the law by speaking of himself as Archbishop of Tuam. What followed? A long and warm debate, in which Lord John Russell and Mr Gladstone took part—and a division; Lord John Russell and Mr Gladstone voting, as Mr Disraeli did, for the rejection of the petition. The petition was rejected accordingly. They found that it outraged the Established Church—a wrong which in those days neither Lord John nor Mr Gladstone would tolerate, even if it went no farther than the filching of a title. They have become a great deal more considerate now. They are themselves prepared to filch not the Church's titles only in Ireland, but its property and status as a religious establishment into the bargain.

We have spoken of Mr Disraeli's political principles at this time, and of the principles of Young England generally, as eclectic. They took great account of the working classes. They held that, between the highest and the humblest orders in society—between the aristocracy and the working men—there is far more of sympathy than between either the aristocracy and the middle classes, or the middle classes and the working men. As often as the opportunity presented itself they seized it, and especially Mr Disraeli, to make this sentiment known. Thus when, in July 1839, Mr Attwood, then member for Birmingham, presented his famous national petition, bearing upwards of a million signatures, both the petition itself and the persons from whom it emanated were spoken of by Lord John Russell in the haughtiest terms. Mr Disraeli replied to Lord John, and, expressing strong disapproval of the Charter as a remedy for the ills of which the petitioners complained, he spoke of the Chartists themselves generously, almost kindly. He insisted that the complaints which they brought forward were not groundless; that recent legislation had been against them and their order; and that, sooner or later, whether the Whigs desired it or not, the working classes would demand, and obtain too, a larger share than they then had in the

management of the affairs of the country. Our readers will, we are confident, be as much surprised as gratified to find, from the following extract, how true to his own principles the leader of the Tory party has been :—

"If the noble lord supposed that in this country he could establish a permanent government in what was styled nowadays a monarchy of the middle classes, he would be indulging a great delusion, which, if persisted in, must shake our institutions and endanger the throne. He believed such a system was actually foreign to the character of the people of England. He believed that in this country the exercise of political power must be associated with great public duties. That was the true principle to adhere to. In proportion as they departed from it they were wrong; as they kept by it they would approximate to that lofty state of things which had been described as so desirable by the honourable member for Birmingham. The noble lord had answered the honourable member for Birmingham, but he had not answered the Chartists. The honourable member for Birmingham had made a very dexterous speech, a skilful evolution, in favour of the middle classes; but, although he had attempted to dovetail the Charter on the Birmingham union, all that had recently taken place on the appearance of the Chartists before the leaders of the union—newly-created magistrates,—and the speeches by members of the convention within the last few days,—led to a different conclusion—they manifested the greatest hostility to the middle classes. They (the working men) made no attack on the aristocracy, none on the corn-laws—but upon the newly-enfranchised constituency, not on the old—upon that peculiar constituency which was the basis of the noble lord's government."*

It is clear that from the very first Mr Disraeli saw where the great defect in the Constitution of 1832 lay. It is obvious that already, while yet an unknown member of Parliament, his thoughts were directed towards the best means of remedying the evil; and that, believing in the national respect which the working classes entertain for the gentry, he was prepared to make common cause with them in any well-conceived measure for depriving the ten-pound householders of their monopoly of power. Just eight-and-twenty years after the delivery of that speech he achieved his object. Let us hope that the results of the change will be such as eight-and-twenty years ago he counted upon.

The next important question brought before the House had reference to postage reform, by the abolition of the Parliamentary privilege of franking, and the substitution of a uniform for a variable rate of payment. Sir Robert Peel opposed the change by speech and vote. Mr Disraeli took no part in the discussion, and, apparently indisposed to support, as he was averse to oppose, his leader, absented himself from the discussion. The Ministerial measure became law; and not we only, but all the civilised nations of the earth are reaping the benefit of it. He acted differently when Mr Mackinnon divided the House against the proposal to deprive the commissioners of police for the city of their rights as freemen. Mr Disraeli followed Mr Mackinnon into one gallery, and Sir Robert Peel and his friends went with Lord John Russell into another, and the commissioners were disfranchised. But the point about which he showed himself most resolute, was in the resistance which he offered to the new poor-laws. Let us not forget what these laws were in 1838-39. They cut off the

* See Hansard—Commons' Debates in July 1839.

poor from all hope of outdoor relief. The moment a labouring man was so stricken down by sickness, or misfortune, or accident, as to be thrown, if only for a single day, upon his parish—he and his must be at once removed to the workhouse. And removal thither, be it observed, involved the breaking up of the poor man's little household, the sale of his small effects, the severance of himself from his wife and children, the utter overthrow of his self-respect. Remember, also, that the cruel bastardy clause was then in full force, and so far from being surprised that Mr Disraeli should have waged war on the code, the sole ground of astonishment will be that any, except political economists of the most extreme opinions, could have supported it. Mr Disraeli gave no quarter to the authors and propounders of the inhuman scheme. It was a theme which stirred the spirit within him, and urged him to speak at once more fully and more frequently than he used to do. He stood forward also as often as the need arose to advocate the rights of the people. These rights the Whigs had invaded, and hence the discontent which universally prevailed. Indeed, the Whigs had done more. After encouraging the thoughtless multitude to co-operate with them in forcing on the House of Lords and the Crown their measure of 1832, they turned round and endeavoured to put down by violence the spirit which for their own purposes they had evoked. Change was going on everywhere under the auspices of their iron rule. All the old institutions of the country were attacked, and the poor found that in proportion as these fell, one after the other, they were themselves thrust more and more into the background. It was a wretched attempt to govern an old and constitutional monarchy through the instrumentality of that particular class which had the fewest public duties to perform, and between which and the other classes there was the least sympathy.

The last attempt to stay a tide which had set in too strong to be effectually resisted occurred in February 1841. On the second reading of the Poor-law Commission Bill he argued as much against the machinery by which the law was to be worked as against the details of the law itself. It destroyed the old parochial jurisdictions, which were among the best legacies bequeathed to us from our forefathers, connecting, as they did, the rich with the poor, and giving to every man who contributed to the burthens of his parish a share in the administration of its affairs. He was opposed, also, to the centralising system into which the Government seemed to him to be running, and would again divide against it. He did so divide, but to no purpose. Sir Robert Peel supported the measure both by speaking and voting for it, and it was carried by a large majority. How the law, with its costly apparatus of buildings and paid officers, has worked, this is not the time to inquire; but we shrewdly suspect that, in spite of the many alterations which it has undergone in the course of the last seven-and-twenty years, neither the poor nor the payers of rates are altogether satisfied with their bargain.

It is matter of history that the Administration of which Lord Melbourne was at the head fell into one mistake after another, more especially in the management of the finances of the country. Year by year their budgets went wrong, and year by year more deficiencies came up, to supply which recourse was had to the clumsiest expedients. In other respects, also, they blundered. Having abolished slavery in the colonies, they did their best to repeal, one after another, the discriminating duties which enabled our own sugar-growing possessions to compete with places

where slave labour was still available. Up to a certain point the leader of the Opposition went with the Government. But when, in May 1841, the Whigs brought in a Bill to equalise the duties on colonial and foreign sugar, Sir Robert Peel made his stand against them. The whole of his party, with a section of Independent Liberals, took his view of the subject, and a great debate ensued. Mr Disraeli spoke against the Ministerial project, and spoke well. Lord John Manners likewise stood by the planters; and the result was, that after a discussion which extended over not fewer than six days, the division showed a majority against Ministers of thirty-six. Not yet, however, would the Whigs resign. They proposed, as they had a right to do, an appeal to the constituencies, for which, let us bear in mind, the Tories offered them every facility; and a general election brought together in August a new Parliament, which at once took up the question who should henceforth be the Queen's constitutional advisers. Mr Disraeli, whom the electors of Shrewsbury had returned to represent them in the House of Commons, entered early into the debate which arose on the address in answer to the Queen's Speech. His speech was a very remarkable one, and told on both sides. He exposed the absurdity of the claim set up by the Whigs to be regarded as the originators of a policy of commerce unrestricted—a policy which had begun while Lord Liverpool still held office, and was in full onward course when the Reform Bill of 1831 broke in upon and interrupted it. The speaker then showed that Ministers stood upon their trial, not so much because of their blunder in the matter of the Sugar Bill, as because the country was dissatisfied with their general policy, and alarmed by the growing excess of the public expenditure over the public revenue. The force of Mr Disraeli's appeal to the common sense of his auditors was shown by the spirit of fierce personal hostility which it called forth towards himself. He was answered by Mr Bernal Osborne—then Mr Bernal junior—who, on the plea that he had succeeded Mr Disraeli in the representation of Maidstone, thought it not unbecoming to entertain the House with a history of the process by which his rival had won his way into Parliament. We believe that the idle tale then told for the first time has more than once been repeated since by Mr Hayward and others. It amounts to this, that Mr Disraeli accepted from Mr O'Connell a letter of recommendation to the electors of High Wykham, which, if it ever had existence, was certainly of no use to him; and that, failing in his candidature there, he turned to Maidstone, where, being proposed by a Radical, Mr Treacher, and seconded by a Tory, Mr Rose, he was duly elected. Now, we cannot for the life of us see the point of this story. Why should a young man, otherwise destitute of political connections, refuse a letter of recommendation from any one whose good word might seem to him calculated to promote his views in any borough or county in the kingdom? We have ourselves more than once recommended to the goodwill of electors gentlemen with whose general views our own were not in accord, partly because we entertained for them personal regard, and partly because we believed that, though not entirely sound, they were less likely than others to work anything ill to the Constitution. And if it be fair to give, why should it be considered unfair to receive, letters of recommendation under such circumstances? As to the politics of the proposer and seconder, how could that matter affect the candidate one way or another? Mr Disraeli's object was to get into Parliament, and having achieved that object, how did he act? Was Mr Disraeli false to any pledge

which he had ever given? Did he not seat himself from the first among the Tories, and vote with the Tories, except in cases where he believed that they were in error? Mr Bernal had no right to aim at damaging an antagonist by insinuations so pitiful as he then threw out. His own subsequent career testifies to wondrous flexibility of feeling, if not of principle. Has he forgotten the story of the boa-constrictor?—or the wince which he could not hide, when asked by the late Mr Cobden how he and the boa-constrictor agreed? Perhaps he has, and it may not be amiss to refresh his memory.

Mr Bernal Osborne held no office under the Coalition Ministry. He had gone out with the pure Whigs, and was not brought back by that queer admixture of Whiggery and Peelism. He was angry and insolent, and on a certain occasion, after a speech from Sir James Graham, got up to reply. His reply told, especially that portion of it in which, alluding to some soft sawder wherewith Sir James prefaced an attack upon an antagonist, he likened the First Lord of the Admiralty to "a boa-constrictor, which first covered its victim with slaver, and then devoured it." The Liberal suddenly turned, and Mr Bernal Osborne not long afterwards became Secretary to that Board of which Sir James Graham was the chief. Cobden, than whom no man ever more enjoyed a joke, was greatly tickled by the abrupt transformation, and, addressing Mr Osborne, now seated on the Ministerial bench, asked him "how he got on with the boa-constrictor?" Poor Osborne, stout of face as he is, could not stand this. He smiled a ghastly smile, and, by way of turning the edge of the jest, replied, "No more of this, Hal, if you love me." Boa-constrictors did not stand between the honourable gentleman and office then. They are not very likely, we suspect, to be impediments in his way, if, by any chance, office come within his reach hereafter.

The result of the debate on the bringing up of the Address was, as we need scarcely observe, a division, in which the Government was defeated by a majority of 91. The Whigs immediately resigned; and a Conservative Administration was formed, under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel, with every prospect of retaining office—with the best guarantee, as was believed, of wisely administering the affairs of the country throughout the remainder of that able statesman's life.

Another rumour, meant injuriously to affect the public and private character of the object of it, got soon after this into circulation. It was said that Mr Disraeli, immediately on the formation of the Peel Government, applied to Sir Robert for office; and that, being refused, he never forgave the outrage to his sense of self-importance. Unless our memory deceive us, hints to this effect were dropped in his moments of irritation by Sir Robert himself; at all events, we know that the tale was eagerly circulated by his followers. The story may or may not have some foundation in truth, so far as the application for office is concerned. Mr Disraeli was not a rich man in 1842. He was conscious of his own strength, as all really able men are; and if, acting on that consciousness, he became a candidate for office when the party which he had faithfully served for five years came into power, what blame can be charged against him on that account? If the application was really made, the parties to be blamed are those who paid no regard to it, and who lived to repent that they had treated with neglect one whose possible adhesion to their policy might have averted much evil from themselves. In like manner, it is probable enough that a man of ability, as well as of genius, should feel acutely the sting of a refusal. But we deny that either in 1842 or subsequently Mr Disraeli allowed the memory of this personal slight

to give the faintest bias to the views which he took of public affairs. In corroboration of this statement we may refer to the votes which he gave as often as really important questions came before the House. In February of this year, for example, Sir Robert Peel introduced his scheme for modifying the Corn Laws. It was debated, and carried through a second reading by a majority of 123. Mr Disraeli's name will be found in the list of that majority. Mr Villiers soon afterwards brought forward his annual motion for the total repeal of the Corn Laws. Mr Disraeli voted against him. In March, it is true that he himself proposed a scheme for the improvement of our consular system, and that he spoke well and at some length on the subject. Peel spoke and voted against the proposition, which was in consequence rejected. And it is likewise true that, subsequently to this collision, Mr Disraeli's name is not always to be found among those of the majority which affirmed the policy of the Premier on every occasion, great or small. For instance, he appears not to have voted against, but he did not vote for, the imposition of an Income-tax in March of this year. He did not oppose, but he gave no support to, those measures of the Government which were the immediate cause of the disruption in the Church of Scotland. He took no part in the Marriage discussion of the same year. He seems to have absented himself altogether from the Church debate; and in the Copyright question, he and Peel went into opposite lobbies. But these, it will be observed, were, with one exception, points of secondary importance; and even on the question of the Income-tax it may admit of a doubt whether, in declining to sanction its imposition in 1842, Mr Disraeli did not see further than his chief into the inevitable consequences of that arrangement. Up to the period of which we are now writing it had been accepted as an axiom in the science of statecraft, that, except under the pressure of foreign war, recourse should never be had to the taxation of property. Make luxuries—such as carriages, horses, armorial bearings, and such like — contribute as largely as is prudent to the needs of the commonwealth; but put off as long as you can treating property—far more income—as a legitimate source of ordinary revenue. Why? Because, in countries popularly governed—and especially in an old constitutional monarchy like England, where the land is in comparatively few hands, and capital and labour fail to perceive that the one cannot suffer without inflicting injury on the other — there needs but an opening, and year by year the demand will be increased, that they should bear exclusively the burdens of the State whom the State appears most to favour. Now, what is this except a policy of confiscation? We have not in this country come as yet to accept the principle here enunciated. Our customs, excise, stamps, &c., still contribute the largest share to the national revenue; but how long, under the order of things which Whig restlessness has forced upon us, may this be expected to last? Sir Robert Peel imposed the first income-tax that ever was levied in time of peace for a limited period, and fixed it at a moderate level. The three years had not expired ere a renewal was sought for and obtained, and the amouut has ranged ever since between fourpence and tenpence in the pound. We are now paying sixpence in the pound. But will anybody undertake to guarantee us against an enormous increase to this burden after our household ratepayers and lodgers come to exercise the franchise, even though the arrangement be accompanied by a return to high prohibitory duties on all goods imported from abroad except such as the earth produces? Sir Robert Peel was, we frankly admit, driven to this

shift through the extraordinary blundering of the Liberal Governments which had for ten years mismanaged the affairs of the country. But we are by no means convinced that, in distrusting the wisdom of the expedient, Mr Disraeli was in error. We are certain that in not joining the ranks of the Liberals, who resisted it to the death, he gave the best proof which man could offer of fealty to his party.

Mr Disraeli's conduct throughout the whole business was consistent and statesmanlike. The tax appeared to him an injudicious one. He abstained, therefore, from speaking in its favour, or even voting for it, till the necessity was made clear to him. And then, not without a protest, and taking shelter under the expenses of the Affghan war, he gave a silent vote in support of the Minister. He was more resolute in his opposition to the attempt of the Manchester politicians to throw the burden exclusively on realised property. The profits of trade are, for the most part, more ample than either the interest of money invested or the rental of land; and trading, to a greater extent than land, or even than public credit, lives or dies according as Governments are capable or incapable of protecting it. He saw no reason, therefore, why traders should be exempt from the operation of a tax on their profits, if fundholders and owners of the soil must pay to the State a percentage on their incomes. The Manchester men were defeated by a considerable majority, and the tax became universal on incomes ranging above an arbitrary line.

It was thus that, throughout the first two years of Peel's latest tenure of office, Disraeli bore himself consistently and honourably, voting for the Minister as often as he thought him right, voting against him when he believed that he was wrong. Not that he ever affected to become that most useless and vainglorious of public characters, an independent member. Mr Disraeli entered Parliament a Tory, and a Tory he continued and still continues to be. But he declined servilely to follow a leader who, professing Toryism, adopted the views at times, and at times borrowed the policy, of the Whigs. For the first two years of Peel's Administration the occasions were indeed rare in which he voted against his party. Such votes were, moreover, given on what may be called general questions. For example, the proposal to disfranchise Sudbury in July 1842 he resisted, going with the minority into one lobby, while Peel went with the majority into another; and his plea was this, that the charges of bribery having been brought home only to eight or nine voters, it was unjust, because of their delinquencies, to deprive four or five hundred innocent men of their rights as citizens. Again, when he felt that he could not support the Government, he stood aloof from time to time altogether. He sympathised with the promoters of the second national petition so far, that he thought it ungenerous to shut the door of the House against them. This Whigs and Peelites combined to do. He, with his friend Lord John Manners, absented himself from the division. But when the Budget was assailed, and assailed on the ground that it was a Whig Budget, he again made clear the fact that a policy of free trade is, and always has been, the policy of the Tories — originated by Pitt, and gradually but steadily reverted to as soon after the close of the great war of the French Revolution as circumstances would allow. At the same time, Mr Disraeli did not profess the political faith of Mr Ricardo in this matter. He was an advocate for commercial treaties, as opposed to the unconditional repeal of import duties; an old-fashioned notion, perhaps, yet a notion then entertained and acted upon by the leaders of both of the great parties in the State. In April 1843

he spoke with great boldness and effect on the question. Mr Gladstone fenced with it, as his custom had begun to be. Peel was more decided; and the Bill which Mr Ricardo had proposed for a general lowering of the customs duties was thrown out, in a tolerably full house, by a majority of seventy-four.

The remainder of the session of 1843 passed without producing any apparent effect either on the stability of the Government or on the feelings of the party by whom it was supported. Here and there, indeed, signs appeared of anxiety on the Tory benches; but the policy of the Minister was still in the main conservative; and if from time to time he seemed to postpone the agricultural and colonial to the manufacturing interests, men reconciled themselves as they best could to the change, believing it to be inevitable. With the spring of 1844 came in, however, a more decided bearing towards the policy of the Opposition, without any attempt having been made to satisfy his own adherents that the course proposed was a wise course. It was a great mistake this—a serious political blunder—which did more to lessen Peel's influence and to break up his party than any legislative measure, or series of measures, to which he lent himself. The truth is, that Peel could not "educate" a party. Shy, self-contained, not to say egotistical and self-sufficient, he must either be blindly followed or not followed at all. He would not condescend to reason with his supporters, or anywhere, except in the House of Commons, combat their prejudices. How different in this respect is the present leader of the Tories! Patient of advice, even when he knows it to be unsound—open to argument, whether the arguer be or be not a man of weight—he controls others quite as much by the suavity of his manner as by the force and clearness of his reasoning. Peel was entirely wanting in this great qualification for the leadership of a party. He rejected advice—he was offended by remonstrance—he took no one into counsel with himself except a very few favourites. The consequence was, that when, session after session, he seemed to the great country party to be more and more deserting them, the only means by which he endeavoured to restrain them from making open show of their anger was by threatening to resign. Two memorable instances of this mode of managing a party occurred in 1844, which it may be worth while to recall to the recollection of our readers.

When the country party saw that a policy of free trade was getting into the ascendant, they not unnaturally desired to share in its advantages. A motion was accordingly made to deal with the malt-duty, which the Government resisted, and on which it was defeated. The victors in that strife hardly rejoiced in their own success. They had believed that the Minister, if he declined to support, would at all events not oppose them. And when, by opposing them, he put himself into a minority, the promoters of the measure felt at least as much of annoyance as of satisfaction. Accordingly, when, after a day or two's delay, he proposed to the House that it should rescind the adverse vote, the House adopted the suggestion without a remonstrance on the part of the agriculturists. Tactics such as these cannot, however, be safely or often repeated; and hence when, after a second defeat on the sugar question, Peel again required the House to stultify itself, a considerable section of his own followers rebelled. They could not endure to see the West Indies utterly ruined. They became impatient of the rule of one who required them to co-operate in effecting that ruin. Mr Disraeli became the mouthpiece of the dissatisfied section of the Tory party, and his speech, which produced a great effect when delivered, is still well

worth reading. "I think," he said among other things, "that the right honourable gentleman should deign to consult a little more the feelings of his party. I do not think he ought to drag them unreasonably through the mire. He has already once this session made them repeal a solemn decision at which they had arrived, and now he comes down again and says, 'Unless you rescind another important resolution, I will no longer take upon myself the responsibility of conducting affairs.' Now, I really think that to rescind one vote during the session is enough." Again, "I remember in 1841, when the right honourable baronet supported the motion of the noble lord the member for Liverpool, he said, 'I have never joined in the anti-slavery cry, and now I will not join in the cry of cheap sugar.' Two years have elapsed, and the right honourable gentleman has joined in the anti-slavery cry, and has adopted the cry of cheap sugar. But it seems that the right honourable baronet's horror of slavery extends to every place except the benches behind him. There the gang is still assembled, and there the thong of the whip still sounds. . . . The right honourable gentleman came into power on the strength of our votes, but he would rely for the permanency of his Ministry on his political opponents. He may be right—he may even, to a certain extent, be successful—in pursuing this line of conduct which he has adopted, in menacing his friends and cringing to his opponents; but I for one am disposed to look upon it as a success tending neither to the honour of the House nor to his own credit."

This speech, the first sharp appeal which he made to the latent independence of men who were beginning to believe themselves cheated, met with great applause. It operated, also, like a pilot-balloon sent up to try how the currents of wind are setting. The object of his sarcasm accepted it as the throwing down of the gauntlet; and between them, from that day forth, there ceased to be even the semblance of mutual respect and confidence.

Though dissatisfied with his leader, Mr Disraeli was not on that account dissatisfied with his party. He never abjured the principles which he professed to hold when first taking his seat in the House of Commons. He neither went himself nor stimulated others to go into opposition, but supported the Minister whenever he could, and when he could not, absented himself from divisions. The extent to which he carried this point of honour on more than one occasion is very remarkable. When Sir James Graham was called to account for opening letters at the post-office, Mr Disraeli refused to join in the cry, or to speak against him. The proceeding was one which no honourable mind could approve, though many condoned it. Mr Disraeli was not one of these. He disapproved, but declined joining in a vote of censure. When, however, it was proposed to appoint a committee to inquire, he felt himself bound to support the proposal. With his friend Lord John Manners, he voted for the inquiry; which Peel resisted, and which was in consequence refused by a majority of ninety-five.

There arose, also, in the course of this session two questions of privilege, in both of which Mr Disraeli pursued an independent course. He was adverse to the prosecution of Stockdale, the printer, which came to nothing; and he took part against Peel, in deprecating the notice which Sir James Graham and Mr Hogg determined to take in Parliament of a speech delivered by Mr Ferrand, then member for Knaresborough, on the hustings. There had been a petition against the return of Mr Walter for Nottingham, and Sir James Graham, Mr Hogg, and Mr Disraeli sat upon the committee which inquired into

the case. Mr Walter was unseated, according to Mr Ferrand's version of the story, through the gross perversion of justice by Sir James Graham and Mr Hogg. Sir Robert Peel supported the demand of these gentlemen for redress. Mr Disraeli, without pretending to justify all that Mr Ferrand had said, advised that the subject should be allowed to rest. In doing so he did not spare either Peel or Graham. The former he reminded of his rash charge in the House itself against Mr Cobden as an instigator of assassination. The latter he scarified. "I must say," he observed, "that having differed from the right honourable gentleman on subjects analogous to the present, that after the experience he has had of the assertions of Parliamentary privilege, although he was supported on those occasions by the noble lord the member for London (Lord John Russell), who, I observe, has rather withdrawn of late his support from her Majesty's Government, I think the right honourable gentleman, taking, as he did, the great historical view —the 'bottle-conjuror's view'—of the case, might really, after what has occurred, allow the matter to drop, feeling assured that the honourable member for Knaresborough has received a great moral lesson, so that when he appears on the hustings in future he will, as I doubt not he will, not adopting the distinction drawn by the right honourable gentleman the Secretary of State, be almost as cautious there as he is in the House of Commons."

Two remarkable peculiarities appear all this while in Mr Disraeli's political career. He supported every motion, by whomsoever made, which had for its object the bettering the condition of the working classes. He systematically abstained from touching questions which affected the Church either in England or in Ireland. He gave no vote for damaging that great national institution in any way, but he declined, so to speak, to legislate about it. Again, in him Lord Ashley found a steady supporter in his noble efforts to restrict the hours of labour in factories, and to guard women and children from being worked in mines like beasts of burthen. Not once was Lord Ashley sustained by a vote from Mr Cobden or Mr Bright. Not often did he find in Sir Robert Peel or Sir James Graham willing supporters. Again, while Mr Gladstone was speaking and voting against every proposal to interfere with the Established Church in Ireland, Mr Disraeli's name never once appears in the lists of a division. When, indeed, it was proposed by the Opposition to go into committee for the purpose of inquiring into the general state of Ireland, that attempt to embarrass the Government he resisted. But he took no part whatever in settling whether there should be more or fewer bishops — more or fewer amalgamations of parishes. So also, in disputes about the possession, by rival sects of Dissenters, of chapels and other endowments, which they called upon Parliament to settle for them, in these he took no share. There is something very suggestive in all this. It seems as if already he looked forward to the day when he should be called upon to take a prominent part in the adjustment of religious difficulties; and, more prudent than his rival, he was determined to approach the subject, when constrained to do so, unfettered by pledges, which are easily given, but which it is very hard to withdraw again except with discredit. We shall see by-and-by, how, by circumstances and the instigations of genius, which up to that moment had been kept down by those who ought to have known better, he was forced to the front. As yet he sits in the back benches, comparatively little heeded. He will take a more prominent place, both in the House and out of it, when we resume our biographical sketch.

THE ODES OF HORACE.

(*Concluded from page 43 in our last Number.*)

WITH this Number we conclude the specimens of an attempt respectfully submitted to the consideration of the general reader and the criticism of Horatian scholars.

BOOK IV.—ODE III.

TO MELPOMENE.

Introduction.

The sweetness and dignity of this ode have been a theme of unqualified praise to the critics. It was evidently written after the Secular Hymn, which gave authority and sanction to Horace's claim to be "Romanæ fidicen lyræ."

"Quem tu, Melpomene, semel."

Whom thou, Melpomene,
Hast once with still bright aspect marked at birth,*
On him no Isthmian toils
Shall shed the lustre of an athlete's fame;

Him shall no fiery steed
Ravish to victory in Achaian car;
In him no warlike deeds
Shall from the hill-top of the Capitol

Show to a world's applause
The glorious image of a conquering chief,
With Delian leaves adorned,
Who crushed the swelling menaces of kings;

Yet him shall streams that flow
Through fertile Tibur, and the thick-grown locks
Of the green forest-kings,
Endow with lordship—in Æolian song.

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor Isthmius
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger
Curru ducet Achaico
Victorem, neque res bellica Deliis
Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
Ostendet Capitolio:†
Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile præfluunt,
Et spissæ nemorum comæ
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.

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* "Nascentem placido lumine videris." The image here is taken from astrology. To Melpomene is ascribed the influence of the planet ascendant at birth, and by which, in technical terms, the "Native" (or new-born) is "aspected."

† "Neque res bellica
Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
Ostendet Capitolio."

"Ostendet" is a word borrowed from the ceremonies designed for pomp and ostentation. The victorious general was shown at the Capitol, where he returned thanks to Jove and the gods, deposited the spoils, and received the homage of the world.—TORRENTIUS, DACIER.

Me have the sons of Rome,
Sovereign of cities, deigned to' enrol amidst
The choir beloved of bards,
And now ev'n Envy bites with milder fang.

O thou Pierian Muse,
That tun'st the sweet clash of the golden shell;
Thou who, if such thy will,
Couldst make mute fishes musical as swans,

Thine is the boon, all thine,
That I am singled from the passers-by,
"Lyrist of Roman song!"—
Thine that I breathe and please, if please I may.*

Romæ principis urbium
Dignatur soboles inter amabiles
Vatum ponere me choros,
Et jam dente minus mordeor invido.

O testudinis aureæ
Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri, temperas,
O mutis quoque piscibus
Donatura cycni, si libeat, sonum,

Totum muneris hoc tui est,
Quod monstror digito prætereuntium
Romanæ fidicen lyræ:
Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

Ode IV.

IN PRAISE OF DRUSUS AND THE RACE OF THE NEROS.

Introduction.

When, A.U.C. 738-9, Augustus and Tiberius were in Transalpine Gaul, the fierce tribes of the Vindelici and Ræti (the first occupying a considerable range of country between the Danube and Lake Constance, the last neighbouring them to the south, and extending to Lake Como) made forays into Italy and Cisalpine Gaul, attended with great cruelty and massacre. Augustus sent against them Drusus, the younger brother of Tiberius, who was then in his twenty-third year. He defeated and drove them from Italy. It is clearly in honour of the victory under Drusus that the ode is composed. But as these tribes renewed their predatory incursions into Gaul, Tiberius was sent to the aid of Drusus with additional forces. Thus united, the two brothers reduced these and other tribes—such as the Genauni and Breuni—into the Roman province of Rætiæ (Rætia Prima and Secunda). It was in honour of this completed conquest, and of the part which Tiberius had in it, that Ode xiv. was composed, and, as may be reasonably supposed, somewhat subsequently to Ode iv. The opening of this poem is unusually lengthy and involved. It takes four strophes, or sixteen verses, before it disentangles itself of its similes and reaches their application. We do not think that it deserves the blame some critics have attached to it for the slowness and complication with which the image of the young eagle is worked out; perhaps, indeed, the hesitating efforts of the bird before it gathers strength to attack dragons are artistically expressed in the labour of the verse. But we venture to doubt whether the poem would not have been better without the second simile of the lion-whelp, which has no novelty to recommend it, and is very inferior in picturesque vigour to the first one, while it is less appropriate to the eulogy on Drusus. The young eagle training itself to grapple with dragons that resist it, conveys an image of force against force; but it is very little honour to a lion-whelp to conquer a helpless roe-deer or she-goat; "caprea" means either, but Yonge appears to us right in giving the former interpretation to the word in this passage.

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* "Quod spiro," "that I breathe the breath of song"—"quod movet me spiritus poeticus."—Dillenburger, Orelli, &c.

"Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem."

Ev'n as the thunder's wingèd minister—
To whom, proved true to Jove's entrusted charge
In gold-haired Ganymede,
Heaven's king gave kingdom over wandering birds—

Urged from his eyrie by the goad of youth,
And pulses glowing with ancestral fire,
Learns from the winds of spring,
When gone the rain-clouds, timidly to soar,

Till on the sheepfold rushes down its foe;
Next, bolder grown, the hungering greed not less
Of battle than of food,
Drives him on dragons that resist his beak;

Or as in gladsome pastures the wild roe,
About to die by fangs unfleshed before,
Sees the fierce lion-whelp,
Fresh from the udders of the tawny dam;—

So the Vindelici young Drusus saw
Leading war home to their own Rætian Alps;
Whence from all time they learned
To arm their hands with Amazonian axe.*

I pause not now to ask; nor is the lore
Of all things lore allowed; enough that hosts,
Victorious long and far,
Vanquished in turn by a young arm and brain,

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem,
Cui rex deorum regnum in aves vagas
Permisit, expertus fidelem
Jupiter in Ganymede flavo,

Olim juventas et patrius vigor
Nido laborum propulit inscium,
Vernique jam nimbis remotis
Insolitos docuere nisus

Venti paventem, mox in ovilia
Demisit hostem vividus impetus,
Nunc in reluctantes dracones
Egit amor dapis atque pugnæ;

Qualemve lætis caprea pascuis
Intenta fulvæ matris ab ubere
Jam lacte depulsum leonem,
Dente novo peritura, vidit:

Videre Rætis bella sub Alpibus †
Drusum gerentem Vindelici;—quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia securi

Dextras obarmet, quærere distuli;
Nec scire fas est omnia:—sed diu
Lateque victrices catervæ,
Consiliis juvenis revictæ,

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* "Quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia securi
Dextras obarmet, quærere distuli,
Nec scire fas est omnia."

These lines are so little in poetic keeping with the noble earnestness of those immediately before and after them, that they have been summarily rejected by several editors, and Franke asserts them to be a silly interpolation. They are, however, justly no doubt, considered genuine by the best of the later authorities. Nor, indeed, are they inconsistent with Horace's habit of introducing a sudden change of playfulness or irony in the midst of his gravest verse. To us they seem evidently a satirical allusion either to some rival poem or to some prosy archæological treatise of his own day upon the origin or customs of the Vindelici; and we lose the point because we have lost the poem or the treatise.

† "Videre Rætis bella sub Alpibus." Macleane agrees with Orelli in adopting Bentley's emendation—"Rætis" instead of "Ræti." See Orelli's excursus to this ode, and Macleane's comprehensive note.

Felt what the mind and what the heart achieve,
When reared and fostered amidst blest abodes,
And with parental love
A Cæsar's soul inspires a Nero's sons.'

Brave and good natures generate natures brave.
In steer and steed ancestral virtue shows.
Bold eagles never yet,
Instead of eaglets, begot timorous doves.

Still training speeds the inborn vigour's growth ;
Sound culture is the armour of the breast.
Where fails the moral lore,
Vice disennobles ev'n the noblest born.

What to the Neros owest thou, O Rome !
Witness Metaurus, routed Hasdrubal,
And that all-glorious day
Which chased from Latium the receding shades,

First dawn that laughed with victory ! How till then
Swept through Italia the dire African,
As fire rides forest pines,
Or Eurus rushes o'er Sicilian seas.

But from that day, labouring illustrious on,
Victory to victory linked, the Roman grew—
Till in the shrines laid waste
By Punic riot and fierce sacrilege,

Once more erect stood forth the gods of Rome.
Then thus outspoke perfidious Hannibal :
" We deer, foredoomed as prey
To ravenous wolves, our own destroyers chase,

Whom 'tis our amplest triumph to elude,
And, hiding from, escape. Race which, cast forth
A waif on Tuscan seas
From Troy's red crater, still had strength to house

In cities ravished from Ausonian soil,
Its gods, its worship, and its grey-haired sires,
Yea, and its new-born babes,
The destined fathers of the men to be ;

Sensere, quid mens rite, quid indoles
Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus,
Posset, quid Augusti paternus
In pueros animus Nerones.

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis ;
Est in juvencis, est in equis patrum
Virtus ; neque imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam :

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant ;
Utcunque defecere mores,
Indecorant bene nata culpæ.

Quid debeas, O Roma, Neronibus,
Testis Metaurum flumen, et Hasdrubal
Devictus, et pulcher fugatis
Ille dies Latio tenebris,

Qui primus alma risit adorea,
Dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas,
Ceu flamma per tædas, vel Eurus
Per Siculas equitavit undas.

Post hoc secundis usque laboribus
Romana pubes crevit, et impio
Vastata Pœnorum tumultu
Fana deos habuere rectos :

Dixitque tandem perfidus Hannibal :
Cervi, luporum præda rapacium,
Sectamur ultro, quos opimus
Fallere et effugere est triumphus.

Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Ilio
Jactata Tuscis æquoribus sacra,
Natosque maturosque patres
Pertulit Ausonias ad urbes,

Ev'n as the ilex, lopped by axes rude,
Where, rich with dusky boughs, soars Algidus,
Through loss, through wounds, receives
New gain, new life—yea, from the very steel:

Not fiercer did the Hydra hewn, regrow
Against Alcides, chafed to be o'ercome;
Nor dragon-teeth, earth-sown
In Thebes or Colchis, spring to armèd men;

Merged in the deeps, more fair comes forth its star:
Wrestle and win, it bears the winner down;
Conquers its conquerors,
And wives in safety babble of its wars.

No more to Carthage shall I send proud news;
Dies, dies the power, the fortune, the renown
Of the great Punic name;
Dies hope itself, for Hasdrubal is slain.*

There's nought the hands of men from Claudius sprung
Shall not achieve, with Jove their guardian god,
Through the sharp stress of war
Sped by the providence of heedful cares."

Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

Non hydra secto corpore firmior
Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem,
Monstrumve submisere Colchi
Majus Echioniæve Thebæ.

Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit;
Luctere, multa proruet integrum
Cum laude victorem, geretque
Prœlia conjugibus loquenda.

Carthagini jam non ego nuntios
Mittam superbos: occidit, occidit
Spes omnis et fortuna nostri
Nominis, Hasdrubale interempto.

Nil Claudiæ non perficient manus,
Quas et benigno numine Jupiter
Defendit, et curæ sagaces
Expediunt per acuta belli.

Ode VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

Introduction.

The Torquatus here addressed appears to be the same Torquatus whom Horace invites to supper, Epist., Lib. I. v. Estré, considering there was no ground for Weichert's assumption that this person was C. Nonius Asprenas Torquatus, mentioned in Suetonius (in Vit. Augusti), expresses his surprise that the commentators had not thought of Aulus Torquatus, of whom Nepos speaks in his Life of Atticus, c. 11, who had served with Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, and was therefore Horace's old fellow-soldier. Macleane considers the poem to be one of Horace's earlier odes, and introduced to swell the fasciculus—or, as we should say, fill up the

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* Torrentius considers that here ends the speech attributed to Hannibal, and that in the last verse Horace speaks in his own person,—an opinion which has had many followers, and is defended by Mr Conington. Orelli, supported by Macleane and Yonge, on the other hand, contends that the speech of Hannibal is continued to the close of the ode—firstly, because it is more complimentary to the Neros that their praise and predicted renown should come from the mouth of their foe; secondly, because it is more poetical to conclude the poem with the prophecy of Hannibal, and more in the spirit of Pindar, as Olymp. 4, and Nem. 4.

volume. We do not see much cause for that supposition. The sentiment is one habitual to Horace at every stage of his life, and it is in harmony with the tone of the epistle, published probably five or six years before the Fourth Book of Odes.

"Diffugere nives; redeunt jam gramina campis."

Fled the snows—now the grass has returned to the meadows,
And their locks to the trees;
Now the land's face is changed, dwindled rivers receding
Glide in calm by their shores.

Now, unrobed, may the Grace intertwined with her sisters
Join the dance of the Nymphs.
"Things immortal, hope not!" saith the Year—saith the Moment
Stealing off this soft day.

Winter thaws, spring has breathed; quick on spring tramples summer,
And is gone to his grave;
Appled autumn his fruits will have shed forth, and then
Dearth and winter once more.

But the swift moons restore change and loss in the heavens,
When we go where have gone
Good Æneas, and opulent Tullus and Ancus,
We are dust and a shade.*

Who knows if the gods will yet add a to-morrow
To the sum of to-day?
Count as saved from an heir's greedy hands all thou givest
To that friend—thine own self.

Diffugere nives; redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribusque comæ;
Mutat terra vices, et decrescentia ripas
Flumina prætereunt;

Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.
Immortalia ne speres, monet Annus et almum
Quæ rapit Hora diem.

Frigora mitescunt Zephyris, Ver proterit Æstas
Interitura, simul
Pomifer Auctumnus fruges effuderit; et mox
Bruma recurrit iners.

Damna tamen celeres reparant cælestia lunæ:†
Nos, ubi decidimus,
Quo pius Æneas,‡ quo dives Tullus et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.

Quis scit, an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina summæ
Tempora di superi?
Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico
Quæ dederis animo.

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* *i.e.*, dust in the tomb, and a shade in Hades.

† "Damna tamen celeres reparant cælestia lunæ." Macleane appears to us right in differing from Orelli, who refers "damna cælestia" to the changes of the moon. "'Tamen' shows that the changes and deteriorations of the weather and seasons are intended, and 'celeres lunæ' are the quick-revolving months"—*i.e.*, without metaphor, time brings back the seasons—time does not bring back us men when we once vanish.

‡ "Pius Æneas." Orelli prefers "pater," Macleane "pius," and, we think, with good reason.

When once dead, the illustrious tribunal of Minos
Once for all pronounced doom,
Noble birth, suasive tongue, moral worth, O Torquatus,
Reinstate thee no more.

Her Hippolytus chaste from the midnight of Hades
Dian's self could not free;
Lethe's chains coiled around his own best-loved Pirithous,
Theseus' self could not rend.

Cum semel occideris, et de te splendida* Minos
Fecerit arbitria,
Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
Restituet pietas;

Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
Liberat Hippolytum,
Nec Lethaea valet Theseus abrumpere caro
Vincula Pirithoo.

Ode XIV.

TO AUGUSTUS, AFTER THE VICTORIES OF TIBERIUS.

Introduction.

The introduction to Ode iv. in this book has sufficiently for the purpose sketched the outline of the events which led to the composition of this ode. As the former was devoted to the praises of Drusus, so this commemorates the subsequent and completing conquests of Tiberius, and refers all to the honour of Augustus in the establishment of his empire, and the consummation of his fortunes and his glory.

"Quæ cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium."

By what care can the Senate of Rome, and Rome's people,
With a largess of honours sufficiently ample;
By what titles, what archives to time,
Eternise thy virtues, Augustus,

Prince supremest, wherever the sun lights a region
That man can inhabit? What in war thou availest,
The Vindelici lately have learned,
Free till then from the law of the Roman.

By no even exchange in the barter of bloodshed,†
Drusus, leading thy hosts, overthrew the fleet Breuni—
The Genaunian implacable race—
And the citadels piled upon Alps

Quæ cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium
Plenis honorum muneribus tuas,
Auguste, virtutes in ævum
Per titulos memoresque fastos

Æternet, O, qua sol habitabiles
Illustrat oras, maxime principum?

Quem legis expertes Latinæ,
Vindelici didicere nuper,

Quid Marte posses. Milite nam tuo
Drusus Genaunos, implacidum genus,
Breunosque veloces, et arces
Alpibus impositas tremendis,

---

* "'Splendida,' an epithet more proper of the court and tribunal than of the judgment (arbitria) given. . . . The choice of poetic figure by which to enlarge the simple notion, 'cum semel occideris,' was probably suggested by Torquatus's own profession as an advocate, alluded to in Ep. I. v. 8, 9."—Yonge.

† "Plus vice simplici." This does not mean "more than once," but, as the scholiasts interpret, "with double loss to the enemy;" or literally, as Macleane renders it, "with more than an even exchange"—*i.e.*, of blood.

Horror-breathing; then Nero the elder completed
Glories due to thine auspice in one crowning battle;
Closed the raid of the savage, and crushed
The grim might of the giant-like Ræti.

All conspicuous he rode where the fight raged the fiercest,
Wasting down, to what wrecks! that array of stern bosoms,
Self-surrendered as offerings to death,
In the stubborn devotion to freedom.

Through the foe went his way as the blast o'er the billows
When the Pleiads are cleaving the rain-clouds asunder,
And the snort of his war-horse was heard
In the midst of the lightnings of battle.*

As when Aufidus, laving the kingdoms of Daunus,
In his form of wild bull† rushes headlong in fury,
And launches the horror of floods
O'er the corn-fields prepared for the reaper,

So, fierce on the foe's iron march burst the Nero,
Mowing line after line, from the first to the hindmost,
Till he paused amid heaps of the slain,
Without loss to his Romans, a victor.

Thou lending, indeed, the resources, the counsels,
The gods; from the day when her gates and void palace,
Suppliant Egypt threw open to thee,
Had thy reign reached its third happy lustre,

When Fortune completed thy wish and thy glory,
Ended wars which throughout all thy rule she had favoured, ‡
And established in triumph the peace
Of a world underneath thy dominion.

Dejecit acer plus vice simplici;
Major Neronum mox grave prœlium
Commisit, immanesque Rætos
Auspiciis pepulit secundis:

Spectandus in certamine Martio,
Devota morti pectora liberæ
Quantis fatigaret ruinis;
Indomitas prope qualis undas

Exercet Auster, Pleïadum choro
Scindente nubes, impiger hostium
Vexare turmas, et frementem
Mittere equum medios per ignes.

Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
Qui regna Dauni præfluit Apuli,
Cum sævit, horrendamque cultis
Diluviem meditatur agris,

Ut barbarorum Claudius agmina
Ferrata vasto diruit impetu,
Primosque et extremos metendo
Stravit humum, sine clade victor,

Te copias, te consilium et tuos
Præbente divos. Nam tibi, quo die
Portus Alexandrea supplex
Et vacuam patefecit aulam,

Fortuna lustro prospera tertio
Belli secundos reddidit exitus,
Laudemque et optatum peractis
Imperiis decus arrogavit.

---

* "Medios per ignes"—*i.e.*, "per medium ardorem belli" (Com. Cruq.)

† "Tauriformis Aufidus;" literally, "tauriform" or "bull-formed Aufidus." The image is applied to many rivers by the Greek and Latin poets. Macleane suggests that the branches of so many large streams at the mouths of rivers might have suggested the idea of the horns; but it seems to us that the comparison to the bull in general applies to the blind and senseless violence of the animal, who, without any object, angrily runs on indiscriminately, trampling and destroying everything in his way—just as the inundation of a torrent does.

‡ Horace, here addressing Augustus, ascribes it to him as his crowning victory that he has at last got the wish of his heart, which was peace—the peace of the world, subjected to the Roman Empire. The victory of Tiberius was on the fifteenth anniversary of the day on which Augustus entered Alexandria, and, thus terminating the civil war, became supreme.

Thee the dauntless Cantabrian, before never conquered;
Thee the Mede and the Indian, and Scyth, the wild Nomad,
Mark in wonder and awe, guardian shield
Of Italia, and Rome the earth's mistress.

Thee the Nile, unrevealing the source of its waters;
Thee the Danube; and thee the swift rush of the Tigris;
Thee the monster-fraught ocean, which roars
Round the birthplace remote of the Briton;

Thee the stubborn Iberian, the Gaul, death-defying,
Submissive obey; thee the savage Sygambri,
Exulting in carnage, revere;
And they pile up their arms for thy trophy.

Te Cantaber non ante domabilis,
Medusque, et Indus, te profugus Scythes
Miratur, O tutela præsens
Italiæ dominæque Romæ:

Te fontium qui celat origines
Nilusque et Ister, te rapidus Tigris,
Te beluosus qui remotis
Obstrepit Oceanus Britannis,

Te non paventis funera Galliæ
Duræque tellus audit Hiberiæ;
Te cæde gaudentes Sygambri
Compositis venerantur armis.

Ode XV.

TO AUGUSTUS ON THE RESTORATION OF PEACE.

Introduction.

This ode is the appropriate epilogue to the Fourth Book, of which the poems that celebrate the Roman victories under Drusus and Tiberius constitute the noblest portion. If it be true that the book was published on account of these odes, and at the desire of Augustus, Horace would naturally conclude by a special reference to the beneficial issues of the wars undertaken by Augustus, and from the final completion of which in Gaul, Germany, and Spain, he had just returned to Rome. Horace here begins by saying, that when he wished to sing of those wars Phœbus checked him. But Phœbus does not forbid him to sing the triumphs of peace; and, with a lively lyrical abruptness, he therefore at once bursts forth:—

"Tua, Cæsar, ætas
Fruges et agris retulit uberes," &c.

That the poem was composed immediately after the return of Cæsar, and in connection with the Odes iv. and xiv., is, we think, made clear by its own internal evidence. War is finished, and Augustus is celebrated as the triumphant establisher of law and order, and the author of the national prosperity, and the improvements, social and moral, which result from the security to life and property bestowed by a government at once firm and beneficent. He is here the descendant, not of Mars and Ilia, but of Anchises and Venus the gentle.

"Phœbus volentem prœlia me loqui."

Of wars and vanquished cities when I longed
To sing, Apollo checked me with his lyre,
Lest I launched sails so slight
Into so vast a deep. Cæsar, thy reign

Phœbus volentem prœlia me loqui
Victas et urbes, increpuit lyra;
Ne parva Tyrrhenum per æquor
Vela darem. Tua, Cæsar, ætas

Has given back golden harvests to our fields,
Restored the standards torn from the proud walls
Of Parthia to Rome's Jove,
The temple of dread Janus, void of wars,

It has closed up ; to righteous order tamed
Wild wandering licence ; it has banished crimes,
And, in their stead, recalled
Back to their fatherland the ancient arts,—

Arts out of which have grown the Roman name,
Italia's might, fame, and majestic sway,
To the Sun's Orient rise,
From his calm bed in our Hesperian seas.

Cæsar our guardian, neither civil rage
Nor felon violence scares us from repose,
Nor ire which sharpens swords,
And makes the wars of nations and their woes.

Neither the drinkers of deep Danube break
The Julian Laws, nor Scyths, nor Seres fierce,
Nor Persia's faithless sons,
Nor wild men cradled on the banks of Don.

So, with each sacred, nay, each common day
(Prayer, as is due, first rendered to the gods),
'Mid blithesome Liber's boons,
Gathering our women and our children round,

Let us, as did our fathers in old time,
Honour with hymns and Lydian fife brave chiefs :
Sing Troy ; Anchises sing ;
Sing of the race from gentle Venus sprung.

Fruges et agris retulit uberes,
Et signa nostro restituit Jovi,
Derepta Parthorum superbis
Postibus, et vacuum duellis

Janum Quirini clausit, et ordinem
Rectum evaganti frena Licentiæ
Injecit, emovitque culpas,
Et veteres revocavit artes,*

Per quas Latinum nomen et Italæ
Crevere vires, famaque et imperi
Porrecta majestas ad ortus
Solis ab Hesperio cubili.

Custode rerum Cæsare, non furor†
Civilis aut vis exiget otium,
Non ira, quæ procudit enses,
Et miseras inimicat urbes.

Non, qui profundum Danubium bibunt,
Edicta rumpent Julia, non Getæ,
Non Seres infidive Persæ,
Non Tanaïn prope flumen orti.

Nosque et profestis lucibus et sacris,
Inter jocosi munera Liberi,
Cum prole matronisque nostris,
Rite deos prius apprecati,

Virtute functos, more patrum, duces,
Lydis remixto carmine tibiis,
Trojamque et Anchisen et almæ
Progeniem Veneris canemus.

---

* "Veteres artes." "Artes" here means "virtues," as in Book III. Od. iii. "Hac arte" (ἀρετῇ), as prudence, fortitude, justice, temperance.—ACRON.

† "Non furor
Civilis aut vis exiget otium,
Non ira, quæ procudit enses,
Et miseras inimicat urbes."

Three causes of fear are removed—"Furor civilis," "civil war ;" "vis," "personal violence ;" "ira," "foreign wars."

THE EPODES.

INTRODUCTION.

Orelli, Dillenburger, and Macleane concur in accepting Franke's date for the publication of the book of Epodes, viz., A.U.C. 724, when Horace was thirty-five years old. The poems contained in the book appear to have been written between 713 and the year in which they were published; and, no doubt, many of them were known to Horace's friends before publication. It is to these Epodes that Horace appears to refer when he says, Epist. i. 19-23, that "He first introduced the Parian iambics, following the numbers and the spirit of Archilochus" (of Paros). Their title of Epode was not given to them (any more than that of Ode was given to the poems classed under that name) by Horace himself. Such designations are the inventions of some long-subsequent grammarian.

The metres of the Epodes are not amenable to the rule by which it is contended that all the Odes are reducible into quatrain stanzas. "When," says Orelli, "poetry was transferred from the magnitude and gravity of the epic song to a briefer and slenderer argument, a measure of correspondent quality became requisite. Hence the invention of Epodes, of which the most ancient kind, subjected to the heroic line, had its pentameter made up of two feet of the heroic, and that connection or couplet gave rise to the name of the Elegiac Metre. To this kind the greater part of these Epodes should be referred."

The first ten Epodes are all in the same metre—alternate trimeter and dimeter iambics; they only admit spondees in the uneven places, and there is but one instance (ii. 35) in which an anapæst is admitted.

In the translation, the metre selected for the more important of these Epodes has been adopted after much consideration. It consists of our blank verse converted into an elegiac couplet by alternate terminations in a dissyllable and monosyllable; and though that is a very simple, and may seem at first glance a very slight, adaptation of English blank verse, it will be found to constitute a marked difference from the chime of our epic line, and is yet equally in unison with the laws of our prosody.

For one or two of the lighter of these first ten epodes, such as Ep. x., the spirit of the original seems to necessitate the variation to a livelier metre.

SPECIMENS.

EPODE II.

ALFIUS.—THE CHARMS OF RURAL LIFE.

Introduction.

This poem, in which a glowing description of country life and its innocent attractions is placed in the mouth of the rich usurer Alfius, is one of the happiest examples of Horace's power of polished and latent irony. Macleane thinks that the poem was originally written in praise of rural life, and that the last lines were added to give the rest a moral. "At any rate," he says, "the greater part of the speech must be admitted to be rather out of keeping with the supposed speaker." This alleged want of keeping does not strike us, nor do we believe that

the last lines were "an afterthought." The idea is in complete harmony with the substance of the First Satire, in which Horace says that the miser is never contented with his own lot, but rather extols those who follow opposite pursuits :—

"Nemo ut avarus
Se probet, ac potius laudet diversa sequentes;"

but that nevertheless the nature of the man returns to him ; and if you offered to let him exchange with the person he envies, and so be happy, he would not accept the offer. The same idea is expressed more briefly, Ode i. lines 15, 35—"The merchant, terrified by the storms, lauds the ease of the country, but very soon refits his battered vessels." That a rich money-lender might at some moment feel and express very glowingly an enthusiasm for country life is natural enough ; we have instances of that every day. No one praises or covets a country life more than a rich Jew or contractor. We do not know the occasion which may have suggested the poem ; but nothing is more likely than that there was a report that the famous usurer was about to buy a country place and retire from business, and on the strength of that rumour Horace wrote the poem.

"Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis."

"Blessed is he—remote, as were the mortals
Of the first age, from business and its cares—
Who ploughs paternal fields with his own oxen
Free from the bonds of credit or of debt.
No soldier he, roused by the savage trumpet,
Not his to shudder at the angry sea ; * .
His life escapes from the contentious forum,
And shuns the insolent thresholds of the great.
And so he marries to the amorous tendrils
Of the young vine the poplar's lofty stem ;
Or marks from far the lowing herds that wander
Leisurely down the calm secluded vale ;
Or, pruning with keen knife the useless branches,
Grafts happier offspring on the parent tree ;

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fenore,†
Neque excitatur classico miles truci,
Neque horret iratum mare,
Forumque vitat et superba civium
Potentiorum limina.
Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
Altas maritat populos,
Aut in reducta valle mugientium
Prospectat errantes greges ;
Inutilesque falce ramos amputans
Feliciores inserit ;

---

* "Nec horret iratum mare." This does not apply to the sailor, but to the trader or merchant—"nec mercaturam exercet."—ORELLI.

† "Solutus omni fenore"—"who neither lends nor borrows upon usury :" so Torrentius and Orelli. Macleane says the words would equally suit any other person besides a city usurer, and would mean that in the country he would not be subject to the calls of creditors, and need not get into debt. This interpretation is perhaps too loosely hazarded. An illustrious Horatian critic, to whom the translator is largely indebted, observes that "solutus" evidently refers to usurious bonds, and is so employed in the Satires ; and suggests, as a more literal translation, "unshackled by the bonds of usury."

Or in pure jars he stores the clear-prest honey ;
  Or shears the fleeces of his tender sheep ;
Or, when brown Autumn from the fields uplifteth
  Brows with ripe coronal of fruits adorned,
What joy to pluck the pear himself hath grafted,
  And his own grape, that with the purple vies,
Wherewith he pays thee, rural god Priapus,
  And, landmark-guardian, Sire Silvanus, thee :
Free to recline, now under aged ilex,
  Now in frank sunshine on the matted grass,
While through the steep banks slip the gliding waters,
  And birds are plaintive in the forest glens,
And limpid fountains, with a drowsy tinkle,
  Invite the light wings of the noonday sleep.

But when the season of the storm, rude winter,
  Gathers together all its rains and snows,
Or here and there, into the toils before them,
  With many a hound he drives the savage boars ;
Or with fine net, on forked stake suspended,
  Spreads for voracious thrushes fraudful snare,
And—joyful prizes—captures in his springes
  The shy hare and that foreigner the crane.
Who would not find in these pursuits oblivion
  Of all the baleful cares which wait on love ?
Yet, if indeed he boasts an honest helpmate,
  Who, like the Sabine wife or sunburnt spouse
Of brisk Apulian, in the cares of household
  And of sweet children bears her joyous part ;

Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris;
  Aut tondet infirmas oves ; *
Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
  Auctumnus agris extulit,
Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pira,
  Certantem et uvam purpuræ,
Qua muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater
  Silvane, tutor finium ! †
Libet jacere modo sub antiqua ilice,
  Modo in tenaci gramine.
Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ,
  Queruntur in silvis aves,
Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
  Somnos quod invitet leves.
At cum Tonantis annus hibernus Jovis
  Imbres nivesque comparat,
Aut trudit acres hinc et hinc multa cane
  Apros in obstantes plagas ;
Aut amite levi rara tendit retia,
  Turdis edacibus dolos ;
Pavidumque leporem et advenam laqueo gruem
  Jucunda captat præmia.
Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,
  Hæc inter obliviscitur ?
Quod si pudica mulier in partem juvet
  Domum atque dulces liberos,
Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus
  Pernicis uxor Apuli,

---

* "Aut tondet infirmas oves." Baxter strangely interprets "infirmas" as "sickly" (ægrotas) ; Orelli as "feeble" (imbecillas). Voss translates it "zarter," and so far agrees with Macleane, who considers it a purely ornamental expression.

† "Pater Silvane, tutor finium." Silvanus, whose more usual attribute is the care of corn-fields and cattle, is here made to undertake the protection of boundaries, which properly belonged to Terminus.

Who on the sacred hearth the oldest faggots
  Piles 'gainst the coming of her wearied lord;
And in the wattled close the milch-kine penning,
  Drains the distended udders of their load;
From the sweet cask draws forth the year's new vintage,
  And spreads the luxuries of an unbought feast:
Such fare would charm me more than rarest dainties *—
  Than delicate oyster of the Lucrine lake,
Or (if from eastern floods loud-booming winter
  Drive to our seas) the turbot or the scar.
Not softer sinks adown the grateful palate
  The Nubian pullet or the Ionian snipe,†
Than olives chosen where they hang the thickest;
  Or sorrel, lusty lover of green fields;
Or mallows, wholesome for the laden body,
  Or lambkin slain on Terminus' high feast,
Or kidling rescued from the wolf's fierce hunger.
  Amid such banquet how it charms to see
The pastured sheep haste home, or wearied oxen,
  With languid neck, drag back the inverted share,
And, round the shining Lares grouped, the house-slaves,
  The swarm which constitutes the wealth of home."
Thus said the usurer Alfius, on the instant
  Resolved to be a farmer, and calls in,
When the mid month comes, all his lent-out moneys;
  When the new month comes—seeks to lend again.‡

Sacrum vetustis exstruat lignis focum
  Lassi sub adventum viri;
Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus
  Distenta siccet ubera;
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio
  Dapes inemptas apparet:
Non me Lucrina juverint conchylia,
  Magisve rhombus, aut scari,
Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
  Hiems ad hoc vertat mare;
Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,
  Non attagen Ionicus
Jucundior, quam lecta de pinguissimis
  Oliva ramis arborum,
Aut herba lapathi prata amantis, et gravi
  Malvæ salubres corpori,
Vel agna festis cæsa Terminalibus,
  Vel hædus ereptus lupo.
Has inter epulas ut juvat pastas oves
  Videre properantes domum,
Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
  Collo trahentes languido,
Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
  Circum renidentes Lares!
Hæc ubi locutus fenerator Alfius,
  Jam jam futurus rusticus,
Omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam,
  Quærit Kalendis ponere.

---

* The humour of these lines is increased if we may suppose Alfius to have been notoriously fond of good cheer—and nothing more likely. The mistake of the commentators is to suppose that a money-lender must necessarily be a miser. Rather the contrary; money lightly won is lightly spent. Money-lenders nowadays are generally famous for good dinners.

† "Afra avis"—"attagen Ionicus." What bird is meant by the "Afra avis" is a matter of uncertainty. Yonge says it is the guinea-fowl—Macleane inclines to the same opinion; but we know little more of it than that it was speckled. The "attagen" is variously interpreted woodcock, snipe, and, more commonly, moor-fowl. The Ionian snipe is to this day so incomparably the best of the snipe race, that we venture to think it is the veritable "attagen Ionicus."

‡ "Omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam,
  Quærit Kalendis ponere."

The ides, nones, and kalends were the settling days at Rome.

Epode X.

ON MÆVIUS SETTING OUT ON A VOYAGE.

Introduction.

The name of Mævius has become proverbially identified with the ideal of a bad poet; but, after all, the justice of this very unpleasant immortality rests upon no satisfactory evidence. Virgil, with laconic disdain, dismisses him and Bavius to obloquy, and this poem is a specimen of Horace's mode, in his hot youth, of treating a person to whom he owed a grudge. But poets are very untrustworthy judges of the merits of a contemporary poet, whom, for some reason or other, they dislike. If nothing of Southey be left to remote posterity, and he is only then to be judged by what Byron has said of him, Southey would appear a sort of Mævius. On the other hand, what would Byron seem if nothing were left of his works, and, one or two thousand years hence, he were to be judged by the opinions of his verse which Southey and Wordsworth and Coleridge have left on record? As to the severest things said of Mævius by writers of a later generation, and who had probably never read a line of him, they are but echoes of the old lampoons: "Give a dog a bad name," &c. If it be true, as the commentator in Cruquius says, that Mævius was "a detractor of all learned men," and a cultivator of archaisms, or an elder school of expression, "sectator vocum antiquarum," it is probable enough that he incurred the resentment of Horace and the scorn of Virgil by his attacks on their modern style, and that his adherence to the elder forms of Latin poetry was uncongenial to their own taste. For Virgil's contemptuous mention, indeed, there might be some cause less general if Mævius and Bavius wrote the anti-Bucolica ascribed to them, *i. e.*, two pastorals in parody of the Eclogues; and especially if Mævius were the author of a very ready and a very witty attempt to turn him into ridicule. Virgil reciting the First Book of his Georgics, after the words "Nudus ara sere nudus," came to a dead halt, when some one, said to be either Mævius or Bavius, finished the line by calling out, "habebis frigore febrem" (or, according to another reading, "habebis frigora febres"). Whoever made that joke must have been clever enough to be a disagreeable antagonist. One thing, at all events, seems pretty evident —viz., that Mævius must have had power of some kind to excite the muse of Horace to so angry an excess. Had he been a man wholly without mark or following, he could scarcely have stung to such wrath even a youthful poet. Be that as it may, this ode has all the vigour of a good hater, and there is much of the gusto of true humour in its extravagance. The exact date of its composition is unknown, but it bears the trace of very early youth. Grotefend assigns it to A.U.C. 716, when Horace was twenty-seven.

"Mala soluta navis exit alite."

Under ill-boding auspices puts forth the vessel
  Which has Mævius—a rank-smelling cargo—on board;
Rise, Auster, and let all the horriblest billows
  Lash the sides of a ship that is curst by such freight!

Mala soluta navis exit alite,
Ferens olentem Mævium:
Ut horridis utrumque verberes latus,
Auster, memento fluctibus!

Dash the surge o'er the decks, O thou dark-frowning Eurus!
  And snap all the cables and break all the oars;
Rise, Aquilo, rise as when rending asunder
  On hill-peaks the holm-oaks that rock to thy blast!
On the blackness of night let no friendly star glimmer
  Save the baleful Orion, whose setting is storm;
Be that ship never tost on a billow more quiet
  Than wrecked the victorious armada of Greece,
When, from Ilion consumed, to the vessel of Ajax
  Pallas * turned the wrath due to her temple profaned.
Ha, what sweat-drops will run from the cheeks of thy sailors,
  And how palely thy puddle-blood ooze from thy cheeks!
How thou call'st out for aid—with that shriek which shames manhood †—
  On the Jove who disdains such a caitiff to hear;
When thy keel strains and cracks in the deep gulf Ionic,
  Which howls back the howl of the stormy south-blast.
But O! in some desolate creek if thou furnish
  A banquet superb to the sea-birds of prey,
To the Tempests a lamb and lewd goat shall be offered
  In thanks for so blest a deliverance from thee.

Niger rudentes Eurus, inverso mari,
  Fractosque remos differat;
Insurgat Aquilo, quantus altis montibus
  Frangit trementes ilices;
Nec sidus atra nocte amicum appareat,
  Qua tristis Orion cadit;
Quietiore nec feratur æquore,
  Quam Graia victorum manus,
Cum Pallas usto vertit iram ab Ilio
  In impiam Ajacis ratem!

O quantus instat navitis sudor tuis,
  Tibique pallor luteus,
Et illa non virilis ejulatio,
  Preces et aversum ad Jovem,
Ionius udo cum remugiens sinus
  Noto carinam ruperit!
Opima quod si præda curvo litore
  Porrecta mergos juveris,
Libidinosus immolabitur caper
  Et agna Tempestibus.

Epode XVI.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE (OR RATHER TO HIS OWN POLITICAL FRIENDS).

Introduction.

This poem is generally supposed to have been composed at about the commencement of the Perusian war, A.U.C. 713—the year following the battle of Philippi, when the state of Italy was indeed deplorable, and the fortunes of Horace himself at the worst. He had forfeited his patrimony, and it was two years before he was even introduced to Mæcenas. At that time he would have been twenty-four. The poem has the character of youth in its defects and its beauties. The redundance of its descriptive passages is in marked contrast to the terseness of description which Horace studies in his Odes; and there is something declamatory in its general tone which is at variance with the simpler utterance of lyrical art: on the other hand, it has all the warmth of genuine passion, and in sheer vigour of composition Horace has rarely excelled it.

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* It is cleverly said by one of the critics, that Pallas is appropriately enough referred to here as the avenger of the bad poetry with which Mævius had insulted her.

† "*Illa* non virilis ejulatio." He speaks as though he heard the man crying.—Macleane.

"Altera jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas."

Another Age worn out in Civil Wars,*
  And Rome sinks weighed down by her own sheer forces,
Whom nor the bordering Marsians could destroy;
  Nor Porsena, threatening with Etruscan armies;
Nor rival Capua,† nor fierce Spartacus,
  Nor Allobroge ‡ in all revolts a traitor;
Nor fierce Germania's blue-eyed giant sons;
  Nor Hannibal, abhorred by Roman mothers, §—
That is the Rome which we, this race, destroy;
  We, impious victims by ourselves devoted,
And to the wild beast and the wilderness
  Restoring soil which Romans called their country.
Woe! on the ashes of Imperial Rome
  Shall the barbarian halt his march, a victor;
And the wild horseman with a clanging hoof
  Trample the site which was the world's great city,
And—horrid sight—in scorn to winds and sun
  Scatter the shrouded bones of Rome's first founder.

Altera jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas,
  Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit:
Quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere Marsi,
  Minacis aut Etrusca Porsenæ manus,
Æmula nec virtus Capuæ, nec Spartacus acer,
  Novisque rebus infidelis Allobrox,
Nec fera cærulea domuit Germania pube,
  Parentibusque abominatus Hannibal,
Impia perdemus devoti sanguinis ætas,
  Ferisque rursus occupabitur solum.
Barbarus heu! cineres insistet victor, et Urbem
  Eques sonante verberabit ungula,
Quæque carent ventis et solibus ossa Quirini,
  Nefas videre! dissipabit insolens.‖

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* "Altera ætas," the preceding age being that of Sulla.

† "Æmula nec virtus Capuæ." Capua, after the battle of Cannæ, aspired to the "imperium" of Italy.—Liv. 23, 2.

‡ "Novisque rebus infidelis Allobrox." This line is generally supposed to refer to the Allobrogian ambassadors, who, at the time of Catiline's conspiracy, promised to aid it, but afterwards betrayed the conspirators, and became the chief witnesses against them. The Allobroges, a Gallic people on the left bank of the Rhone, two years later broke out in war, and, invading Gallia Narbonensis, were defeated by the governor of that province, C. Pomptinius. The line may, however, be intended to designate the general character of this people, without any special reference to the conduct of their ambassadors in the conspiracy of Catiline.

§ "Parentibusque abominatus Hannibal." Orelli and Dillenburger interpret "parentibus" as "our fathers," "the former generation." Doering and Macleane interpret the word in the sense of "bella matribus detestata," c. i. 1, 24, in which latter sense the line is translated.

‖ "Quæque carent ventis et solibus ossa Quirini." We have rendered the simple meaning of the line, but the literal construction is, that he shall scatter the bones of Romulus, hitherto free, in their secret place, from wind and sun. Elsewhere (Car. iii. 3, 16), Horace speaks of Romulus as rapt to heaven, according to the popular belief. Varro, according to Porphyrion, says the tomb of Romulus was behind the rostra. Orelli suggests that Romulus (Quirinus) is not literally signified in the verse, but rather symbolically, as the ideal representative (*der ideale representant*) of the other Roman citizens, whose bones shall be scattered to wind and sun.

If haply all, or those amongst you all,
  Who be of nobler nature, ask for counsel
How to escape the endurance of such ills,
  I know none better than this old example:
Leaving their lands, their Lares, and their shrines,
  To wolf and wild-boar, went forth the Phocæans,*
One State entire, accursing the return;—
  Go *we* wherever a free foot may lead us,
No matter what the billow or the blast,
  Welcome alike be Africus or Notus.
Are ye agreed? Who can this vote amend?
  Why pause? To sea! accept the favouring auspice.
Yet ere we part thus swear: When the firm rocks
  In the deep bosom of the ocean buried,†
Rise to the light and float along the wave,
  Then, nor till then, return for us be lawful!
Back unrepentant we will veer the sail
  When Po shall lave the summits of Matinus;
When into ocean juts the Apennine;
  When herds no longer fear the tawny lions;
When nature's self becomes unnatural,
  And, love reversing all its old conditions,
Tigers woo does, the kite pairs with the dove;
  When into scales the he-goat smoothes his fleeces,
And quits the hill-top for the briny seas.
  So swear, swear aught that cuts us off for ever
From the old homes, and go, one State entire,
  Accursing the return. If all not willing,
At least that part which is of nobler mind
  Than the unteachable herd. To beds ill-omened

Forte quid expediat communiter aut melior pars
  Malis carere quæritis laboribus;
Nulla sit hac potior sententia: Phocæorum
  Velut profugit exsecrata civitas
Agros atque Lares patrios, habitandaque fana
  Apris reliquit et rapacibus lupis,
Ire pedes quocunque ferent, quocunque per undas
  Notus vocabit aut protervus Africus.
Sic placet?‡ an melius quis habet suadere? secunda
  Ratem occupare quid moramur alite?
Sed juremus in hæc: Simul imis saxa renarint
  Vadis levata, ne redire sit nefas;
Neu conversa domum pigeat dare lintea, quando
  Padus Matina laverit cacumina;
In mare seu celsus procurrerit Apenninus,
  Novaque monstra junxerit libidine
Mirus amor, juvet ut tigres subsidere cervis,
  Adulteretur et columba miluo;
Credula nec ravos timeant armenta leones;
  Ametque salsa levis hircus æquora.
Hæc, et quæ poterunt reditus abscindere dulces,
  Eamus omnis exsecrata civitas,
Aut pars indocili melior grege; mollis et exspes
  Inominata perprimat cubilia!

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* "Phocæorum—exsecrata civitas." "Exsecrata" is used in a double sense, "binding themselves under a curse."—MACLEANE. The oath of the Phocæans, who left their city when besieged by Harpagus (Herod. i. 165) never to return till an iron bar they threw into the sea should float on the surface, is amplified in the oath which Horace suggests to his political friends.

† "In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."—SHAKESPEARE.

‡ "Sic placet"—"placetne," the usual formula. The poet fancies himself addressing a meeting of the citizens.—MACLEANE.

Let those nought hoping, those nought daring, cling.
  Ye in whom manhood lives, cease woman wailings,
Wing the sail far beyond Etruscan shores.
  Lo! where awaits an all-circumfluent ocean—
Fields, the Blest Fields we seek, the Golden Isles
  Where teems a land that never knows the ploughshare—
Where, never needing pruner, laughs the vine—
  Where the dusk fig adorns the stem it springs from,*
And the glad olive ne'er its pledge belies †—
  There from the creviced ilex wells the honey;
There, down the hillside bounding light, the rills
  Dance with free foot, whose fall is heard in music;
There, without call, the she-goat yields her milk,
  And back to browse, with unexhausted udders,
Wanders the friendly flock; no hungry bear
  Growls round the sheepfold in the starry gloaming. ‡
Nor high with rippling vipers heaves the soil. §
  These, and yet more shall we behold of marvel,
We, for felicity reserved; how ne'er
  Dank Eurus sweeps the fields with flooding rain-storm,

Vos, quibus est virtus, muliebrem tollite luctum,
  Etrusca præter et volate litora.
Nos manet Oceanus circumvagus; arva, beata
  Petamus arva divites et insulas,
Reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis,
  Et imputata floret usque vinea;
Germinat et nunquam fallentis termes olivæ,
  Suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem;
Mella cava manant ex ilice, montibus altis
  Levis crepante lympha desilit pede.
Illic injussæ veniunt ad mulctra capellæ,
  Refertque tenta grex amicus ubera;
Nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile,
  Neque intumescit alta viperis humus.
Pluraque felices mirabimur: ut neque largis
  Aquosus Eurus arva radat imbribus, ‖

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* Viz., ungrafted.

† "Nunquam fallentis termes olivæ." The olive crop is still as fickle as the English hop crop—one good year for two bad ones is the accredited average. The olive crop, like the hop, was and still is often ruinous, from the speculative gambling which its uncertainty stimulates. Horace says that which came home to every olive-grower when he speaks of an olive-tree that never deceived its cultivator.

‡ "Vespertinus ursus."

§ "Neque intumescit alta viperis humus." Orelli, in one of those notes, exquisite for accuracy of perception, in which his edition is so rich, objects to the common translation of "alta humus"—mountainous or rising ground, in which vipers are not found. He suggests, on various Greek authorities, that "alta," in its sense of "deep," not "high," has the signification of "fertile" (we say particularly a deep rich soil, in antithesis to a thin poor one); and to those who dissent from that interpretation, Orelli commends Jahn's proposed construction to take "alta" with "intumescit"—"swells high." Macleane indorses it. Orelli refers "tumescit" not to the sweltering venom, but to the undulous movement of the reptile, alternately rising and falling, so that the ground literally seems to heave, as the commentator in Orelli says he has himself noticed, in his solitary walks along the meadows and water-banks of Italy, which, but for the vipers, would have been exceedingly pleasant. In the translation it is sought to render this idea, drawn from the critic's personal observation, and which, as a friend suggests, is in curious accordance with a passage in Humboldt's 'Aspects of Nature,' where he describes the reptiles, snakes, breaking their way through the clay soil left by the inundations of the Orinoco, and lifting the ground into little heaps.

‖ "Aquosus Eurus arva radat imbribus." The literal and vernacular meaning of "rado" is "to shave," as "radere caput;" "radere littora" (generally construed "to coast along") is better interpreted by the phrase familiar enough to our Eng-

Nor rich seeds parch within the sweltering glebe.
  Either extreme the King of Heaven has tempered.
Thither ne'er rowed the oar of Argonaut,
  The impure Colchian never there had footing.
There Sidon's trader brought no lust of gain;
  No weary toil there anchored with Ulysses;
Sickness is known not; on the tender lamb
  No ray falls baneful from one star in heaven.
When Jove's decree alloyed the golden age,
  He kept these shores for one pure race secreted;
For all beside the golden age grew brass
  Till the last centuries hardened to the iron,
Whence to the pure in heart a glad escape,*
  By favour of my prophet strain is given.†

Pinguia nec siccis urantur semina glebis;
  Utrumque rege temperante cælitum.
Non huc Argoo contendit remige pinus,
  Neque impudica Colchis intulit pedem;
Non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua nautæ
  Laboriosa nec cohors Ulixei.
Nulla nocent pecori contagia, nullius astri
  Gregem æstuosa torret impotentia.
Jupiter illa piæ secrevit litora genti,
  Ut inquinavit ære tempus aureum:
Aere, dehinc ferro duravit secula; quorum
  Piis secunda, vate me, datur fuga.

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lish sailor, "to shave the shore." Orelli here construes "radat" "deluges," or "lays waste."

* "Quorum" depends on "fuga"—flight from the iron ages. "Piis" has the signification of "pure from crime."

† Scaliger is very angry with Horace for the whole of this charming passage, which the great critic prosaically enough regards literally as an invitation to a wild-goose chase. It has been supposed by some that the description of these happy islands, and the idea of migrating thither, is taken from the account of the Western Islands, which almost tempted Sertorius to seek in them a refuge from the cares of his life, and the harassment of unceasing wars. This story, which is told by Plutarch in his life of Sertorius, is said by Acron to have been given by Sallust. But the general tradition of a happy land separated from the rest of the world was popular among the ancients from the earliest time, and Horace might have got the notion from Hesiod or Pindar. The poem, however, would assume a much deeper and more earnest character if we can suppose that the passage in question has a symbolical signification, and refers to the isle of happy souls in which Achilles was wed to Helen. In that case the latent meaning would apply to another world beyond this, and its moral would be, "Rather than submit to the ills and ignominy in store for us, let us take our chance of those seats in Elysium reserved for the pure."

RÉCIT D'UNE SŒUR.

We are not much surprised that there have been readers of 'A Sister's Story' who took it for a religious novel. Not only has it the familiar aspect of fiction in binding, type, and the inexorable three volumes; not only was it first advertised in a list of new novels, but the work may well read like one in its more exciting parts to persons who keep their discrimination for other things than the books they read; for they probably have found nothing in its pages that in the least answers to their experience of life. They know no people of such ardent, vehement, and excitable emotions as characterise, not one, but everybody in the book, nor any such heroine as Alexandrine, nor such a pair of lovers as she and Albert together present, nor any pretty girls who play with the idea of death like Eugenie, nor any individual, not to say group of persons, gifted with the desire and the power to record with a flowing eloquent pen every event and feeling with minutest detail and passionate earnestness immediately after it has been felt or happened. All these things, on the contrary, are acknowledged characteristics of fiction. And, moreover, the tone of high life, the recurrence of great names, the familiarity with courts, the beauty and fine manners of everybody concerned, the cosmopolitan finish, the familiarity with every European language possessed by the whole *dramatis personæ*, are all points as perfectly in harmony with their experience of novels as they are opposed to their personal knowledge and acquaintance of mankind; while Alexandrine's record and journal, and her mode of telling her love-story, are as familiar to the novel-reader as they are unique in real life. We think even that the translator must have been willing to throw this *faux air* of invention over the English rendering of the work, or she would not have turned '*Récit d'une Sœur*' into 'A Sister's Story.' "Narrative" would surely have better represented the original title.

That the book is as interesting as a novel, that some passages delineate the tenderer passions and emotions with a force and grace which are rare in fiction, is a praise it well deserves. We do not wonder at the general tribute Mrs Augustus Craven's charming record received in France,* whether as shown in the number of editions the 'Récit' has run through, or in the high national compliment of being *couronné* by the French Academy, or in being lately classed by Mgr. Dupanloup among the more notable works of Frenchwomen which prove the value and importance of woman's services in the cause of religion and virtue. But its success among readers for whom it was more especially designed is not our reason for calling attention to it. The interest it is likely to excite, and indeed has excited, among ourselves is the motive for offering some comments; and this because the approval inspired in congenial minds by an attractive picture of religious enthusiasm is so apt to result in unfavourable comparisons, and in a sort of discontent with our sober homebred insular examples of a pious and religious life. It may

'Récit d'une Sœur. Souvenirs de Famille.' Recueillis par Madame Augustus Craven, *née* La Ferronnays.

* The first edition of a hundred copies, intended for private circulation, created so great a sensation that its publication was almost forced upon Mrs Craven, and in a very few months it had run through seventeen editions.—'Dublin Review,' July 1868.

seem a dull thing, for example, for a woman to be so temperate in her devotion as to live out the full term of her natural life, doing her duty and saying her prayers amid the comforts of an ordinary home, after reading of Alexandrine, who, having tasted all the joys and distinctions of beauty petted and idolised by a refined and luxurious society, succeeds in killing herself at forty by mere exposure and privations; and further, makes a deliberate sacrifice of her own life —for so her friends assume—that her spiritual father, whose life she conceived more important to the Church, might thereby recover from the illness he then laboured under, and be spared to the cause of religion as embodied in mystic asceticism.

All the personages of this story are from temperament as well as nobler qualities singularly adapted to represent religion both in its spirit and its observances emphatically and gracefully. The La Ferronnays family, of which Mrs Craven is a member, are throughout marked by an almost morbid sensitiveness. This sensibility was evidently derived from both parents, whom neither long intercourse with society, nor even the hardening influence of politics and an active part in public affairs, ever reduced to the apathy of ordinary humanity. As an instance of this excitability, we read of M. de la Ferronnays actually shedding tears because the young people whose love and marriage constitute the interest of the first part of this narrative began life with a small and, he feared, inadequate income; and Madame de la Ferronnays, in a beautiful letter to her daughter after her husband's death, thus paints a lifelong dread—haunting her forty years—of the blow which had at length fallen: "The idea took possession of me as soon as I became his wife, 'What if I were to lose him?' Every day of my life this has been my constant thought. I have never for an hour felt secure, or lost sight of this fear. Nothing but hope and trust in God could keep my mind properly balanced. I was only comforted by prayer; on my knees I felt at peace, but never for long together. When I saw him well with my own eyes I was calm, but sometimes, perhaps only in going from one room to another, the anguish returned. My heart was always beating as if in terror of something." To this inherited susceptibility was superadded, in the case of their three children, whose deaths make the tragedy of the story, the exciting influence of that disease which shows us death in its most pathetic and most beautiful aspect, and seems to give a prevision of heaven to its victims, in exchange for days cut short in the prime of life and hope. In some degree to the same temperament is due that keen sense of enjoyment, that susceptibility to all pleasurable influences, which casts such a glow over the early part of Mrs Craven's narrative. The intensity of happiness all the young people are capable of feeling from the innocent pleasures of youth makes it read like a festival or long summer day's holiday, or an Arcadian picture after Watteau. It is some indemnification to the reader, as it is to the sorrowing chronicler of past happiness, that when the winter of trial and bereavement scatters for ever this warm hum of life, it was at least enjoyed while it lasted. They all knew they were happy.

But besides all these causes it was a time of vivid emotions. M. de Montalembert, whose part in this history is one of its main interests, in his eloquent life of Lacordaire, tells the youth of France that the present generation can form no idea of the strong and generous passions which, at the period of his entrance into public life, mastered all hearts. Men who can recall an impassioned youth will always look back upon the golden period as one of general il-

lumination, and the public interests which stirred their early enthusiasm as of surpassing importance. Whatever the issue, a sense of loss and decadence will make them, too, exclaim, "Days happy and sorrowful—days spent in labour and enthusiasm—days such as are seen once in a lifetime!" But the years which awoke this yearning in his case—1831 and the few that follow—we ourselves feel invested with a peculiar distinction. It was a period in both countries of revival, of religious enthusiasm, of vigorous thought, of public spirit, of merging private interests in what was thought a great cause. It was a time which in both countries produced writers who in their own line have not since met their match, and are not yet superseded; because the fire which those eager ardent days fanned into life inspired a perpetual youth and burns still. And there was in those days a passion for greatness, which is in itself a minor inspiration. A leading representative mind strikes like a sunbeam across the world and wakes a hundred dormant intellects into energetic life which might have slept till now without this magic touch; all deriving tone, colour, and direction from the first impulse. In both France and England how many able and influential female writers received their stimulus from the moving minds of this period—in childhood it may be, or early youth, but due to them alone. And their influence, too, continues in its original force, and has not been rivalled or replaced. In our own country the field for this efflorescence of feminine religious thought has been mainly fiction; in France it has taken the form of narrative, biography or self-analysis. An imperious need for expression found indulgence in journals and reflections not immediately intended for the public eye, though written, in the case of Eugenie de Guerin, Madame Swetchine, and the heroines of the book before us, with a care and detail, and delight in the act of composition, which imply the necessity of sympathy from congenial minds. Whether with the distinct thought of a public before them or not, we class all ladies who use the pen as an influence as authoresses; alike those just mentioned, or Alexandrine de la Ferronnays, who analyses her own feelings with such delicate truth and accuracy in her letters and journals, or the authoress of the 'Heir of Redclyffe,' whose fancy pictures and characters in that story seem so curiously to anticipate in many cases the actual events and persons of Mrs Craven's history.

It is necessary to some of our readers to explain that Mrs Augustus Craven, the writer of this 'Récit,' is daughter of the Comte de la Ferronnays, who, while an emigrant in Carinthia, had married in 1802, at the age of five-and-twenty, the daughter of a fellow-exile, the Count of Montsoreau, whose sister had been governess to the children of Louis XVI. On the return of the Bourbons, he was made French Ambassador to St Petersburg, where the acquaintance was formed with Alexandrine's parents, the Count and Countess von Alopeus—he being a Swede, and for a long time Russian Minister at Berlin, and the beautiful Countess by birth a German. Subsequently M. de la Ferronnays became Minister of Foreign Affairs under Charles X., and retired into private life upon the second Revolution — faithful from first to last to the Bourbons of the legitimate branch. The acquaintance begun in St Petersburg between his family and Madame von Alopeus and her daughter was revived at Rome in 1832, where the Countess had taken up her residence on her husband's death. Alexandrine had been brought up a Lutheran, which was the religion of both her parents; but the many distinctions of her life began early, for the Em-

peror Alexander was her godfather. It was thus necessary for her to be baptised by immersion, according to the rites of the Greek Church, which was the reason that, on her subsequent conversion, she was not rebaptised. Mother and daughter were both beautiful. Mrs Craven recalls the "rare beauty" of the Countess as still celebrated, though her daughter had been some time in society. Alexandrine was not beautiful like her mother, but she had her noble, graceful figure; and, if her face was less perfect, the expression of her eyes lent it a charm which more than her mother's impressed it on the memory. Those who saw them together could not tell "if they loved the daughter for the mother's sake or the mother for the daughter's." Both were charming. Two years after, the Countess married the Russian Prince Paul Lapoukhyn—a man of immense wealth, whose palace at Korsen forms one of the many pretty pictures in this romantic history. The circumstance of Madame Von Alopeus having a lover of her own, accounts, perhaps, for what might otherwise need accounting for, her allowing and almost encouraging an attachment between her daughter and M. de la Ferronnays's younger son Albert, who had indeed suitable position but no prospects. On one occasion when a wealthy suitor had been pressed on Alexandrine, the Emperor had interposed, requiring that she should never be urged to marry against her own wishes; but this would scarcely have been sufficient to overcome objections if there had not been convenience in the arrangement.

In consideration for her French readers Mrs Craven has to apologise to them for the anomaly of love before marriage, in a passage which is not found in the English version. She reminds them that Alexandrine was never in France till after her marriage; that there are countries where a marriage without inclination is as opposed to men's ideas as the contrary is in France; that to marry without knowing, and therefore, of course, without loving each other, seems to these foreigners as strange, "I will say as culpable, as it seems natural and even proper to French people that it should be otherwise." She does not venture to decide which system is best, but leaves her story to work as a fact against the French method.

In a letter from M. de Montalembert at the end of the work he looks back upon the family circle of which it gives the history as "a group so united and so loving, whom all the world loved and envied," and which was, "to my thinking, the *beau idéal* of happiness and Christian union:" and, in fact, all are singularly interesting and fresh in the impression they make. But it is Alexandrine who constitutes this group's central figure. She stands out the most distinctly, as embodying the ideal woman of her day. As such she is historical, for ideals change, and the representative woman of one age by no means fills the same office in the next. In that day softness was not only woman's greatest charm in men's eyes—in the nature of things it can scarcely be otherwise—but the whole training of society tended to it, which it does not now. Softness of manner, representing a sway of the affections over rigid reason, a voluntary submission of the intellect to man's direction and control, a content with a subordinate place, together with full appreciation of the privileges of that place and an instinct how to make the most of them, a high self-respect and a sense of power within the prescribed limits — all this we see in Alexandrine, whose beauty and grace (external qualities always indispensable to the utmost development of what is good and great in woman) and the circumstances of her position, alike placed in a picturesque prominence, making her

an impersonation of what all then most admired and reverenced in woman. Of course there is a sweet hypocrisy (strength and will lurking underneath) in that feminine "shyness, that fragile look, those child-like manners, that apparent helplessness," that in Albert's case won his heart on the instant; but the hypocrisy is all unconscious, the strength only wakes with the occasion. "What I love so much in her," he writes, "is that she is so *naïve*, a little unreasonable, a little extravagant sometimes, *mais si delicieuse.*" Again—"She has every quality to excite this passion—grace, timidity, reserve, with one of those ardent souls—*passionées pour le bien*—who love because they live. Her form is slight and delicate, everything about her announcing weakness and dependence, but a soul strong and conscious, which would brave death in the cause of virtue." It is in characters like this that we can follow the course of influences. All persons are subject to the natural leanings of their position, but masculine original minds grow out of them into independence, or hold by the first impulse through life; while weak ones are incapable of any one distinctive influence which, being primarily a matter of duty or choice, needs constancy and firmness of will. Where there is this combination of strength with habitual dependence, we can trace most clearly what, in some degree, is a universal experience — the division of life into distinct eras, according to the influences which rule it. Our organisation, mental and bodily, is open at certain periods — perhaps at those periods only — to vivid new impressions. At one time we receive with stringent force and eager acceptance ideas which at another would have failed to make an entrance, *because* other influences were predominant. The old power must be fading and passing away, perhaps have already passed, leaving a void, a need of something new to awaken the mind out of a stage of dull or dreamy inactivity. Few influences last a life — they die out of themselves. Then comes a time of unconscious expectation. It is only on looking back into our self-history, or noticing some other narrowly, that we see this pause in a life—the new interest that stepped in and gave a fresh impulse to thought.

Alexandrine's career furnishes an illustration. We observe first the period, only alluded to in this book, from her introduction into society to her father's death. From young girlhood to one- or two-and-twenty she enjoyed the prestige and experienced the difficulties of a successful beauty. Montalembert alluded to this time when he talked of the "dissipated and dangerous life" she had led before she saw Albert; and of her "three hundred and seventy-nine admirers," one at least of whom awoke some temporary response in her heart; a time of trial, of which she escaped the dangers because it was also the era of parental influence. She was devoted to father and mother, and the life she led was under their eye and by their wish. The father's death brought the days of girlish gaiety to a close. For a year or two she lived in seclusion. She was thus made ready for new and deeper impressions. It was then she first saw Albert de la Ferronnays, and became entranced in his and his family's influence. This lasted during the four years of courtship and marriage, when love in its most beautiful and devoted form absorbed her being. The close of Albert's long illness ushered in a third epoch. While he lived, her mother's Protestantism and her own doubts prevailed to stave off "conversion;" but when she realised that he was dying, she cried, "Now I am a Catholic," as the only means, as it seemed to her, of retaining her hold of her husband: and this new influence — the stimulus of conversion—dovetailing upon the former

in the picturesque fashion which so charmed spectators and narrators, lasted while there was any tear to be shed, any fresh act of commemoration to indulge in, any memory of lost bliss to record. But be the heart never so constant, time dries the widow's tears and creates new desires and cravings. In an ordinary career the new influence would have been a new lover: in Alexandrine's it was a new confessor. Her biographer, unconsciously acknowledging a void, ushers in with some pomp the last era, the new and final influence over her heroine. She first describes how the good Abbé Gerbet—he who had guided the first steps of her Catholic life with so much authority and kindness—had been removed to a distance beyond her reach; but in his stead another guide had been given her, who might, perhaps, have been found too severe if she had met him earlier and while earthly regrets disputed her heart with God, but who suited the actual state of her soul, raised and fortified by the first impulse she had received. "The first had taught her to walk: the last helped her to ascend. If Alexandrine had at first had near her a father and a saint, later she had an angel." This "angel" is the Père de Ravignan, under whose influence, if not by his advice, she attempted the monastic life, which, on its proving unfit, indeed intolerable, to her, she renounced for such a life of privations in the world as speedily carried her to her grave.

He was a man, as Mrs Craven herself describes, calculated to establish this potent sway; to be the guide of such eager spirits as, lacking the intenser human interests that can alone satisfy an ardent temperament, need always something fresh, stronger, more exacting, in religious excitement to supply its place. "We have seen him in the midst of us," she writes, "and I fear not that the words should seem exaggerated to those who retain in their memory the ineffaceable imprint of the look and voice, accent and influence, of the Père de Ravignon. Words heard a thousand times seemed, when he spoke them, to be heard for the first time. For example, 'Life is nothing.' I heard him say these words, not in the pulpit, but at a table at a simple *réunion de charité*, and the look, the expression, the accent which accompanied them, rendered them the most eloquent sermon on the misery and vanity of this world I had ever heard. Can we wonder," she continues, "that Alexandrine, in the disposition she then was, should reply to such words by an impulse which went beyond the call of God?"—alluding to her design to take the veil. Though the biographer hesitates to apply the word "sanctity," in its technical sense, to a religion incapable of this last test of self-abnegation, yet the sacrifice Alexandrine is assumed to have made of her own life for that of her eloquent spiritual father goes near to permit her in the use of it.

For our own part, all religious action due to the stimulus of so tyrannous a power as vehement masterful oratory, impresses us less than calmer efforts and less conspicuous achievements, which, to speak it reverently, seem more the result of a soul's direct communion with its God; where there is no external stimulating medium: though we must not deny that human eloquence has a divine mission. As to this word Self-sacrifice, we must regard it as one of the watchwords peculiar to the religious enthusiasm of that day. It takes the place in these volumes, as used by all the young people, of Self-reproach, and a Sense of sin in Protestant biography. Some trace this diversity of tone to the differences in the two states of soul induced by the two religions; we are sometimes disposed, in reading these pages, to regard the difference rather

as one of words. In the young and susceptible there are but the home virtues, whether moral or religious, which are emphatically their own, derived immediately from sacred influences. What makes the most show comes commonly through some directly traceable human medium, gifted with certain intelligible attractive qualities: we are so certain that under altered circumstances Eugenie would be denouncing her sinfulness upon paper, where here she is longing to put away from herself all the pleasures and blessings she is enjoying, and transferring them all to her sister. In the effusive utterances of youthful enthusiasm in both schools there is observable the same absence of real self-knowledge, and of eager adoption of the tone and language of persons put before them, or self-chosen, as models. Not that we would throw a doubt over the loving unselfishness which is the Christian charm of this whole group, but it sometimes clothes itself in hyperbolical language. If we consider Alexandrine most interesting in the period when her human affections gave the motive to this unselfishness, it is from no suspicion of the reality of her later more conspicuous self-denials, but that we can also trace in these last a *natural* element, — a natural development of religious enthusiasm under the conditions of her life and character. In those "excessive austerities," those renunciations of which her biographer boasts, we observe something of disgust with the best the world has to offer under the inevitable change of circumstances.

There are certain triumphant states of existence which permanently spoil those who have tasted them for the commonplace, average, unexciting, unflattering life of ordinary men; for their humble joys, petty distinctions or successes, and general insignificance. Few gifts of nature or fortune keep their brilliancy unimpaired by time. The beauty, the wit, the orator—all arrive at a period of abatement and decay, and then it is hard, in proportion to former success and distinction, to subside into obscurity with grace and content;—hard to take a subordinate place in society, to sink out of notice, having once been moving influences. They miss a prestige which perhaps did not seem much to them while it lasted, but which leaves a dreary void when it is gone; or would do if they did not replace it by some other exception to the commonplace. They are used to distinction; they have learnt a certain courage and freedom of action; everything is more in accordance with the habit of their minds than to feel one of the rank and file. To do something, to be something, to have a line which shall mark and individualise them, is the only way by which to recognise their old selves, under altered circumstances; as still filling, still fitting, the *rôle* to which they were born. We are not noting this as a penalty of early distinction, only as a natural consequence. When Alexandrine, in her fortieth year, sits apart in her mother-in-law's *salon*, and, instead of talking the innocent small-talk of the company and the occasion, takes out her little book of religious extracts and reads apart, it is not to us any especial sign of superiority to the world. She is dead to it; but what a flatness it must all seem compared to the *salons* of her youth; how easy to be dead to a world with the old sunshine faded out of it! And, moreover, in the last era of her life she loses her originality: it is one of the sacrifices to conventional sanctity that her intellect ceases to be under her own guidance. She talks a language caught from her confessor, and owns herself taken with a mystic phraseology which we find a poor exchange for the former graphic ease of expression through which such varied feeling is brought home to the reader.

Her record of the four years of

life passed near Albert as lover and husband, is indeed a remarkable work as literature—though undertaken mainly as a refuge for aching memories, and to relieve an overcharged heart—through the fancy that, while her lost husband occupied all her time and thoughts, he must still be near. So keenly does she recall the happiness once enjoyed, that as she writes she is happy still. Scarcely a tinge of melancholy tinctures her history of their courtship and marriage. All the little trifles ennobled by feeling and hope retain their charm and freshness. The reader is pleasantly led along through details, small, almost frivolous, in themselves, but so told as to win all his sympathy. He may wonder now and then at being admitted into such a confidence, but is too well amused to be otherwise than grateful for this picture of a young, pure affection, as pretty and charming as any fancy ever feigned. The superadded religious excitement, the immense influence that her love for Albert had on her faith and opinions, invests every step with a fateful character to herself, which justifies a lofty strain towards what would be common incidents to common people. Thus her first sight of Albert is recorded with much the same pomp as ushers in the first appearance of Beatrice in the 'Vita Nuova,' on the day when that "most admirable person" appeared to Dante in a dress of the purest white, "and saluted him with an ineffable courtesy, which shall have its reward in eternity." Similarly, when she and Albert meet, we read—"On one particular Friday (sacred to the guardian angels), while I was still in deep mourning for my father, at Rome in 1832, I saw Albert for the first time;" adding, "I heard from him since that he fell in love with me that first day." She confesses, however, to have met him with indifference, though liking the expression of his eyes. And because nothing is a trifle where supreme interests are concerned, a certain weight is thrown over the little vanities of the toilette, connected as these are with the answering sentiment in her own bosom.

"On the Friday of which he speaks I was to dine at Naples with the Countess K., and go with her and hear 'Anna Bolena.' My mother did not like to appear yet at the opera. For the first time since my father's death I put on a white gown. I had not been to a theatre for two years. The opera-house was illuminated in honour of the queen-mother, and I wrote that night in my journal: 'This night has seemed to me like a long dream.' Ivanhoff's charming voice in the part of Percy, that magnificent theatre brilliantly lighted, the joy of loving and being loved—all combined to make that evening one of perfect enchantment to me. Count Lebzeltern (Austrian Minister at Naples) came to fetch me to his box, which he had lent to Madame de la Ferronnays. I thought myself in good looks, and was glad that Albert should see me, and Pauline too, that she might compliment me on my dress. It was one o'clock before I got back to my mother, who was waiting for me at the Comtesse de Maistre. Little did I think as we were driving back to the Vomero, and I was lying back in the carriage, tired indeed, but happy and delighted with my evening, that Albert was walking by our side on the rough road up to the Vomero, pushing the carriage wheels up the steep places, and hiding himself when our servant got down from the box, and all for the sake of catching one more glimpse of my white gown in our courtyard, where he ensconced himself to see us get out of the carriage, very much afraid all the time of being himself seen. It hurt his chest very much. He acknowledged it to Pauline, who told me afterwards."

Along with these details of a gay life are pious and devotional incidents mixing with them. Whenever he finds himself near her, in church, theatre, or ball-room, Albert is praying and offering vows for her conversion. The tone of this book upon amusements generally is likely to recommend it to young people accustomed to the sterner attitude towards the public diversions of society held in Protestant religious biography. They will be

quick to observe that the difference between those who join in them as a matter of course, and those who avoid them by a distinct profession which renders them impossible, has nothing to do with ultimate bliss. Even an excessive indulgence in them alarms the imagination only through Purgatory. As Eugenie puts it in her naïve way, "To die is a reward, for to die is to go to heaven; but if I do what is wrong, I shall have to wait a long time before I get there." Alexandrine looks back upon her gaieties with no compunctions, and, while renouncing them for the future, finds consolation to her bereaved heart in living them over again in the past. "Avec quelle delicieuse et calme bonheur," she writes on one occasion, "j'allais m'occuper de ma toilette." This toilette has almost a religion in it. From the heights of subsequent religious fervour she looks back on it with complacency, for Albert loved to see her elegantly dressed, even when he was dying; and the extremest exaltations of her conversion are impersonated by a symbolical grace of attire which affected every beholder. This use of the toilette as a moral engine—which it sometimes seems—must account for the length of time she habitually bestowed on it; a characteristic not to be overcome by the reduction of her dress to the simplest necessaries. We see that every costume was a study, and so successful in its results that each appearance in public was an event making an indelible impression upon the observer. There are persons who, by the perfection of their art, redeem dress from the charge of frivolity, and she was one. Once renouncing it as an art she cared for it no more. It was easier for her to give it up altogether, and be pitied by strangers as a needy and distressed gentlewoman, than to subside into respectable mediocrity.

Albert was twenty when she first knew him. She was two or three years older. He had lately roused himself from the dissipating influences of Neapolitan life — more perilous, his sister says, to a young man than his sisters found it—having recently formed an ardent friendship with the Comte de Montalembert, then little older than himself, but already plunged into the great religious interests which have been the inspiration of his life; and which had lately brought him to Rome with Lamennais and Lacordaire on the affair of 'L'Avenir,' then under Papal judgment. A delicate constitution, the vehement passion with which Alexandrine inspired him, and possibly his family politics, withheld Albert from taking part in this movement; and confirmed ill health condemned him for his few remaining years to the life of an invalid. Nothing can be more amiable than the picture drawn of him by his young widow and his sister; but he is too impulsive for an English taste, and is possessed with a facility of expression in religion which we more admire as a singular trait than desire to see general. In fact, a religious young Frenchman of the approved type is a trial to English faith. As we read trait after trait intended to raise our admiration to enthusiasm, the doubt grows if we could really have stood him at all. He pushes everything beyond our power to follow; his emotions abash and confound us. If he believes anything, he believes with an avidity and contempt of the laws of evidence which alienates us; if he prays at all, he is fantastic in praying. Thus everything with Albert turns into prayer, and we find him formally praying that he may love Alexandrine as much as it is possible to love, whatever the issue. His widow allows herself to record one solitary fault, the history of which and the mode of telling is characteristic of them both. Alexandrine, whose pen was never idle, first practised it in analysing her own feelings. She had a little

green book full of thoughts and experiences written before knowing Albert, and containing allusions to a previous passing attachment. This book she thought it a sort of duty to show her lover; trembling, she admits, for the effect it might have on his regard. Of course he is more in love than ever. He cannot sleep from mingled love and jealousy of the rival he has superseded. This way of taking the green book induces her to show him the more recent blue one, with just a few pages at the end folded over, and forbidden because to them is confided her feelings for Albert himself. He may read up to a certain point, but must not break the seal which holds the rest. Again a sleepless night. Like the little boy with the sugar-plum, he fingers and tampers with the temptation. He has a letter on hand to "Montal," to whom he confides the struggle. "The passage that concerns me is at the end; I have only to read it. She has confidence in me I shall not betray her." She herself tells the sequel:—

"I was singing at the piano when Albert, standing opposite me, asked me what I should think if he had read in the blue book what I had sealed up with the greatest care. I was frightened, but I replied that I was very sure that he was incapable of doing so. 'But if I had?' 'It is impossible; I should never believe it.' 'I have done it.' 'No.' My anxiety went on increasing; nevertheless I absolutely refused to believe him. 'Shall I repeat a sentence to convince you?' he asked. 'You could not do it; you would invent it.' '"Je crois que j'aime Albert!"' he then said to me, looking fixedly at me. My eyes, which were lifted towards him, fell, but not without such a change of expression as saddened him for the whole evening. Certainly at that moment I did not feel as if I loved him, but that feeling returned very soon when I saw how unhappy he was."

M. de Montalembert, to whom confession is made of this treachery, will not see any harm in it. Involved as he is tooth and nail in the great 'L'Avenir' question, he sums up the matter:—"People don't put a fold of paper between a man and his happiness when they wish to keep him in doubt of it." Yet we think an English lover as saintly as Albert would not have failed here. But our interest and admiration of him are seldom compatible with perfect sympathy, perhaps mainly because we can never consider him disconnected from his state of health. Wherever health and temperament are very conspicuous agents, wherever we are driven to consider the bodily condition as the operating cause of the mind's working, sympathy changes into pity or curiosity. There are times when we half wonder how Alexandrine could sacrifice the prospect of a brilliant future for so fidgety and fantastic a lover, subject to transport, which she called extravagant, which occasionally collapsed into prostration and deadness. He is altogether a study rare in books. We see closer and judge by minuter, more intimate traits than even biography commonly deals in. We live with this pair of lovers and find them amusing to observe; but just now and then perhaps feel as if our prying was a little impertinent, though out of Eden never was a more innocent passion, and better fitted to stand the ordeal. In fact, time only strengthened Albert's affection; but his constancy was never really put to the test, for ten days after his marriage symptoms of the malady showed themselves which ended in his death. So early did the first alarm awake, which once for all broke in on the full sense of security. She saw Albert hastily put his handkerchief to his lips, and withdraw it tinged with blood! But few as they were, they were days of such happiness that the author claims for Alexandrine a large share of even worldly felicity. "Ten days without trouble, without uneasiness, without a cloud—ten days of full and entire possession of the greatest happiness she could imagine upon

earth—this was granted to a whole life—happy even thus, and privileged; for are there many who obtain here below, even for a single instant, the perfect realisation of all their hopes—the complete satisfaction of all their desires?" It is this tone, we repeat, this appreciation of even a short-lived happiness as something real and precious, which makes this narrative pleasant reading, in spite of the nature of the subject, and the long record of deaths which are its theme. The people in it, one and all, had capacities for enjoyment keener than are granted to long-lived hardy folks who have to do the common work, the long day's labour of the world.

But though confidence was shaken—the young people from henceforth pursuing health from place to place and in vain—they were still happy, brightly and consciously; so happy, she somewhere says, that when they were alone they would dance together in mere lightness of heart. At one time "Montal" is on a visit to them. Albert will go to a ball to see how lovely his "little Alex" looks in her blue gown and her diamonds. She fears for him, but on his "I will go," owns it not a disagreeable command to make herself as smart as possible, adding, "I was certainly two hours about it." They compel Montal to go with them, who required a great deal of pressing, and had nothing to wear. Albert lent clothes, and a barber and shoemaker hastily summoned did the rest.

She was happy, too, while there was hope for him, in the devotion to the duties of her new sphere, which her husband's health and small income entailed upon her; those unfamiliar homely duties, which may possibly have caused M. de la Ferronnays's paternal tears. This sweet acquiescence, the docility with which she accepted every new call on her energies, are among the points which constitute her the model woman of her own day. It never occurred to her to have a line of her own or an independent sphere: she was Albert's wife. Thus she writes to her "dear little sisters-in-law:"—

> "I am becoming matter-of-fact, commonplace, unrefined, a regular housewife, a cook, anything you please to imagine, and it is terrible to think how it suits me. Not that I am pleased with myself; the way in which I nurse Albert that you praise me for has no merit whatever. . . . Putbus [a family friend] will tell you I have a natural taste for the little details of a sick-room, that I shall miss that sort of thing when he gets well, that there is nothing that amuses me more than to measure, arrange, contrive. . . . No, I have no merit, but perhaps I am blessed with a happy disposition, for when I have it to do, I like attending to household matters, and when it is otherwise I like just as well having nothing whatever to do with them. I like travelling, and I like staying in the same place. I am glad both of excitement and repose; I like to be idle and to be busy, to nurse the sick, finding all sorts of little pleasures in the occupation, and when my sick people get well I think it pleasanter still."

This less exalted strain, this simple accepting each call upon the energies as it comes—this docility—

> "Com' animal gentil che non fa scusa,
> Ma fa sua voglia della voglia altrui,"

presents Alexandrine to us in the distinguishing charm of her character, her self-forgetfulness under the claims of natural affection. "One ought," writes her husband, "to be, as I am, the object of her solicitude to understand the sweetness and tenderness of her incessant self-devotion." Her simple acceptance of every pleasure or alleviation as it came in the early period of her trial—receiving it, valuing it, enjoying it, through the affections alone, and as testimonies of love—shows the real uses to which even the splendours of this world may be applied. Thus arriving with her invalid at her mother's palace at Korsen, after a sea-voyage that seemed to do him good, she reports herself to his family; anxious to tell them of her

mother's tender preparations for her. "Here we are, thank God, where all surpasses our expectation. Such smiling, elegant comfort! Fancy, my sisters, my own room, all rose-colour; bed-curtains all in rose-coloured silk; the charming screen which surrounds the bed of the same silk, and the furniture rose-coloured velvet. Here in our drawing-room two beautiful statues of white marble; the room hung with red silk—a lovely view from the windows. Beds of flowers surround the castle. . . . I hope that you, too, are happy. God graciously orders everything for the happiness of all." But the rose-colour soon loses its tint. For a fortnight Albert seemed well; then came a violent return of bleeding from the lungs; ushered in, as so many things are in this book, by an omen. We suppose if people look for portents they find them; and one and all of the good people in this book are curiously superstitious. Or portents may be, like the Banshee, one of the unenviable distinctions of high birth. Writing one evening in her own room, an owl perches on Alexandrine's bed, and sets up its doleful note to her great terror. Upon this followed some days of deep anxiety, while her husband lay in extreme danger. One of these days she writes, "I rose very early, and, leaving him, returned to my own room in a state of silent anguish upon the future that awaited me, and which I dare not face. I looked around me, and my pretty room was rosy no longer. I stood at the window, and the dawn no longer smiled. Suddenly the idea came into my mind to open the Gospels, and to consult my fate there. I opened my New Testament, and there I read, 'Honour widows that are widows indeed.' I thought I saw a spectre, and uttered a cry. Never, even in thought, had I imagined this horrible word 'widow.'" She rallies, however; and this fear gives place to another, and one very natural for a beauty under her circumstances.

"O Pauline, I am a little comforted now; but what an anxious life I lead, and how many terrors I go through! Even when I hope for the best, and think of the time when Albert will reach the blessed age of thirty—oh, I look forward to it with such intense impatience, as they do not allow me to hope for his complete cure till then—I cannot help remembering that in that case he will be strong, handsome, and charming,—full of life and spirits,—and that I shall have grown old, aged by care more than by years, and my health destroyed by incessant anxiety. Even that is the very best I can look forward to. Would to God we had reached the moment when my only sorrow would be that I was not young and pretty enough for him!"

They leave Korsen, being ordered to Venice. His brother Fernand joins them. He has relapse upon relapse. The following description of overwrought and constantly-repressed anxiety is surely wonderfully pathetic. She writes to her Pauline (Mrs Craven):—

"But, dearest, I too want pity. I want comfort, and to be folded in the arms of some one I love, and weep and sob there without restraint. My too full breast needs the relief of tears to calm the agitation which I am perpetually concealing. Fernand and Putbus are both kind, but they are not enough for me now. I want to feel my mother's arms about my neck, and yours, beloved sister. I am sitting writing to you, lonely and sad, in my Albert's room. He is asleep. I should like to have somebody watching with me. You will understand this. Fernand is writing in the drawing-room, a good way off. It would be a comfort to me to have him here. But he is not quite as noiseless as I am; and for our dear patient it is better that everything should be perfectly quiet. Oh, I hate being alone! During this terrible month, when Fernand and I have been together nursing our beloved one, we sometimes have laughed. It was, to be sure, only a transient gleam of merriment, but my poor weak soul requires sympathy and companionship."

And again, when she thinks him

dying, and she is still alone, the pen is her resource. Most graphic delineations of deep emotion with which we are acquainted, are painted by an effort of the imagination: one mind, by the force of intellectual sympathy, guesses at the suffering another feels; and while it pities the sorrows of humanity, rejoices in the gift of reproducing them. It is not often that sorrow and suffering can collect themselves so far as to find the poet's relief in pathetic words, and anguish depict itself.

"I am here alone in his room, he sleeping and I watching him, knowing that he is dying, but without father, mother, sisters, and brothers, in whose arms I could for a while give way to this dreadful anguish, I who, all through my life, have felt such intense need of sympathy. I must write to relieve this intolerable burden.

"This, then, is the end of our love. Ten days of happiness out of less than two years of married life,—and this for us, who love one another as much as it is possible to love. Ten days—for it was no longer that I was entirely free from anxiety about his health. And yet my only rest will be in knowing that nothing on earth will ever comfort me. I should detest myself if I could set my foot again on any worldly scene, or take the least interest in worldly things. But still I crave to see those I love. For one moment I thought I might be a nun. But I felt again that I should not have courage for it, and that the desire to see my mother and all of you, and my brothers, would disturb me,—and if I could I should seek to be calm and at peace with God. I must therefore lead a lonely life, but with some one I love—and who will love me as much as my mother? Perhaps I may go to her; but in that case, or in any case, I must profess Albert's faith. I will not and cannot believe anything he does not believe."

In this solitude the dying husband also had his thoughts. He calls her to him, and says something of her marrying again; and upon her assurances, with bitter tears, that she could never do so, said, in a gentle melancholy way, "Oh, you are too young—you will marry again," but added, "If I die, be a Frenchwoman — do not forsake my people—do not go back to your mother." The solitude she suffered under was not a lasting trial. His family gathered round him at Venice, and henceforth she is comparatively cheerful. A new and absorbing interest links itself to her love. Albert rallies so far as to travel to Paris, where Hahnemann the homœopathist is called in—*un brave bon petit vieillard*, so much touched by Alexandrine, that on leaving he takes her hand, saying, "In all the sixty years of my practice, I have never seen a woman love her husband as you do." Thus, in each stage and situation, Alexandrine is a representative woman. She not only had the feelings which many another woman has, but she represented them in the most impressive and ideal manner; and she did this through the supremacy of the affections. Highly gifted as she was, she scarcely pretends that her "conversion" is due to the influence of reason. She must be a Catholic, because Albert is one, though no doubt the genius of his religion was much more in accordance with her ardent temperament than the cold Lutheranism in which she had been trained, not rigidly, however, for she had constantly associated with Roman Catholics.

Her views on the subject of conversion betray a curious confusion of ideas. It is simply a family affair. Ties of blood and of the affections are so strong as to prevent her being able to realise even in a faint degree what eternity implies. She is *bound* to those she loves in a sense which, if we fallible mortals were taken at our word, would be an awful one indeed. She never, as far as we see, felt any real repugnance to Roman Catholic doctrine. This was not a question with her; it was the human companionship, the people along with whom she was to believe, which was everything. She

was ashamed, with the old pagan, to join a faith which condemned her forefathers. It was a potent argument with her that if her father was a Protestant she had Catholic ancestors. Her mother was the standing difficulty; and this is no wonder, for her mother had said some startling and not reasonable things against any change of religion, considering that she had sanctioned her daughter's marriage, the articles of which conditioned for all the children being brought up in the father's faith. But the husband carries it over the mother at last; under the idea that heaven would not be heaven to her if she might not be with him there. So, before writing to her mother to inform her of the final act, she kneels and asks her Catholic ancestors to help her, using as her one argument, "I have an irresistible desire to belong to the same Church as my poor Albert, and you would never, dearest mother, I am sure, refuse to make a dying husband exceedingly happy by receiving communion for the first and last time together!" Whatever the intrinsic force of this argument—as we find her exclaiming of her mother, "what tenderness of heart she possesses; what a sweet, open, unaffected character"—probably these domestic grounds would more reconcile the Countess Lapoukhyn to the change she seems always to have bewailed than the acutest appeal to faith or reason. The bitterness of death was past for both Albert and his wife when he was again surrounded by his loving and enthusiastic family. The picturesqueness of conversion under such circumstances, and all the necessary business, so to call it, attendant on it, diffuses an air of life and lightness over the rest of the narrative. Alexandrine makes her profession. She is so occupied and inevitably excited, and entranced by the new rush of feeling and attendant action, that it costs the poor invalid a momentary pang. He misses her absorbed attention upon himself; there is an instant's peevishness atoned for by the confession, full of compunction, "that he had been jealous of God."

At length the crowning moment arrives, which Eugenie prepares for, and describes in a state of ecstatic exaltation. One is struck by the immense latitude given to feminine sentiment in the whole scene. Alexandrine dresses herself in white, a broad blue ribbon across the breast (the Virgin's colours), and makes her abjuration and profession of faith; receiving so warm a welcome into the Church of her adoption when all was over, that she feared seeming too gay and joyous the rest of the day. She shows her confession, embracing her whole life, to Albert, and they consult over it in a manner scarcely recognised at Exeter Hall. Of this confession, received by the Abbé Gerbet, Eugenie even makes a joke; for, owing to Alexandrine's tenacious memory and scrupulous exactitude, it was so long, that Eugenie, who accompanied her to church, fell asleep, which made them both laugh, "for we do laugh sometimes, *malgré tout.*" Alexandrine's journal at this time contains more than one defence of enthusiasm. And in fact she moves in a charmed air, only now and then recalled to earth-born sorrow; as where once her husband suddenly throws his arms round her neck, crying, "I am dying; and we might have been so happy!"

But soon follows that Communion which was to be the first to one and the last to the other recipient; and here Eugenie exercises her taste in a manner so entirely national as to delight and exalt all hearts. The temporary altar was covered with blue silk and flowers, the silk being one of the dresses in Alexandrine's trousseau which had never been used. This application of bridal finery charmed all; and even so struck the fancy of the

good Abbé Gerbet—though a hard-headed man in controversy—that, in a dialogue between Plato and Fenelon, composed by him upon the circumstances of this deathbed, and beginning, "O vous qui avez écrit le Phedon," this altar is especially pointed out to the philosopher, "with its hangings, which had appeared at another fête, and been borne at another ceremonial, and then put aside, to reappear now and tell us that the joys of this world are light and fragile, and our hopes a texture which rends at a touch." Nor is Alexandrine's toilette overlooked in this picture: "Ces vêtements blancs qui allaient se changer en la robe noire de veuve." After all, the impression these trifles made on the beholder show the sort of halo of personal grace that distinguished Alexandrine, and without which she would not have been what she was in any particular—would not have attained to the courage and self-confidence necessary for this singularly full piece of self-portraiture. Her history of Albert's dying hours is as striking as anything in the book, bringing out the whole La Ferronnays family in their two characteristic excellencies of ardent faith and intense affection, all expressed with a graceful facility which is another generic feature. But Alexandrine's imagination is still predominant: passionate grief only stimulates in her case, where in others it silences or deadens. There is no stupor through it all; she writes, and writes beautifully. She writes of death as an artist or a poet might do, with a selection of incidents guided by the purest taste:—

"Pauline, Pauline! I could have written to you the 29th June (the day of his death), but I was busy in other ways, but I could have written, for God has given me more strength than I could have believed. Did I not see Albert's eyes close in death? Did I not feel his hand grow cold in mine? Eugenie will have told you that I obtained the favour I had so often asked of God, that he died resting in my arms, his hand in mine, and that I did not give way the least while there, watching his last sigh. And when I saw that he was near his end I asked the sister if he will still suffer, and she answered, *never again!* Then I let him go without regret, at least so it seemed to me, only I very gently kissed his dear eyes which were sightless, and perhaps without feeling, and I breathed in his ear his own beloved name '*Albert*,' the tenderest thing I could think of then, for that included everything. I did it that through the clouds which gather about the dark valley leading to Eternal Light he might still hear my voice, which, like my poor self now parted from him, must linger on the shores of life; and which perchance he heard like some echo dying away in the distance, as it may be he saw me like one, little by little, vanishing in the gloom."

Any one who has read Dr Newman's 'Dream of Gerontius,' must be struck by the coincidence of expression between the disembodied spirit of that poem who describes earth's sounds growing fainter as he recedes from earth, and this young widow's yearning effort to follow her lost one beyond the interposing veil:—

"Some one softly said,
He's gone, and then a sigh went round the room,
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry 'subvenite,' and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still, but thin and low,
And fainter and more faint the accents come
As at an ever-widening interval:
Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?"

The habit of self-analysis never leaves her. Her pages are a study of the complex nature of all emotions under which the mind retains its full powers:—

"Albert has taken away my heart with him, and sometimes I am barbarously indifferent about other people, and even sometimes about my own sorrow, for I eat, sleep, go out, listen to music with a painful sort of pleasure which breaks my heart. I like to listen to what he liked, and then music more than anything else makes me believe in heaven and a future happiness.

"Ah! poor wretched me, we might have been so happy! his health during

the last five months spoilt our joy, and yet it was better than nothing; that breath of life, that possibility of hearing his voice. I did not think I should ever come and feel this,—I who used to say, 'It is better for him to die than to live and suffer for months in this way,' and who imagined I really felt so. And now I can scarcely bring myself to feel, 'He is happy now, and it is well that it should be over.' My earthly nature, always so strong within me, cannot conceive that the joys of heaven are better than the joys of earth. It seems to me that *nothing* can go beyond what I have known."

One more extract showing Fancy "smiling at Grief," written when the first excitement was over and the void become intolerable. What a pretty picture she conjures up, and how charmingly does that instinctive care for appearances which nature implanted assert itself still!—

"No wonder St Elizabeth said she should be glad to go and beg with her husband. If I were allowed to see Albert alive before me, with what joy would I put on rags and walk barefoot by his side! It would not signify to me whether the pebbles wounded my feet or his either, so long as we could talk together, and I could enjoy his charming gaiety: the delightful tenderness with which he would say to me, 'Poor Alex, you wept for me as dead, and here I am! now we shall never be parted as long as we live. Let us go on bravely. Are not all the privations of poverty better than parting?' I could have been so happy in that kind of life. Nature would have delighted us more than the most splendid palaces; and fresh water is to be found everywhere, so that poverty could not have prevented me from appearing cleanly bright in my husband's eyes. We loved nature so intensely, we have so enjoyed being together under the clear sky amongst the flowers, and in the woods among rivers, lakes, and mountains. He was gentle and gay at once; both grave and merry, tender and enthusiastic, kind and thoughtful, high-minded and humble, modest and pious; yes, he was all and more than all I have said."

That this graceful picture of conjugal love was real, and the experience an actual one, must be our excuse for dwelling upon it. It belongs only to certain rare natures at once to suffer acutely, and to be the historian of their own sufferings. In this case, as in that of another widow, Lady Rachel Russell, whose grief is immortal, the exercise proved health-giving. But, indeed, the impulse of expression by eloquent words implies a spring of life still vigorous—a spirit uncrushed—that rallies from the blow even in the act of portraying what that blow has been. Alexandrine's genius needed to be inspired by the affections. Once closing her record—a miracle, we are given to understand, of memory and detail, from which Mrs Craven's account is but a selection—she turned to other objects and interests, and wrote no more. Never would she lay aside her mourning, which, true to her expressive nature, looked deeper on her than on anybody else; just as her tears, "those large tears," as Albert tenderly said, fell in heavier drops. Her mother in vain tried to insinuate some modification, and even in due time hinted the word "grey." To Alexandrine this concession would have been a return to the world. Yet she regained her cheerfulness, and learnt, as she expressed it, to mourn her Albert gaily. But, as we have said, she could not live without strong interests. It was not in her nature to settle down. She must be doing—she must be distinguished—to satisfy her sense of her destiny. For some time she remained with the La Ferronnays in their gloomy country-house at Boury in Normandy, living with her sisters-in-law such a life of good works and devotion as may be seen, we are happy to know, in its general features, in many a country life in England. The Abbé Gerbet was her counsellor, and spent a great deal of his time at Boury, almost to the disgust of M. de Montalembert, who thought his duties lay in controversy. But at least he was useful where he was, in inspiring a

calm and sensible tone of piety, and moderating the family raptures of mutual admiration. Thus an act of generosity on Alexandrine's part towards a dying priest, which relieved his conscience of a debt of 300 francs, had excited Eugenie to a high pitch of enthusiasm, which exhaled in her letter of reply. Curiously enough, it is the incident critics choose for extract, though we share in the Abbé's soberer view. To this letter Alexandrine answers, abashed :—

"Dear Sister,—I only write one word in reply to what the Abbé calls your bull of canonisation, to which he listened with the most profound astonishment. Neither he nor I are yet out of it. I assure you that as he read he uttered exclamations which would have greatly diminished for me the danger of your apotheosis if I had taken it seriously. He kept saying, Oh, but this is inconceivable; what idea has she got hold of! Oh, this is fabulous! We both laughed heartily. *Je parie* that you don't remember how exaggerated your praise was. It was a *chef d'œuvre d'impressionnabilité.*"

The next great shock and change to this still happy family came through the death of the father, M. de la Ferronnays, which occurred suddenly at Rome. An incident coincident with this event, and connected with it, according to received opinion, in a remarkable manner, had a signal effect upon Alexandrine's future course of action:—the miraculous conversion of the young Jew Alphonse Ratisbonne, son of a rich banker at Strasburg. As the Church of Rome rewarded the La Ferronnays family, distinguished for its faith, with all its honours, as the great names still most prominent among its laity, priesthood, and hierarchy gather round them at every crisis, there seems a suitability in no less than a miracle attending the obsequies of its head—a miracle which in all good faith was and is still received as such by those who asserted it. This miracle is not told in all its details by Mrs Craven. A sense of modesty perhaps withheld her, as fearing to dwell too elaborately on so singular and pre-eminent a distinction. Some details too, it might occur to her, were as well left in obscurity, considering the quality of readers sure to be interested in her book. For whatever reason, the history of his conversion, given by M. Ratisbonne himself in a little tract which we happen to possess, tells some circumstances not given here, or given with fuller details, very necessary to a real apprehension of the matter. Every religious revival has its sudden conversions. In spite of appearances, M. Ratisbonne's does not, we think, really differ from these. We do not pretend to account in any case for an instantaneous change of convictions such as we believe in a certain sense to have occurred to M. Ratisbonne, nor do we doubt his own belief that it was miraculous; but what he tells us himself, together with the fact that no sign or appearances testified to others of what was passing in his own mind, reduces it to the ordinary class of marvels connected with the workings of that mystery—the soul within us.

In the 'Récit' we are succinctly told that the conversion was the result of M. de la Ferronnays's prayers, who the evening before his death had dined at the Princess Borghèse, and there conversed with M. de Bussières and the Abbé Dupanloup with much devotion upon the blessed Virgin. M. de Bussières spoke to him of a young Jew (brother to the Abbé Ratisbonne, already a Christian), whose conversion he greatly desired, but who was an ardent enemy of Jesus Christ. His account greatly interested M. de la Ferronnays. This took place on Sunday. On Monday M. de la Ferronnays died suddenly.

The second day from this event M. Ratisbonne happened to be walking in the church where preparations for M. de la Ferronnays's obsequies were being made, and

was converted in a moment. Standing near a chapel dedicated to the guardian angel, a luminous apparition of the blessed Virgin appeared to him, and made a sign to him to approach this chapel. An irresistible force led him there, he fell on his knees, and instantly became a Christian. His first words were, as M. de la Ferronnays's body was carried into the church, "Il faut que ce Monsieur ait beaucoup prié pour moi." This account was written at once by the Abbé Gerbet to Mrs Craven; and he proposes in the same letter to collect every circumstance, with all the proofs, into one complete narrative. This intention, however, he did not fulfil. Considering that he declares himself in the beginning of the letter slow to believe in miraculous events, this withdrawal from a deliberate design is to us significant. The task was undertaken by M. de Bussières, a recent convert from Protestantism to Catholicism,* and therefore, as our experience shows us, not unlikely to be more easily satisfied than the good father. What M. de Ratisbonne tells himself are the events previous to the miracle. He describes himself as indifferent to his own religion, but bitter against Christianity. His brother was odious to him on this account, though received by the rest of the family. Especially did the gravity of his language and his priest habit disgust him. At length, on this brother wishing to baptise the dying child of a friend, he was so enraged as to write, breaking finally with him. We mention all this as it is highly improbable that on these occasions some of the doctrines and facts of Christianity, of which subsequently he supposed himself wholly ignorant, should not have transpired. His travels subsequently brought him to Rome, where he renewed his acquaintance with M. Theodore de Bussières, then living at his father's house. Here the whole family, whom he regarded as *dévots*, seem to have thrown themselves into the cause of his conversion. He describes himself as to the last degree insulting and contemptuous; but M. de Bussières carried his point, which was this, that the young Jew should consent to wear a medal of the blessed Virgin, on which was engraved her impress, and that he should say every day the Memorare. M. de Bussières owned to attaching a great value to this medal, and great efficacy to the accompanying prayer, even when said by profane, jesting, unbelieving lips. Nor was this confidence singular; for boasting to M. de la Ferronnays, at that meeting recorded the day before his death, of having succeeded in making young Ratisbonne promise to say the Memorare, he replied to M. de Bussières, "Ayez confiance, s'il dit le Memorare vous le tenez, lui et bien d'autres encore." And this, be it observed, wholly independent of the spirit in which it was said. The scene which filled these good Christians with hope is described by M. Ratisbonne. The medal having been passed round his neck and resting on his breast, with a shout of laughter he exclaimed, "Ha! ha! me voici Catholique Apostolique Romain!" "Now," continued M. de Bussières, "you must complete the experiment. You must recite every morning and evening the Memorare, a very short and efficacious prayer addressed by St Bernard to the Virgin Mary." To this Ratisbonne replied, "Oh, enough of this folly;" for he felt his anti-Christian animosity revive in him, and wished he had a Jewish prayer to give his host that they might be quits. M. de Bussières, however, insisted that without this prayer the experiment would be null. Not wishing to attach too much importance to trifles, Ratisbonne promised to recite the prayer. "If it

* See 'La Conversion de M. Ratisbonne, Relation écrite par lui-même,' p. 27.

does me no good, it will do me no harm." The prayer was brought, he undertaking to copy it; which he did, he says, mechanically. But, once copied, the words would run in his head in spite of himself, and he found himself reciting them continually. Now receiving every word as written in good faith, with no other temptation than the desire to arrange events in their most picturesque, surprising, and therefore convincing light, with just those connecting links which would be supplied half unconsciously, these are facts which must tell upon the dispassionate reader, however they may be ignored or used as arguments by the parties interested. It is a strong measure, a trial to any imagination (and M. Ratisbonne clearly belonged to an impressible family), to wear such a medal given with much enthusiasm by donors of distinction, and with high anticipations of a result. It is a strong measure, too, to repeat a prayer day after day, imposed with a solemn belief in its efficacy, which would necessarily impress itself on the manner of the imposer. Something strange must certainly follow. Whatever attempt there might be to ridicule the whole affair, the persistent submission to a prescribed rite must tell. Were a Christian — the parallel must be allowed to our argument— to observe certain mystic heathen ceremonies day after day under similar conditions, would he come out of the ordeal with faith undisturbed, the same man as he was before? We think not. And this from merely natural causes, though it may be causes not traceable by us to their consequences. Something strange and mysterious, bordering on the supernatural, might well follow: and this because the workings of the mind are in a great measure hidden from us. The apparition of the Virgin, it must be noted, in M. Ratisbonne's case was the same figure as that represented on the medal; the form of belief with which he was suddenly endued, exactly that of the friends who had used their arguments upon him.

We are not accounting for his narrative, which, it must be noted, is the miracle's sole warrant; we only say there is nothing stranger in it than in a hundred other mysteries of the human mind we are called upon to believe where no miracle is in question. However, it was never for a moment called in question by the good people of this story; and some words of M. Ratisbonne, in his first enthusiasm—"I cannot give God less than all"—so wrought upon Alexandrine that she could not rest till she at least attempted the final sacrifice of herself to the cloister: her natural repugnance, no doubt, being regarded in this state of mind as a thing simply to be overcome. This act would never have been sanctioned by the Père Gerbet, but on his removal to a distance his guidance was superseded, as we have before said, by *un ange* in the person of the severer Père Ravignan. In fact we are rather amused with the good Abbé's insight into character, and repression of hasty impulse. On one occasion Eugenie, who seemed to many formed for the "religious life,"— with whom death and sacrifice were such prevailing ideas that her sister is a little ashamed that she should have yielded to any other influences, and tries to make it out that self-sacrifice was still the motive, — receives a very eligible offer of marriage, and inclines to accept it. Alexandrine, in some doubt whether her own amiable satisfaction and excitement on the occasion is not worldly, is reassured and allowed to rejoice in "ce bonheur de notre Eugénie!" for "l'Abbé Gerbet croit que sa vocation est bien de se marier." *

* The Abbé Gerbet died two years ago Bishop of Perpignan.

Under the stimulus of the supposed miracle, and with the sanction of her new confessor, she entered the *catéchuménat* of the order of *Filles de Sion*, as soon as it was founded by the Père Alphonse Ratisbonne; but after a time, by Father Ravignan's direction, gave up the attempt. She tried it and failed. Her letter to Pauline, on what was avowedly an escape, is pleasant to read, and yet painful too, for it betrays too clearly what must be the state of many a novice awaking from her first ardours of self-immolation, but lacking the moral courage to effect her escape, or a guide with judgment and candour enough to bid her retrace her steps. Alexandrine's friend Pauline had always thought her unfitted for "la reclusion." To her she writes :—

"PARIS, *Jan.* 14, 1845.

"MY DEAREST PAULINE,—How I thank you for your dear letter. You have been very good to me under these circumstances, and we shall be more united than ever. At least this is what I feel; and your mother is so delightful! I am still giddy, as after a tempest which subsides only by degrees. I resume with exquisite satisfaction my old parish occupations. . . . I feel as if I was dreaming. I hope that this has been my *best* cross. . . . We always wish for the most perfect thing in this imperfect world, which is often a fault and makes us unhappy. What does Augustus say of my recent follies? I should certainly have died there by inches. Now my heart and pulse beat naturally again. I think your kindness will rejoice at seeing my soul again in this letter. You were right, my dear friend—God reward you for your tenderness. Pray for your poor worldling, who deserves the name more than you do."

But a person cannot be the same after such an experiment; whether the change is loss or gain will be decided according to the views of the observer. Without, as far as we are told, any especial aptitude for intercourse with the poor, except "being in love with poverty," Alexandrine felt herself bound after this to devote her whole time to them. Society of her own rank was henceforth nothing to her; a certain, we do not scruple to call it self-willed, idea of sacrifice possessed her. It is all very well for her friend Pauline to commend this devotion to the poor. "Henceforth she gave them all that she could give in this world—her thoughts, her time, her money, her wealth, at last her life." But who demanded this sacrifice of a life? who was the gainer by it? We feel for poor Madame de la Ferronnays, whose pen, weary of death-beds, in heartbroken strains has to record another death, leaving her doubly desolate; and this for mere neglect, or, as it seems to us, presumptuous disdain of life. Poetically, and by the use of sufficiently lofty terms, this sacrifice may be represented as sublime; but there is another view to be taken of Alexandrine's contempt for the dull residue of an existence whose youth had been brilliant like hers—that it really was not worth living. She gave up society; she gave up the companionship of dear friends; she gave up books; she gave up writing her own natural thoughts; she gave up recollections of the past. Instead of these we have letters of extracts from the works of saints or Quietist writers; broodings of mystic contemplation, enforcing a deadness to the trials of life incompatible with an active part in it; impossible, for example, to the religious mother who sees her son going wrong, but naturally inducing such a change in Alexandrine as Mrs Craven delights to record :—

"As for any other reading except those books of devotion from which she delighted to make extracts, any other works purely literary, and of which she heard others speak, she never gave them a moment's attention; and the taste she once possessed for these amusements, these *parures de l'intelligence*, had vanished like all the other adornments and amusements of this world, music alone excepted."

We do not so much wonder that

life under these conditions was easily parted with, and not worth the pains of reasonable care and attention. Some trials Alexandrine never experienced. Those for which she is reverenced were of her own making; but she never knew neglect, or loss of friends, or loss of distinction. Whatever dress or shoes she wore—and that the one let in the cold and the other the wet is matter of boast as a sign of sanctity—her friends and acquaintance were amongst the honourable of the earth; her society was always courted by them, and herself regarded as a saint and admired still for the refined and cultivated grace of manner and person which had been the charm of her youth.

Self-sacrifice is the watchword of this narrative, not only in such austerities as close the life of its heroine and shortened the days of Lacordaire, but in the youthful impulse to treat life as a thing absolutely at the disposal of the possessor. The young people record the offering of their lives for any object they have in view as part of their prayers. Alexandrine on her wedding-day prays that she may die if Albert ever gets tired of her. Albert offers his life for her conversion. Eugenie is always suggesting these arrangements. In connection with this habit is an assumed insight into the Divine counsels which quite startles the Protestant reader. They pronounce upon the Divine will and the ways of God to man as though they were taught by a semi-inspiration; in language which perhaps both sides will equally agree to be incompatible with familiarity with the Bible, and the habit of reading every part of Holy Scripture, inculcated by our Calendar. This may be used by Roman Catholics as an argument for their good books which are the substitute for the Bible, and undoubtedly stimulate to these practices. We only state the fact that a reverential study of the Bible does not teach their tone to simple but honest readers. Nor does it lead to that familiarity with the name of God we note in all the persons of this story. We might almost think that they attach different ideas to the word *Dieu* from ours to the awful name of God—*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu*, is so unceasingly on the tips of their tongues and pens. The feeling towards technical sanctity encourages all this. What one saint does is a general sanction, and the bolder his attitude the more implicit their reverence and trust. Thus the Père Ravignan, seeing Alexandrine disturbed in spirit at hearing of her mother's dangerous illness, tells her her mother will not die; and as she did in fact recover, this bold prophecy wins him further confidence, leading naturally to a repetition of such utterances, and this without any real risk of losing respect by failure; on the principle—

> "Once I guessed right, and I got credit by't;
> Thrice I guessed wrong, and I kept my credit on."

And compacts and stipulations are proposed by the devout as little to our taste or apprehension of the Divine nature. It is saintly to sacrifice some gift of God for the sake of an end to be gained, and this is done in the phraseology of barter. This comes to a climax where Alexandrine is assumed to have offered her own life for that of the Père Ravignan. Believing his labours essential to the good of the Church, she is thought to have proposed this exchange of her own life for the more important one of the great Jesuit, and to have been taken at her word, not through an inscrutable working of Providence, but through the instrumentality of her own imprudence and neglect of health. When the Apostle bids us give our lives for the brethren where occasion calls for this sacrifice, the act is surely not achieved through an assumption of spiritual insight pry-

ing into God's secret counsels; it is an open exchange of man with and for man, of which our intelligence and senses are cognisant.

These remarks are made in the endeavour to distinguish where the subjects of this narrative are interesting by their own qualities, and where they are mere blind passive reflexes of the system of religion under which they lived. The book is interesting, because the incidents and characters are alike distinguished by grace of manner and a romantic charm; because there is something special in their gifts of nature, mind, and fortune; because Alexandrine, in particular, has a wonderful aptitude at self-portraiture, and because its line is singular and ought to remain so. This never strikes us more than when we figure to ourselves how intolerable would be a fashion after the manner of "Alex," Eugenie, and Olgas; how our taste would revolt from religion made familiar after their example, but without their simplicity and affection; gushing with their exuberance, but wanting their freedom from affectation; above all, wanting in that sweetness of tone and charity, that absence of all injurious judging, which characterise both Mrs Craven's own share of this work and the objects of her affectionate eulogy, and which are, in truth, among the rarest merits of religious biography.

HOW FRANK THORNTON WAS CURED.

BY BOB CONSIDINE.

"Look here, Bob! I just put this to you; you're not a sentimental fellow—you're hard as nails, I know that—but I ask you, What do you say to a woman who, when she hears the family doctor declare that her husband, the man she married for love three years ago—no, it ain't three, it's but two and seven months—when she hears that his heart is affected; that the valves—the valves, mark you—are attacked; that ossification is apprehended — I suppose worse couldn't be;—the very evening she hears this, goes out to a ball, and says, 'Poor Frank couldn't come: he imagines he has a something—a something!—the matter with his heart; and the stupid doctor humours him, and I'd not wonder if he kept the sofa these six months'? I pledge you my sacred word of honour these were her very words. I had them taken down verbatim, and I made Leonard and Mrs Crawford sign their names to the document, declaring that they heard them as she uttered them. Now, none of your hair-splitting or refining; but speak out in a frank, manly way, and say, what do you think of this?"

"I simply think that your wife did not agree with your doctor."

"Oh, indeed! that is, that she formed another impression of my case; that her experience of heart-disease led her to a different conclusion from Duffey's—the first man in his profession, by the way; and that doubtless she would have suggested another line of treatment."

"No, no; don't run away with the theory. I merely meant that she thought there was not much the matter with you, and that old Duffey was a bit of an alarmist."

"By Jove, I must say he did not alarm her! She had that confounded toy terrier in her lap while he was telling it to her, and the first words she said were, 'Do tell me, Doctor, will it hurt Tricksey to have his ears cut? My cousin

Staples says they must be pointed.' If there be a fool in the Household Brigade—and I suspect there are some—I'd back Howard Staples against the field. But to come to what I was saying, please to answer if you ever heard of a woman talk about her terrier's ears at the moment they were breaking to her the news that her husband was doomed: that any day, any hour——"

"Come, come, don't take on in this fashion. Be a man; keep up your pluck."

"It's not for myself I am moved—not a bit of it; there's not a fellow breathing would affront death as readily—I've shown that over and over. It is the heartlessness of that woman stabs me. It is the cold indifference of her whose life ought to have been bound up with my own—it is *that* unmans me. I declare to you, on my honour, I didn't believe it was in human nature to behave so. That's what we have come to, with our blessed civilisation and luxury. A girl marries the man who can secure her a certain amount of splendour; and when the settlement is made, and the position safe, he has no more claim on her affections—no more a place in her heart than his great-grandfather. I tell you, Bob, if that woman heard of my death to-morrow, her first thought would be to send over to that milliner in the street yonder to inquire what was the most becoming mourning she could wear in a recent affliction."

"I take it you don't want suttee in Europe, nor expect that your widow is to burn herself in honour of you."

"No, sir; I ask no such sacrifice; but I certainly do ask that while here, above ground, though sentenced to all the tortures of a heart-affection, I may meet with some tenderness, some sympathy, some — some — never mind. She shan't unman me—that I'll promise you; but I promise you, also, I'll be shot if she shall keep her jointure if she marries Howard Staples. It's insulting enough the way that idiot treats my house. If there's a thing I detest, it is to hear the clank of a sabre on one's stairs. And then the cool way those fellows unbelt, as though your drawing-room was a mess ante-room. 'Well, old boy,' he said to me t'other day, 'how are the valves?' 'Not exactly so safe, sir,' said I, 'that you may not apprehend an explosion.'"

"That was very ready."

"I should think it *was* ready. The heart may be attacked, but it's all right up here;" and he touched his forehead significantly as he spoke.

"All the more reason, Frank, not to take a gloomy view of life. There cannot be much amiss with a man who carries himself as you do. Why, it was only yesterday you sent the groom back with your horse, and walked the whole way from Waterloo to this."

"A great feat, truly!—it's under twelve miles; and I'd rather have walked forty than ridden back with that idiot Staples. I told Georgina so; and as she didn't send him off, I just dismounted and left them there."

"And very wrong of you it was."

"Oh, of course. I know the theory; I know the whole case. A well-bred husband sees little, and resents less."

"In this case there was nothing either to see or to resent."

"Very nice of you to say so, considering you were full a quarter of a mile to the rear, and riding with your own wife—whom, by the way, you never quit for an instant."

"No; I like to keep her company."

"People remark it, though. I assure you, people make the most absurd comments upon it. I've heard you described as a sort of Othello for jealousy."

"With all my heart. So long as they don't come to tell me their

opinions, I'll not quarrel with them for holding them."

"Well, I don't pretend to be as indifferent about public opinion, and it pains me severely when I am told things people say about Georgy's high spirits and gaiety of temperament. I know well the world calls these by another name behind backs."

"I wonder how you can go on worrying yourself in this fashion. It is little short of insanity."

"I'm quite prepared to hear *that* name for it some of these days. Only look here, old fellow; I'd rather, for old acquaintance' sake, that you would not be one of my accusers. Take my word for it they'll get the thing up quite cleverly without you; and it's a sort of case an old friend never figures in very gracefully."

He arose as he said this, put on his hat, gave me a familiar nod, and walked out, leaving me, not exactly angry, though I was a little irritated, but certainly not at all disposed to prolong the conversation.

A few words will suffice to tell my reader all I need say of him. Frank Thornton had served in the 8th Hussars in India, and distinguished himself several times in the campaign of the Mutiny. He was a splendid soldier, who gloried in his profession, and was greatly loved by his comrades; though all acknowledged that, while Thornton was a fellow to go through fire and water for a friend, he was so touchy, so nervously sensitive, so alive to things which never were meant to hurt him, that his life was one unceasing round of tortures and explanations. This disposition, strengthening with years, made him at last so irritable and quarrelsome that, popular and liked as he had once been—the pride of his own corps and the delight of the mess—men heard with pleasure the news that he had "sent in his papers," and was about to leave the service.

"You'll be glad to know I'm going to leave you," he said, one night after mess; "and I'm only sorry I didn't go when you might have regretted me. A fretful temper is like the 'prickly heat'—it doesn't make a man an agreeable neighbour; but take my word for it, the poor devil who has the malady is worse off still."

"He's going to marry," said one of his comrades as he left the room.

"To marry!"

"Yes, he's going to marry Georgy Gordon. Poor girl! she'll need all her high spirits to carry her through it."

"She's got what's better than high spirits," said an old Scotch major; "she's got the sweetest temper of any lassie from this to her father's house in Aberdeenshire."

"Has no one told her what a temper Thornton has?"

"She's a sort of cousin of mine," said another; "and I had a long talk with her about him t'other day. Her notion is that men only make each other worse when they attempt to correct faults of disposition; that a woman only can do so with success, but that she must be wife or sister."

"That's possible enough in ordinary cases; but where a man contrives to invert everything he looks at—where he never will believe that the world has not some covert design to deny him his due or sneer at his deserts—where it's an even chance every day that he shoots one of his best friends before night, —all I can say is, that if I were Miss Gordon's brother——"

"She has none."

"Well, her father——"

"Dead twelve years ago. She was brought up by her uncle, Sir Hercules."

"Well, I'm not particular as to the degree of the relationship. I only mean, if I had the claim to counsel her, I'd certainly say, Rather never marry at all than marry Frank Thornton; though I'm quite

ready to admit he's as true-hearted a gentleman and as gallant a soldier as ever served her Majesty."

It would appear that Miss Gordon was not to be terrified by the stories which reached her, or that she relied implicitly on her own powers to avert the evils with which they menaced her; for she returned from India Thornton's wife, and accompanied him to visit his mother, who lived in a beautiful part of the Isle of Wight.

A few lines announcing his marriage and return to England were all I had from him for years, when one morning the post brought me the following :—

"My dear Bob,—I have just got an ugly blow. I had invested all the stray cash I possessed in indigo, and the ryots have gone and smashed the dykes and played old gooseberry with the young crop. They say I shall lose twelve thousand pounds, which may turn out to be fifteen. At all events I must economise; and as I hear Brussels is cheap, and as I know you are there, I mean to try it. Look me up a small house—furnished, of course—rent not above a couple of hundreds, and stabling for a pair of horses. I'll bring our riding-nags and job a carriage. Tell me all you can about the place,—I don't mean socially, for we shall not go out anywhere, but about its markets, servants, and the other abominations of house-keep. By the way, old fellow, isn't this domesticity a devil of a mistake? Wouldn't you and I give something to get back again to the place from whence we came? I take it we'll have plenty of time to talk this over together. I hope our wives will 'hit it off' with each other.—Yours always,

"Frank N. Thornton."

I was not able at a moment to secure the sort of house he wanted, but pressed him to make ours his home, till he could look about and suit himself. They came in due course, and certainly nothing could be more complete than the friendship which at once grew up between our wives. Some points of resemblance there certainly were between them, but in many things they were totally unlike. At all events they were both young and good-looking, and as happy and well pleased with life as is permitted to most of those who are supposed to have drawn fair prizes in this big lottery.

The Thorntons had not been our guests above a week when I saw that Frank's temper, so far from having been bettered, had been painfully aggravated by marriage. He no longer, indeed, permitted himself those outbursts of passion he once indulged in. There was nothing violent or demonstrative in his anger, but the control he exercised over himself almost drove him to madness, and he would come into my smoking-room, after dinner, in a state of excitement and irritability that were almost fearful to witness.

"I suppose you saw it to-day," cried he to me one evening as he walked the room. "I take it that you could not help remarking the considerate manner in which my wife corrected me about Kechmacarrachee. Now, I tell you distinctly and deliberately the durbar was not held there, and the place where they poisoned her uncle's elephants was Tammadar, on the other side of the Ganges. I only wish they had poisoned the old beggar himself, and he would never have lived to come to Calcutta, and I should never have —no matter what. But I'll tell you why she did it, Bob. You couldn't guess that, nor your wife either, though she is as keen as any woman I ever met. She did it just to bring up the name of a fellow whom she knows I hate as I hate nothing else on earth. It's a woman's way to stab a man. She watches till she has

you before the world; she waits till she catches you at a dinner, or one of a party round the fire; and she'll beat about till she finds an incident or an event in which a fellow figured, and she'll bring him in with a sort of half-consciousness as though she knew the ground was dangerous — just the most offensive thing she could do, except the appealing look she'll give you across the table, as if saying, 'Don't be angry with me.' Your wife saw that to-day — I'll swear she did. As for *you*, I don't expect you to remark anything, nor tell it if you did."

It was no use to protest ignorance of all he assumed. He only grew more irascible and violent at each assertion. Nothing short of my fixed resolve not to take offence at anything he should say in his passion saved me from feeling deeply wounded by some of the expressions which escaped him.

"There now," cried he at last, "it only remains that you should turn me out into the street, and my blessed temper will have lost me the last man of all who once befriended me."

He rushed out of the room after this, and I saw him no more till next morning. I will not pretend that my life at this time was a very agreeable one; for while Thornton never ceased to make me the depositary of his grievances, my wife, with equal insistance, persecuted me by stories of his peevish, nagging disposition, invariably concluding with the assurance that no patience could hold out much longer, and that in the end Georgina must sink under it. Not that Mrs Thornton looked at all like sinking. She was a blooming, bright-eyed, young woman, on whose features, with the closest scrutiny, I never could detect the trace of sorrow, except a slight darkness about the eyelids, and a very faint "drag" at times—only at times—on the angle of the mouth. She had a variety of accomplishments—sang, rode, drove well, was always ready for any plan for pleasure, and the life of it when it came off. It was plain enough that her high spirit occasionally chafed against her husband's humour; and I was often struck with the tact she exhibited in subduing her buoyancy and sobering down her gaiety to the tone of his temper.

My wife hinted that she had seen her in other moods, and often came away from her looking herself so sad and depressed that I shrank from inquiring the cause. It is scarcely necessary that I should say Thornton was not a favourite with my wife; she was ready enough to admit that his manners were easy and polished, his tone invariably well bred, and his conversation charming; but against these gifts there was the terrible set-off of his captious nature, his unceasing suspectfulness, and that morbid tendency to inquire whether every the slightest incident had not some covert meaning which it was his duty to resent or repel.

"I don't think I shall pitch my tent here," he said to me one morning as we sat over our cigar; "the place does not suit me. It's not English and it's not foreign. You have a continual influx of our own people who trouble society without contributing to its pleasures; and I shall either go back at once to town, or seek out some out-of-the-way old place in Germany and barbarise."

"Will your wife like that?" asked I, carelessly.

He turned suddenly on me with a glance of keen penetration, and, after staring fixedly at me for some seconds, said, "I suppose she has declared she will oppose this plan?"

"Not that I have heard," replied I, coldly.

"I'll do it all the same, however," said he, sternly. "Your wife may break the news to her when she will."

I said nothing. I was certainly

provoked both by his words and the manner in which he spoke them; but I resolved that nothing like anger or even impatience should escape me, and I sat mute.

This was said on a Saturday morning; it was settled that the Thorntons were to leave us on the following Tuesday—for the Rhine, at first, and thence, as chance or caprice might determine after.

What with packing and preparing for the road, getting maps and guide-books, and consulting them for routes and roads, I saw little of Thornton for the whole of two days. I was sitting alone in my study on Monday evening when he entered the room and threw himself into a chair. I had but to give a mere glance at him to see that he was unusually agitated and excited; his face was lividly pale, except a small red patch on one cheek, which, with the unnatural lustre of his eyes, imparted a look of something like hectic to his features.

"I suppose, Bob," said he, with a forced effort to seem calm, "I *am* the most unhappy fellow as regards temper that ever you knew."

"You certainly do contrive to give yourself no small share of misery."

"To give myself! I understand," said he, fiercely. "I am one of those with whom the world has gone admirably. I have all the blessings of health, fortune, and affection around me, but I manage, by an ingenious use of my faculties, to make myself a terror to my friends and a torment to my own home; and without a reason, or the shadow of a reason, I pick out all the disagreeable accidents of life and make my world out of them. Isn't that the theory? Out with it, man; I'm not so terrible but you can be frank with me."

"I'll not go so far——" I began.

"But I'll go farther," cried he, wildly. "I'll finish at once this dreary comedy. I have only to look at your wife's face, Bob, to see what she thinks of me. I never meet her that I don't read a perfect indictment in her looks. You are killing that dear sweet wife of yours. You are making her life a bitterness and a sorrow. You know you are, and that you hate yourself for it. You can't desist; there is something demoniac within you that cries, "Go on, go on—she must succumb at last."'"

"Why, this is all madness," said I, not thinking in my eagerness of the word I used.

"That is exactly the name for it," exclaimed he, "though you never had courage to say so before. It's precisely the amount of incoherency and misdirection that medical men call insanity, and on which one's friends obtain leave from the Lord Chancellor to lock him up and administer his fortune for him. Well, now, I do not like that part of it. I tell you frankly, I couldn't stand the being immured in a madhouse, and so I have resolved, fairly resolved, to cut and run for it. I'll no longer be the cause of misery to others. I'll keep my stock of wretchedness for home consumption, and I'll go away where I shall never be heard of again. Georgy, once free, will marry again, if she has the pluck to take another ticket in the lottery she has fared so ill in. You'll be quit of a very tiresome friend, and your wife relieved from the acquaintance of one who never could be a pleasant intimate or a very safe example. Don't try to turn me from my plan. I declare to you on my honour I am irrevocable. I shall go off to-morrow to Tervueren for a day's shooting. I have been talking of it for some time back. When there, I shall meet with a gun accident—that's the phrase they have for it in the newspapers; you'll hurry off naturally at once, but it will be all over before you arrive. I don't trouble myself about the details. You shall fill them in with all due regard to your own respectability, and what becomes your regard for a friend's

memory. I mistake Georgy much, or the first shock, the horror of the event, will be the worst of it."

"You mean to shoot yourself," said I, with perfect calm.

"Not necessarily," said he, in the same easy tone, "if you will agree to aid me by propagating the story of my death. I have no particular desire to die. I can go away to New Zealand or some out-of-the-way place, under another name, and never be heard of. All I really want is, to cut the tie that binds that poor woman to my wretched identity, and by leaving her free, to make her the only reparation I can for all the misery I have brought upon her."

I will not repeat how eagerly I tried to combat this resolve, and turn him from his rash purpose. I exhausted every argument I could think of, and told him at last that it was a cowardly submission to his own selfishness that prompted a measure which could be infinitely better secured by the exercise of some self-control, and a victory over his own temper.

"It may be all as you say," replied he, "but there are certain things I *can* do, and there are others that are above my strength. Let me at least be the judge of what I am equal to."

The utmost I could obtain from him in the way of concession was, that he would await in some secret place the result of his experiment, and if it should turn out that, contrary to all his belief and conviction, his wife should prove inconsolable for his loss, and given up to unceasing sorrow, that he would concert with me what steps to take to satisfy her he was yet living, and at the same time not unworthy of her love and affection. I own I did not see my way to this at all, but as it left something open to a contingency, I accepted it as the best compromise that offered. The plan was then modified to this extent, that he was to go first to Tervueren, thence to Wavre, where there was a small cabaret where he could stop unnoticed, and receive my daily bulletin of the state of things in Brussels—how his wife bore up, and what effect the terrible event seemed to have upon her.

We accordingly arranged a few ciphers for correspondence by the use of numbers, all of which I can remember now was, that the number "three" thrice repeated meant extreme dejection, four "nines" implied she was taking things with much resignation, and "five" suggested she would soon get over her affliction. He was very eager to supply signs to represent a heartless degree of indifference and even joy, but I suppressed these as mere emanations of malice and bad temper.

He amazed me that evening at tea. There was not a form of agreeability that he did not display. He talked his very best; he sketched little descriptions of places he had visited and people he had met with in a style of picturesque brilliancy I had not believed him capable of. He was all good-humour too, and took the banter we had the courage to bestow on him for once with a geniality and pleasantry positively charming; and finally sang seconds to my wife with an expression and correctness that vouched for a warm desire to please, in which I must say he had a perfect success.

"How delightful he can be!" whispered my wife, as he left the room. "I declare he has no equal when he condescends to be agreeable. I wonder why he will not be always thus;" and then, after a pause, she added, "Is it that Georgy does not understand him?" I made no reply, but took my flat candlestick and walked away.

If my reader be married, he or she will easily guess what I did next: I went and told the whole to my wife. She was terribly shocked at first. She even wanted me to hasten off to the Legation and bespeak the Minister's inter-

ference, as though her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary had any special power to control the bad passions of British subjects, or could make ill-tempered people keep the peace towards themselves. Next, she suggested that Thornton should be at once put under restraint. She would not hear of any other name for it but madness. I warned her strongly against this course; and then, as she calmed down, we talked over the whole "situation," canvassing it under every aspect we could think of, and imaging how the public would pronounce upon each distinct view of it.

I knew well enough what my wife was drifting at all through. She clearly thought that if everything tragic could be avoided—if there were to be nothing to shock the feelings or leave a terrible memory behind it—the very best thing that could happen to dear Georgy would be to be well rid of him. She did not like exactly to say this in so many words, but she dropped little half-pious sentiments and devotional apophthegms that showed me what worldliness was passing in her head; and when she said something about "a happy release," I felt poor Frank's sentence had been pronounced beyond recall.

"Stay," cried I, suddenly; "another notion has just occurred to me. Frank is to loiter about the neighbourhood in disguise till he learns how his wife bears up under his loss. What if we were to go and tell the whole story as it stands to Georgina? She may feel shocked for a moment, but she has plenty of good sense and plenty of courage. She knows Frank far better than we do, and she will know exactly what it is he calculates on in submitting her to this test—whether, in fact, he would like to think that she was inconsolable for his loss, or that she struck a sort of balance between her affection and her sorrow, and left him at the end with a small sum to his credit. I say neither you nor I could possibly guess this, but she might. She has abundance of brains, you say, and she is so fond of him. Reason the more to do what she can in his behalf. Now, I remember a physician once telling me of a case where a lunatic of the most violent and hopeless kind was perfectly cured of his insanity by having jumped out of a window three storeys from the ground. He smashed both his legs, but he recovered his intellect, and never relapsed into madness. Now, Frank is not insane, or anything like insane, but there is a morbid excitement in his brain which cannot be healthy. Who is to say what a smart shock — something that would give his whole nature the effect of a sudden awakening to new perceptions—might not do for him? At all events, it is worth the trial. Go and see Georgy, and if you find the moment favourable, break the whole affair to her, and ask her advice."

My wife was away rather more than two hours. I don't think I ever passed two such hours in my life. It was a perfect eternity of feverish anxiety. I sat down, and got up, and walked the room. I opened the window and shut it. I listened at the door to hear if my wife were coming; the dead silence appalled me, and my heart sank under a weight of something inexpressibly heavy and oppressive. As the clock struck three, I heard the rustle of her dress on the stairs. I went out to meet her. She looked calm and composed, but I could see traces of fatigue in her features, and she passed into the room and sat down before she spoke.

"You told her?" asked I.

She nodded an assent.

"And how did she bear it?"

"I should say wonderfully. She never once interrupted me, or even interposed a word till I had finished; then she lay back on the

sofa, and, heaving a heavy sigh, said, 'I had hoped he had given up these sort of things.'

"'You don't mean to say,' cried I, 'that he has done this before?'

"'No, not this. This is perfectly new; and, indeed, it is a piece which does not admit of repetition; but he used to be very fond of these "surprises," if that be the name for them, and when we were first married I think I was subjected to as many temptations as St Anthony. His great anxiety seemed to be to know how I should behave in certain contingencies which need never have occurred. His theory, he announced it openly, was this: No man knows anything whatever about the nature of the woman he marries till he has submitted her to certain tests. So long as she lives surrounded with affluence and luxury, how can he possibly say in what spirit she will meet poverty and privation? If he is eternally at her side, showing her all the assiduities and attentions of a lover, how is he to know in what way she will behave if she should have, or fancy she should have, cause for jealousy? Indeed, on this last, he tried me pretty sharply. He made himself very remarkable with a beautiful widow at Calcutta before we were two months married, and only desisted from the pursuit when he found that I had fretted myself into a low fever, in which, for a time, I was despaired of; and on my recovery he declared that the whole thing had been got up to satisfy his mind on the score of my susceptibility to jealousy, and that, as I had come through the ordeal apparently to his satisfaction, I should not in future be exposed to a test on this score. I assure you I never was quite certain—I am not yet—how much of truth there was in that story of our losses in India. I could not say that it was not another of these experiments on my disposition. If so, he must have been charmed with my conduct, for I care less than most people for luxuries, and am not a bit afraid of narrow fortune.'

"'And now, dearest Georgy, as to this last threat, if he should really go away—if he should imagine that there is no other reparation to make you for all the misery he has caused you than to banish himself for ever—can you possibly frame to your mind in what spirit he hopes to see you meet this new disaster?'

"'First of all, let me assure you that what he says he intends; he is not a man to make vain menaces. As to your second question, it is harder to answer; but my impression is, that though all he means is generously intended, he would be heartbroken if he thought I could accept his loss as a relief.'

"We talked a long time after this, but I don't think we ever arrived any nearer to a solution of the difficulty. She continually repeated, 'I rely on your husband's friendship, and on his judgment for everything.'

"'If this should be happily his last trial of you, and that, after it, he had no more doubts to solve about your character, it is all-important to divine now the exact way in which he wants you to behave.'

"'Very wretched and miserable, I have no doubt, and with something not very remote from self-accusation for all that has happened.'

"These were her words to me at parting. I came away hurriedly, for I was afraid to excite her further."

"Well, he's gone now!"

"Gone!"

"Yes; he wrote me one line to say good-bye. It ran thus: 'They'll find a hat on the river's bank, near the falls, easily identified as mine. I am at Wavre. Address—Jean Maurice, Cadran Jaune.' He's to be drowned, it seems—not shot."

"Humph!" said my wife, with

a toss of her head not at all complimentary to the hero of the adventure. "And have you hit upon anything to be done?"

"Not as yet; I must turn over the whole matter quietly in my mind. It is a case where the least mistake might be ruin. He is a man who would resent any publicity as an offence never to be forgiven, and this makes the affair all the more difficult to deal with. Leave me now to think over it, and perhaps I may chance on some expedient to get us well through the scrape."

It was late in the afternoon of the following day when I next saw my wife, and was obliged to confess that I was just in the same condition of doubt and indecision in which she had left me. "Georgy's in the garden," said she; "come out and speak to her."

It was not exactly an easy thing to do, but I went. She was very pale, and her eyelids swollen, but she met me with a faint smile, and said, "I know you have not been to bed, and have been thinking of me all night; but I believe we must just suffer events to roll on, and if a happy moment to intervene should occur, seize it. Isn't that your own thought?"

I nodded twice, and we walked along without a word on either side.

I remember very little of all that passed between us that day; the impression I carried away, however, was, that she was one of the best-natured, best-tempered women I had ever met, and this thought certainly did not in any way tend to the elevation of Frank in my esteem.

My reflections, as I sauntered about that evening, were not very agreeable ones. I pictured to myself all the versions of the story, each containing some minute particle of truth that would get abroad, and I fancied how many little heightening incidents would be added by an eager and truth-loving public. I next bethought me of the comments that would be pronounced—those acute and wise remarks half-informed people deliver like solemn judgments. What was Mr Considine about all this time? Can any one explain this gentleman's inactivity, his actual apathy? Then I fancied the impertinences of the press holding me up to rebuke or ridicule. Mr Considine, who knew everything and did nothing, does not appear to us the least reprehensible actor in the unhappy drama. It is sure to be a drama, occasionally to be called tragedy. There would be indignant inquiries, Why is not Mr Considine examined? What steps have the authorities taken to ascertain the part played by this gentleman in this disastrous history? One is never very sure of what foreigners will not dramatise, and I had no fancy for figuring on the boards as the villain of the piece; perhaps—by no means unlikely—announced in the bill, "secretly in love with Frank's wife." I will not recall the horrors that tormented me; but I calmly declare that I think my sufferings on that occasion were scarcely inferior to Frank's own, though I don't suspect he would have agreed with me in this conviction.

I hastened off to a friend closely connected with the press, and engaged him on no account to let the newspapers occupy themselves with this story if it ever reached them. My friend consolingly assured me I might set my mind at ease on that score, as the sharpshooting "verein" from Dusseldorf had just come down to contest for a prize, and drink beer with the brothers of St Joseph te Noode; and that an earthquake that should swallow up half Europe would not obtain a paragraph at a moment so interesting and eventful. Although, then, the man who brought me the first tidings of the missing Englishman at Tervueren went the round of the papers with the news, not one of them would condescend to "set up" the information.

The piece had now begun—the curtain had risen; and I at once determined that, if possible, it should be a comedy—melodramatic, if you like—but still comedy. If I could not give it this turn, that poor young woman would sink under it. I must make it droll, or it would be the death of her; and so I announced my news at the breakfast-table, saying, "First tableau—A stranger missed—hat found near the river—maker's name Whitty, Bond Street;" and then, before they had time for a word, I opened a note written in pencil. "Wavre.—Got here at twelve; shaved off beard and whiskers, not to be recognised by any one; engaged as second ostler; send news of her at once."

I led the way by a hearty laugh; my wife chimed in; and Georgina, though her eyes were very glassy, could not help joining; and thus, by one *coup de tête*, my victory was won.

"Here's the cipher," said I, taking out my note-book; "what am I to report you? Supremely wretched, or will you be stunned and insensible?"

"Put down 'three' four times," said my wife.

"That's one too many," said I; "three threes means a triple X. of affliction."

"I'd rather say, 'Bearing it wonderfully,'" murmured Georgina; and her lip trembled with a struggle between a smile and a sob.

"I'll say, 'Behaving like an angel,'" said I; "and I'll write it in a bold hand, and no cipher at all;" and accordingly the bulletin was sent off by post: "Behaving like an angel—11 o'clock A.M." A special messenger arrived from Wavre the same evening, with the following: "What do you mean? No enigmas. Report at once and intelligibly how does she bear it."

It was almost with a cry of triumph I read this aloud in the drawing-room. "I see every card in his hand," I exclaimed; "the game is won already."

"You are right," said my wife; "he is in torture till he hears that she's inconsolable. The man can't endure the thought that you are able to survive him, dearest! There's the whole secret out! Yes, darling; it was one of those beautiful instances of the way husbands love their wives. They invariably expect that devotion is to be the return for the most outrageous bad treatment."

It was such a very rare thing for my wife to give way to a burst of eloquence after this fashion, that I stared at her in speechless amazement.

"Look astonished if you like, Berto," said she to me, while her cheek was hot and her eyes flashing; "but it is not a thing to be calm upon. I know that if I——"

"Well, dear," said I, "continue."

"Don't ask me, or rather don't give me the provocation," said she, warmly, "that's all."

This was a curious and somewhat unexpected turn for the discussion to take, but, on the whole, not altogether unfortunate. It created a sort of diversion which relieved Georgina from the uncomfortable prominence of being the person under consideration; and this enabled her, after a brief pause, to ask, with an air of calm, "Will you tell me why you believe that we have won this game?" She smiled as she repeated to me my own words.

"I'll tell you," I replied—and I spoke now slowly and collectedly. "Whenever your husband submitted you to any test, you always came through the ordeal precisely as he desired you should. He wished he could make you jealous, and you satisfied him that he could. He wished that you might bear up courageously under a change of fortune, and confront even poverty without repining. This test also you stood victoriously. Last of all, he would ascertain what effect his loss would produce upon you; and you have

only to content him on this point to minister to that inordinate self-love which is never weary of feeding itself by your sacrifices, and the man will go on with this game for ever. Just read his message, and you cannot help seeing that I am right: 'No enigmas. How does she bear it?' means, Tell me she is overwhelmed with affliction—tell me she will listen to no words of comfort or consolation—that the cup of her misery is full to overflowing—that life must henceforth be a blank to her. In one word, he wants to hear that you sorrow without hope, and never care longer for life. This is what he asks for, and this is exactly what I'll not send him."

"I declare I believe Berto is right," said my wife.

"I know I am. Frank would have given up these persecutions years ago, but his success dazzled him. With every fresh experiment he came out a gainer. He had only to fancy that you would be more lovable by this or that quality, and straightway you proved to him that you were what he so wished you to be. Now, without being in the least his apologist, I declare frankly I'm not a bit surprised at his being led away by such a bait to his vanity. Take my word for it, I have hit the blot. This is the true explanation of all he has done—of all he is doing."

"Am I then to appear as if I was indifferent, as if I was unconcerned?"

"No, not that. That would be as great an error on the other side. Utter heartlessness would revolt him as soon as he could be brought to believe it. We must go very cautiously to work here; and, to begin, we shall puzzle him a little; his impatience will soon show what our next move ought to be. My present message will not be a great deal clearer than my last. I will say, 'Health not worse—fortitude incredible.'"

"It's clear enough what you mean," said my wife; "you intend he should taste a little of those same anxieties he was so fond of inflicting on Georgina."

"Precisely word for word what I meant. He shall have a few days of that torturing uncertainty he has given her years of, and if he disapprove of the regimen the chance is he will not return to it."

I will not dwell on the days that followed this. I will simply state that I continued, by a system of partly vague, partly significant messages, to keep Thornton in a state of suspense, anxiety, and anger only short of mania. His interest in the game—for game it was—became intense; and when, to his wildest entreaties for a "Yes" or "No" answer to some urgent question, I returned an equivocal or totally unintelligible reply, I could see that there was great hope of his being cured at last of his fatal infatuation.

If I cannot, however, dwell on this, as little do I like to recall the scenes I had to encounter at home; for though at first my wife and Georgina consented to aid me in my project, and appeared assured of its success, they soon began to feel misgivings about "our right" to do this, that, or the other. They questioned the propriety of one thing, and retreated from any partnership in another. In fact, they behaved like people who were already preparing their defence against some future accusation, and comporting themselves like persons already arraigned. This sort of opposition did not conduce to my comfort, and probably did not contribute to my prudence, and I am afraid—yes, I am obliged to own—I lost all patience, and told my wife, "If Georgina continues to thwart me, I give you warning I will pitch up the whole affair—tell Thornton he may come back, or go to Jericho if he likes better—and leave the imbroglio to unravel itself how it may."

"What in the name of all patience," cried my wife, "do you

want the poor woman to do? She does her utmost to look cheerful and contented, but if I go to her room I always find her in tears. She went with you at first when you said that her husband might be cured of his unhappy misgivings if he only once experienced the sort of misery they produced; but now she owns she sees him no nearer to this goal than ever; and I agree with her perfectly."

"And whose fault is it if it be so? Did she not refuse me t'other day permission to tell him, as I suggested, that she was actually shocked with herself for being so happy?"

"Yes, and quite right, too. The poor thing cries her eyes out, and why should she say an untruth?"

"But don't you see it is a finesse of the game?"

"Oh, I'm sick of the game! If a man cannot behave well to his wife without being cheated into it, the sooner she gets rid of him the better."

I believe the discussion grew animated, and even warm; but after many little sallies into each other's lines, we came back to where we started, by my wife abruptly asking, "Is this, then, to go on for years? He was, if I understood you aright, to be so stung in self-love, so wounded in pride, by finding that his wife could live without him, that he would hasten back to assure her of his undying affection. Wasn't that the theory?"

"Yes," said I, haughtily, "that was the theory."

"And has it proved a success?"

"It would have had a triumphant success if she had followed my advice."

"Oh, are we back there again?" cried she, with a weary sigh.

Controlling my temper as well as I could, I made a few turns in the room, when suddenly a thought shot across my mind, and I said, "You were advising the other morning that we should take Georgy out for a drive. It is above a month since she was in the air. Let us go and dine in the wood at Boisfort. There is no fear of meeting any one at this time of the year. Let us make a day of it, and try if we cannot rally her spirits and amuse her."

"Is this to be another move of the game?" asked she, smiling.

"Well, as you ask me so frankly, I will own it is."

"There's Georgy now in the garden, let us go and talk it over with her;" and so saying, we opened the glass door and went out.

We had not gone many steps when we saw Georgina running towards us, her face radiant with joy. "Oh, what do you think?" cried she, in a voice ringing with delight; "I have seen him—he was there."

"Where?"

"In the stable-yard. Your people were taking in hay, and there he was amongst the country people, dressed like a peasant, beard and mustaches shaved off, and so changed that no eyes but my own could have recognised him. He crossed over the little pathway and stood looking up at my window till apparently some one remarked it, when he moved away and disappeared. But I knew him. Poor fellow, how worn and ill he looked! not but it has done my heart good even to catch a glimpse of him, and to know that he was longing to see me."

"I told you how it would all turn out," said I, triumphantly. "It only required a little patience and persistence, and I knew he must succumb."

My wife said nothing, a clear proof that she felt vanquished at last. With a half-irritable tone, as of one who did not like to quit the field without a shot, she said, "And your fine project about Boisfort, and the dinner in the wood—how does it fit into the present conjuncture?"

"As if it was made expressly for it. Frank has now shown how miser-

able he is at not having any intelligible news of Georgina. But my messages, as I meant they should, have almost driven him crazy. He could endure the uncertainty no longer, and hence, at any risk, he came up here to try and see her." Boisfort, or I greatly mistake, must finish the drama, and display him penitent and imploring pardon at the fall of the curtain."

"It is all far too astute and too subtle for *me*," said my wife, saucily. "I am heartily glad that the success of the piece depends on much finer intellects."

We were again getting into skirmishing-ground, so I beat a retreat into the house, and sent off the following few lines to Frank, at Havre:—

"We mean, by way of a little change of air and distraction, to take her out to dine at Boisfort on Saturday. I shall order our table to be laid in the garden, near the lake. If you wish to judge with your own eyes how she looks, you could easily disguise yourself, and affect to be engaged in arranging another table in the vicinity. The hour will be five o'clock."

That little garden at Boisfort, in the midst of the forest of Soignies, is a very pretty spot, and never prettier than in the spring, when the fruit-trees are in blossom, and the bright green grass is covered with a perfect shower of apricot and cherry buds, and the air loaded with their delicious perfume. One is sure to have the place to himself, besides, at this early season; for, no matter how fine the weather, or how tempting the day, no sensible Belgian would go out to dine under the trees till the almanac had given him assurance that the time for such festivities was duly come; nor is it by any means certain that the carp in the pond would permit themselves to be tempted to the surface by crumbs of bread at a season unconsecrated by custom and tradition.

Never, and I have had a long experience of it, did I see it looking more beautiful than on this bright day of early May, as we drove into the little *cour*, and were surrounded by a cordon of delighted waiters, beaming with joy at the first harbingers of the coming season.

I had ordered a very choice "little" dinner—that is, there were to be very few dishes, but each was to be a *capo d'opera*, executed by the *gran maestro*, Mons. Dubos, himself; and how glad am I to commemorate, even thus passingly, one whose genius has so often delighted, whose resources have so often refreshed me! Oh man of many *entrées*, separated by long distance of weary miles from you, how often do I wonder whether your oyster *pâtés* are as exquisite, your *suprèmes* as superlatively delicious, as of yore! Your little garden amidst the feathery beech-trees, with its clear fish-pond, its myriad of singing-birds, and its snow-white napkins, rises before my mind's eye; and I can revive hours of enjoyment as I recall the time when I sipped my iced champagne, lying, Melibœus-like, among the cowslips.

Our table stood under a magnificent beech-tree, whose lower branches were perfectly festooned with a gorgeous japonica, that hung in graceful clusters above and around us; a little hedge of sweetbriar flanked us on one side; and a small artificial mound, covered with hothouse plants for the occasion, delighted the eye on another. A tiny fountain threw a spray-like shower over the leaves, imparting that sense of cool and freshness so pleasant at meal-times.

My wife and Georgina were in ecstasy with it all. There is nothing like a woman to appreciate the double delights of rusticity and an exquisite dinner. The charms of nature, the song of birds, the odour of flowers, seem to dispose her to a higher sense of enjoyment of the good things of the table, and she can blend her delights in

a way utterly unknown to our coarser natures.

"Yes," said my wife, in reply to a whispered remark of Georgina's —"yes, it is one of the things he excels in."

I knew this was a panegyric on my talents as a host, and as I arranged my napkin I felt a thrill of proud triumph through me. I ought to mention here that Georgina, yielding to my wife's insistance, had given up wearing black, which she had done since Frank's departure, and was dressed in a grey silk, with a quantity of lace about it, that became her vastly; indeed she looked handsomer than ever I had seen her.

I read over the bill of fare aloud, and we began our dinner. I will own I sipped my soup with an anxious heart. I had given Georgina her lesson—I had taught her all she was to do—I had thoroughly drilled her in her part; and made her even rehearse it in my library before we started; but what assurance had I that she would not break down, after all? What certainty was there that her agitation might not overcome her at the eventful moment, and a pitiable exhibition of emotion end in utter failure? I did all that prudence could suggest; and when I had filled her glass with choice madeira, I muttered to myself, "the Fates must take charge of the rest."

I could notice that her agitation was very great, but that she fought nobly against it, and especially that my wife should not observe her emotion. Our talk at first was chiefly of the dinner; and fortunately there was nothing to say on this head but praise.

As I deemed it likely that I might detect Frank and his disguise before his wife might be aware of his presence, I had prearranged with Georgina that I would signal the fact of his being come by ordering the waiter to give me champagne, which if I took in a glass intended for bordeaux, was to mean that I saw him. I was relating some commonplace anecdote when I gave this order, and then went on with my story. I watched her, however, steal a glance towards my glass, and saw a slight tremor pass over her as the man filled it.

"Do you really like dining in this fashion?" asked I, with a half-careless air; "or is it too irregular, too disorderly, for your taste?"

"I like it," said she hastily, but not raising her head as she spoke.

"I like it too," said my wife; "but I own M. Dubos and his good cookery go a considerable way in biassing my judgment; and I half suspect if we were able to have such a *chef* at home, I'd rather dine *there* than *here*."

"I protest loudly," cried I, "against any warped opinion. I stand up for my rural delights, and will do battle for my rosebuds and nightingales and almond-blossoms against all comers." I watched Frank while I was speaking, and by a concerted sign encouraged him to draw nearer, and busy himself at a side table. I then filled Georgina's glass with champagne, and whispered a few words to her.

"Yes," said she timidly, but still aloud—"yes, *he* liked it; but, as in everything else, he was so capricious that one never could say when he would declare it was odious."

My wife actually started with astonishment at these words. Never before had she heard from Georgina anything but unqualified praise of her husband.

"How tiresome these capricious people are!" said I. "They impart to existence all the miseries of the ague; to think when you are not burning you are shivering."

"Worse than that," chimed in Georgina, "they make one distrust his own nature. The very fact that you see what you intended accepted as something exactly the opposite, leads you to suppose there

must be some terrible want of right perception in yourself, and you begin to distrust not only everything but everybody."

"If one were to analyse all his food before he began to eat it, nutrition would go on somewhat slowly," said I.

"And wouldn't the food be very appetising besides?" said Georgina, laughing. "I declare to you I was quite worn out with eternal trials; for I wasn't merely questioned, like the man in the book, what I should do if I saw a white bear, but I was threatened with a whole region of bears."

Frank was now standing behind her chair, almost bending over her, his face glowing with rage, and his eyes starting out of their sockets.

"I don't think I ever heard you speak in this way before," said my wife, whose voice had a twang of rebuke in it very palpable and remarkable.

"Perhaps not. Perhaps these surroundings," said she, with a laugh, "have led me on to expansiveness; perhaps I couldn't repress it any longer."

"What was the feather that broke the camel's back?" said my wife.

"My dear friend, it was a wool-pack! Please tell this man not to lay his hand on my chair."

Frank started back, almost staggering, and then recovering himself, he walked slowly round the table till he came directly in front of her.

Georgina glanced at him hastily, and said, "These people, I take it, don't understand English?"

"Of course not," I replied; "but why do you ask?"

"There's a creature yonder has a wonderful look of Frank, if it were possible that cutting off his beard could make him so hideous."

"Good heavens, woman!" shouted he, in a voice wild with passion, "are you so utterly heartless, so shamelessly lost to all feeling, as this?"

Before this short burst was over, Georgina had fallen fainting to the ground. Her effort had been more than she had strength for, and it was long before we could bring her back to life and consciousness. When at length her heart rallied, and the film passed from before her eyes, the first object she saw was her husband kneeling at her feet, and covering her hand with kisses.

We had told him everything, and his delight was boundless.

Frank was cured; but I declare I'll not treat such another case as long as I live.

LETTERS FROM A STAFF-OFFICER WITH THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.—PART III.

NO. V.

On the 31st of March Sir Robert Napier's first brigade, somewhat reinforced, moved from its encampment near the left bank of the Tacazeh, and commenced its march through the province of Wadela. For three days our route continued over the same stone-covered plain, destitute of trees, but clothed with dry grass, and studded with small red convolvuluses and a yellow flower resembling the dandelion. A constantly undulating surface, swelling occasionally into rocky heights, gave a picturesqueness of outline to the landscape. No game of any kind was seen, probably owing to the absence of cover. Streams were of frequent occurrence, and the water was everywhere pure and plentiful. The few villages which we passed bore in their roofless huts the marks of Theodore's recent visit to the district. Beautiful and very refreshing to the eye as the vegetation of Wodjĕrāt's tree-covered mountains had been, one felt that Wadela was altogether a more practical country. It contained, indeed, no bosky dells in which the queen of fairyland might hold her court in the moonlight of a summer's night, but it presented —what was far more to the purpose —a succession of broad plains, where our cavalry could have executed one of their brilliant charges with good effect if Theodorus and his army had but given them the opportunity.

Early during the third day's march our van came to the brink of a vast and at first sight impassable gulf so suddenly, that it seemed to have opened in the earth's surface at our feet. We found this chasm to be nearly four thousand feet in depth by about eight miles in width from plateau to plateau, and there it yawned before us like the open grave of a race of giants. Far down in its depths the channel of the river Jeedah could be seen, and on its opposite margin the tableland of Talanta stretching away into the distance. The descent lay down the precipitous face of the rock, which it would have cost us much labour to make passable by our troops, had not Theodore himself anticipated our necessities in this matter, and, contrary to the usages of war in like cases, constructed and left for our use a very tolerable road through the chasm. The task had occupied him for several weeks during his recent flank-march to Debra Tabor. One could not but admire the energy with which he had made such a road in the face of great natural difficulties, without scientific principles to guide him, and with only imperfect appliances at his command. He had taken part with his own hand in the work, now helping to blast a rock, now digging in a cutting like a navigator, with the royal spear ever ready to impale on the spot any soldier caught shirking his due share in the toil. Following the King's highway—for such it specially deserves to be called—we were conducted by slow degrees, as it seemed, into the innermost parts of the earth. At the bottom of the greater chasm occurs a smaller valley, which the Jeedah has hollowed out for itself to form its own proper bed. This latter, which is broad and rocky, proved nearly dry, and it afforded our wearied troops a convenient resting-place for a few hours before facing the opposite ascent. It was

in truth a gloomy and sombre bivouac. Not even the winds of heaven had been able to gain access to its depths; and a few solitary trees, that had grown to a considerable size among the boulders in the river-bed, made the scene appear still more murky and oppressive. Quantities of litter left by Theodore's soldiers on the ground were still strewn on every side, together with skeletons of mules and other relics of an army. The consciousness that the grim steeps which were then looking down upon us had, during five or six weeks, been the witnesses of all that our fettered countrymen had endured while they were dragged through that mountain-gorge in the train of their oppressor, added to our impatience to proceed, in order that the long account with Theodorus might be quickly settled. Our farther course lay up one of the steepest precipices we had as yet encountered in Abyssinia. The narrow path which the King had constructed along its face had in several parts been almost washed away by torrents. This, with the extreme abruptness of the ascent, made our progress not only arduous, but dangerous. The citizens of garrison towns who live at home in ease—those of them, especially, who cast a dubious eye on the soldiers quartered amongst them as a class whose chief function is to make the income-tax go up now and then by another penny in the pound—should have watched the labours and struggles of just this one day. If they could have seen the distress of the men, and the great drops of sweat that fell from their brows as they climbed slowly and silently up those difficult ascents, then they would have known that the soldier holds no unworthy place in the community of working men. The distance traversed was only eighteen miles; but the number of miles performed is a very inadequate measure of the traveller's labour in a country like Abyssinia. A better idea of the difficulties of the march will be formed when it is stated that the column was nearly twenty-four hours in accomplishing it.

When, at last, long after the sun had gone down behind clouds which descended upon us a few hours later in tempest and rain, a portion of the baggage arrived on the Talanta plateau, and a few tents were pitched, then our leaders felt glad that the terrible precipices which had that day been passed no longer separated us from Magdala. If Theodore had disputed our passage, we must have suffered heavy loss in driving him from such vantage-ground as he would have held at a hundred different points to which he might have fallen back in succession within the Jeedah ravine. Word had been sent by Wagshoom Gobazeh's governor of Talanta that the dreaded Emperor was then engaged in preparations for an expedition. This move on Theodore's part proved in the end to be nothing more heroic than a merciless foray on the villages round Magdala, whose too-confiding peasantry had been deceived by his promises into continuing to reside under his protection, instead of migrating to more distant regions. But when the news reached us that he was about to sally forth from his stronghold, it was thought probable that he meant to meet us at the Jeedah. Our commander had preferred to call upon his soldiers, therefore, to perform a forced march, rather than incur the risk of being attacked at so great a disadvantage.

One of the first difficulties which awaited us on Talanta was the question how we and our cattle were to be fed. With only four days' supply actually in our camp, and the Jeedah interposed between us and the nearest point which could by the utmost stretch of language be termed a base; with nothing but

unknown districts and a formidable enemy in front,—the prospect might well have seemed discouraging. The country bore traces in every direction of the ravages of Theodore's army; and even the trees had been cut down for the sake of firewood till only the stumps remained. It was too much to be feared that little corn would be found in all the province, even if we could depend on every grain of it that existed being brought to us. That the inhabitants of Talanta were willing to sell what little grain they possessed, was evident from the way they began to straggle into our camp with a few bundles of grass and skinfuls of barley before we had been many hours within reach of them. As these were eagerly bought by us, it is natural to suppose that the law of demand producing supply would have operated here as well as in other parts of the world, if there had been any corn in the granaries of the people. But, with the exception of the few contributions just noted, neither grass nor grain was to be obtained; and we were fain to glean from the ground the half-soiled forage which had been left by Theodore's soldiers, and offer it to our horses and mules.

The circumstance of a British Commander being placed, as Sir Robert Napier was on the night of the 4th of April, with only four days' supplies in his camp, almost face to face with the enemy, can hardly be passed over without some remark, even in the humblest narrative of these operations. It cannot be said that the position was an accidental one, depending on the circumstance of this part of the country having been pillaged by the King. It is probable that Theodore's ravages were the cause of our not procuring a greater quantity of food than we did on that particular night. But the fact remains to be stated that we had hardly ever since landing at Zoulla succeeded in purchasing, during any single day's halt, sufficient supplies to meet our demands for even that one day. The people of Abyssinia, excepting the inhabitants of a few districts bordering on the sea, have not yet arrived at the rank of a corn-exporting community. Frequent changes of government, and a chronic state of internal commotion, have produced their usual results in this respect; and the sowing and reaping of the Abyssinians are directed only with a view to the supply of their own wants. Favoured by a naturally fertile soil, they obtain in ordinary seasons enough for this purpose. But the visitations of locusts have during the past three years brought the harvests so far below their annual average that actual famine has been experienced in many parts of the country, and food is everywhere very scarce.

It may be asked why the expedition was not organised with a view to the existing condition of the country, since that admitted of being so easily ascertained beforehand. Now, whatever misapprehension may or may not have prevailed regarding the natural resources of Abyssinia, and the requirements of the force about to enter it, at the period when this subject was before the Bombay Government, fortunately we are not without record to show what were the views held on these points by at least one member of the Governor's Council—namely, the soldier who had been selected for the command of the expedition, and whose suggestions on all points connected with its organisation ought surely to have been sought with the utmost desire to turn them to good account. In his Council-note of the 26th September last, Sir Robert Napier, writing not as Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay army, but in his capacity of Member of the Bombay Government, tried to impress on his colleagues what he believed to be the requirements of

the occasion in the following sentences :—

"I have, in the course of consultation, expressed to the Commissary-General my opinion of what is required ; which is, that I want six months' supplies for 9500 men, to be ready at post No. 2 (*i.e.*, Koomailoo), when I am able to advance from that point.

"If three months are consumed in arriving at that condition, supplies will have been consumed by all the force that leaves Bombay corresponding with the portions of those three months during which they may have been between Bombay and post No. 2.

"In round terms, six months' supplies should be delivered intact as soon as possible for the whole force ; and three months' supplies should be ready for current expenditure.

"After that, the expenditure should be replaced so as to leave always six months on hand.

"For native followers, corn and hand mills will be required." *

The above, at least, was no uncertain sound. It is not known why Sir Robert Napier's requisitions on the subject of supplies were not fully complied with by the local government. Doubtless this admits of elucidation by the distinguished statesman who had lately succeeded to the chief place in the Presidency of Bombay. But, meanwhile, the fact must be recorded as one which, however it is to be explained, is at least not to be disposed of summarily by means of mere denial—that when, on the 31 of January last, the Commander-in-Chief arrived in Annesley Bay, the total amount of rations then in store on this coast was as follows : at Zoulla, and on board the ships in the harbour, rations for 2000 Europeans for three months, and for 5000 natives for six months ; at Koomailoo, rations for 1000 men for six and a-half days ; and at Senafeh, bread and flour for 1000 men for thirty-six days, with other supplies in still smaller quantities.

But notwithstanding the deficiencies of his commissariat and land-transport, and the very moderate estimate he still entertained of what was procurable in the districts through which his route lay, the Commander-in-Chief felt it his duty to proceed at all hazards on his mission. The supplies stored at Zoulla, and in the Pass, sufficed for the present wants of his army. Immediate privation nowhere threatened. It was chiefly for the future that thought had to be taken, and provision had to be made. The narrative of all the measures that were adopted in order to win from the people at every stage of our progress whatever supplies their fields produced, from the day when Meer Akbar Alee first converted the wild aborigines of the Suroo Pass into hewers of wood and cutters of grass for our adjoining posts, up to the date of our reaching Magdala itself, will form one of the most instructive pages in the history of the expedition. And when, side by side with the above, it shall be related how the natives of the country were, chiefly through the exertions of Brigadier-General Merewether, C.B., and his admirable assistant Mr Munzinger, organised into companies for the purpose of forwarding on their own shoulders, or on the backs of their cattle, to the front, the all-important stores for which we were not ourselves provided with sufficient carriage ; and when it is shown how all these objects were accomplished at the same time that we were marching over mountain-ranges covered with forest, such as few armies have ever crossed, and amid circumstances of no slight hardship, exposed often to storms of rain and extreme cold, with unsuitable food and scanty clothing,—a

* *Vide* Blue-book.

chapter will then be added to the history of our country which shall not seem to future generations the least brilliant in all our glorious annals.

Statistics could easily be published showing in figures the quantities of grain which we were able to buy at the different stages in our route between Antalo and Talanta. Previous to our long halt at the former place, we had hardly anywhere succeeded in purchasing food, at least in any appreciable quantities. But for the grain of the province of Enderta which was brought into our headquarter camp at Antalo — and which the Commander-in-Chief was fain to halt there to collect — the expedition would not have been able to march from that place when it did. The same statistics would disclose the interesting fact, that mere political action seldom effected much towards inducing the people to bring supplies to our camps. This was not owing to any failure on the part of the officers employed to communicate with them; on the contrary, seldom was any expedition better served by its politicals than this one has been by Major Grant, C.B., Captain Moore, Mr Munzinger, and Meer Akbar Alee, who, separately or in company, preceded us by several days during our advance from Antalo to Wadela. Nevertheless, it was found that the people hung back, until the arrival of our soldiers themselves gave them an opportunity of testing the truth of the strange story which they had been told, but did not believe, that we were in the habit of paying for every bundle of forage or bag of grain we consumed. Then, but not till then, was the dollar endowed with free action. There is, however, another possible explanation of the conduct of the people. Perhaps they thought it would pay them better to keep their stores as an offering to be made to the great Chief himself—whom a peculiar custom of this country would compel to pay for them tenfold their market price —than to sell them to his subordinate officers, who would buy them for little more than what they were worth. However it is to be accounted for, it is the fact that the resources of a district were rarely made available for our use to the full extent until the Commander himself, at the head of a portion of his army, pitched his camp in the vicinity. Supplies of grain were then brought in according to the means of the people; or, where no grain was offered, the way in which the peasantry still came to us with firewood, or even water, for sale, showed how gladly they would have sold us their corn too, if they had had any to sell.

The grand political difficulty which the expedition has encountered, has consisted not in persuading the chiefs and people that we entertained no hostile intentions against them, but in causing them to believe that we had really come to do battle with Theodorus. On the former point it had not been very difficult to satisfy the Abyssinian mind. Perhaps, indeed, we would have found partisans even if we had made our appearance with the professed object of conquering the country. Patriotism is a plant which has not taken strong root in the soil of Ethiopia; and where it exists at all, it is chiefly in the form of a hatred of the Turks. We who are good Christians, and who wore round our necks any number of the blue cotton cords which are supposed to constitute the distinctive mark of Christianity in Abyssinia, would possibly have been welcomed by the people had our object been annexation. In addition to our undoubted orthodoxy, we had introduced a new era into Abyssinia — the era of the dollar —the Silver age, when payment by military bodies for agricultural produce was perhaps first witnessed in this country. But whatever reception we might have met with

had our entry been made as invaders, it is certain that, entering it as we did, few believed we had come to fight with Theodorus. The immense prestige with which his career of bloodshed and victory had invested the King of the Kings of Ethiopia in the eyes of his countrymen, was such as no one who has not been among the natives can fully realise. The terror of his name had fallen like a blight upon the minds of the people, and was not to be dissipated at our mere approach. Something more was needed to effect this than the display of a few guns, which, when gauged by the faculty ever readiest to the barbarian, were as toys by the side of Theodore's monster artillery. The Emperor had himself been at pains to circulate the story that we were coming as his friends, and had told his followers that the guns and stores we were carrying with us were brought for the purpose of being laid at his feet as a "tribute from Jerusalem," if haply he might give us back our countrymen! No boasts of vengeance proceeded from our soldiers, to serve as a contradiction to these speeches of the King. Keeping our own counsel, we had moved quietly through the country, and Theodore's version of our errand seemed the natural one. Gobazeh believed it and fled. Manilek, the King of Shoa, retired from the neighbourhood of Magdala as soon as he heard of our landing at Zoulla.* About three weeks before we reached Talanta, the Wollo Gallas, notwithstanding their ancient hatred of Theodore, had tendered him their submission, apprehending total annihilation at his hands if once the accession to his resources, which they understood we were bringing, should become his. Kassa of Tigreh shared at first the general fear. That he ultimately rose superior to it, and exerted himself in earnest to help us on our way, was most probably, if the truth were known, because two of his advisers had been educated in Bombay, and he believed them when they told him that not only was our army sufficient to crush Theodore at a single blow, but that the outrage which we had come to punish was one that we were not likely ever to pardon.†

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* Since this was written, an amusing statement has appeared in a London newspaper, that a body of four hundred Abyssinians had been organised by Wagshoom Gobazeh for the work of opening up the road beyond Antalo, and were actually so employed, in communication with the energetic Quartermaster-General of the force. This is a pure fable. How it originated no man can tell who is ever likely to tell. The belief in the imaginary foreign legion prevailed, however, as the headquarters advanced from Antalo; and whenever a comparatively good bit of road occurred, we thought, in our innocence, that Gobazeh had made it for us! The truth was soon discovered. The Commander-in-Chief had begun by that time to do his own pioneering; and therefore no addition was ever afterwards made to what may well be called the goodly series of Abyssinian romances, of which Gobazeh's pioneers brought up the rear. At the date when the Prince of Wag was supposed to be making roads for us, and lighting friendly watch-fires on the mountain-tops, he was in reality running off in an opposite direction as fast as he could.

† Mr Marcha Werke, and his brother Gabreh Werke of Adwa, deserve to be prominently mentioned in connection with the expedition. A writer in the 'Times' newspaper has sneered at them as missionaries. They had indeed been educated by one of the greatest and best of our Scottish missionaries and modern philanthropists, the Rev. Dr John Wilson of Bombay. Whether they are in all respects such as Dr Wilson would have made them if he could, is a question which concerns only themselves. But that these two men held the place their education necessarily gave them in the counsels of their master Prince Kassa, at the time when our army entered the country, and all Tigreh was agitated as to the motives with which we came, is a circumstance the value of which cannot be fully estimated, just because the consequences which might have followed had they not been there were obviated by their presence. When the history of

It may surprise some that any doubt should have existed as to our ability to destroy Theodorus if we pleased. But it must be remembered that different communities have different modes of judging of strength. If Front-de-Bœuf or Richard Cœur-de-Lion had chanced to see an Irish patriot of the present time sitting on a wall with a blunderbuss in his hand, he would probably have thought him a very contemptible-looking little creature; but the patriot would have knocked him off his saddle with a charge of slugs as soon as his back was fairly presented to him all the same. And so with our Ethiopian friends. There was nothing about us suggestive of the warrior or hero, according to their ideal. Our Commander was observed to be an elderly gentleman of an extremely benevolent appearance and disposition, dressed, not in tippet of lion's mane, but in a plain white shooting-coat. He was never known to kill any one in the course of his morning rides; but, on the contrary, had an unaccountable weakness for stopping as often as he came upon a sick soldier or camp-follower by the wayside, and personally trying to relieve his pain. Then, too, no officer in all our camp knew how to vociferate of his prowess, and brandish his spear, and shout demoniacal cries, and make his horse rush violently down a steep place, and call on the whole human race to come out and fight him, after the terrible manner affected by the Goliaths of Habash. Our soldiers were to be seen in the marketplace bargaining for a bundle of firewood, like mean-spirited fellows who were afraid to knock the lawful owner on the head. It is true we were apt to turn fierce, like mastiffs, after nightfall; and a sentry on his post was sometimes ready to take advantage of his position in order to have a quiet shot at an Abyssinian; but, altogether, we looked very unlike the sort of soldiers that would be required to conquer the King of the Kings of Ethiopia. Waldee Yasoos, the robber-chieftain of Wodjerat, told us nearly as much when we had the pleasure of conversing with him at Antalo. There is no doubt he believed what he said, because his energies were directed towards plundering our convoys and working us every species of annoyance as soon as our column passed on. Dăjāz Măshăshăh, who had been left by Gobazeh to represent him in Wadela, plainly stated to Sir Robert Napier, when pressed about procuring for us supplies, that he would like first of all to receive a positive assurance from our Commander's own lips that we were going to fight with

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the campaign comes to be written, mention will doubtless be made of certain Turkish intriguers of the baser sort, who, probably without even the cognisance of their own Government, tried to induce Prince Kassa to attack us. How far the advice of Dr Wilson's pupils was what disposed the Prince's mind to the wiser course which he followed, is matter of inference. But there is no question as regards the value of the services which at least Mr M. Werke has rendered us in a variety of ways, from the day of our landing at Zoulla up to the present time. As the agent of his master Prince Kassa, he has been constant in his attendance with whichever of our columns most needed his presence. Our Government has acknowledged his services by a gift of £400, a horse, and several minor tokens of appreciation. No one is more sensible than the present writer of the danger which ill-directed missionary enterprises are attended with, especially in India. Half-educated bigots are mischievous everywhere, and particularly so when they take the character of professed evangelists. But one notes with all the more satisfaction an instance like the present, where the labours of a true Christian apostle, though directed undoubtedly to higher ends, have yet borne good fruit for the public welfare at a time when that was of considerable public importance. It is believed that numerous cases could be found in which the same thing has happened before.

Theodorus, and not to make peace with him. Obvious reasons prevented so unusual an assurance from being given; but there is little question that it would have converted both the Dajaz and his master into active allies. Another instance of a similar nature will be related below.

On the morning of the 5th of April, nearly all that we had to calculate on for the feeding of our army on Talanta, as soon as our four days' rations should be consumed, was what might during that time reach us from the rear. Indications had about the same time been perceived that the system of native transit, which had rendered us such an invaluable service, was nevertheless a broken reed on which to lean. It could not indeed have been otherwise, considering that it depended for its working on the co-operation of thousands of Abyssinians who were filled with all manner of jealousy towards one another, and for the binding together of whom all the conventions that could be made were as ropes of sand. Major Grant, C.B., and Captain Moore had, however, been specially deputed to return towards Ashangee, and endeavour to arrange for the forwarding of our supplies. Even then we were sustained by strong hopes, justified by the result, that the exertions of these officers would prevail over the intrigues of Waldee Yasoos and others, and induce the native carriers to serve us as before. But time was terribly precious. Every day that our army lay inactive so near Magdala added to our difficulties, by strengthening the belief that we waited the permission to advance, which we had asked, but not yet obtained, from Theodorus. When the column had stripped itself at Lât of nearly all its baggage except what the men could carry on their backs, it had been in order that about a thousand extra mules might so be made available to bring up supplies. These mules were now daily expected to reach Talanta with a convoy of flour. And, from one source and another, provisions were sure to be received very soon; but help was to be drawn from a new and unthought-of quarter after all.

It so happened that there lay to the westward of Talanta a small province called Daoont, the chief of which, one Mooseh Wadd Yehsoo, had lately set Theodore's authority at defiance, and resolutely defended his fields against every attempt of the Magdala soldiers to harry them. To this man was despatched Captain Speedy, of the Intelligence Department, an officer whose good fortune it has been to render to his country, in connection with this expedition, such services as could not easily have been performed by another. Previous residence in the camp of Theodorus, when the King's power was only beginning to decline, had given him an opportunity of acquiring not merely the language of the country, but, with the language, the faculty of assimilating himself, when occasion demanded, with the people in a very remarkable degree. Wearing the Abyssinian costume, and flourishing a spear as long as the longest, he had been accepted all the way from Senafeh to Talanta as a connecting link, in the fullest Darwinian sense of that term, between the Ethiopian and the Frank! A forenoon's ride having brought him and his escort to the homestead of the doughty chief of Daoont, he soon perceived that the mind of the latter was affected by the prevailing doubt whether we were the friends or enemies of Theodorus. Himself the bitter foe of his powerful neighbour, he naturally felt averse to render assistance to those who, for aught he knew to the contrary, were about to invest him with a terribly-increased power to do harm. How it would have prospered with a Light Brigade entering Daoont under these circumstances;—how effectually it

would have been converted into a lighter one still, by being plundered of the very shirts on the soldiers' backs, and how our friend would have taken excellent precautions that not a man of it would ever have lived to be a soldier of Theodore's;—all these things may be imagined. As it was, however, we were too strong to be disposed of in this manner; and all that the chief of Daoont could do was to refuse to open his granaries for us, unless we would promise him never to make peace with Theodore. Captain Speedy could not suffer to escape him a pledge which he had more than once heard Sir Robert Napier himself decline to give when it was asked for. But it chanced that Mooseh was one of those men sometimes met with whose own pliant tongues, if allowed sufficient scope, generally carry them to a given conclusion with more certainty than the eloquence of another could have led to it. Just as Bailie Littlejohn, under the judicious handling of Old Monkbarns, convinced himself in a very short space of time, and by a process of reasoning not known to the schools, that the German charlatan Dousterswivel was a foreign emissary who ought to be apprehended, so did the honest laird of Daoont impress himself with the belief that it was a case of war to the knife with Theodorus, notwithstanding the prudent reticence observed by us about it. No sooner did Mooseh feel satisfied on this point, than the prospect of reaping a rich harvest of British dollars, at the same time that he helped us to destroy his enemy, acquired due influence over him. Messengers forthwith scoured the country, with orders to collect from the villages over which his authority extended all the supplies that they contained. The result was, that during the next few days the exertions of Captain Speedy and Mr Munzinger, backed by the active assistance of Mooseh himself, led to the delivery in our camp, from the surrounding districts alone, of upwards of two hundred thousand pounds of grain and flour. There was at first a little difficulty about flour. Mills are unknown in Abyssinia, and corn is pounded in small quantities as required, between two stones, like the ancient querns found in Britain. This method of grinding their meal appears to be common to every part of Africa, and is the special duty of the women. The extempore ditty sung by the fair entertainers of one of our African travellers, who heard himself commiserated in the chorus as

> "The poor white man,
> No wife has he to grind him corn,"

as if that were the saddest possible view of a bachelor's life that could be taken, occurs to one at the mention of this custom. Whatever the consequences of it may be in private life, it tells very inconveniently on the military operations of the Abyssinians, because their armies cannot take the field without such a legion of women to grind the corn, that the usual proportion of camp-followers is as four to every fighting man. This probably accounts for the enormous numbers at which Theodore's armies used to be reckoned in former days; and the drain upon the resources of the cultivators caused by the movement of such large bodies can easily be imagined. Wherever there are squaws there must, of course, be wigwams in one form or another; and as tents are luxuries permitted only to chiefs of note, the Abyssinian soldiers are fain to build for themselves, as often as they encamp, little bowers of dry grass, which remain long after they have left the ground. To the utter astonishment of the natives, we had come unaccompanied by any women at all. They little recked of the dear wives who have been watching over us so anxiously all this

time—God bless them!—at Brighton or Simla; but fancied that such was our permanent condition. Still worse than our having no women to grind our corn for us, we had brought no mills with us in which to grind it for ourselves. It might have depended on the humour of the former at the time, whether they would have ground it or not; but the mills might always have been reckoned on. At last, however, the favourite British system of SOMEHOW OR OTHER came into play, and a certain moiety of our corn was converted into flour.*

Our enforced halt on Talanta had been turned to good account not only for the collection of supplies, but as a breathing-time wherein a survey was taken of our position generally. Up to this moment no communication had been received from Theodorus. The only sign which he had made, if such it could be called, was the unfettering of Mr Rassam, and subsequently of all the other captives. It was still as impossible as ever to derive from his conversations with those around him what purpose he had formed in view of the coming crisis, or if he held any fixed resolution at all. At one interview with Mr Rassam he had talked pensively of his death as an event near at hand; and had besought his friend, as he always persisted in calling him, not to revile his dead body when he should see it cast out on the way, but to secure for it a decent burial. Almost the next day he had publicly declared that if the British Commander fired a shot he would massacre every European in his hands, and himself perish, after having made "a bath of blood." At other times he would use the language of one who was on the eve of a great enterprise. Thus he had compared himself to a woman "in travail," and remarked that perhaps he might bring forth a son, and perhaps a daughter, while it was also possible he might not himself survive. He had even begged Mr Rassam to befriend him in the coming season of trial in order that a male child might be born to him. It was impossible to tell beforehand what course would be followed by one who made such conflicting speeches as these. What was perhaps the true key to all his incoherences of language, if not to many of his actions as well—namely, that he was often under the influence of alcohol, and conceived different resolutions in the different stages of intoxication—was not at this time fully within our knowledge. It would have brought us small comfort, however, with reference to the probable fate of the captives if it had. One fact was certain, our Commander had not as yet received any direct or indirect communication from him. The question of our addressing him had been made the subject of anxious consideration at the several stages of our advance. On the one hand, the fear presented itself that a letter, which was not adapted to the mood he might chance to be in when it reached him, would perhaps, by exasperating him, prove fatal to our countrymen in his power. On the other, the hope occurred that one more happily worded might lead to good results. At the same time, it was necessary that not a line should be written calculated to buoy him up in any flattering delusions concerning the object with which we were approaching. Notwithstanding the statement sometimes made by him to his soldiers that we were coming to buy from him the release of our friends, it was tolerably apparent, from some of his remarks to Mr Rassam and others, that he had not only received the proclamation of

* The Bombay Government had not neglected to supply the expedition with hand-mills; but, unfortunately, the transport they had provided at the same time did not permit of the mills being carried nearly so far inland as Talanta.

war which had been sent him, but had also understood its force. Thus he had been at pains to inquire from one of his European advisers what were our national usages in the matter of making peace with an enemy defeated in battle.

At last it had been resolved to write to him once more ere the crisis came upon him ; and on the 3d of April a letter in the English language, the *ipsissima verba* of which were as follows, had been despatched under Sir R. Napier's own signature to Magdala :—

"To King Theodorus.

"By command of the Queen of England I am approaching Magdala with my army in order to recover from your hands Envoy Rassam, Consul Cameron, Dr Blanc, Lieutenant Prideaux, and the other Europeans now in your Majesty's power.

"I request your Majesty to send them to my camp as soon as it is sufficiently near to admit of their coming in safety."

Owing to the Emperor's well-known practice of instantly cutting off the legs and arms of any one who might carry to him an unpleasant letter, it was difficult to find a messenger who would do our errand. At last, however, the above was safely conveyed to him, and, as we subsequently learned, produced no other impression than rage, that the servant of a woman "should have presumed to address a letter at all to the King of the Kings of Ethiopia! Indeed, he had on this account at first refused to allow it to be read to him, although curiosity had, after a little time, prevailed over pride. No reply of any kind was received by us in return.

Our latest intelligence from his camp had been brought us by an Abyssinian on whom we could depend, and represented his army as consisting of about four thousand infantry, most of them armed with muskets in addition to their other weapons, and three hundred horse. There was a general impression throughout the country that if we had the hardihood to approach him as enemies, he would assuredly give us battle to our heart's content. Ardently as we hoped it might be so, it was impossible not to feel very anxious as to what might be the fate of those whom we had come so far to save in the event of his suffering defeat at our hands. If the threat about the "bath of blood" were then to be carried out by the infuriated tyrant, and he were afterwards to flee to some remote asylum, our hopes of bringing him to justice would not be bright. It was true his prestige would fall from him the moment he abandoned his artillery, just as Samson's strength did when his locks were given to the scissors of Delilah. If he were then to attempt to retire before us at the head of the remnant of his army, there was no doubt he would be surrounded by enemies and destroyed. It was equally certain that if he tried to carry his guns along with him in his flight, Sir Robert Napier would outmarch him in a very short space of time. But it was too much to be feared that alone, or attended by only two or three devoted followers, he would find little difficulty in escaping to some safe hiding-place. The possibility of our being after all baffled by him in this way required to be guarded against, not only that vengeance might be ours if the captives were put to death, but because his conduct towards them would perhaps be materially influenced by the circumstances in which he might perceive himself placed. Fortunately the means of cutting him off from his last hope of escape were at our command, having been provided by Sir R. Napier, when, in his study at Puna, he had carefully scanned the future expedition, and calculated all the contingencies that were likely to arise during its progress. Mention

has been made above of the Wollo Gallas, a semi-barbarous Muhammadan people in whose territory is situated the fortress of Magdala, and who continued in possession of the surrounding country after the mountain itself had been wrested from them by Theodorus about fourteen years before. The records of the Bombay Secretariat contained sufficient information regarding these Gallas to show Sir R. Napier in what manner it was possible to obtain from them valuable services in the course of his operations. They are believed to have come originally from the south, and to have made their first appearance in Ethiopia towards the middle of the sixteenth century. The Christian kingdom of Shoa has always interposed an effectual barrier in the way of their extending their conquests directly northward. Hence they are found spread on both sides of the Shoa border, and occupying the country which lies between that and Abyssinia proper. Under the name of Azŭbo Gallas, a branch, it is believed, of the same people had been met with by us in the district round Lake Ashangee, though no intercourse seems now to exist between the two communities. It has been the policy of Shoa to encourage the settlement of the Gallas between it and northern Ethiopia, in order that Shoa itself may be the more completely isolated from Abyssinia, with which country its kings are careful to disavow all connection. The territory now in the possession of the Wollo Gallas is said to consist of eleven districts. Some years ago each of these was governed by its own chief or petty sovereign. But in 1833 one prince obtained authority over the whole, and thus founded a species of Galla kingdom. Such power as it has been possible of late years for any one other than Theodorus to exercise in this part of Abyssinia, is at present claimed over the Wollo Gallas by two rival queens named Măsteeăt and Werkait. These were married respectively to the two sons of the late King of the Gallas. Both became widows many years ago; the former being left with an infant son named Emàm Ahmăd, the latter with a son whose name was Dajaz Ahmădee. The right of the child Emam Ahmad to the sovereignty was not disputed by the Gallas on the death of his father; but his aunt Werkait and her son were appointed as a regency during his minority. Theodorus, however, disturbed this arrangement by attacking Werkait in her stronghold of Magdala, which he took by storm, putting her son Dajaz Ahmadee to a cruel death after he had surrendered himself under the promise that his life would be spared. After his death, the eyes of the Gallas were naturally turned to Emam Ahmad, the son of Masteeat, whom they had all along regarded as their future ruler. But, as he was then a child, the authority which belonged to him passed virtually into the hands of his mother, by whom it still continues to be exercised. This was too much for the philosophy of poor Werkait to endure. It was a severe enough trial for her that her son had been butchered by Theodorus. But it was a yet sorer spectacle to witness her power pass away from her and become vested in her more fortunate rival Masteeat. Unable to accept the second place where she had once occupied the first, she sought an asylum with Manilek, King of Shoa. She had claims on the friendship of this prince, because it was chiefly owing to her son's supposed share in helping Manilek to escape from Theodore's hands, that the Dajaz Ahmadee had drawn upon himself the punishment of death. She had also thought to interest him more strongly in her fortunes by bestowing her daughter on him in marriage. But whatever effect this may have had on the mind of her new son-in-law, a surer means could

hardly have been taken of estranging from her the affections of her own people, since Islam knows of few deadlier sins than marrying or giving in marriage with the Christian. Hence, when Manilek invaded the Galla country about a year ago, and, carrying Werkait with him, proclaimed her Queen of the Gallas, his edict met with no response. Masteeat and her followers, indeed, were forced to retire for a time before his superior army; but no sooner had he returned to his own territory, leaving Werkait, as he fancied, established in the place of power, than her dispossessed rival resumed her former position, and the authority of Manilek's protégée was reduced to the shadow of a shade.

Such, in outline, is the recent history of the people whom Sir Robert Napier had designed, in his original programme of the expedition, to make use of when the right time should come. With this special object in view, he had brought with him from India the Hājee and Saiăd, Meer Akbar Alee of Hyderabad, in the Nizam's country, whom two years' wanderings among the holy places of Arabia, together with a chivalrous spirit, and a singular aptitude for dangerous enterprises, had well fitted for the mission now to be intrusted to him. It is true that the object at once of his pilgrimage to Arabia, and of his most pious thoughts while there, had been the Arabian horse, and not the Arabian prophet. But the fact of his having returned from Mecca very little of a fanatic and very much of a philosopher, added considerably to his fitness on the present occasion.

Shortly after our arrival on the Talanta plateau, two letters had been received from Masteeat the Queen of the Wollo Gallas. These were filled with protestations of hatred of Theodorus and friendship towards us. And yet news reached us that very day from another quarter, warning us that Masteeat was in secret treaty with the Emperor, and had lately sent him a number of horses as tribute. It was afterwards ascertained that only the latter part of this statement was true. Influenced by the prevailing fear that we had come to strengthen his power, she had indeed made overtures to the mortal enemy of herself and her house. A combination between the Gallas and Theodorus at such a time would have been one of the darkest clouds that could have arisen on our horizon. Masteeat claimed the duty of eight thousand soldiers, most of them horsemen from their youth upward, and wanting only such leadership as Theodore's to convert them into very formidable opponents. Such an alliance would, it is true, have been unnatural; but when dangers press, the strangest expedients are sometimes resorted to by nations as by individuals. Masteeat herself, as we have just seen, had besought the friendship and protection of the Emperor. History has, however, furnished few apter illustrations of the old proverb, "Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat," than in the manner in which her advances had been received by Theodorus. One would hardly believe it did it not rest on the strongest testimony, that when Masteeat's message reached him, his reply was, that when she should deliver herself up to him in Magdala along with her son, he would give her credit for sincerity, but not before! This from the man who had murdered nearly every Galla of note that had ever fallen into his hands—who had burned their places of worship, and sold their daughters into slavery, and shed like water the blood of the Faithful—was not an encouraging answer. But without waiting for any further overtures of a similar nature to reach him, the King had sallied out a few days afterwards, and, making an incursion into the territory of his would-be friend, had carried fire and sword into sev-

eral of her villages. After that no hope of propitiating him remained to the Gallas. Filled with terror, and unable to conjecture what their fate would be when Theodorus should be joined by his fast-approaching allies, they had deserted their homes by hundreds at a time, till a wide circuit of country round Magdala was left without a human being in it all.

Such was the condition of the Wollo Gallas when, on the 7th of April, the letters already mentioned reached Sir Robert Napier, and seemed to afford the long-expected opportunity of opening communication with this people. Naturally, however, some suspicion was suggested on the subject of Masteeat's sincerity by our knowledge that she had so recently sent an offering to the King; for we had not as yet learned how the latter had repulsed her advances. It was thought possible that our envoy might be betrayed by her into Theodore's hands, and another specimen added to the interesting collection of captives of all nations already existing on the top of the Magdala mountain. But Meer Akbar Alee himself was free from doubt on this point, and was well assured in his own mind that no such atrocity could be committed by any Muhammadan community towards one of their own faith entering their country in a religious character. He was accordingly despatched on his mission, charged with suitable gifts, and bearing a letter in Arabic, somewhat to the following purport, to the address of the young Emam in whose name the Queen-mother rules her people :—

"From H.E. Sir R. Napier, to Emam Ahmad, Chief of the Wollo Gallas.

"We salute you: we have received your two letters: and accept your friendly expressions with much pleasure. We have come thus far with our army, by command of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, to punish Theodorus for his ill treatment of British and other European subjects. We are close to Magdala, and will shortly attack that place. It is necessary that no means of escape should be left to Theodorus. We therefore write to ask you to collect your people, and close every place in your direction by which he might otherwise try to get away from the mountain. Should he try to flee through your country, we will most handsomely reward any one who will bring him to us. But if you close the passes on your side, he cannot flee.

"To insure successful co-operation, and to improve friendly communication, we would wish that some influential person having your confidence should be with us in our camp to remain with us; and we would ask you to send such a person quickly.

"We, on our part, have sent to you a Musalman friend, who has visited the holiest places of your religion, and is of good estimation both among ourselves and among his own people. He will communicate to you our wishes on all points; and we trust to your receiving him well and honourably."

With the despatch of the above letter was completed the last preparation necessary before our final advance on Magdala. By this time also the second brigade had closed up and joined the first. With it had come the elephants, carrying on their backs four Armstrong guns and two 8-inch mortars. Six companies of the 45th Regiment, and a company of Madras Sappers, escorting from the rear a precious convoy of supplies, had, during the same period, marched into our camp.

How the little force then proceeded to close quarters with its enemy will be told in another letter, should the public interest in the history of the late expedition survive till that can be written.

NO. VI.

News has not reached the present writer whether any member of the Parliament of the United Kingdom has as yet moved a vote of thanks to Theodorus for the excellent care his Majesty took of Mr Rassam and the rest of our countrymen. It is hardly likely such a thing has happened, although Mr Mill has perhaps more to learn than any man of equal mental calibre in England before his political views can be said even to approximate to those of any community of sane Englishmen. The possibility of his having found disciples on the subject of the late campaign is alluded to, because it is wished to disclaim, in narrating what follows, all feeling of partisanship or hostility towards Theodore. Your correspondent, as you know, enjoyed good opportunities of observing events during the expedition. On first landing at Zoulla, he did not hesitate to express a certain amount of sympathy with the King, if it were only that which one feels for a bold and successful robber on a large scale. It was even hoped that he might prove, on closer acquaintance, not quite so bad as people thought. This was a natural prejudice, or rather a reaction against the universal ostracism of which he was the subject. Until the army arrived almost within sight of Magdala, little occasion offered of judging for one's self what manner of man he was. The hatred with which nearly every Abyssinian we met regarded him, grew more and more marked as we proceeded. His prestige naturally was seen to increase in the same ratio. It was further noticed, somewhat in modification of a previously-received impression, that his power, though temporarily circumscribed as regards its limits, required only his own presence in any part of the country whatever in order to be instantly submitted to there. Other chiefs may have risen to power in certain districts of his dominions; but these bore rule merely on sufferance, and were about as independent as the mouse in the store-room when puss happens to be abroad on the tiles, or laid up in some hayloft with a fit of indigestion. The first symptoms of Theodore's approach would probably have made them all scamper off to the nearest hiding-place, without letting so much as the tips of their tails be seen! Neither was this ascendancy of his due to superstitious feelings concerning him as some have said. It rested on a much more practical foundation, namely, the fear of his artillery. Not only was there no other chief who could take guns into the field, but his cannon were really formidable and efficient; so much so that it would have been almost impossible for the strongest army, if composed only of his own countrymen, to attack him successfully. It was no reproach to the courage of the Abyssinians that they were sensible of this. Some of us had imagined, when we heard of his burning Debra Tabor and marching on Magdala, that that movement was of the nature of a retreat. It was not so, however. Apart from the circumstance that the burning of an Abyssinian town is, generally speaking, a less serious matter than setting fire to a stackyard would be in England, his action on that occasion is explained when it is known that the greater part of the town, such as it was, belonged to a chief who had deserted from him; and that the King, after having in vain tried to compel him to return by threatening to destroy it, ultimately punished him in this way. Similarly, his anxiety to reach Magdala, where Mr Rassam was, and where also was all his field-

artillery, is intelligible enough, considering the prospect then before him of a possible meeting with our troops. Thus it may be said on the whole, that, up to the period now referred to, there were ample grounds for Theodorus calling himself King of the Kings of Ethiopia.

A mountain-pass even more formidable than that which separates Wadela from Talanta still intervened between our position and Magdala. Early on the morning of the 9th of April, Sir R. Napier pitched his camp near the margin of this vast defile, which then stretched before us at right angles, as it were, with our line of route. It is hardly within the power of language, far less of photography, to produce a real conception of the chaos of mountains on which the eye looked down from the Talanta side of this difficult pass. Although the Bashilo rolled its turbid waters to the Nile four thousand feet below the spot on which we stood, yet the great gorge through which it flowed was not a mere valley, such as a river could have scooped out for itself, but a vast expanse filled with broken mountains and precipices all commingling with one another. Had it not been for the tolerable road which Theodorus had constructed across it all, and which was here and there visible like a white spot on the brow of rugged cliff or sheer descent, it might have seemed almost as if the confines of our world had been reached, and a portion of the old *crudis indigestaque moles* had here been suffered to retain its first aspect, the better to separate us from some new creation. The outposts of the latter, again, were not inaptly represented by the huge masses of rock which loomed beyond all this confused array of mountains and valleys, against the further horizon, and formed, in fact, the Sebastopol of Theodorus. We were thus, at last, brought face to face with the position we had come so far to assail. Although we were still twelve miles from its base, yet its salient features could be examined with some accuracy, owing to the rarity of the atmosphere at these altitudes. Apart from the extreme difficulty of approaching it, Theodore's stronghold was seen to be far more formidable than any of us had ever imagined. Magdala itself was nearly concealed from view by two gigantic mountains, named Fahla and Selassie, belonging to the same range, of which it formed as it were a third spur. Magdala was the citadel, Fahla and Selassie the outworks. The centre of the position as regards situation was the rock of Selassie, which has an elevation of more than nine thousand feet above the sea, and rises from a precipitous plateau called Islamgee. The latter presents on its summit a series of extensive terraces, where camps can be pitched. These are scarped on the sides with perpendicular ledges of basaltic rock, and are connected by means of a saddle with Fahla. This, again, is a huge natural bastion, dominating, at an elevation of twelve hundred feet, over all the approaches to Islamgee, by which, however, the broad table-land on its summit is commanded. It was soon perceived that our first operations would have to be directed against Fahla, since the road to Magdala was seen to wind up its steep precipitous sides, subject not only to its fire, but also to rocks being hurled down upon it from the heights above. Communicating with Islamgee was Magdala, but so placed relatively to it that only its lofty brow was visible from where we now were.

It is needless to say that the position, of which the above is a feeble attempt at a sketch, would have been quite impregnable if scientifically and bravely defended. Although no one knew how far such a defence might be expected from

Theodorus, yet our Commander must have wondered, when it was too late, at his own rashness in having approached a fastness of nature's own devising such as this with so inadequate an army. At least fifty thousand men would have been required for the investment of so formidable a mass of mountain, while the strength of our available force was considerably short of four thousand. In order to bring even that number into position, our line of communication with our base at Zoulla had been left unprotected to a degree which nothing but necessity would have made Sir Robert Napier consent to. It cannot be said, either, that this risk had been run without our suffering any of the penalty that was to have been expected from it. Hardly had our advanced columns passed on through Wodjerat, than our friend Waldee Yasoos, seeing how weak the posts were which we had been able to leave in our rear, either instigated or failed to prevent petty attacks being made, sometimes upon our commissariat depôts, at other times upon our mails. These, again, increased our difficulties in engaging natives to carry forward our stores. Possibly a fellow-feeling with Theodorus on the part of his humble imitator of Wodjerat made the latter less friendly towards us than he might have been. We had found him, it may be remembered, in great fear that Kassa of Tigreh was about to attack him. He had been told that that Prince had promised to us to abstain from doing so; and thereupon, secure as he thought in our protection, he had himself commenced aggression upon some of the subjects of Kassa with whom he had certain old scores to settle. It was true that the Tigreh Prince had consented, at our request, to forego for the present his designs upon Wodjerat; but he had not stipulated to allow his people to be plundered in this way by his marauding neighbour, whom he accordingly chastised, much to the latter's chagrin, when he discovered that we were not prepared in such circumstances to take his part. This was perhaps the explanation of the unsatisfactory bearing Waldee Yasoos then assumed, or at least allowed those for whose acts he was naturally responsible to assume, towards us whenever he saw an opportunity of doing us mischief. The seasonable arrival in his vicinity of a regiment of cavalry from Zoulla was the first thing to convince him and others how foolish such attempts were. This episode in the history of our operations is referred to here to show that at least every soldier who could be spared had been pushed on to the front, and, after all, the force at our disposal was so limited as to make regular investment an impossibility. The only co-operation which we could hope for on any other side than that from which our advance was made was such as might be developed for us among the Wollo Gallas by Meer Akbar Alee. It is scarcely necessary to repeat that the circumvention of Theodorus by this means formed part of our Commander's original scheme. How it was carried out will be told in the sequel.

About noon on the 13th, a heavy storm of rain and hail bursting on Talanta brought the reconnaisance, of which the result has just been noted, to a hasty close. The Commander-in-Chief and his Staff were fain to shut their telescopes, and seek such indifferent shelter as the camp afforded. It rained nearly all day afterwards. This, as we were located on black soil, with a rare capacity for forming itself on the smallest pretext into black mud, was far from agreeable, especially when a bitterly cold wind set in with nightfall. The sight of the enemy's fires gleaming up amongst the stars on the distant heights of Fahla and Selassie brought, however, ample comfort

even to hungry men, of whom perhaps, after all, there were very few amongst us, and those only by reason of their appetites being unnaturally developed, which a soldier's has no business to be. In fact, the eight ounces of flour should be reckoned as complete a provision for the occasion it is meant for as any other portion of her Majesty's regulations is; only, unfortunately, there are men who, however good soldiers they may be in other respects, cannot always conform to discipline in this particular matter.

Early the following morning, while the Good Friday bells were ringing far away in the villages of England, and many a maid and matron was praying for brother and son who was with us, a "thin red line" of British soldiers descended into the mountain depths which enclose at this place the Bashilo. The strength of the column was, in round numbers, rather more than 3700 men; and the two brigades into which it was divided were composed as follows:—

First Brigade.

A steel battery of Royal Artillery; *
The Naval Brigade, with its rocket battery; *
The 10th company of Royal Engineers;
The 4th King's Own Regiment;
The 23d Panjab Pioneers;
One wing of the 2d Beloochees;
One company Madras Native Sappers;
One company Bombay Native Sappers;
About 500 sabres of the 3d Bombay Native Light Cavalry.

Second Brigade.

Captain Twiss's Battery, R.A.;
Captain Murray's Armstrong Battery R.A.;
A detachment of (Bengal) Royal Artillery;
The 33d Foot;
Six companies of the 45th Foot;
A wing of the 10th Regiment Bombay Native Infantry.

The first brigade marched at earliest daybreak; the second followed a few hours later. Major-General Sir Charles Staveley was in command of the whole, but the watchful eye of Sir Robert Napier himself was closely observing every movement. It was not intended to advance that day so near the King's position as to invite attack, still less to attempt an assault on his stronghold. The road by which the troops threaded their way down among the mountains represented a fall of about 4000 feet, unequally distributed in a distance of four miles. Here, as generally throughout Abyssinia, experience was at variance with the favourite proverb about the descent into Avernus, the downward progress proving very difficult and dangerous. In most parts of the path, Staff-officers enjoyed the salutary experience of scrambling down on foot, and thus sharing the labours of the rank and file, with the additional encumbrance of having to drag after them their bewildered chargers. About noon, the second brigade closed up on the first, in the channel of the Bashilo; and the mountains which then towered on every side of us seemed capable of engulfing and burying out of sight or reckoning fifty forces such as ours. After a short rest, the second brigade, together with all the cavalry, received orders to occupy the bottom of the valley; while the first, or Brigadier-General Schneider's, forded the river, which was running as "tawny" as Father Tiber, and commenced ascending to what geographers described as the table-land beyond, although a facetious private was heard to observe that, if that was table-land, the table must have got "fixed the wrong way," so that he and his comrades were crawling up and down the legs! No amount of nonsense read by feeble Cockneys before the Royal Geo-

* All carried on the backs of mules.

graphical Society could convey a more correct picture of the general style of Abyssinian country than our friend the full private did in these few words.

There was hardly a breeze to cool the men's brows as they toiled up the rugged steeps which they had now to climb, weighted as they were somewhat heavily for Africa. Scarcity of drinking-water added to their hardships. The stream just crossed was unfit for use in this way, except in the last extremity—a condition which, happily, the Abyssinian force has never approached even within sight of. The want of water had been provided against to the utmost extent our means permitted. A brigade of water-carriers had been extemporised, and taken along with the advanced column. But the demand was great. Soldiers are not naturally economical of what they believe to be plentiful; and there is no wonder the demand was a little in excess of the supply.

The road by which Theodorus had recently conveyed his artillery from the Bashilo to Magdala passes for a considerable part of the way, after leaving the channel of the river, along a deep ravine—the bed, after heavy rains, of the Weekeh Wăhă or golden water; and afterwards debouches upon a plain known as Arōgĕh, which lies beneath Fahla and Selassie. The same route leads to the summit of Fahla, and thence across the terraces of Islamgee, right up to the gates of the citadel itself; but parallel on the right and left with the Weekeh Waha, run the elevated ridges or serrated mountain-spurs, which, proceeding from Islamgee and Fahla respectively, trend towards the Bashilo. The road lying at the bottom of the ravine is commanded by these two spurs; and in order to secure it, we would have had either to occupy its entrance in some force, or else crown both of the adjacent ridges with our troops. This latter and more effectual operation would have required a stronger body of men than we could spare—indeed, it would have absorbed our whole brigade; while it was not yet known to our Commander whether or not the former course was practicable from the features of the ground. He therefore determined to trust none of his troops within the ravine, where they would obviously have been exposed to a sudden rush made by the enemy from Islamgee, but to advance along the ridge which communicates with Fahla. This spur attains, at its highest part, an elevation of two thousand feet above the Weekeh Waha, and bears in different places the names of Gimborjee and Affeejo. With a position once secured on so lofty a ridge, it was plain we would be able to act against Fahla in whatever way might then seem best; while, at the same time, if the King tried to oppose our advance, he would not enjoy any considerable advantage of ground.

The Deputy-Quartermaster-General of the force had been sent on, with a suitable escort, several hours before the column, with instructions to employ the sappers in rendering the ascent to Gimborjee better fitted than it naturally was for laden animals. It was therefore expected that, by the time our infantry gained the highest part of the spur, a path would be made practicable for the guns and military stores to follow by the same route. When, however, the Commander-in-Chief and his Staff were ascending towards Affeejo, which they did a short way in rear of Sir Charles Staveley's infantry, they saw none of the usual indications that sappers had been at work there. On the contrary, the ground was so broken, and the footing on the mountain-side so precarious, that it was dangerous for the most skilful horsemen to attempt passing it without dismounting. The mules were all the time halting nearer the Bashilo, until the road

should be made easier for them; and on their backs, it will be remembered, the only guns with this first brigade were carried. As there was thus small prospect of the artillery and reserve ammunition being able to join us that night, the Commander-in-Chief was much pleased when a note was put into his hands containing the assurance that the Quartermaster-General had so secured the head of the Weekeh Waha ravine as to make it safe for our troops to advance by it. How that excellent strategical object had been accomplished was not fully stated; but the fact itself, resting on such high authority, was not doubted; and the Commander-in-Chief, with a feeling of relief from a difficulty which nothing but the neglect of his orders for the improvement of the road up the steep face of the ridge itself had created, at once sent an aide-de-camp, Captain Scott, with directions that the guns and ammunition should take the King's road leading up the ravine in the direction of Fahla.

Towards 4 o'clock P.M., Sir Robert Napier and his escort, having overtaken the infantry, halted on the plateau of Affeejo, about twelve hundred yards from where the Weekeh Waha debouched upon Arogeh. Owing to some reason as yet unexplained, it was not then found that the mouth of that ravine was held in the manner his Excellency had believed it to be when he ordered the guns to enter at its other extremity. The spot which he had now reached had been recommended as a suitable one near which to establish ourselves for the night, and officers had already been sent to search for water in its vicinity. The heights of Fahla and Selassie were, however, now separated from us only by the rugged Arogeh plateau; and it was in dispute whether we stood within range of the guns which were seen planted on the summit of Fahla or not. All of a sudden, while we were scanning with telescopes the enemy's commanding position, the familiar little cloud of white smoke was seen hanging for a moment on the brow of Fahla, and a hurtling round-shot, burying itself in the ground not far from his Excellency, left no more room for doubt as to the intentions of our friend. One great problem of the expedition was thus solved to the satisfaction, at least, of all who looked on the matter from a purely military point of view; and the men's feelings when that round-shot fell, like a declaration of war, in the midst of us, were expressed in a cheer for Theodorus! The race which we had come so far to run and win, and which some of us had begun to fear might end in a walk over, was to be a real contest after all. Shot followed shot in rapid succession, and it was evident that the ground which had been thought of as our night's bivouac, though three thousand yards from the enemy's guns, was well within their extreme range. This was due partly to the great height at which the cannon were placed, and partly to the state of the atmosphere. Simultaneously, or nearly so, with the opening of the King's artillery, and just as our own small steel guns, packed on mules, were struggling towards the mouth of the Weekeh Waha, at least five thousand of the warriors of Ethiopia were seen rushing down the sides of Fahla, and making impetuously for the ravine, through which they perceived, as they thought, all our rich loads of treasure approaching. In truth, if Fortune had favoured these hardy soldiers as she did us on this occasion, the battle of Arogeh might have commenced, at least, with disaster to our arms. As it was, our guns were for a short time in danger of falling into their hands; and it was chiefly the rapidity with which the steel battery and rocket-tubes were taken from the backs of the mules and brought into action,

that gave the day a different aspect. No attempt will be made to describe the scene which now ensued as though it had been a great battle. If picturesqueness of effect could be accepted as constituting such, then certainly this was one of the grandest conflicts of which there is any record. One might long search in vain for a finer background for a battle-piece than that on which we now looked. And when suddenly the sky was overcast, and the light showers which had been falling during the afternoon were succeeded by a tempest; when the sound of man's puny artillery was drowned ever and again in the roll of heaven's terrible thunder; when shells from the enemy's mortars kept bursting over our heads in wreaths of smoke which were hardly distinguishable from the fast-descending mists; and when the hissing of our rockets was like the noise of a thousand fiery spirits rushing forth from hell;—then, in truth, the scene was grand as ever entered into the mind of painter to conceive. But the result of such a contest could not be long doubtful. It was chiefly a question of what amount of punishment our opponents would take before retiring from the lists. If they had remained long enough, every one of them would have been destroyed without proportionate loss being suffered by us in return. This was anything but their own view of the case, however. Indeed, victory seemed to them a foregone conclusion, as they poured down from their fastness to annihilate the barbarians who had dared to enter their country unbidden. Glimmerings of a better sense, indeed, had dawned on the mind of their master, for he had at first refused to allow them to attack us, and had resolved to confine his hostile demonstrations to a cannonade from the heights above. But his caution had given way in the end before his soldiers' enthusiasm. They told him that this was not our army, but only our baggage; and, in an evil hour for his fortunes, he let them go forth. We thought at first that the King must be leading them in person, so impetuously did they advance. But the command had been given to the Feetararee Gawreeah, his favourite lieutenant, and the best beloved of all his early companions—one of those who had stood by his side in many a battle, when the future tyrant was as yet the stripling Kassa of Kuara. The effect produced on our brave assailants when received at every point with a scorching fire of shell and rockets was very striking. Paralysed and stricken with amazement, they yet showed no signs of defeat, and gave way at some points only to press forward at others, more wildly, perhaps, but not less ardently than before. When the 4th King's Own Regiment, followed by the Belooch infantry, and a small body of Engineers, marched to meet them in the Arogeh plain itself, and, throwing out skirmishers, opened fire with their Sniders on the still advancing masses, the slaughter was great. The leaders of the Abyssinians, mounted on handsomely-caparisoned little horses, did all that brave soldiers could do towards securing the victory. Their followers, too, in no way failed them. They were well armed with muskets in addition to the universal sword and shield and spear, and seemed to have plenty of ammunition. In a different position, such as behind the natural ramparts of Selassie, they would have done great execution on any army that attacked them. But on a plain like this, into which they had so foolishly descended, the blind valour of undisciplined men could not avail against lines of British infantry, covered by movable artillery. Ours had indeed been a long and arduous battle; but it was that which began on the day we landed at Zoulla, and ended when the heights between Magdala and the Bashilo were sur-

mounted. Before the sun went down, a daring attempt of the enemy to turn our flank had been repulsed by the merciless fire of the mountain-guns, and more than ordinary punishment had been inflicted on them near the Weekeh Waha by the Mazabee Sikhs. Many of their leaders, including the brave Feetarare Gawreeah himself, had been shot down, and the remnant of the army had melted away like snow in summer. The cannon which had played upon us from Fahla during the action had gradually become silent; and ravines filled with dead, and man and horse strewn over the plain, were the chief traces then remaining of that day's conflict and victory. One officer and about twenty men wounded were the only casualties on our side. Trifling as this number was, it would probably have been smaller if the native portion of our force, on which the heavier part of the loss fell, had been armed with a better weapon than the old smoothbore, which, for their sins, they are to this day condemned to carry. No doubt, the more highly our Indian soldiers are armed, the greater may be the need of vigilance in matters of military administration, in order to prevent a mutiny. The pretty certain risk of an unsafe commander-in-chief making his appearance on the scene about once in every twenty or thirty years, and either undermining or suffering to fall to pieces the handiwork of wiser predecessors, should also make us retain the best form of weapon in British hands. But though it might not be well to give our native army the Snider, they should at least have the Enfield. Nothing could surpass the excellent conduct of these troops at Arogeh. The inferiority of their muskets brought the Panjabees in close contact with the Abyssinians; so much so that the bayonets of the one clashed in several parts of the field with the spears and shields of the other, and yet even then the Abyssinian braves were not found to gain any advantage over the Hindoostanees. Savage bravery may avail one where only savages are engaged; but discipline, after all, will decide an individual combat as surely as it does the conflict of armies.

It is difficult to compute accurately the numbers in killed and wounded which the King lost at Arogeh. Near one spot on the plain, three hundred and forty-nine dead bodies were counted by those appointed to bury the dead. Thirty wounded Abyssinians were carried to our hospital from the same part of the field; and all night long were heard the cries of wounded men calling on their friends to come and raise them from the cold ground where they had fallen. Our bivouac statistics on this subject are, however, best left unstated, except in the official despatches.

Theodore's power had now received a shock in its most vital part. He had made, in truth, a terrible discovery. Hitherto the only Europeans known in Abyssinia had been poor travellers, or at least not men likely to convey an idea that their countrymen could be the object of other feelings than charity, or, at most, hospitality. The Emperor's own superior sagacity had no doubt made him believe, to a certain extent, what he had been told by Bell and others about our resources. But this had in no way prepared his mind for such a lesson as to-day's, which came upon him with a force such as it is difficult for us fully to appreciate. Not only had his prestige received a fatal blow before all his followers, but he was now compelled to regard himself in an aspect which till that hour he never could have realised in the person of the King of the Kings of Ethiopia. A sense of bewilderment and mental perturbation filled his mind as with a cloud, and he was as a man who felt that his personal identity was separated from him. It is necessary to note this result of

his defeat upon his mind, because it will help us to understand the not very intelligible course which he afterwards followed. The battle of Arogeh led in reality to the extraordinary success in which the expedition has terminated. If Theodorus had acted wisely, he would not have assumed the offensive when he did, but would have husbanded all his strength for a desperate defence of his own proper position; unless, indeed, he had felt strong enough to meet us at the Tacazzeh, and fall back in succession to the Jiddah and Bashilo, after inflicting on us such loss as he could without risking a regular engagement. We must then have reached Magdala much weakened, and sadly encumbered with wounded. Indeed, it is impossible to say what the result would then have been. His resources were very considerable; and if the enthusiasm which had urged his soldiers down the steeps of Fahla, when they advanced to attack us, had been reserved for the hour of our assault, we must have suffered at least severe loss. He had an army, it should be remembered, of between six and seven thousand men, and fourteen guns of different sizes. With one of the strongest possible natural fastnesses in his possession, it was truly surprising to find that he had thrown away all as he did. He himself watched the battle through a telescope from the Fahla height, and could at first hardly believe that his troops were beaten. He seems never to have thought of avenging himself on our countrymen in his hands. Through a strange fatuousness he regarded these as his friends, who would have their part to play in saving him whenever the worst should come to the worst. The day before the battle he had been in one of his most truculent moods, perhaps at the sight of our pickets, which were then visible from Selassie down among the Bashilo ravines. Having drunk more spirits than usual at his afternoon meal, he had ordered a large number of prisoners to be brought before him. These were not criminals, but men who had been thrown into prison by his order for various small offences. When they were all presented to him, and he had directed a few of their number to be released, one of the rest raised a clamour for pardon. Perhaps he used language which was displeasing to the King, for he instantly ordered a general execution of them to be carried out. Indeed he commenced the massacre with his own hand, killing one with his sword, and wounding two with pistols. One of the first to perish was a poor soldier who had either lost or made away with his musket. Strange to say, one of those whom he liberated, on casually recalling to mind his offence, was a man accused of insulting either his Queen or one of her attendants. And, to complete the inconsistency, the son of this very man—a mere child, against whom no fault was stated at all—was ordered to be shot after his father had been set free. The work of death was carried out by his own guards—the usual executioners on such occasions. The wounded wretches, after having been hacked at with swords and fired upon with rifles and revolvers, were thrown over an adjoining cliff to the number of at least two hundred. Even then, however, no remnant was to be suffered to escape; for soldiers stood on the top of this Tarpeian rock, firing down upon the mangled remains as often as a sign of life was seen. Now, there is an object in establishing the truth of this dark story. The writer, if he could, would as gladly discredit it as any of those who will try to do so in England. But it so happens that there are such things as real incidents which fall to be recorded as true narrative. The scene just described is one of these. The open grave of the victims was witnessed a few days afterwards

by many British officers; and even photography has borne testimony to all that was seen there. The above particulars were obtained from Theodore's favourite henchman and constant attendant, who had taken part with his own hand in this as in countless former massacres. It was this man's duty always to sleep close to the royal bedchamber; and he gave the further information that his master, on awaking that night after a few hours of troubled sleep, and remembering what he had done, was sorely distressed, and spent the remaining hours till morning in prayers to the Almighty that his sin might not be imputed to him. The King's supplications seem to have been at all times conveyed in the form which is called among certain classes in our own country, by a startling figure of speech, "wrestling." On this occasion his petitions were even more impassioned than usual; and he did not hesitate to make it the burden of his prayer for pardon that he had been intoxicated when the outrage was committed.

We had not at that time heard of the fate of these poor prisoners, else we might well have despaired of the lives of our own countrymen after the blow which had just been inflicted on the King. Neither, however, were we aware of the extent to which his own pride had been crushed; and all the time that he was standing alone on Fahla or Islamgee, virtually deserted even by the remnant of his army, we remained watchful against a renewed attack.

Our wearied soldiers bivouacked for the night on a convenient spot not far from where they had fought. A small spring was found in the neighbourhood. Scarcity of water would have been a great difficulty in the way of a besieging army forced to encamp round Magdala, while an abundant supply was within reach of the garrison itself. As it was, we suffered much inconvenience from this cause during our operations on this side the Bashilo.

Only two or three tents had been sent with the first brigade to the Affeejo plateau. These were quickly pitched, and converted into hospitals; and the surgeons were at work the greater part of the night in caring equally for our own and the enemy's wounded. Our kind treatment of the latter increased the amazement with which the Abyssinians already regarded us; and it was thus reserved for the humanity of our surgeons to develop still further the impression produced by the bravery of our soldiers. The night passed off quietly; and, fortunately, no more rain fell to prevent our saturated clothes from drying. Towards morning a little baggage and food reached us from the Bashilo, along with the second brigade, which had been summoned to the front when Theodore's first gun was fired. If the enemy had attacked us they would have received even a severer lesson than yesterday's, for Armstrong cannon of much heavier metal, carried on the backs of elephants, would then have been found by the side of the small mountain-guns. The events of the following days will be described in a separate letter.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

NO. V.—THE POET.

Not many weeks ago, in one of the glowing days of this fervid summer, the writer of these pages sought out the house in which Pope's conscious life began. In a rich, leafy, luxuriant country, wealthy with great trees and sweeps of immemorial turf, the soul of which is Windsor and its great Park, still shading off into broken relics of forest, lies, among the oaks and elm-trees, the scattered hamlet of Binfield—a place so tiny and so rude that it scarcely counts as a village. To find out the house of a poet who has been dead for more than a century, in the comfortable depths of Berks, where literature thrives poorly even on the higher levels, seemed a sufficiently hopeless task. It was a day of May that blazed like August, with a cloudless breadth of blue above, and white waste of dust along the parched roads; and, happily, there were a few passers-by about the front of the first roadside public at which the inquiry was made. "Ask for Pope's house," said the lady whose friendly aid attended the errant historian. John Thomas, the meekest of his race, to whom the commission was given, looked the astonishment he would not speak at so disrespectful a mode of address. "If you please, ma'am, *Mr* Pope don't live there now," he said, helplessly, when he came back from the rural door, where a few waggoners and idlers immediately began to flutter over the little incident. Then there followed over the three-cornered bit of green which lay in front of the "Crown" the landlady, shading her eyes with her hand, to repeat this information, and enter into particulars about the "family" who had come into the house. But, in the mean time, the inquiry had roused a jolly spectator in a smock-frock, who knew better, and shouted cheery directions over the prim little woman's head. "Ay, to be sure, I knows it well! It's Pope the poeter's house," said this authority, with rural amplitude of detail as to the corners to be passed and cabarets to be encountered on the way. And we who sought the place looked at each other with a clearer conviction, perhaps, of the superiority of the Poet over other gainers of fame than is often attained to in this so-called unpoetic age. Had we asked our jolly waggoner who reigned a hundred years ago in the noble towers of Windsor, the man would probably have known nothing of George or Caroline—nothing of their great Minister, or of the lights of their strange court. But "Pope the poeter" had been heard of even among those silent fields. Is not this real fame?

Had the mission been one of hero-worship, we might have been justified in entering into a description of the house, enlarged and widened out at every possible corner, but still enclosing, as in a shrine, at least one homely wainscot room of the original dwelling-place, which the present proprietor, with graceful, old-fashioned politeness, exhibited to the pilgrim. It is no longer

> "A little house with trees a-row,
> And, like its master, very low,"

but it retains the row of big-branched storm-worn firs, with great trunks gleaming red in the sunset, which doubtless inspired the description; and on the lawn a rusty, melancholy cypress, said to have been planted by the poet. It is not, however, our intention to treat the place as a shrine, or surround with

any attempt at worship the name of Pope. It is enough for our purpose that this name has survived for nearly a century and a half in the recollections of this slumbrous unpoetic district, which probably would own no thrill at the name of Tennyson or Browning were either to set up his rest at the present moment among its trees.

In this leafy, level land, just where it begins to break and undulate—where oaks twist their great arms and throw their vast shadow, and rugged hollies grow to forest-trees—Alexander Pope, a poor little deformed boy, was brought out of hot and busy London by an honest, worthy tradesman-pair of parents in the end of the seventeenth century. He was born in 1688, it is said, in Lombard Street, where his father, "an honest merchant, dealt in Hollands wholesale." Pope the elder had made money enough to retire from business at a comparatively early age. He had made ten thousand pounds, says one; and another raises the amount to twenty thousand. Yet, notwithstanding the proof of some knowledge of the world which is conveyed by the making of a moderate fortune, he is supposed to have "found no better use for his money than that of locking it up in a chest and taking from it what his expenses required"—a waste of capital which has no analogy with the shrewd character which he seems to have transmitted to his son, nor, indeed, is it consistent with various ascertained particulars of their life. The house at Binfield, with twenty acres of land, was his own, and he had rent-charges on other property, and investments abroad, which rescue his name from this stigma of foolish improvidence. The few particulars that remain on record of this unobtrusive father reveal a shadow of peaceable respectability, retired and contented, a man busy in his garden, proud of his vegetables, interfering with little meaning but some success in his boy's childish studies. Pope, like his father, was deformed and weakly from his birth—a dwarfish, amiable, invalid boy, with a sweet childish voice, and general indications of precocity. The tiny little house has every appearance of having been inspired by that extreme regard for personal comfort and narrow domesticity common to the class which its inmates belonged to. The good couple fondled and watched over their only child not without a careful eye to his education. They were Roman Catholics, and, as their son grandiloquently explains—

> "Certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,
> Denied all posts of profit or of trust."

But there is no indication of anything in the elder Pope above the level of a retired shopkeeper, or which could have made this denial of office a personal injury to him. No doubt he pottered about his garden, and sat in the sun before his little country-house as calmly as if he had been eligible to the post of Prime Minister. Many years after, when Pope was at the height of his fame, it seems to have occurred to him that the homely pair to whom he was always so faithful stood in need of embellishment; and he would appear to have invented a pedigree for them which rests on no foundation but that of his own word. According to this apocryphal description, the poet's father sprang from the younger branch of a family of good repute in Ireland, and related to Lord Downe—an origin afterwards changed and elaborated into "a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsay." It is evident, however, that there is not a morsel of evidence to support the story; it "had never been heard of" by his relatives, and was probably set up, says his latest biographer, "to shame Lord Hervey and Lady Mary,"

who had driven him frantic by a taunt at his "birth obscure." The tawdry bit of invention looks pitiful enough at this distance; but the family of Pope's mother is less mysterious, and apparently had some claims to gentility. And the old people themselves, it is evident, made no pretensions, but lived their quiet, virtuous, humdrum life in irreproachable independence and modesty, tenderly indulgent to and pathetically proud of their poor little crooked, puny, sweet-voiced boy.

The education of the poet does not seem, however, to have been retarded by his bodily weakness. He was taught to read at home, and taught himself to write by copying the printed letters from books, an accomplishment he retained all his life. His first education, he himself says, "was extremely loose and disconcerted." He fell into the hands of priests, one after another, and seems to have taken what learning they could give him without any of the bile with which, in such a time, a proscribed class would be likely to mingle it. At eight years old he was sent to a school in Hampshire, and learnt the Greek and Latin rudiments together, growing acquainted at the same time with the first beginnings of poetry in Ogilby's 'Iliad' and Sandys's 'Ovid.' He was transferred shortly after to Twyford, a Catholic school near Winchester, where the precocious imp wrote a lampoon on his master, for which he was flogged. The punishment, however, was not allowed to work its due effect; for the indulgent father, thinking of his boy's weakness, doubtless, and not of a 'Dunciad' to come, withdrew the juvenile satirist in high offence, and placed him at a school in London, where his budding inclinations were cultivated in another direction. "He used sometimes to stroll to the playhouse," says Dr Johnson, "and was so delighted with theatrical exhibitions that he formed a kind of play from Ogilby's 'Iliad,' with some verses of his own intermixed, which he persuaded his schoolfellows to act, with the addition of his master's gardener, who personated Ajax." This was when he was about twelve, and was not apparently his first commencement as a maker of verses. "I began writing verses," he says, "farther back than I can well remember." He "lisped in numbers," in short; and the father at home set the boy subjects for his baby doggrel, and was his first critic, sending him often back to "new-turn them," according to his mother's evidence, saying, "These are not good rhymes"—a characteristic beginning for the polished, elaborate, and much-corrected verse which he was thereafter to produce.

At this age he had already so great an enthusiasm for poetry that he induced some of his friends to take him to Will's Coffeehouse, where he saw Dryden. It was but for a moment, but it was one of the recollections upon which he loved to dwell. He had already written an 'Ode to Solitude,' "in which there is nothing more than other forward boys have attained," says Dr Johnson; but to the critic not imbued with that love of "correct" verse which belonged, among its other virtues, to the eighteenth century, the soft cadence of this schoolboy ode is more pleasing than the blank, harmonious waste of the 'Pastorals' or the other early poems.

"Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground,"

says the philosopher of twelve, in a not unusual strain of holiday satisfaction with his home. Some prophecy of the tall talk of his subsequent life is in the quaint grandeur of the title of "paternal acres" bestowed upon the little bit of forest land at Binfield, which had been no longer in his father's pos-

session than he himself, the heir of the property, had been; but yet the verses are pretty, and have an echo in them of an older and richer strain than that which was to be eventually his.

Such seems to have been, so far as the formalities of teaching go, the entire sum of Pope's education. He had nothing more to do with schoolmasters. He went home, and with boyish zeal attacked by himself every book he could lay hold of. Perhaps the weakness of his little distorted frame may have accounted for the strange life of mental excitement and indiscriminate study into which the boy threw himself, with all the trees and all the glades of Windsor calling upon him all day long to pursuits of a very different kind. Whether he might not have been a greater poet had he tossed the books aside and taken his inspiration from the soft slopes of the fair country round, the big-boled beeches, the play of sunshine on the multitudinous leaves, all the sights and sounds that make of a forest land a leafy paradise, it is impossible now to tell. Such was not the instinct of the growing poet. This is the highest picture with which observation and genius could furnish him, of those glorious shades and breezy breadths of champaign amid which his youth was passed :—

"Here waving groves a checkered scene display,
And part admit and part exclude the day,
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges nor can quite repress;
There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
There trees arise that share each other's shades;
Here in full light the russet plains extend,
There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend:
Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crowned with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn."

To be sure, it was not his fault if the bad taste of his time foisted a coy nymph into the breathing silence of those soft, solemn woods. But it is curious how entirely untouched were his soul and his style by his early knowledge of one of the most beautiful phases of nature. Oaks do not grow, nor silken beech-leaves open out of the wondrous husk, in any scene of his choosing. He is ignorant how the little birds answer each other among the trees, and how the wood-pigeons coo. The mavis and the merle are never singing among the branches, nor is it a "good greenwood" to the boy-poet. There is no musing nor silence in him. Instead of the long summer dreams under the whispering leaves, with all the doors and windows of the young soul open, and "influences of soul and sense" stealing in unconscious, it is a very different scene that opens on us when we glance at the lad at Binfield. He shut himself up in his room, built himself up with books, read till the stars twinkled in upon him unheeded, read while all the wonders of the sun-setting and sun-rising passed by unknown. He had nothing to do with the beauty outside. The dews fell not, the balm breathed not, for him. So far as this was the work of his weak and sickly body the pitiful spectator could but mourn over the young recluse; but it is evident that art was more congenial to him than nature, there as throughout all his life :—

"My next period," he says, "was in Windsor Forest, where I sat down with an earnest desire of reading, and applied as constantly as I could to it for some years. I was between twelve and thirteen when I went thither, and I continued in this close pursuit of pleasure and languages till nineteen or twenty. Considering how very little I had when I came from school, I think I may be said to have taught myself Latin as well as French and Greek; and in all these, my chief way of getting them was by translation. . . . The epic poem which I began a little after I was twelve, was 'Alcander, Prince of Rhodes.' There was an under-water scene in the first book; it was in the Archipelago. I wrote four

books toward it, of about a thousand verses each, and had the copy by me till I burnt it by the advice of the Bishop of Rochester a little before he went abroad. I endeavoured," said he, smiling, "in this poem to collect all the beauties of the great epic writers into one piece. There was Milton's style in one part, and Cowley's in another; here the style of Spenser imitated, and there of Statius; here Homer and Virgil, and there Ovid and Claudian. . . . There were also some couplets in it which I have since inserted in some of my other poems without alteration,—as in the 'Essay on Criticism'—

'Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow.'

Another couplet in the 'Dunciad'—

'As man's meanders to the vital spring,
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring.'

"In the scattered lessons I used to set myself about that time, I translated above a quarter of the 'Metamorphoses,' and that part of Statius which was afterwards printed with the corrections of Walsh. My next work after my epic was my 'Pastorals,' so that I did exactly what Virgil says of himself:—

'Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit, et admonuit; pastorem, Tityre, pingues
Pascere oportet oves; deductum dicere carmen.'

"I translated Tully's piece, 'De Senectute,' in this early period, and there is a copy of it in Lord Oxford's library. My first taking to imitating was not out of vanity but humility. I saw how defective my own things were, and endeavoured to mend my manner by copying good strokes from others. My epic was about two years in hand—from thirteen to fifteen."

In this curious mental workshop, accordingly, the boy lived and laboured, with his windows shut, we may be sure, and the fever of toil on his worn face. It was a juvenile manufactory, where verse was already turned and re-turned, and where a correct couplet was reckoned the highest product of earth or heaven.

All this unintermitting study must have raised to the point of positive worship the pride and faith of the father and mother in their gifted son. No doubt it was to them, as to most partially educated people, the crowning evidence of genius; and a degree of freedom most unusual at the time must have been granted to him in consequence; for we find him, in his fifteenth year, setting out for London on his own motion, and apparently alone, to add to the classic languages—which, no doubt, he believed himself to have completely mastered—a knowledge of French and Italian. It was thought "a wildish sort of resolution," but still it was given in to with an indulgence which speaks either of unbounded faith on the part of the elder Popes in their son's power of taking care of himself, or of an immense power of self-will in the precocious lad. It would appear—for there are no dates to speak of in the story—that he spent about a year in London with this object or pretence, and learned at least to *read* French; though the fact of his addressing a letter in after days, "*Au Mademoiselles Mademoiselles de Maple-Durham*," says little for his knowledge of the language.

"He removed for a time to London," says Dr Johnson, "that he might study French and Italian, which, as he desired nothing more than to read them, were, by diligent application, soon despatched." Thus the imperfect, superficial self-education, with all its attendant vices of self-satisfaction and conceit, was completed. He seems to have attained to perfect independence at this early age, and had already begun to correspond with the old *roués* of the coffeehouses, Wycherly and Congreve, and to ape the man.

"He then returned to Binfield," proceeds Dr Johnson, "and delighted himself with his own poetry. He tried all styles and many subjects. He wrote a comedy, a tragedy, an epic poem, with panegyrics on all the princes of Europe; and, as he confesses, thought himself the greatest genius that ever

was." This perpetual unwholesome work and seclusion produced their natural results. He became very ill, "and in despondency lay down prepared to die," says Mr Carruthers, his latest biographer. "He sent farewells to his friends; and among these was a priest, Thomas Southcote, who, on receiving Pope's valedictory communication, went immediately to consult Dr Radcliffe, the eccentric but able physician. Radcliffe's prescription was a very simple one: the young man was to study less, and ride on horseback every day. With this recipe the father posted to Binfield; and Pope, having the good sense to follow the prescribed course, speedily got well." This good office was kindly thought of and repaid. Twenty years after, Pope used all his influence through Sir Robert Walpole to get an abbacy in France for Southcote; one among many friendly offices which embellish his life.

The boy, even at this early period, was not without friends of a class who might have been supposed likely to polish and refine him, "He was, through his whole life, ambitious of splendid acquaintance," says Johnson, with that latent contempt for the character of his hero which throws a curious tinge of depreciation into his narrative. One of his neighbours, Sir William Trumbull—a man experienced in the world, and who had retired to the precincts of the Forest after a long diplomatic career—took up young Pope with a warmth of interest which probably only an old man, bored with his surroundings, and half pleased, half amused by the devices of the vain and ambitious lad, could have felt. "They rode out together almost daily, read their favourite classic authors together, and, when absent, kept up a correspondence." Sir William was sixty, and his young friend but sixteen; but, no doubt, the society of the accomplished little humpback made a diversion to the old statesman from the monotony of the woodland rides and the dulness of country neighbours. When the 'Pastorals' were written they were carried to this earliest patron to be criticised and approved; and Sir William must have felt his liking justified. Of the few letters that passed between this pair of friends, the old man's are pleasant, indulgent, and affectionate; and the replies are as fine, abstract, and artificial as the letters of such a youth might be expected to be. The fact is, indeed, that almost everybody whose letters to him are preserved surpasses the letters of Pope, which are always, in the first half of his life, made-up specimens of composition manufactured into the sprightly, the solemn, the poetic, and the gallant, according as they were wanted, and in each vein overdoing the part. How anybody, much less a boy of sixteen, could manage to fill so many sheets of paper without giving a single clue to his own individuality, or to the circumstances surrounding him, is very extraordinary. He writes about poetry—his own or other people's; he makes handsome cut-and-dry remarks about friendship, and the delights of study, and other cognate subjects; but what or who he was—what were his surroundings, his position, the human circumstances about him—there is absolutely nothing to tell. Almost the only indication we have of the dim world about Binfield is in the following description:—

"I have now changed the scene," he writes to Wycherley, "from the town to the country — from Will's Coffeehouse to Windsor Forest. I find no other difference than this betwixt the common town-wits and the downright country-fools: that the first are partly in the wrong, with a little more flourish and gaiety, and the last neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirmed in a stupid, settled medium betwixt both. . . . Ours are a sort of modest inoffensive people, who neither have sense nor pretend to have

any, but indulge a jovial sort of dulness. They are commonly known in the world by the name of honest, civil gentlemen. They live much as they ride—at random; a kind of hunting-life, pursuing with earnestness and hazard something not worth the catching—never in the way nor out of it. I can't but prefer solitude to the company of all these."

A little later, when he had become as much of a man as he ever was, he once more becomes conscious for a second of the outer world. "I assure you I am looked on in the neighbourhood for a very well-disposed person," he says; "no great hunter, indeed, but a great admirer of the noble sport, and only unhappy in my want of constitution for that and drinking. They all say 'tis a pity I am so sickly; and I think 'tis pity they are so healthy," the young man adds, with a certain sense of humour. These brief notices are the only indications of his external life that can be gleaned out of one large volume of letters. Here and there in his poems he gives, it is true, an artful sketch of his home, in which the Pope household is seen as through a magnifying-glass—elevated, enlarged, and heightened. It is the kind of sketch which would have been suitable for the inmates of Chatsworth or Arundel—but is ludicrously grand when it refers to the cottage at Binfield with its twenty acres, however kindly and affectionate that home may have been.

There are many curious and very evident differences between the life of a man of letters in the eighteenth century and at the present moment. A certain freshness of interest and curiosity as to the genus Author seems to have existed amid all the artificial and conventional features of an age much less spontaneous and natural than our own. Perhaps the reason was, that literature was kept within a much smaller circle, and the credit of all who professed to be of the Republic of Letters was involved in elevating the pretensions of genius. Gay, whose powers were but of a secondary order, and who began life in a linen-draper's shop, was soured and spirit-broken by being offered *only* an appointment as gentleman-usher at Court, in consequence of his poetic fame; and Pope, a greater genius, though accepting no rewards, seems to have stepped at once into the best society which England could give him on the sole score of his poetry, and without even the social gifts or power of conversation which sometimes supplement such claims. Nowadays, the young aspirant has less easy work. Success brings him a substantial and honest reward, no doubt, but it does not bring him the adulation, the compliment, the social elevation of old. Literature has become a profession like any other in our days. The man who reaches its highest pinnacle makes for himself a place in the world exactly as a great soldier, a great doctor, or lawyer does; but his genius, of itself, does not make him free of all classes, or give him a position of universal privilege, as it was once supposed to do. Young writers would save themselves some pangs did they fully recognise this fact. A young poet, whatever his genius, issuing from a humble household like that at Binfield, would have no more chance of being petted by maids of honour and flattered by lettered nobles in the present day, than he would have of being made Prime Minister. This discovery often adds a special twinge to the many lesser miseries of the literary profession; for the failure of false expectations is always accompanied with a touch of bitterness, more stinging and painful, because less noble and elevated, than the pang which follows the destruction of real hopes.

The 'Pastorals' were sent by Sir William Trumbull to Wycherley, and from Wycherley passed into the hands of Walsh, and had a pri-

vate circulation, sufficient in those days to give fame, before they were presented to the general public. "Pope had now declared himself a poet," says Dr Johnson; "and, thinking himself entitled to poetical conversation, began at seventeen to frequent Will's, a coffeehouse on the north side of Russell Street, in Covent Garden, where the wits of that time used to assemble." His acquaintance multiplied. Walsh, one of the aforesaid "wits," himself a minor poet and kindly critic, instantly extended his friendship to the youth, and invited him to his house. He is recorded also to have given at least one piece of advice which is memorable and characteristic. "We had several great poets," he told the young author, "but we never had one great poet who was correct; and he desired me to make that my study and aim;" an advice which it is evident was thoroughly laid to heart. The private circulation of the manuscript at last brought it under the notice of one of the enterprising publishers of the day, and led to the following proposal:—

"SIR,—I have lately seen a Pastoral of yours in Mr Walsh's and Congreve's hands, which is *extremely fine*, and is approved by the best judges of poetry. I remember I have formerly seen you in my shop, and am sorry I did not improve my acquaintance with you. If you design your poem for the press, no one shall be more careful in printing it, nor no one can give greater encouragement to it than, sir, your most obedient humble servant, JACOB TONSON."

Alas for the good old days! Where is there now to be found a publisher at once so frank and so condescending?

The 'Pastorals,' we avow with humility, are to ourselves impossible reading, and we cannot pretend to give any opinion on them; but if the reader would like to have Mr Walsh's views, his opinion was, that "'tis no flattery at all to say that Virgil had written nothing so good at his age;" and that though "he has taken very freely from the ancients, what he has mixed of his own with theirs is not inferior to what he has taken from them." They were published in 1709, when the author was twenty-one, though written four or five years before. In the same volume were the pastorals of Ambrose Phillips, works happily gone out of human ken by this time, but which were the means of bringing Pope into the lists of personal strife, and awakening all the expedients of mad and bitter vanity in which his genius was so fruitful. This is not a criticism on his works, but an account of his life; and the quarrels, attacks, subterfuges of all kinds, plots and conspiracies full of endless ingenuity, perpetual self-assertion and wild struggling for the pre-eminence, of which his life is full, cannot but come forward at a very early period into any narrative of an existence so full of war and commotion. So long as he had not dared the ordeal of public criticism, the young man's temper seems placid enough. He was master of his own actions, his own teacher, a law to himself; nobody seems to have attempted to curb or interfere with him. His superiority to all his poetical contemporaries was so unquestionable that his temptations to self-regard must have been something like those of a king, who stands alone. His early critics fed him with compliments, nourishing the appetite for praise which was evidently fierce within him. Every circumstance of his early education conspired against the undisciplined boy. He was in full possession of that "little learning" which, with curious unconsciousness, he characterises so justly. Wycherley, who had then a certain rank as a poet, respectfully submitted his compositions to the criticism of the lad, and was mauled by him with the frank insolence of youth; but when it came to his own turn Pope could not bear it. His wars began almost as soon as he had made

his first public appearance; but before entering upon that stormy tale, we will pause to note the sweeter side of the poet's life.

This softer strain in the unmelodious existence can scarcely be called a romance; and yet it was all that stood for romance in Pope's history. He became acquainted with the sisters, Martha and Teresa Blount, at a very early period, when all three, it is supposed, were under twenty. They were daughters of one of the Catholic families of the country-side, and accordingly had the link of a common faith (such as it was) to the young poet. Their home was at Maple-Durham, on the banks of the Thames, not far from Reading; and Pope was familiar at the same time in the house of their uncle, Mr Englefield, at Whiteknights in the same neighbourhood. The two fair young women, above him in rank, touched by the enthusiasm for poetry, which was then a mark of superiority, and no doubt feeling the little hunchback a very *safe* acquaintance, evidently received his attentions and answered his letters, and made a pleasant little excitement out of his friendship, in its earlier days at least. He was not a man whom it was possible to marry; a fact which in itself, though not complimentary to the hero, was, as it continues to be, a wonderful recommendation to female friendship. It is indeed the only thing wanting to make that much-disputed possibility, a true and warm friendship between man and woman without any mixture of love, into a real and pleasant fact. Fools will scoff, no doubt, and critics of impure imaginations revile; but it must be a very lively fancy indeed which can suppose any closer bond between the little poet and these two beautiful sisters. The tie was closer, softer than that of any other friendship: hovering over it, like the figures of his own sylphs, were reflections as it were of other bonds; mutual admirations, such as men cannot entertain for each other, soft railleries, a touch of tenderness more familiar, more respectful than anything that could be exchanged between Jack and Tom; altogether, a union refined and visionary, as well as constant and real. Martha Blount made up to Pope for the sister whom he had not, for the wife whom he could not have, and yet was unlike both wife and sister. The link is one so fine, so delicate, so natural, that it is next to impossible to define it; and all the more so as vanity on both sides—and especially the vanity of men, who are rarely humble enough to put the possibility of love out of the question—realises so seldom this touching and consolatory bond. To Pope in his youth it was evidently as good as any love-making, and developed what humanity was in him; and it is one of the few green spots in his maturer life. His formal stilted letters melt into a kind of nature when he addresses the sisters; his hard notes about business warm with a kind of domesticity when he sends his correspondent the kind wishes of "Mrs Patty." One last exclamation on her part, reported at second or third hand by his biographers, seems to imply that she had grown weary at the end of his long invalidism; but it is clear that to the last he at least was faithful to the friend of his whole life. The beginning of the friendship is lost in conjecture, and at first opinions are divided as to which of the sisters was his favourite correspondent. And the letters themselves in these early days, when the trio were still between twenty and thirty, and many things may have seemed possible which after existence forbade, are curiously diversified with coolnesses and reconciliations. It is Teresa, the elder, who first calls forth the homage of the poet. The Lines "to a Young Lady, with the works of Voiture," were published in 1712, and were contained in a

volume sent with a certain lover-like art to *Martha;* but there is not the smallest trace of love in the verses themselves, unless the warmth of the poet's expostulation against marriage should mean more than lies on the surface. "Ah," he cries, addressing a beautiful young woman of three or four and twenty—

"Ah, quit not the free innocence of life
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife,
Nor let false shows nor empty titles please;
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.
. . . . .
But, madame, if the fates withstand, and you
Are destined Hymen's willing victim too,
Trust not too much your now resistless charms—
Those age or sickness soon or late disarms;
Good-humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past."

This philosophical strain does not sound much like love. Neither is there the slightest appearance of passion in the clear description of her changed occupations when she leaves town, and goes from its delights:—

"To plain work and to purling brooks,
Old-fashioned halls, dull courts, and croaking rooks,
She went, from opera, park, assembly, play,
To morning walks and prayers three times a-day,
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muse and spill her solitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon;
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon,
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;
Up to her godly garret after seven,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heaven."

In this poem there is again a hint at the miseries of wedlock, and the rude squire, "whose game is whist, whose treat a toast in sack"—

"Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse."

The inference of the unprejudiced reader would be, that in Pope's opinion Teresa Blount was likely to make a loveless and interested match—an idea still further justified by the very curious and unexplained gift to her, made five years after, of an annuity of forty pounds a-year for six years, on condition that she should not be married during that time. Her father had died, and the sisters, with their mother, were poorer than when at Maple-Durham; but still they do not seem to have been in sufficient poverty to make such a benefaction necessary. It is supposed by some one of the many commentators on the subject to have been preliminary to a "connubial settlement;" but all this is matter of the merest conjecture, and there is nothing in the letters to justify the opinion that love or marriage (except in the abstract) had ever been spoken of between them. "All I am good for," he writes to her, "is to write a civil letter, or make a fine speech. The truth is that, considering how often and how openly I have declared love to you, I am astonished and a little affronted that you have not forbid my correspondence, and directly said, *See my face no more.* . . . All I mean by this is, that either you or I cannot be in love with the other: I leave you to guess which of the two is that stupid and insensible creature, so blind to the other's excellences and charms."

Presently, however, the skies cloud over between the two friends. Teresa becomes offended, one does not know why. There are some brief deprecatory notes from Pope, remonstrating. One day he says, "It is really a great concern to me that you mistook me so much this morning." In another letter it has come to the final issue: "Either you would have me your friend, or you would not. If you would, why do you refuse any service I can do you? If you would not, why do you ever receive any?" Day by day the breach evidently grew more serious. He would seem to have had her business-

affairs in his hands, and either to have dissatisfied her by his management, or to have affronted her in some unknown way which makes everything he does unpalatable to her. He writes at greater length as the misunderstanding grows :—

"Madam,—I am too much out of order to trouble you with a long letter; but I desire to know what is your meaning, to resent my complying with your request, and endeavouring to serve you in the way you proposed, as if I had done you some great injury? You told me if such a thing was the secret of my heart you should entirely forgive, and think well of me. I told it, and find the contrary. You pretended so much generosity as to offer your service in my behalf. The minute after you did me as ill an office as you could, in telling the party concerned it was all but an amusement, occasioned by my loss of another lady.

"You express yourself desirous of increasing your present income upon life. I proposed the only method I then could find, and you encouraged me to proceed in it. When it was done you received it as if it were an affront; since when I find the very thing in the very manner you wished, and mention it to you, you don't think it worth an answer. If your meaning be that the very things you ask and wish become odious to you, when it is I that comply with them or bring them about, pray own it, and deceive me no longer with any thought but that you hate me. My friendship is too warm and sincere to be trifled with; therefore, if you have any meaning tell it me, or you must allow me to take away that which perhaps you don't care to keep."

The controversy proceeds in the same pathetic strain—if that can be called a controversy of which the reader sees only one side. The pathos of the letters is very unlike anything Pope ever wrote before or after. Perhaps he felt it was the only light in his life which he was thus losing. In the next the injured resignation reaches a still higher tone :—

"Madam,—Your letter gives me a concern which none but one who (in spite of all accidents) is still a friend can feel. I am pleased, however, that anything I said explains my past actions or words in a better sense than you took them. I know in my heart (a very uncorrupt witness) that I was constantly the thing I professed myself to be to you—that was something better, I will venture to say, than most people were capable to be to you or anybody else. As for forgiveness, I am approaching, I hope, to the time and condition in which everybody ought to give it, and to ask it of all the world. I sincerely do so with regard to you, and beg pardon also for that fault of which I taxed others—my vanity—which made me so resenting. . . . I desire extremely to see you both again; yet I believe I shall see you no more—and I sincerely hope as well as think both of you will be glad of it. I therefore wish you may each of you find all you desired I should be in some one whom you may like better to see. In the mean time, I bear testimony of both of you to each other that I have certainly known you, truly and tenderly, each other's friend, and wish you a long enjoyment of each other's love and affection."

And finally the strain reaches the sublime of unappreciated but always faithful affection :—

"Ladies,—Pray think me sensible of your civility and good meaning in asking me to come to you.

"You will please to consider that my coming or not is a thing indifferent to both of you. But God knows it is far otherwise to me in respect to one of you.

"I scarce ever come but one of two things happens, which equally affect me to the soul—either I make her uneasy or I see her unkind.

"If she has any tenderness, I can only give her every day trouble and melancholy. If she has none, the daily sight of so undeserved a coldness must wound her to death.

"It is forcing one of us to do a very hard and very unjust thing to the other.

"My continuing to see you will, by turns, tease all of us. My staying away can at worst be of ill consequence only to myself.

"And as one of us is to be sacrificed, I believe we are all agreed who shall be the person."

To this rhythmic utterance was the poor poet brought at last. And certainly the quarrel must have been a very desperate one to warrant such despair. Teresa Blount soon after disappears altogether

from the story. There is a world of conjecture as to the reason; but the materials for forming a judgment are only those here given—and what it was is never now likely to be known, nor indeed is it of any great importance. Martha continued the poet's bosom friend. If any of his letters could be called familiar, it would be his letters to her. He opened himself to Mrs Patty if to any human being. He describes his journeys to her, and (minutely) the different places he visits; though, when the moment came to make merchandise of these letters, he did not hesitate to cut out the bit of description or the fine sentiment he wanted, and add it to any other that might chance to need embellishment. But to the end of his life he was faithful to her. "Their acquaintance began early," says Dr Johnson — "the life of each was pictured on the other's mind — their conversation, therefore, was endearing; for when they met there was an immediate coalition of congenial notions." And there is something in this long faithfulness of a life to a tie which was enforced by no bonds either of law or custom, which in itself has a certain nobleness. It is supposed that Mrs Martha fell into evil repute with some straitlaced people in consequence of this close friendship; but it is one of the cases in which evil thinking must have been driven to the last strait to compound its fables. If anybody might have been allowed the solace of a sympathetic woman's friendship, it surely should have been the deformed and invalid Pope.

We have, however, left the main stream of his life for this little current of tender sentiment. The publication of his 'Essay on Criticism' was the beginning of strife. It was a curious subject for a young poet who had as yet suffered nothing from criticism; and the belligerent impulse of youth, always prone to set things in general to rights, tempted him to introduce, at full length and in the plainest way, one of the most trenchant critics of the day.

> "Appius reddens at each word you speak,
> And stares tremendous with a threatening eye,
> Like some grim tyrant in old tapestry,"

says the rash and irreverent youth. Dennis, who had written a tragedy on the subject of Appius and Virginia, was one of the foremost critics of the period. No doubt the terse little sketch is very graphic, and, minute as it is, brings the victim before us with appalling distinctness. As soon as it was known who the author was—for the poem was published anonymously—the offended critic retaliated. He conceived himself to have been "attacked in his person instead of his writings," and did not hesitate to repay his assailant in kind. "Inquire," he says, "between Sunninghill and Oakingham for a young short squat gentleman, the very bow of the god of love, and tell me whether he be a proper person to make personal reflections. He may extol the ancients, but he has reason to thank the gods that he was born a modern; for had he been born of Grecian parents, and his father consequently had by law had the absolute disposal of him, his life had been no longer than that of one of his poems—the life of half a day. Let the person of a gentleman of his parts be never so contemptible, his inward man is ten times more ridiculous; it being impossible that his outward form, though it be that of downright mockery, should differ so much from human shape as his unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding." Such was the amiable manner in which literary quarrels were conducted in the Augustan age.

Of this assault Pope writes with dignified calm, which unfortunately was very shortlived, to his correspondent Mr Caryl. "I shall certainly never make the least reply to him," he says, "not only because

you advise me, but because I have ever been of opinion that if a book can't answer for itself to the public, 'tis to no sort of purpose for its author to do it." He repeats a similar sentiment in a letter to Addison, when condoling with him two years later, in 1713, on an attack made by the same scandalous critic. "Your opinion that it is entirely to be neglected would have been my own had it been my own case," he says; "but I felt more warmth here than I did when first I saw his book against myself (though, indeed, in two minutes it made me heartily merry)." These are very fine sentiments from the author of the 'Dunciad.' Addison made up to him by a most favourable notice in the 'Spectator,' for which Pope wrote him a letter full of the humblest thanks; then, lest he should have deceived himself, and Steele should be the author of the notice, the wily poet sent his acknowledgments also to Addison's coadjutor. The correspondence thus begun with the representatives of what was periodical literature in these days brought Pope temporarily into their circle, and led to the publication of his 'Messiah,' and of the well-known and much commended ode, 'A Dying Christian to his Soul,' in the 'Spectator.' He maintained a correspondence for some time both with Addison and Steele, and wrote a prologue to the play of 'Cato,' by way of homage to the most popular man of letters that ever reigned in England. Pope himself gives a graphic description of its success. "Cato," he says, "was not so much the wonder of Rome in his day as he is of Britons in ours. The numerous and violent claps of the Whig party on one side of the theatre were echoed back by the Tories on the other. This was the case, too, of the prologue writer, who was clapped into a stanch Whig, *sore against my will*, at almost every two lines." The prologue was afterwards printed in the 'Spectator,' with some lines of commendation from Steele. Pope's admiration for Addison, or his natural spite, or some other mingled reason, led him, however, on the same occasion, into a very different kind of performance. 'Cato' was attacked in a violent pamphlet by Dennis, whose remarks on the author of the 'Essay on Criticism' have been already quoted. It was an opportunity of vengeance; and it would seem, from a letter addressed to Addison, that Pope had offered to enter the lists in his behalf. He congratulates him "on having his share in that which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of—Envy and Calumny;" and adds, "You may conclude from what I here say that it was never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to such a critic, but only in some little raillery — not in defence of you, but in contempt of him." It is evident by this that Addison had discouraged the suggestion, but Pope was not to be balked. 'The Narrative of Dr Robert Norris on the Frenzy of J. D.' was published a few months after the first appearance of 'Cato.' There is no attempt in this extraordinary production to defend Addison or his play. It is a mere personal attack of the fiercest and coarsest kind, neither graphic nor amusing, even in its villanous way—a brutal onslaught, at once mean and malignant, with no reason nor nature in it. "Norris was an apothecary or quack in Hatton Garden, where he displayed his sign of the Golden Pestle and Mortar, and professed to have thirty years' experience in the expeditious cure of lunatics." This practitioner is represented as being called to the bedside of Dennis *up three pair of stairs*, in a miserable room, where Lintot the bookseller is found ministering to the raving critic. No piece of local spite launched by one angry vestryman at another could be more contemptible than this ebullition of

the greatest poet of the age. It yields the palm of grossness only to another performance of the same description on the *Alleged poisoning* of Curll, afterwards produced by the same hand, which is perhaps a little more filthy, though not more despicable. Commentators of course are to be found who find humour in these detestable pages, but even Warburton confesses the 'Narrative' to have been "a mean performance, but dictated by the most generous friendship;" which, he adds, "meeting in the person defended a heart incapable of the like exertion of virtue, was not received with that acknowledgment which such a service deserved."

Fortunately for Addison's character, he did the very reverse of acknowledging the service. At the risk of making himself a more dangerous enemy than Dennis, he immediately disclaimed all share in the villanous publication. "Mr Addison desires me to tell you," Steele writes to Lintot, "he wholly disapproves the manner of treating Mr Dennis in a little pamphlet, by way of Dr Norris's account. When he thinks fit to take notice of Mr Dennis's objections to his writings, he will do it in a way Mr Dennis will have no just reason to complain of." What Addison could have done else it is hard to imagine; though the fashion of the time was perhaps as much to blame as the poet who thus demeaned himself. Unfortunately this disavowal sowed seeds of enmity in Pope's mind, which afterwards came to bitter and enduring fruit.

The end of his connection with the editors of the 'Spectator' and 'Guardian' was marked by another curious little episode in literary history. A series of papers written by Tickell had appeared in the 'Spectator,' reviewing the Pastoral poets from Theocritus downwards, in which Phillips was largely quoted, and pronounced to be the legitimate successor of Spenser. It was the same Phillips whose Pastorals had been published along with Pope's in Tonson's 'Miscellany,' and the praise is said to have been "dictated by friendship,"—a motive-power of literary criticism with which we are all acquainted. Fired with the injustice done him, Pope wrote for the 'Guardian' an affected "Continuation of some former Papers on the Subject of Pastorals," in which he makes an elaborate comparison between his own work and that of Phillips, to the pretended advantage of the latter. Phillips, he says, excels in simplicity, a quality in which even Virgil fails, "who has been thought guilty of too courtly a style. . . . Mr Pope has fallen into the same error as Virgil," he adds, with mock solemnity; and goes on to applaud the judgment of Phillips in describing wolves in England, and the fertility of his genius in producing "finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardener," his roses, endives, lilies, kingcups, and daffodils all blowing in the same season. "With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately," says the malicious critic, instancing two of poor Phillips's nonsense verses, "while our other Pastoral writer," he adds, bringing in with equal vanity and skill two of his own polished and melodious stanzas, "in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright poetry!" He then goes on to instance some specimens of the native English Pastoral, which he applauds his rival for having caught the strain of—

> "Diggon Davy, I bid hur good-day,
> Or Diggon hur is, or I mis-say."

And another, "the most beautiful example of the kind I ever met with"—a west-country ballad, in which Cicely begs her lover—

> "Roger, go vetch the Kee, or else tha Zun
> Will quite bego, bevore a'have half a don."

"After all that has been said," he concludes, "I hope none can think it any injustice to Mr Pope that I

forbore to mention him as a Pastoral writer, since, upon the whole, he is of the same class as Moschus and Bion, whom we have excluded from that rank; and of whose Eclogues, as well as of some of Virgil's, it may be said that (according to the description we have given of this sort of poetry) they are by no means Pastorals, but something better."

This amazing production was inserted by Steele, either in fright or bewilderment, and raised such a ferment as may be supposed, setting the wits agape at its daring insolence and vanity, and driving the pastoral Phillips half-mad with rage. He is said to have put up a rod in the public room at Britton's coffeehouse, with which to take vengeance upon his critic.

While all this was going on, better work proceeded with it, by that curious and blessed inconsistency of human nature which permits the sweetest fruit to grow along with the bitterest. The 'Rape of the Lock,' the 'Elegy to an unfortunate Lady,' the 'Eloise and Abelard,' were all written before Pope had reached the age of thirty. The rank which these poems take in the permanent literature of the country it is very difficult to define. They are too perfect in expression to fall into the second class, and too artificial to rise to the first. But they were undoubtedly the first and most powerful productions of their age in poetry, and were the subject of unbounded panegyric from his contemporaries. It is curious to read the pages of elaborate comment with which these poems are accompanied. "If it should be thought," says Warton, in one of his many notes to the 'Rape of the Lock,' after a comparison of the occupations of Ariel in the 'Tempest' with those of Ariel in Pope's masterpiece, "that Shakespeare has the merit of being the first who imagined proper employments to imaginary persons, yet it must be granted that, by the addition of the most delicate satire to the most lively fancy, Pope, in a following passage, has equalled anything in Shakespeare, or perhaps in any other author." The following passage is this:—

"Our humble province is to guard the Fair;
Not a less pleasing though less glorious care,
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay, oft in dreams invention we bestow
To change a flounce or add a furbelow."

This is put in comparison with that account of Ariel's employments in which he "runs upon the sharp wind of the north," dives "into the fire," "rides on the curled clouds," and fetches "dew from the still vext Bermoothes!" The commentators again and again remark upon "the exquisite skill, humour, and pleasantry" of the poem, the "beautiful fiction" of this and that passage. "There is much pleasantry in the conduct of this scene," says Warburton. When Pope himself intimates a point at which four lines were added—"Added with great dexterity, beauty, and propriety!" says his admiring editor. In the 'Elegy,' the footnotes point out with what "great tenderness and pathos" the circumstances of the story are touched, and the striking character of the opening metaphor. "Can anything be more naturally pathetic?" again cries Warburton. The same critic tells us, when we reach the Prologue to Addison's 'Cato,' that this and the Epilogue to 'Jane Shore,' which follows, "are the most perfect models of this species of writing." Thus the poet is accompanied at every step by a chorus of commentators ready to point out any beauty to the reader, who otherwise might miss it. Pope himself published a 'Key to the Lock,' a pamphlet in-

tended to insinuate that the poem had a political meaning; but this seems to have been a mere expedient to widen the popularity for which he had an unquenchable thirst.

Great as was the fame of these poems, however, they seem to have produced more praise than pudding to their author; and struck by some whimsy, or moved by some impulse of supposed prudence, he put himself under the charge of his friend Jervase the painter, to learn that art—an undertaking which came to nothing. "All his poetry, we are told, had not brought him a hundred pounds," and the young author wanted money and remunerative work. Long before, Sir William Trumbull, in the depths of the Forest, had suggested to him a translation of the 'Iliad,' and the advice had been echoed by Addison and other competent counsellors. It was in the year 1713 that he decided to act upon this suggestion, and began his translation. The work was to be published by subscription, in six volumes, at one guinea each; and Pope's friends immediately undertook to fill up his list of subscribers. "The author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him," said Swift, swaggering in an antechamber at court. As for the work itself, it was soon found to be no light or easy task. His education makes it impossible to suppose that his own learning could have been equal to the undertaking; and though he assures Addison, at the outset, that "the Greek fortification, upon a nearer approach, does not appear so formidable as it did, and I am almost apt to flatter myself that Homer secretly seems inclined to a correspondence with me in letting me into a good part of his intentions," to his more familiar friends he expressed other sentiments. "In the beginning of my translating Homer," he said to Spence, "I wished anybody would hang me a hundred times. It sat so very heavily on my mind at first, that I often used to dream of it, and even do so sometimes still to this day. My dream usually was that I had set out on a very long journey, puzzled which way to take, and full of fears that I should never get to the end of it." "My time and eyes have been wholly employed upon Homer, whom I almost fear I shall find but one way of imitating, which is in his blindness," he writes to another correspondent. "I am perpetually afflicted with headaches, that very much affect my sight."

Then matters began to get a little better. When he fell into the methodical ways of a translator, whose work is cut and dry before him, and got into the habit of doing thirty or forty lines in the morning before he got out of bed, his work became easier to him. "Adieu! I am going to forget you," he says to Mr Digby; "this minute you took up all my mind—the next, I shall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon and the recovery of Briseis. I shall be Achilles's humble servant these two months. . . . It is not to be expressed how heartily I wish the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another." "When people talk of going to church," he says to his friend Jervase, "I think of sacrifices and libations; when I see the parson, I address him as Chryses, priest of Apollo. . . . I have the greatest proof in nature at present of the amusing power of poetry, for it takes me up so entirely that I scarce see what passes under my nose, and hear nothing that is said about me. . . . I now and then just miss you as I step into bed. This minute, indeed, I want extremely to see you; the next, I shall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy or the recovery of Briseis."

As for the work itself, Dr Johnson, who has no confidence in Pope's scholarship, evidently gives him credit for having come to a clear

perception of the sense of his author, chiefly through the translations which abounded in Latin, French, and English. "When he felt himself deficient he sought assistance; and what man of learning would refuse to help him?" Some men of learning were, indeed, employed to help him, one of whom, "the celebrated Jortin," made notes for him from Eustathius for three or four guineas a-book. Toilsome as the labour was, it had its substantial reward—a reward, perhaps, unprecedented and unequalled in its way, though the actual amount of money gained has been surpassed in other branches of literature. He had two hundred pounds for each volume from the publisher, beside the subscriptions; and the work altogether produced a sum of £5320. "No such encouragement to literature had ever before been manifested," says Mr Carruthers. The poet was at once delivered out of his supposed embarrassments; and was henceforward able to act for himself, to choose his own residence, and feel himself an independent man.

The disposal of this sum is very curious, and will make the mouths of the owners of small fortunes water. "With the produce of this subscription, which he had too much discretion to squander, he secured his future life from want by considerable annuities. The estate of the Duke of Buckingham was found to have been charged with five hundred pounds a-year, payable to Pope, which, doubtless, his translation enabled him to purchase." And, in addition to this, he bought the lease of his house at Twickenham. One rubs one's eyes over the marvellous balance-sheet. Five hundred a-year and a villa out of five thousand pounds! It is tantalising to have such a difference held up before us; the entire capital nowadays would not purchase the villa, not to speak of the annuity. It is curious, at the same time, to note the way in which this large sum was attained. The subscribers seem to have given what they pleased, though the price was fixed at a guinea the volume; and the warmer the friendship, no doubt, the larger would be the subscription. The King, for instance, gave £200, and the Prince £100 for their copies. There is a mixture of charity, or at least alms, in the transaction, which might be unpalatable to a modern author; though it hurt nobody's feelings in those days. But how literary enthusiasm should affect rates of interest is a more puzzling question, and the startled observer is left uninformed. The greatest poet now would find it difficult to purchase for five thousand pounds a villa on the Thames, and an income of five hundred a-year.

Before he came to his fortune, however, Pope's family had left Binfield. He writes to a friend, in his magnificent way, that his father and mother "had disposed of their *small estate*" (the twenty acres), and that he had "found an asylum for their old age at Chiswick, under the wing of my Lord Burlington." This asylum was one of a row of houses called Mawson's Buildings, which, it is said, still remain near the landing-place. Here the father died to whom Pope had been a good son, and whose death he lamented with great feeling.

There is a touching little note extant addressed to Martha Blount which bears all the traces of genuine grief: "My poor father died last night. Believe, since I don't forget you this moment, I never shall," he writes, with rare and affecting simplicity, to the friend of his whole life. Every evidence unites in proving him a good son, as well as a steady and constant friend.

Such little touches as these—so few, so brief, so scantily sown along the arid course of years—are all the traces of a real human life that are to be found in Pope's history. Let us pause once more at Twickenham villa, procured by his new wealth, which, in the barren tale filled from

beginning to end with shadows instead of realities, may be supposed to stand for the happiness of the poet's life.

The house which now occupies the site, it is right to say, has nothing to do with Pope. It is not even enlarged from the nucleus of his little house, like the villa at Binfield. The original habitation, which consisted of "a small hall paved with stone, and two small parlours on each side," with a corresponding upper floor—the stereotyped arrangement still faithfully retained by the homely British architect—has totally disappeared. A stately house, with wings, and accommodation for a family of distinction, as auctioneers say, looks now over the pretty lawns upon the everlasting river, which takes no heed of such changes. Most people know that suburban paradise. Of its kind there is no lovelier spot. The soft slopes of Richmond rise close at hand; the broad, silvery thread of the Thames gives life and interest to the country. Noble cedars, for which the neighbourhood is famous, stand here and there upon the perfect lawns; pensive willows sweep their long branches to the water's edge; here and there the foliage breaks and reveals to the spectator in his boat, like a sudden secret, a house withdrawn in its little open, amid velvet turf and flowering shrubs and brilliant flower-beds. It is nature, trained and trimmed and polished to the last perfection, but still it is nature: a full, great, silent, eloquent river—a world of stately, responsive trees—and, at every corner you turn, a human habitation, concealed with dainty art from the ruder side of the world, revealing itself with sudden frankness, with open windows, with family groups upon its lawns, to the friendly stream. It is probable that Pope had felt the charm of the river in his temporary residence at Chiswick. Its soft monotony of rhythm must have found some answer in the mind which could give vent to streams of verse almost as perfect. In this sweet retirement he established himself in the end of the year 1717, being then nearly thirty, a careful, thrifty, and not unacute man of business. His father had left him, he says, "the ticklish management of so narrow a fortune, that any one false step would be fatal." But he had his five thousand pounds beside, and, it is evident, was very well to do. The house was "small and bad," Horace Walpole tells us.

> "Close to the grotto of the Twickenham bard—
> Too close—adjoins a tanner's yard,"

says a contemporary epigram; but probably Pope was not very fastidious. His small parlours were enough for him, and his river and trees could not be surpassed. "It was a little bit of ground of five acres, enclosed with three lanes, and seeing nothing," Horace informs us. "Pope had twisted and twirled, and rhymed, and harmonised this, till it appeared two or three sweet little lawns, opening and opening beyond one another, and the whole surrounded with thick, impenetrable woods." This process cost him, his servant reports, £6000, which is another proof of the curious multiplication of money in his fortunate hands. The pride of the establishment, however, was a grotto, made up with spar, fossils, and bits of looking-glass, and which, to the altered taste of the present age, sounds very like a bit of Cremorne. Pope himself describes it with pride to his friend Edward Blount for the edification of certain young ladies who, "in their green gowns," had been used to trip about the little lawn. To do him justice, the grotto was not pure invention on his part, but an expedient to make the most of an underground passage from one part of his grounds to the other, his limited space being cut in two by the highroad to London. "From the river Thames you see through

my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner," he says; "and from that distance under the temple you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass." The delusive splendour which it was the poet's way to throw over all his surroundings, has its ordinary dilating effect, no doubt, upon Twickenham as upon his former home. The picture he leaves us is one of an elegant retirement, not without fantastic traces of the bad taste of the time, but redeemed by the sweep of green lawn and fine trees—a house of refined freedom, with open doors to all the worthiest, and a simple, liberal, refined hospitality.

"Know, all the distant din that world can keep
Rolls o'er my grotto and but soothes my sleep;
There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war and statesmen out of place.
There St John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul;
And he whose lightning pierced the Iberian pines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines."

Nor is there wanting lowlier company than Bolingbroke and Peterborough. Here is a still more extended sketch of the plentiful simplicity of the poet's house. He declares himself as happy in his elegant humility as if he had been (as once he hoped, "in South Sea days") the lord of thousands; or (with the usual pleasant delusion about little Binfield),—

"*In forest planted by a father's hand,*
As in five acres now of rented land,
Content with little, I can peddle here,
On broccoli and mutton round the year.
But ancient friends, though poor or out of play,
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true no turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, — what my Thames affords.
To Hounslow Heath I point, and Bansted Down,
Thence comes my mutton, and these chicks my own.
From yon old walnut-tree a shower shall fall,
And grapes long lingering on my only wall,
And figs from standard and espalier join—
The devil's in you if you cannot dine.

. . . . . .

My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? through whose free opening gate
None comes too early, none departs too late."

This profusion of hospitality is curiously commented upon by Dr Johnson's account of Pope's remarkable frugality, which was shown, says his biographer, "in a niggardly reception of his friends and scantiness of entertainment; as when he had two guests in his house, he would set at supper a single pint upon the table, and having himself taken two small glasses, would retire and say, 'Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine!'"

It was at Twickenham that the one little gleam of passion which seems for a time to have flashed over his life came to an end. If he loved Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, or if he only admired her, it is hard to tell; but there are signs which lead the observer to suppose that the beautiful and brilliant woman had actually struck the rock and called forth some natural gush of emotion. The following verses would almost prove such a miracle; they are evidently written while he was employed in the beautifying of his gardens and house:—

"Ah, friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains and of sloping greens.
Joy dwells not there; to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.
What are the gay parterre, the checkered shade,

The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard into the passing winds?
So the struck deer in some sequestered part
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart.
There, stretched unseen in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away."

Not long after these beautiful verses were written, the poet branded the object of his admiration in such couplets as the critic cannot quote. The cool and concentrated hate with which he impales too many other victims is an altogether different sentiment from the furious rage with which he flies at the name of Sappho whenever he can bring it in. If it was unrequited love which produced such venomous fury, it is, Heaven be praised! a rare exhibition. The story is too fragmentary to be entered into; but the two names must be associated as long as the literature of that strange, squabbling, abusive age continues to interest the world.

Pope was at the height of his fame and prosperity when he arranged the smooth lawns, and planted the artful bosquets about his little Twickenham house; he had published his best works, and got successfully through his hardest bit of literary toil; and honour and success had rewarded him. And yet, in the midst of all those softening influences of personal wellbeing, the fountain of bitterness was permanently opened. It flowed forth first upon Addison, who had again, as Pope believed, sinned against him. Tickell, one of Addison's literary followers, was, it appears, engaged on a translation of the first books of the 'Iliad' when Pope took up with the same work. When both books appeared, Addison, out of friendship for Tickell or jealousy of Pope, or inadvertence, or bad taste, declared that though "both were good, Tickell's was the best that had ever been written." This opinion sent the poet ablaze; wild plans of revenge seem to have shot through his brain. He determined to publish together "the four versions of Dryden, Mainwaring, Tickell, and his own, that they might be readily compared and fairly estimated." He intended to publish a vigorous criticism of Tickell's translation, "and had marked a copy which I have seen," says Dr Johnson, "in all places that appeared defective." In short, he went mad with mortified vanity, jealousy, and rage. Balked in both those dignified and charitable intentions, the whole bitterness of his heart poured forth upon Addison. What was probably a mere expression of friendship and favouritism, gradually grew and magnified under Pope's gaze till it became a deliberate and malicious intention to forestall him in his work, and cut him off from his reward. He got at last to believe, or to pretend to believe, that the other translation was Addison's own, and not Tickell's; and the result of all his gathering rage was the well-known satire, of which almost every line has become a proverb, and which has served the purpose of many another mortified and embittered soul:—

"Were there one whose fires
True genius kindles and fair fame inspires,
Blest with each talent, and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live at ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear like the Turk no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise,
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer,
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.
. . . . . .
Like Cato give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"

This piece of concentrated abuse Pope says he sent to Addison in a letter, animadverting freely on his sins towards himself. "He used me very civilly ever after," says the poet. But unfortunately Pope's word does not carry the weight necessary to win faith for such a story; and there is no evidence to support it. It was only after Addison was dead and incapable of response that this character of him glided into print. Its power and intensity are extraordinary; and probably, of its kind, nothing in literature is more perfect. Atterbury is said to have considered it the best thing Pope had ever done. "Since you now, therefore, know where your real strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed," the Bishop writes, with a political appreciation of the bitter gift; and the advice was fatally well followed.

Dennis and Curll had called forth specimens of gross abuse and nastiness alone—his enemies were henceforth to be treated with sharper and daintier weapons. The verses on Addison were published in 1722, and already two other unfortunates gasped impaled in his company. "Bufo," Lord Halifax, and "Sporus," Lord Hervey, Lady Mary, the Duchess of Marlborough, and a host of lesser victims, afterwards followed. To Pope and to his friends this kind of personal crucifixion, which is now banished, if it exists at all, to the lowest class of scribblers, or to the utterances of the parish muse, seems to have been considered a perfectly legitimate literary exercise. Swift employed the same expedient freely, and Gay built his little fortune and his troubles at once on the same disreputable foundation. There is a comedy called 'Three Hours after Marriage,' in which Gay is said to have been aided by Pope and Arbuthnot. "Fossile the husband was intended to ridicule Dr Woodward; Sir Tremendous, the greatest critic of the day, was Dennis, &c. &c." The popular mind has scarcely yet lost the stinging impression of these social treacheries, and still retains a lingering distrust of the writer who has it in his power to hold up his neighbour to the laughter of the world. But fortunately the fashion is over, and poets do not now promote their own reputation by ruthless slaughter of the good fame of others.

The succcessful 'Iliad' led to a translation of the 'Odyssey,' in which Pope was assisted by "two of his friends," Elijah Fenton and Broome, whose labours, however, were acknowledged in a very niggardly way. They translated twelve books between them, but were credited in the preface with only five. For this piece of work Pope received £2885—after paying £700 to his assistants; but we are not informed whether he laid it out to equal advantage with his first gains.

None of these works, however, serious as they were, occupied so much of his life or filled his thoughts as much as did the 'Dunciad,' a work which has now little more than an archæological interest. The idea of a grand epic, mock-heroic, of the same character as that which had already brought him such fame, embodying the reign of Dulness and her chief leaders and champions, had long pleased Pope's imagination. And it was an idea which naturally charmed his friends, living as they did in a kind of Ishmaelitish warfare with everybody who opposed or threatened them. With such a gladiator as Swift by his side, the natural instinct which makes any creature possessed of a sting use it with prompt and unhesitating readiness, was not likely to be softened in the irritable little poet. The men he satirised are dead and gone—their names, as he himself prophesied, but as flies in amber, shut up in the meshes of his verses.

"The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there."

What is Tibbalds to us far down in the nineteenth century, or Phillips, or Dennis, or Cibber? To Pope they were his enemies, and therefore important; but not even the charms of his verse can make them interesting. While Pope was busy about this thankless and unworthy labour, Swift was with him at Twickenham; and here is the picture he gives—a glimpse unusually distinct—of the odd little workshop, where poems were made and reputations killed:—

"Pope has the talent, well to speak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
The Dean too deaf to hear.

Awhile they on each other look,
Then different studies choose;
The Dean sits plodding on a book,
Pope walks and courts the Muse.

Now backs of letters, though designed
For those who more will need 'em,
Are filled with hints, and interlined,
Himself can hardly read 'em.

Yet to the Dean this share allot,
He claims it by a canon,
That without which a thing is not,
Is *causa sine quâ non.*

Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your wit,
For had our deaf divine
Been for your conversation fit
You had not writ a line."

The serious works produced in the latter part of Pope's life were his epistles, and specially the 'Essay on Man,' which Bolingbroke is supposed to have inspired. It was published anonymously, with some of the author's usual wiles, his friends being employed to go about whispering that now at last Pope had a real rival. He himself, in his preface, hypocritically (but always with characteristic self-conceit) professes that he "imitates no man," and "would be thought to vie with no man in these epistles; *particularly with the noted author of two lately published.*" This trick put out the instinct of the public; and many other artifices of the same kind, elaborate appeals to critics here and there what they thought of it, kept up for a time the illusion. The poet, however, had one prick of an amusing kind. He inquired of Mallet, who had become one of his retinue, what new things there were in literature? Nothing, he was answered, worth notice; only a thing called an 'Essay on Man,' poor in poetry and in philosophy. The furious little poet, unprepared, started up in arms. "I wrote it," he said, in sudden rage; and the reader is glad he had that one requital of his own perpetual sting. Other epistles, addressed to various persons, preceded and followed the Essay; the 'Imitations of Horace,' with all their provoking stabs, and the 'Epistle to Arbuthnot,' in which lay, sharp and keen, the posthumous murder of Addison. All of them were sharpened by darts of offence to everybody who had ever crossed his path, and to some who had not. The assault on the Duchess of Marlborough, in the character of Atossa (to withdraw which he is proved to have accepted a thousand pounds: he took the money and printed the character!), and that on the Duke of Chandos, persons who had never harmed him, must have been done in the mere wantonness of mischief. His hand was against every man, except, indeed, the few who praised and supported him, to whom he was, after his kind, a warm friend. To Warburton, who defended the Essay from imputations of scepticism, he was the means of bringing high advance in fortune; and to all appearance he was charitable, and ready to give even above his means; but it is evident that the temptation of the sting was as much too much for Pope as it is to the wasp who pursues us when the windows are open, and the domestic table exposed in the *déshabille* of summer. Whoever touched him, looked at him, interposed between him and the sun, suffered on the spot, without warning or time to escape. And some of his finest efforts are unquestionably contained in these attacks; their conciseness, and close, desper-

ate, well-aimed blows, are perfect in their way.

The society at Twickenham during all this period, notwithstanding "the single pint" for supper, must have been as brilliant as wit and fame could make it. Swift paid one visit of five months to his friend; and Bolingbroke, Peterborough, and Chesterfield, all frequented the little house. Voltaire, when a visitor at St John's House of Dawley, also visited his brother poet, and talked, it is said, so grossly, that Mrs Pope was driven from the table. And there, too, Gay, Arbuthnot, and a hundred lesser lights, twinkled with mild radiance. On one of Swift's visits a joint miscellany was planned, which the Dean, Gay, and Pope compounded together. In their preface to this joint performance the poets complain that they have been "extremely ill used by some booksellers," who had given to the world every loose paper in prose or verse, obtained from the authors by importunity, or by the indiscretion of friends, and that even the papers of the dead had been ransacked to find letters; a curious statement, for which there seems to have been no sort of foundation. It would "seem to have been hazarded with a view of preparing for some subsequent publication of letters," says Mr Carruthers, who has set forth all the curious intrigues on this subject which followed. It was indeed a favourite subject of complaint with Pope, whose restless vanity pleased itself with this supposed evidence of his importance. He plays with the notion in many of his letters, as if he loved it:—

"This letter (like all mine) will be a rhapsody," he says, affectedly, when writing to Swift; "it is many years ago since I wrote as a wit. . . . I write to you more negligently — that is, more openly—and what all but such as love one another would call writing worse. I smile to think how Curll would be bit, were our epistles to fall into his hands, and how gloriously they would fall short of every ingenious reader's expectations! . . . Some letters of mine (to Wycherley) the booksellers have got and printed. . . . I don't much approve of it, though there is nothing in it for me to be ashamed of, because I will not be ashamed of anything I do not do myself, or of anything that is not immoral, but merely dull; as, for instance, if they printed this letter I am now writing, which they easily may, if the underlings at the post-office please to take a copy of it."

From all this it is easy to perceive that, long accustomed as Pope ought to have been by this time to his fame, it still sat on him like a ploughboy's Sunday clothes. He wanted to be sure that everybody knew it was he, and saw his finery, and pleased himself with the idea of a universal curiosity, the very importance of which was a tribute to his greatness. At a later period, when Gay, whom he loved, was dead, and Swift dying, and Bolingbroke in France, he took the most curious means of securing for himself the notoriety he loved. Let us hope that it was the weariness of waning life, and the loneliness that had fallen upon him, which moved the poet to so strange a diversion for his solitude. It is thus it came about.

In the year 1733, Pope being then a man of about forty-five, precisely at the age when men in general are most scrupulous about the privacy of their personal life, a mysterious communication was made to Curll the bookseller, touching a large collection of the poet's letters from his youth to the year 1727. Curll communicated with Pope himself on the subject, informing him that he meant to publish them; and Pope's reply was made by advertisements in the newspapers, proclaiming to all the world that he had nothing to do with Curll, that he knew of no such collection of letters, and that he should not trouble himself about the matter. Finally, after much mysterious communication between the publisher and his unknown correspondents, the book,

already printed by these darkling conspirators, was given to the public. It was advertised with the names of the persons to whom and from whom the letters came: 'Mr Pope's Literary Correspondence for thirty years; being a collection of letters, regularly digested, written to him by the Right Hon. the late Earl of Halifax, Earl of Burlington, Secretary Craggs, Sir William Trumbull, &c. &c. &c.' Curll's advertisement was a direct infringement of a rule of the House of Lords, which prohibited the publication of any peer's letters without his consent, and as such was brought under the notice of the House; upon which the books were seized, the printer and publisher summoned to the bar, and notoriety in its fullest and sweetest extent obtained on all hands, Pope himself meanwhile fulminating in the newspapers against the surreptitious publication, and offering rewards to the apocryphal persons who had betrayed him. His next move was made with the indignant grandeur of injured virtue. "Whereas several booksellers have printed surreptitious and incorrect editions of letters as mine, some of which are not so, and others interpolated, . . . I think myself under a necessity to publish such of the said letters as are genuine, with the addition of some others of a nature less insignificant," he proclaims, in princely guise, in the 'London Gazette.' The trial had succeeded more perfectly than he could have hoped. "Being desirous of printing his letters, and not knowing how to do without imputation of vanity what has in this country been done very rarely, Pope," says Dr Johnson, "contrived an appearance of compulsion, that when he could complain that his letters were surreptitiously published he might decently and defensively publish them himself."

The artifice succeeded, but it does not seem to have deceived any one. The world in general, always so much better aware than the juggler supposes of the way in which his tricks are elaborated, saw the hand behind the scenes that moved all, and knew for what motive the House of Lords was moved to question, and the newspapers rang with counter-advertisements. But the poet, blowing his own trumpet till his cheeks ached, did not perceive that everybody saw him, and saw through his inventions. The revelation which he affected to be forced from him, and which he pretended was honest and complete, was in reality as careful a work of art as any he had produced. The letters were squeezed and pared and fitted into shape like the feet of Cinderella's sisters. Names were transposed, sentiments transferred—the apologies, professions, and offers of friendship made to one man were handed over to another—the verses addressed to one woman made to do service for a second—a hundred tricks played with the correspondence which remorseless time, and the eyes of critics, and the British Museum, have pitilessly discovered. The "surreptitious edition" was as carefully "corrected" and manipulated as the genuine one. Never was there a more elaborate offering laid on the altars of vanity, and seldom has as curious an incident occurred in literary history. "Pope's private correspondence thus promulgated filled the nation with praises of his candour, tenderness, and benevolence, the purity of his purposes, and the fidelity of his friendship." He had thus the gratification of, as it were, posthumous praise and personal glorification while still in the prime of his life, and with possible laurels still before him to win.

Pope's prime, however, was not like that of a man of ordinary health and size. He had been forced, or had forced himself, into premature bloom, and premature decay had followed. He who had been a precocious man and philo-

sopher at sixteen, was, at forty-six, old, querulous, and decaying. "The changes of the weather affect me much," he writes. "The mornings are my life; in the evenings I am not dead, indeed, but sleep, and am stupid enough. I love reading still better than conversation, but my eyes fail, and at the hours when most people indulge in company I am tired, and find the labour of the past day sufficient to weigh me down; so I hide myself in bed, as a bird in his nest, much about the same time." His health failed gradually, and infirmities crept upon him. Up to almost the last year of his life he was still employed, with the aid of Warburton, in slaughtering with cruel tortures every new butterfly that fluttered across his path, every fly that had ever ventured to buzz at Pope. Revenge went to the length of the tiniest insect; and not the most elaborate system of notes can wake any interest in the bosom of the living reader as to the dead triflers of the 'Dunciad.' But though thus remorseless and vindictive to his deathbed, the poet clung to his friends who had made much of him, and had not ventured to interfere with his fame. He made efforts to visit them, though his poor little frame was dropping to pieces. "Yes, I would see you as long as I can see you," he writes to Bolingbroke, "and then shut my eyes upon the world as a thing worth seeing no longer. If your charity would take up a small bird that is half-dead of the frost, and set it chirping for half an hour, I will jump into my cage and put myself into your hands to-morrow at any hour you send." Up till very nearly the last, he still managed to glide along the riverside in his boat as far as Battersea, where Bolingbroke was, and was carried up in his chair to dine with his friend. The reader will see more trace of a human nature in those last glimpses of the dying poet than have been visible through all his previous life. The husk peels off with the long friction of time; with some the process is shorter, with some longer. Pope had so small a soul, so tiny a central point of humanity, that the very last covering of all has almost fallen away before the spirit shows. But it does become visible at the end. As he sits in the sun on his terrace talking feebly with his friends, smiling faintly at himself, the poor old bird half-dead in the frost, casting faint looks of faithful friendship at Martha Blount, who, they say, was indifferent, and at Bolingbroke, whose heart was touched, a certain interest gathers round him. "It was very observable," during this last illness, that Mrs Blount's coming in gave a new turn of spirits or a temporary strength to him. She was a little lively old woman by that time, in the eyes of the younger generation; but that did not affect her charm to her friend. Gleams of a spiritual atmosphere about him appear faintly in those waning days, —he saw strange colours in the rooms, and an arm stretching out from the wall, it is said, at one time, and asked eagerly, "What's that?" Then, with a smile of pleasure, added, "It was a vision!" Bolingbroke wept, crying out with theatrical sentiment, "Oh, great God, what is man?" but the dying poet made no bewailing over his own state. "I am dying of a hundred good symptoms," he said, with a certain soft humour when they mocked him, as injudicious friends will do, with assurances that he was better. Thus he died, so quietly that no one could tell the moment, in his own house, with kindness and almost love around him; almost snatching a kind of life from the touch of death—growing, as he crossed the threshold into the darkness, at last into the semblance of a man.

There is, as has been often said, an unseen tragedy in almost every life. Here there is no tragedy to speak of except the technical one,

that the story ends, as all stories must, in death. But the reason is, that Pope had no life, no personal existence, no thread of individual fate: he worked, he studied, he produced poems greater than his nature; he hated, reviled, and beguiled his fellow-creatures; he magnified and deified himself, and that genius, which, divine thing as it is, can yet exist amidst so much garbage; and he liked with sufficient faithfulness a few people in the world, who were very good, very obliging, flattering, and satisfactory to him. But he neither lived in his own person, nor threw himself heart and soul into any other life; nothing tragic, nothing serious, no real interest to any human soul, is in him. A certain curiosity about the habits and natural history of the strange little phenomenon, a critic's interest in his poetry, a historian's attention to the curious phase of national life across which his little shadow passed—such is all that can be given to Pope.

In literature he stands unique in England. His age, with its sharp emulation of wits, its graces and gracelessness, its frightful licence of speech and insensibility to all social codes of honour, is reflected in his pages as in the pitiless clearness of a mirror. Some of his satires rise to the very sublime of character-painting. In all other ways he has been surpassed—in this he stands supreme; and thousands, we might say millions, in both hemispheres, quote daily those matchless bitter lines without knowing whom they quote. As a poet he wrought out his vein. Nobody could venture to come after, except in humble paths of imitation, so great a master of his art. He was the culmination and perfect blossom of his school. It had to fall when he was gone, nothing greater being possible, and to leave the way open to a party less polished and less correct and more spontaneous in genius, and less elaborate in art.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

TO MARRY OR NOT TO MARRY?

ONCE upon a time it was customary when the House was up, or even, as at present, in that drowsy condition that precedes utter unconsciousness, for the newspapers to amuse their readers by whatever was monstrous or anomalous in nature. Editors then grew that enormous gooseberry that measured as many inches round the waist as Mr Banting, or trotted out that fatted calf which, like the Austrian eagle, enjoys the luxury of two heads, in compensation, perhaps, for not having brains enough for one. The monstrosity season generally began with the dog-days, and lasted while people frequented the seaside. It was thought, and rightly thought, it was a portion of the year that enjoined rest and repose, and that these wonders of nature were about as much of excitement as was prudent with a thermometer in the "eighties," and when men, whether statesmen or stockbrokers, retired from their labours, and invigorated themselves at the sea for the rogueries to come.

We are now close on the "year-time" I have spoken of, and I hear nothing of those strange vagaries of organised existence which I own I looked to, if not with anxiety, with that feeling of certainty that I accosted "lamb" in the spring. I have been puzzling myself to account for this strange change. I know we have grown wiser than our forefathers. We keep aquari-

ums, study the domestic habits of limpets, and understand the private life of cryptogamics as well as we know the Mormons; but still there must be some of us who yearn after that infant of Mrs Somebody, born with a tail eight and three-quarter inches in length, or that black bettle with a voice like Sims Reeves. It is, however, a realistic age in everything. Our story-tellers, who used to revel in a picturesque past, giving us buff-coats and baldaquins, and opening their dialogues with a "Marry, quoth he," are tamed down to chroniclers of life in the Strand, or such scenes as might become Piccadilly. Our whole study is, to take as much "out" of daily existence as it will yield us, and feeling that our time is very brief here, to see, and hear, and do, and taste as much in it as possible.

In this spirit, and a very wise spirit too, we lately made a raid on the grocers, and insisted on having our tea at less than a hundred per cent over its cost price. We then turned on the butchers—we would have cheap meat; and now we are in quest of cheap matrimony—that is to say, our newspapers are crammed with correspondence from affectionate souls who are ready to meet any difficulties with the man of their choice, and more worldly-minded creatures who are cannibally moved to ask, Are we prepared to eat Cupid in default of butcher's meat? The correspondence has a certain sameness that detracts from its high interest. All the gushing people profess their devotion in the same fashion—almost in the same words. All the cautious ones repeat the same truisms, and shake the same forefinger, in the same way. Worst of all, they invariably quote Stuart Mill, who, from what I can gather, must have interfered with as many marriages as the Court of Divorce itself!

Can a man marry on £130 a-year? is the grand question that forms the daily heading of this peculiar literature; and, after all, it resolves itself into the story in the 'Arabian Nights,' where the tailor, being asked if he could not make more than one cap out of a certain piece of cloth, consents ultimately to make ten; but on producing them, each is only large enough to cover the tip of a finger. Still, they are undeniable caps—caps within the meaning of the Act; and so would be the marriages, as a man might learn to his cost!

To tell me that a certain thing is practicable because it has been done by somebody, is simply to say, that the trapeze trick is open to me, for Leotard does it with ease. So, when one man writes to the 'Times,' or 'Telegraph,' and says, "Here am I, who have married on a hundred a-year; my wife and myself are models of domestic bliss; we have brought up a numerous family well and respectably, without permitting ourselves extravagances; we have still our little pleasures, and we always spare—I forget the sum—for the 'Police Gazette,' or the 'Methodist's Magazine;'"—when, I say, I read these and suchlike, I think invariably of the trapeze, and as I mutter to myself, How well he does it, I add, But what a smash he may get any day!

Is life really life if one must pass it on the tight-rope? Is existence worth having, where it is eternally a question of balancing—swaying to this side, and bending to that?

Is it proven that all people have a vocation for marriage, and is conjugalism *per se* certain to requite those who, to attain it, must divide between two what they had already found barely sufficient for one? These are the simple questions which we have no need of a philosopher to ask or answer for us. If one were simply to pronounce from what appears on the surface of life—and it is very hard to go deeper—we should say that the single people, especially the men, have the best of it. They are more in request among their friends, avail-

able for more attentions, and keep longer young than their married brethren.

The double-barrelled egotism of marriage spoils many a good fellow, and destroys the charm of many a delightful woman. The Firm, that terrible partnership, crops up at every moment, and routs that glorious spontaneity, that delicious irresponsibility, we once remembered.

I have no patience with these people who want to marry on what it is a puzzle to them to live singly upon. They must be moral, forsooth! at the cost of reducing some unhappy girl to drudgery, on the false pretence—for it is false—of loving her.

"Why can't they let it alone?" as the great master of common-sense said of a less eventful contingency.

I have met more pleasant and companionable people among the single than the married; but there is a canting notion abroad that marriage is a sort of backbone for good behaviour, and so the curate must be married, and the doctor ought to be married. I don't know how far the theory goes, or whether a lady's shoemaker should have a wife, but I'm sure her coiffeur ought.

I hope we shall soon hear the last of this tiresome controversy; for if any man wishes positively to ascertain, from his personal experience, whether it be safe to marry on £100 per annum, let him commit a small misdemeanour in Ireland and be sent to jail for three months. If his constitution stands the dietary, —the seven ounces of gruel and the pinch of barley per diem—he may have his bans published the day he comes out, and certainly there will be nothing in his absorbent system to interfere with his happiness.

But it is a mistake to suppose that marriage is a necessity, except to a three-volume novel. I am certain that a very large number of people are not made for that species of companionship. Mind, I am not enamoured of Mormonism or Spiritual-wifery, or have I the slightest sympathy with Agapemones. What I desire to insist on is, that our present-day civilisation inculcates conjugalism too indiscriminately, and takes most unjustifiable means to support its position. One of these, and the least commendable of all, is, to disparage those who are called old maids. I have seen many a timid rider in a hunting-field jeered into riding at a fence that cost him a "cropper;" and I am convinced that many women are driven into marriage to escape the obloquy and sarcasm of belonging to that maligned category.

It is no exaggeration to say "maligned." I would ask any one who has seen much of life—who has, so to say, been a man of the world, watching its ways and studying its doings—I would ask of him, Has he ever met in any section of humanity greater kindliness, gentleness, and patience, than amongst these same old maids? Where has he found more hearty, genial, generous natures? where sound views of life disfigured by fewer prejudices? where more thorough charity in discussing the motives? where, in one word, less of those very attributes by which it has pleased the world to characterise this class? It is no part of my task to call witnesses to what I say, but one I will cite, because she eminently represented all that I have so feebly attempted to picture; and if her genius might seem to outshine the lustre of her personal qualities, it is only to those who had not the happiness—and it was a happiness —of her intimacy. I am talking of Miss Edgeworth, and it is well worth all the weight of the years it obliges, to have met and known her.

I will not affirm that marriage could have spoiled such a nature, but I will say it could not have bettered it. Nor is it a small part of the matter that at eighty she was the guiding spirit, the delight, and the charm of that family which derived glory from her name, and happiness from her presence.

Is it to a class which numbers Miss Edgeworth and Miss Nightingale amongst its members women need shame to belong?

I have done. I will only add that, instead of heaping ridicule on the condition of unmarried women, and, out of sheer derision, driving them to accept anybody—anything—as husbands, let us accord them all the deference and regard we bestow on others; and let us not forget, in the presence of some "old maid" whose qualities of mind and nature have charmed us, and whose traces of beauty are not few nor faint, that if we do deem matrimony the great prize in life, it is a living shame to our sex that such a woman should be single.

If I have wandered from my text of "Marriages on Starvation Allowance," it is simply because I have not that overweening impression of conjugalism that I would recommend any one to face beggary to attain it, any more than I would advise a man to lay out his last shilling to buy a ticket in the lottery.

OUTBLUNDERING PADDY.

In the famous rebellion of Ireland in the year '98, so strong was the popular feeling against the Beresfords, that whenever any notes were discovered of that well-known bank they were immediately burned, the people crying out with exultation, "The devil a farthing we'll leave you."

If, to financial intelligence, this mode of injuring an enemy might seem somewhat strange, to the popular mind of Ireland it appeared all that was logical and purpose-like. Beresford's notes sounded like Beresford's property; and every twenty shillings confiscated was deemed twenty shillings lost to the hated race.

Paddy's reasoning in this case, as in many others, was based on false premises. All he needs, in fact, is a little knowledge. Nature has given him great quickness, great discrimination, and an almost lawyer-like acuteness in discovering where the essential point of a case lies; but he lacks that groundwork of knowledge without which his faculties are a mere mechanical force, with nothing to be employed on.

Since the year '98, however, the schoolmaster has been with him, and it is not very probable that he would make the same blunder now. Let us, however, moderate the ridicule with which we regard this blunder of Paddy's, when we see that the great Whig-Radical party—the party of progress *par excellence*—led on by the great intellectual giant of our age, have been exactly repeating the Irishman's mistake, and burning the enemy's notes as the best way to ruin him. The session of Parliament opened with the "Irish Difficulty." It was an old stock-piece that certainly no intelligent manager would have selected for his "benefit;" but late events had recalled it to the stage, and there was no help for it—it must be played with the whole strength of the company.

When something must be done in a case, it generally happens that the something is a blunder. To a considerable part of the English mind Ireland is represented by a small knot of turbulent priests, with a certain rabid following. The only Ireland they know of, or acknowledge, or would admit to exist, is this; and it is in the interests of these people alone they would consent to treat any question which called itself Irish.

Nothing has ever been more cleverly planned and cunningly carried out than the way in which Popery has managed to assume for itself the patent of Irish nationality, and to make it appear

that property, intelligence, education, and loyalty are as nothing when measured against mere numbers; and, secondly, that the crafty projects of a few wily Churchmen represented the natural aspirations of a whole people.

The English liked this theory, if for nothing else, it saved trouble. It was a rough-and-ready way to regard the subject. It looked practical. If any one mildly insinuated that the difficulties of Ireland were very complex—that they as much originated in social disabilities as in political wrongs—he was at once interrupted by, I'll not stand hair-splitting—the people are Catholics, and the Protestants want to crush them. The intelligent foreigner, too—who, by the way, talks more balderdash about Ireland than he does even of Poland — is always prepared to show what Europe thinks of the cruelty of our misgovernment; and we all agree at last to do something—that is, to prescribe for a malady that has *fifty* indications, by *one* palliative addressed to none of them.

The Tories, who ought to have known better, but whose instincts have been blurred and blunted by the rivalry of party, fell into the "do-something theory;" and, not exactly knowing what that something should be, they hit upon that wise notion of what was called "levelling up"—that is, lifting the Papist without depressing the Protestant—endowing one, and not defrauding the other.

As the recipients of the bounty avowed that they accepted everything simply as part payment of an old debt, and even declared that the chief value of any concession was the power it gave of proceeding to obtain more, the others who looked on protested against a system which could only end in general confiscation, and said, Is our loyalty, our tried and proved loyalty, of less account than these men's turbulence? have you less care for *us*, that have stood by you faithfully and well, than for *them*, who live in an organised rebellion to your laws? Whether rightfully or wrongfully, these were discontented and their adversaries not appeased.

Lord Mayo's offer of a Popish university could only satisfy a small number—it never could appeal to the masses; nor could a pledge to teach one man trigonometry content another whose longings were for a potato-garden or a rent-free farm for ever.

It was only the "do-something" theory could have led a man into such blundering legislation. It was as if a man were dying of hunger and you gave him a tooth-brush. Why, Ireland is educated at this moment to a degree that no country in Europe can rival—that is, if you take the measure of the means for the amount. The idea of conciliating the priest was, however, the policy, and the blunder would have been pardonable if it was not an Irishman that made it.

Fortunately, however, blunders prey upon blunders, just as big fish eat little ones. Lord Mayo's mistake was devoured by Mr Gladstone. Instead of pouncing upon this capital error of his opponents—instead of exposing the false policy of healing the evils of Ireland by a measure to buy off the animosity of turbulence—Mr Gladstone, like the peasant, destroyed his enemy's acceptances and burned his notes. He ignored the whole misconception involved by this policy, and brought in his Bill to level down and abolish the Irish Church. Who now remembers Lord Mayo's bills and promises to pay in the hour of impending bankruptcy? Gladstone has rescued his rival by outblundering him!

In the wholesale destruction of the Establishment, men forget the peddling interference that would have disgusted the loyal without even conciliating the rebel. The one bit of good luck that has befallen the Tories—no, I was forget-

ting Abyssinia, but the next piece of fortune to that—was this splendid blunder of Gladstone; it was as complete a boon as the burning of their notes to the Beresfords. But for this mistake we should see the Administration called on to pay Lord Mayo's acceptances—and with a swinging interest, too, if payment was only deferred.

When a good rider gets a fall in the hunting field, it is generally "a cropper;" it is only the fellows with a loose seat who come down lightly and smash no bones. Will Mr Gladstone fare more fortunately? Who knows? My own impression is, that his party will not forgive him this blunder. Some of them are already cursing his jockeyship; and it is only John Bright who says, "Ride on boldly; the fence is not half so stiff as you think it."

A WORD IN SEASON.

We have done admirably in Abyssinia: no failures, no mistakes, no shortcomings anywhere. The whole scheme, rapidly as it was conceived, was planned with a rare accuracy, and carried out with a promptness, a skill, and a decision perfectly admirable. That sort of zeal which, in an individual, often makes an enthusiast, seemed here to animate a whole expedition, and for once men felt they were going to battle not to decide a national rivalry, or for "an idea," but for a glorious cause and a noble object.

If it be not too much to say that no other nation could have done better, we are surely safe in asserting that there are not many peoples who would have engaged in a costly war, in which victory could bring neither increase of territory nor power, and where anything short of a triumphant success would have inevitably redounded to national discredit and dishonour. No wonder, then, if we grow enthusiastic about those who have served us so well. We are, and with reason, proud of our army and its leader, and I would neither moderate this joy nor set limit to national exultation, if I knew that we were exchanging our felicitations *en famille.* It is only because the foreigner is listening that I would preach caution, and say, Take care! take care that you are not misunderstood. This Prussian, this Frenchman, and that German, are quite prepared to declare: "Here is an unmilitary people, who, forced by popular outcry into a little war with a savage tribe, are so overjoyed by their success that they cannot contain themselves. Professing peace doctrines in Europe that they may not be called on to measure themselves against real soldiers, they play the hero against unarmed savages, and talk of bloodless battles as feats of military glory."

To land a force on an unknown shore,—to traverse an unexplored land, where the geographer walks only one step in advance of the pioneer,—to make roads through mountain-gorges,—to bridge over torrents,—to surmount lofty ridges with all the cumbrous train of an invading army,—to be busied with all the arts of peace—establishing markets, obtaining supplies, conveying stores—at the very time that it was necessary to present a hostile front to savage tribes who hovered on the flanks, allies or pillagers as opportunity might dictate,—all these, with the countless difficulties that attend them, the foreigner reads with far less either of interest or approval than he would some account of a hot skirmish where some guns were taken and a standard captured. We in England had no need to be told that our troops would fight. Whatever anxieties the expedition inspired us with

were not as to the issue of a battle. The wild stories that reached us of the hosts that Theodore could lead into the field—of his numerous cavalry, well-mounted and effective as irregular horse so often are—appalled no one. Should we succeed in reaching him? and would he stay to give us battle?—these were the questions that really troubled us. Between the late autumn of one year and the spring rains of the succeeding one the season was short; and in this brief interval all had to be done, and was done. But how prosaically this reads to men who will measure war by its carnage—who weigh difficulties by the amount of bloodshed—and can deem nothing great, nothing glorious, if unattested by a list of killed and wounded!

The military authorities of the Continent almost unanimously declared that we must fail. The horrors of the climate—the ferocity of the wild beasts—the lion-like courage of the savage tribes, who would forget their intestine rivalries to wage war on the stranger—the total want of water—and the impossibility of conveying artillery or munitions of war through passes where men must march, and for miles, in single file—were all duly descanted on and displayed; and now that they have either been refuted as fact or conquered as difficulties, the tone has changed, and England is declared to have done nothing—for there was nothing to do—but done it very creditably on the whole.

It was impossible before it was done, and insignificant when accomplished, is about the summary of that generous appreciation which Germans and Italians bestow on the Abyssinian expedition; and all for this simple reason, that the only point on which *they* could feel anxiety—the valour of the troops—*we* never cast a thought on; while those innumerable difficulties to an advance which we read of with alternate dismay and delight, *they* regarded as the uninteresting features of an uneventful campaign.

How well do I remember overhearing an infirm old creature at a club card-table muttering out, "Es geht langsam in Abyssinia," when our hard-worked fellows made the daily seven miles of road over which the troops marched! "It goes on slowly in Abyssinia," came well from a people whose worst disasters came of sluggishness, and who halted till the enemy was ready to thrash them! but this is but a fragment of that general depreciation which tracks the march of England wherever her soldiers or her sailors go forth to glory. And it is exactly for this reason, and that foreigners should not deem our present exultation the joy of an unwarlike people over an unlooked-for success, that I would now say, Be moderate in your praise, however liberal in your rewards. Abyssinia was not a Sadowa nor a Lissa; it neither subdued a nation nor saved a province.

Never slow to disparage us as a military people, the foreign press will eagerly take advantage of our present enthusiasm to say, With how little these islanders are delighted! The Governments will, indeed, know better and judge more fairly, for they, in most cases, had accredited officers of tried ability and experience to accompany the expedition and report on all that they saw and witnessed; but it is highly important that while such are the rumours spread with no common industry about us, there should not be on our part—especially in our press and our journals—any exaggerated estimate of what has been done. There was already in Parliament a high-faluten tone indulged in that verged on the ludicrous, and the expedition was compared with the conquest of Mexico under Cortez. The great misfortune is that these excesses provoke reprisals, and people begin to ask, Have you not read of Sadowa? Has it never occurred to you to hear

of Lissa? But more strongly still are we appealed to by the book which is at this moment in every hand or on every table, wherein the charge of the "Three Hundred" is recorded with a fervour and a passion, wild, headstrong, and impetuous as the achievement it commemorates. It is hard, indeed, to turn from the narrative of that Balaclava charge and read any other feat of war without a sense of disappointment, and one's conviction that here heroism has reached its apogee; here, all that men can do by infuriate dash, by desperate valour and devotion, has been done, dulls the mind to receive any more exciting emotions from tales of battle.

But if it is not too much to say that no other cavalry in Europe would have ridden to death as did our Light Brigade, with equal truth can we say that the Abyssinian expedition would have taxed the greatest of our rivals to have planned, sent it forth, and finished it in the same space of time and with a like amount of force.

And as to this last point foreign military authorities were agreed, before the expedition sailed, that to undertake such a war without a reserve of at least eight thousand men, was the height of rashness. The stories of Theodore's resources, and especially of his strength in horse, had gained a wide currency. That they all emanated from the same authority, and that most of the deterring intelligence which circulated through the press was the work of the same envoy, we are now aware; but at the time they were taken for truth, and as freely believed in as the deadliness of the climate, the venom of the serpents, and the ferocity of the leopards.

In conclusion, let us not draw ill-natured comments upon us by the rapturous joy of our success, nor give foreigners the opportunity of confounding the national exultation at a difficult task well achieved with what they would like to call the exuberant delight of an unmilitary people over an easy triumph.

If we moderate the expression of our joy, there need be no narrow limit to the bounds of our gratitude. Let the General have the highest honours we can bestow, and let the army be taught to feel it has not served an ungracious country.

Of course I am prepared to hear some sturdy John Bull declare, "What do *I* care for what Dutchmen or Spaniards think of us? We do not take our estimate of our own people from the price set on them in a foreign market." All very well that, if we ourselves were not eternally arraigning these same foreigners, and bringing them for justice to the bar of Piccadilly. Why, the very debates in foreign Chambers have been descanted on in our own House of Commons; and there is no denying it that Europe now constitutes a society in which one public opinion holds sway, and, from Trollhatten to Spartivento, we worship the same idols and laugh at the same absurdities.

Differences of race may add some little venom to the censures, but each people, on the whole, is judged pretty nearly by what they say of themselves, nor are they most leniently dealt with who are their own panegyrists.

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HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

NO. VI.—THE YOUNG CHEVALIER.

There are some landscapes in the world, in which foreign memories, alien to the place, and in some cases less touching and momentous than the natural local associations, thrust themselves in, and obscure to the spectator at once the nationality and individual character of the spot. The English traveller, when he climbs the height of Tusculum, has a scene before him full of the grandest memories of a past which is the common inheritance of the whole civilised world. His boyish lessons, his youthful studies, if they have done anything for him, have qualified him to identify every hillock, and hear a far-off voice out of every tomb. Or if it is not old but modern Rome that charms him, there are a hundred lights on that Campagna, a thousand influences of sound and sense about, enough to move the least imaginative soul; Rome lying distant on the great plain; and the dome that Buonarotti hung between earth and heaven standing out the one thing visible, full of suggestions of the treasures lying under and about it—are sufficient to overbrim the eager brain. How is it that, as we stand upon the wistful plateau with that great scene before us, Rome and her memories fade from our eyes? "Shrivelling like a parched scroll," the plain rolls up and passes away. The Highland hills all black with storms, the lonely, desolate, northern seas, the wild moors and mountain-passes, rise up a sad phantasmagoria over the grey olives and clustering vines. It is the wild pibroch that rings in our ears, it is the heather that rustles below our feet, and the chill of the north that breathes into our faces. Why? Because yonder in the Duomo a line of inscription has caught the traveller's eye, obliterating Frascati and Rome, and all Italian thoughts: "Karolus Odoardus, Filius Jacobi." These are the words, and there lies the high heart mouldered into dust which once beat against the breast of the Young Chevalier!

It was in Rome that the life

of Charles Stuart began, as it ended, in exile, in an unhappy distracted household, torn asunder by domestic dissensions, divided between a disappointed, injured, high-spirited wife, sometimes in open, sometimes in tacit rebellion, and an unfaithful exacting husband, weak, but tyrannical, wicked, yet religious as princes sometimes are permitted to be. Strangely enough, though Queen Clementina, as she was called, would seem to have been of a higher and stronger character than her husband, there is no reference to her in any of her son's letters, and little in the contemporary records. James, whatever his sins were, and they were many, seems to have kept, at least, the affection of his children. But it is impossible to imagine a worse atmosphere for the growth of young lives. The melancholy dispossessed Family was surrounded by a little coterie of a court—a community which, under the best of circumstances, has much of the pettiness, personal squabbles, rumours, and gossip of a village, embittered and set on edge in this case by the fact that its members were discontented and broken men, whose hopes and hearts were elsewhere, and to whom intrigue and conspiracy were daily bread. Plots and counter-plots of all kinds went on in the unquiet household. Every day a gloomy train attended the mimic king across the Piazza to the Church of the Holy Apostles, where he went to pay his devotions. Meddlers of all kinds, ruined soldiers, broken-down statesmen, shifty priests, surrounded the boys thus growing up to an inheritance of false hopes and idle greatness. The bells of the Santi Apostoli, and many a church beside, kept ringing in their young ears with unbroken monotony; the flat ceremonials of the priestly court, of which they were half-dependants, mocked the exiles. Now and then they gave a concert at their palace, to which the wandering English cubs, with their "governors," of whom Lord Chesterfield and Lady Mary Wortley give so uncomfortable a description, came in crowds to stare at the handsome gallant lad, condescending to play for their amusement, who was, so far as blood and hereditary right went, the undoubted heir of England; sometimes they rushed forth across the Campagna to cheat their inactivity with the commotion of a hunting-party—poor copy of the stir of life. And all this while out in the world cannons were roaring, battles fighting. Young William of Cumberland, as yet unmarked by his terrible nickname, was getting himself glory at Dettingen at the head of those English who were not *his* countrymen, that he should have the credit of them. It requires little imagination to conceive how this contrast must have rankled in the high, courageous, adventurous soul of the young Stuart, rightful leader of these Englishmen, who, but for the folly of his fathers, might have been at their head instead of the Hanoverian. He was five-and-twenty, and had been, no doubt, for years consuming his heart in the tedious bustle of the ecclesiastical capital. All his biographers echo the general note of wonder how a prince, trained under the soft Italian skies, amid the supposed effeminacy of Italian customs, could have been fit for the hardships of his after-life. But Charles, it is evident, had been trained, by such experience as that climate and those customs give, to bear heat and cold, the two great extremes, and had taken pains to inure himself to long walks and scant fare, as a hunter among the hills would naturally do. At last, in the depths of winter in the year 1744, the long-expected call came to the eager young man. France, with plans of her own in her mind, had suddenly bethought herself of the Stuarts, by way, not necessarily of restoring them, but of occupying the attention of England with her own affairs, and

making her recall not the troops only, but money, with which an obsequious Ministry enabled King George to subsidise all the world. The summons was secret and sudden, known only to the father and son and their most intimate counsellors. Out of the brief overwhelming excitement of that moment a few words come to us full of natural feeling. "I trust, by the aid of God," said the youth, trembling with hope and eagerness, as he set out on his enterprise, to the old man who had gone through that phase and left his hopes behind him ages ago in the cold blank of the past, "that I shall soon be able to lay three crowns at your Majesty's feet." The father answers tenderly, out of his life-in-death, "Be careful of yourself, my dear boy. I would not lose you for all the crowns in the world," he says, with, one can imagine, what smile and what sigh! Weak, feeble, futile old Pretender—and yet with a heart to be wrung for his boy, like other men.

It was on a night in January 1744—the 9th—that the young Chevalier set forth on one of the most extraordinary, splendid, and hopeless expeditions ever recorded in history. "A little after midnight," a heavy coach, followed by a groom leading another horse, rattled through the stony Roman streets to the Lateran Gate. The keys had been left overnight with the captain of the guard, that no hindrance might be given to the Prince's hunting-party, on which his eagerness carried him forth so early. Gentle Prince Henry, he who was afterwards Cardinal York, was left behind asleep, and, knowing nothing, set out leisurely in the morning to meet the fiery young Nimrod who had preceded him, little thinking on what wild chase it was that his elder brother had gone forth. The chaise and the faithful groom behind went on, across the wintry Campagna in the deep darkness, till they came to the stony causeway, everlasting like all old Roman work, which ascends the Alban hill. There, under some pretext, the young Adventurer left his companion in the coach and mounted his horse. The story goes on to tell how he stood still "at the turning," alone with his faithful Norman groom, until the heavy coach, with Dunbar in it, who for his part pretended to know nothing, lumbered on upon the resounding road towards the hunting-tryst. When the carriage was gone, Charles Edward turned his horse's head the other way, and, facing towards Frascati, towards Florence and Paris and England, "gave his bridle-reins a shake," and escaped into the world.

When this romantic incident occurred, the artificial world held on its babbling course at home as if there had been no such startling primitive chances in existence. The armies and commanders of England were on the Continent fighting for other contested successions, and hiring German troops to aid their arms. The Ministers in London were busy making treaties and granting subsidies, struggling to please King George, whose heart was rather that of an Elector of Hanover than of a King of England. The world of fashion fluttered and amused itself as one reads in Horace Walpole's letters, its Tories pretending to hope for, and its Whigs affecting to fear, the exiled Stuarts in their distant retirement; but one party just as ready as the other with fine birthday clothes at the Hanoverian Court, and traditionary Jacobitism falling into the constitutional opposition of more recent times. Never was there an age when men were less likely to sacrifice themselves, and put their fortunes and lives in peril, for a banished and half-forgotten King. There were a hundred solid reasons why George and his family should lie heavy on the English mind. He was no Englishman, nor even pretended to be. He had none of the qualities that make a man person-

ally popular, except courage. He gave the world an example of dull profligacy on the one side, and unnatural family discords on the other, such as the public mind, however little toned to virtue, invariably resents. In all his public acts he made it apparent that his new kingdom was nothing to him in comparison with his native principality —"a province to a despicable electorate," as Pitt boldly and bitterly said. Yet so deeply had the dangers of civil war stamped themselves on men's minds; or so bent were all on personal wellbeing, safety, and such success as was practicable; or so dull was the level of public feeling at a moment when no public leader possessed the thrill of sympathetic genius, and every man schemed and struggled for himself, that notwithstanding all the drawbacks that attended the Hanoverian race, no touch of ancient love seems to have awakened in the English heart towards the young, noble, and hopeful Pretender, who thus set out with his life in his hand to claim his hereditary place. The whole nation, occupied with its own affairs, and sullenly awaiting the result of its last experiment in kingmaking, abstracted itself from all new contests, and looked on, angry to have its quiet disturbed, indignant at the thought of new expenses, unmoved by the romance of the situation or by the daring of the Adventurer. At this moment of his career there can be no doubt that of all the young princes in Europe Charles Edward was personally one of the most promising. His education had been bad, but his mind was open. He was full of noble natural gifts, if not of intellect at least of character—a gracious, magnanimous, valiant gentleman, with all the charm of manner and person peculiar to his race. There seems every reason to believe that such a nature, sweetened by prosperity, might have come to a finer development than ever Stuart yet had attained since the first James of Scotland, the poet of the race. But such was not the intention of Providence, in all things so inscrutable, and in none more so than in the determination of the influences which cramp or guide the development of character. England did but stand and look on while the young Chevalier drew near her coasts, greeting him with the movement of alarm which might be supposed to startle a shopkeeper at the appearance of any riot which would put his goods and traffic in danger—putting up her shutters, locking her till, in unheroic tremor and still more unheroic calm awaiting the issue. The noblest of Jacobite families, they who had kept up anxious relations with the exiled Court for years (and there was scarcely one family of importance, scarcely one eager statesman, who had not one time or other offered services to or excited the expectations of that Court), adopted this attitude. So long as nothing was to be done, they were content to speak of the Prince's advent as if it would bring them salvation; but as soon as he appeared, the warmest prayer they had to utter was, that he would keep away from them and depart from their coasts. Men who are in possession of all the best gifts of fortune may be pardoned for not rushing blindly into an enterprise which is likely to conduct them to the Tower and the block; but yet it must be recollected that the men who thus stood apart and let their Prince dash himself to pieces against the great wall of a nation's passive resistance, had given him for years a theoretical allegiance, had supported his pretensions, kept up his hopes, and maintained before his eyes a gleam of perpetual possibility. They were all waiting, they professed, for the moment when it would be wise to make the attempt. Such waiting was no matter of life and death to them. Their circumstances were in no way desperate — their lands and

livings were secured, and even public life was not shut against them. But with him it was life or death.

Charles Edward went first to Paris, where he was kept for some time in great retirement, seeing nobody, not even the King—and afterwards to Gravelines, a little fortified town on the dreary line of coast between Calais and Dunkirk, where he lived in more utter seclusion still, attending the preparations for the expedition and watching their progress. From this spot, for the first time, amid the mists and storms of winter, he looked across the angry Channel upon England with such thoughts as may be conceived. On that monotonous shore, lingering upon the margin of the wild sea, catching glimpses, as the clouds lifted and fell, of the island-kingdom of his forefathers, the Adventurer becomes his own historian; but his record is of facts only, not of sentiments and feelings. His sole attendant was a Highland gentleman, one of the busy conspirators of the time, in whom he seems to have been able to repose scanty faith. "The situation I am in is very particular," he writes, "for nobody knows where I am, or what is become of me, so that I am entirely buried as to the public, and cannot but say that it is a very great constraint upon me, for I am obliged very often not to stir from my room for fear of somebody noticing my face. I very often think that you would laugh heartily if you saw me going about with a single servant, buying fish and other things, and squabbling for a penny more or less. I have every day large packets to answer, without anybody to help me but Bohaldie. Yesterday I had one that cost me seven hours and a half." These packets included the correspondence of secret agents, of friends in England, and of the councillors about the French King—all the different machinery by which the great invasion was to be completed. Thus he waited secluded, with England in sight, till the ships were fitted out and the soldiers marshalled which should enable him to put his fortune to the touch—a moment of supreme anxiety, and yet more supreme hope.

The news reached London before long, and made the peaceful population tremble. Early in February, Horace Walpole, scoffing, supposes "the Pretender's son," then in Paris, was "as near England as ever he is like to be." But a week after his tone is mightily changed. The "imminence of our danger" are the words on Horace's lips. "Don't be surprised if you hear that this crown is fought for on land," he writes. "As yet there is no rising; but we must expect it on the first descent." "There is no doubt of the invasion," he adds, on the 23d February; "the young Pretender is at Calais, and the Count de Saxe is to command the embarkation." His letters are full of excitement, alarm, and doubt. Nobody knew, it is evident, how far the people were to be calculated upon. The agitated Whig world, which felt itself on the edge of a revolution, on one side of the Channel, with Walpole for an interpreter, waiting an event which "to me must and shall be decisive," as he says, with an earnestness which, considering his perfectly private position, seems uncalled for; and, on the other, on the border of the separating sea, Charles Edward, eager, breathless, full of hope, waiting with a still more burning eagerness for the outset of the expedition,—make a curious picture. So deep were the apprehensions of the ruling Whigs among whom Horace lived, that he writes, with such consolation as he could muster, to his friend Mann, the envoy at Florence. "Trust to my friendship for working every engine to restore you to as good a situation as you will lose, if my fears prove prophetic," he writes; but the only

real gleam of comfort he has is, that the populace, always so ready to be led away by a name, had been seized with a horror of the French invasion. "The French name will do more harm to the cause than the Pretender's, service," he says. All this fright on the one hand, and hope on the other, came to an end without the striking of a blow. The French fleet was watched and pursued, and let slip, by the English admiral, old and prudent, who had been sent out to look for it; but another guardian, more potent than even an English fleet, watched the British coasts. "There have been terrible winds these four or five days," Horace writes, catching at the straw of good fortune. The storm "blew directly upon Dunkirk," beating back the invading vessels. "Some of the largest ships, with all the men on board, were lost," says Lord Mahon; "others were wrecked on the coast, and the remainder were obliged to put back to the harbour with no small injury." After all these elaborate preparations, this storm sufficed to discourage France from her project. The royal exile, who had embarked so eagerly, was put ashore again, in that dejection which follows too triumphant hopes. A plan, so large and elaborate, collapsing so suddenly and utterly, has few parallels in history. In England, it is evident, nobody believed it was over by this one encounter with the winds. "That great storm certainly saved us from the invasion then," writes Horace Walpole, in the middle of March. But of all the expedition, the only individual who seems to have thought more of it after setting foot on French soil, was the one princely heart, sick with disappointed hope, downcast, and heavy, but not crushed or helpless, who went back once more alone to the dreary little seaport, to wait some gleam of better fortune. To all the world around him his business was secondary. France, politely regretful, turned aside and went off to her own concerns. Jacobite England gave a doubtful, distant, sentimental homage, so long as the Deliverer would but keep away from her. Had the Prince been a man of his father's calibre, no doubt he would have dropped salt tears into the angry surf of the wild Channel that lay between him and his kingdom, and abandoned the hopeless desperate attempt. But Charles Edward was of other mettle. The moment had come when he must do or die. Wild hopes of victory, no doubt, were in his mind; but it is evident that other thoughts—visions of the possibility of death on the field, a violent glorious end—were also present before him. The only thing impracticable was to return to the languid misery of Italian dependence—the death-in-life of his Roman captivity. No hereditary enthusiasm for the house of Stuart moves the mind of the present writer; but he would be a passionless observer, indeed, who could look upon the forlorn and dauntless figure of this princely young man, gazing on his hereditary kingdom across the salt and bitter waves, and making up his mind to all the dangers, all the toils and hardships, of one last struggle for his rights, without a thrill of generous sympathy. He was no philosopher, to consider the weeping train of orphans whom his enterprise would leave fatherless; his was no cruel imagination, capable of realising the pitiless horrors with which a frightened country should stamp out the remnants of rebellion. Himself brave, clement, tender, and magnanimous, how could Charles Stuart conceive of the butcheries of Cumberland? The spirit of his race rose in him to its one last outburst. Error and misfortune ran in the blood—but the Adventurer on that lonely shore seems to have cast off for the moment the dreary memories of the English Stuarts, and served himself heir to the noble old

Jameses — gallant monarchs of a barbarous - gallant people — the Commons' kings! The time had come when all the nobleness, patience, valour, and courage of the old stock should burst again into flower—one of its best blossoms, and its last.

So eager was the Prince to enter upon the great work of his life, that he proposed to the brave old Earl Mareschal to embark in a herring-boat and make his way to Scotland, with characteristic trust in the ancient heroic kingdom. But though it came to something very much like this in the end, at that moment he was dissuaded from such a venture. After a while he went to Paris, where he lived privately, wearily waiting for succour and encouragement from the French Court, then actually at war with England. "I have taken a house within a league of this town, where I live like a hermit," he writes to his father in the beginning of June. In November he is still no farther advanced. "As long as there is life there is hope, that's the proverb," he writes, in his weariness. "You may imagine how I must be out of humour at all these proceedings, when for comfort I am plagued out of my life with *tracasseries* from our own people, who, it would seem, would rather sacrifice me and my affairs than fail in any private view of their own." Already he had begun to see the disastrous influences which were in the field against him, and that the difficulties in his own camp would be as heavy a strain on his courage and patience as any without. "Our friends in England are afraid of their own shadow, and think of little but diverting themselves," he adds, mournfully, "otherwise we should not want the King of France." By degrees he learned also that the King of France was little likely to aid him with more than vague promises of service. He was ready himself to set out with a single footman if necessary—to "put himself in a tub, like Diogenes!" he says, with half-ironic, half-pathetic humour. He begs his father to pawn his jewels, which "on this side the water he would wear with a very sore heart," in order to furnish the necessary funds for the undertaking. "The French Court sticks at the money," he writes in the spring of 1745, but he himself would rather "pawn his shirt" than fail. Those letters, though badly written and badly spelled, convey anything but an idea of an untrained or dull intelligence. All the grand drawbacks to success are clearly indicated in them—the indifference of France, the timidity and supineness of the English Jacobites, the factions and feuds and self-will of the Scotch. It is thus that he defends and explains his own motives, and the causes which led him to take the final step, in a remarkable letter, dated June 12, 1745, about six weeks before his arrival in Scotland:—

"After such scandalous usage as I have received from the French Court, had not I given my word to do so, or got so many encouragements from time to time as I have had, I should have been obliged in honour, and for my own reputation, to have flung myself into the arms of my friends, and die with them, rather than live longer in such a miserable way here, or be obliged to return to Rome, which would be just giving up all hopes. I cannot but mention a parable here, which is, a horse that is to be sold, if spurred, does not skip or show some sign of life, nobody would care to have him even for nothing; just so, my friends would care very little to have me, if, after such usage, which all the world is sensible of, I should not show that I have life in me. Your Majesty cannot disapprove a son's following the example of his father. You yourself did the like in the year '15; but the circumstances now are indeed very different by being much more encouraging, there being a certainty of succeeding with the least help, the particulars of which would be too long to explain, and even impossible to convince you of by writing, which has been the reason that I presumed to take upon me the managing all this without even letting

you suspect that such a thing was brewing. . . . Had I failed to convince you, I was then afraid you might have thought what I had a mind to do to be rash, and so have absolutely forbid my proceedings, thinking that to acquire glory I was capable of doing a desperate action. But in that case I can't be sure but I might have followed the example of Manlius, who disobeyed his father's orders on a like occasion. . . . Let what will happen, the stroke is struck, and I have taken a firm resolution to conquer or die, and stand my ground as long as I have a man remaining with me. I think it of the greatest importance your Majesty should come as soon as possible to Avignon, but take the liberty to advise that you would not ask leave of the French Court; for if I be not immediately succoured, they will certainly refuse you. And this refusal will be chiefly occasioned by our own people, who will be afraid to have you so near for their own private views, and so suggest things to the French Court, to prevent you coming till all shall be decided. I am certain if you were once at Avignon you would never be obliged to remove, but in order to our happy meeting on the other side of the sea.

"Your Majesty may be well assured I shall never be at rest, or leave other people so, until I bring about the happy day of our meeting. It is most certain that the generality of people will judge of this enterprise by the success, which, if favourable, I shall get more honour than I deserve. If otherwise, all the blame will be thrown upon the French Court for having pushed a young Prince to show his mettle, and rather die than live in a state unbecoming himself. Whatever happens unfortunate to me cannot but be the strongest engagement to the French Court to pursue your cause. Now, if I were sure they were capable of any sensation of this kind, if I did not succeed, I would perish as Curtius did to serve my country and make it happy, it being an indispensable duty on me, as far as lies in my power. Your Majesty may now see my reason for pressing so much to pawn my jewels, which I should be glad to have done immediately, for I never intend to come back, and money, next to troops, will be of the greatest help to me. . . .

"I should think it proper (if your Majesty pleases) to be put at his Holiness's feet, asking his blessing on this occasion; but what I chiefly ask is your own, which I hope will procure me that of God Almighty upon my endeavours to serve you, my family, and my country, which will ever be the only view of your Majesty's most dutiful son,

"CHARLES P."

This letter is sufficient to demonstrate that Charles's imperfect education had tolerably well answered the purpose of all true training. Spelling was an art less considered in these days than now; but not the most chaotic spelling or schoolboy penmanship could obscure the manly, straightforward sentiments, or the serious, moderate resolution expressed in these lines. The father to whom they were addressed was an elegant penman, correct in style and orthography; but Prince Charles's homely sentences ring with a mettle and meaning unknown to the softer hero of the Fifteen—his style, if not that of a scholar, is always that of a man.

At last the little expedition got under weigh. It was in the middle of July, sixteen months after the failure of the proposed invasion, that Charles at last set sail from St Nazaire, at the mouth of the Loire. The vessel in which he embarked he describes as "a frigate" carrying "twenty odd guns, and an excellent sailer," which had been procured for him by "one Rutledge and Walsh," the latter of whom commanded the ship. A man-of-war of sixty-seven guns had been procured by the same private individuals, "to cruise on the coast of Scotland, and is luckily obliged to go as far north as I do, so that she will escort me without appearing to do it." In his own vessel he had "fifteen hundred fusees, eighteen hundred broadswords mounted, a good quantity of powder, ball, flints, dirks, brandy, &c. I have also got twenty small field-pieces, two of which a mule may carry, and my *cassette* will be near four thousand louis d'or." In the man-of-war was "a company of sixty volunteers, all gentlemen, whom I shall probably get to land

with me, which, though few, will make a show, they having a pretty uniform." With these provisions the Adventurer set out dauntless, to invade a great, rich, and warlike kingdom. On the way his escort encountered a British man-of-war, and, disabled with the conflict, had to put back, carrying the sixty volunteers and their pretty uniform away to France again. Nor was it Charles's fault that his own vessel did not join in the combat. His captain threatened to order him down to the cabin ere he would cease his entreaties to that effect. At length the lonely little ship, not without pursuit from other wandering cruisers, reached, after a fortnight's voyage, the Western Isles. As the invader approached the shore of one of those wild and rocky islands, an eagle came hovering round the ship. "Old Tullibardine, who first spied the bird, did not choose to take any notice of it, lest they should have called it a Highland freat in him." But when he saw the royal creature following the course of the ship, the heart of the old Highlander rose within him. "Sir, I hope this is an excellent omen," he said; "the king of birds is come to welcome your Royal Highness." At such a moment the whole party, thus arrived at the crisis for which they had been so long preparing, were naturally open to all influences; they looked "with pleasure" upon their winged attendant—at first the only mountain prince who welcomed Charles Stuart to the home of his fathers.

The story is so well known that it seems almost a work of supererogation to follow its details. The Prince's welcome was undoubtedly cold. He had been invited to Scotland by a parcel of conspirators—men whose lives were always in danger, and to whom a little risk, more or less, did not matter—not by the chiefs to whom he now appealed, who had life and lands, and the lives of their clansmen, to answer for. The condition of their rising had always been the support of a body of French troops—a kind of assistance which was not so revolting to the Scottish, still less to the Highland mind, as it was to the English. When they found he had come among them alone, with seven men only in his company, a thrill ran through the islesmen. They tried hard to support each other in entreaties that he would give up his enterprise, and protestations that it was hopeless; but Charles had a thousand weapons to use against this simple heroic race. While he discussed the matter with several influential Macdonalds, headed by Clanranald himself, his quick eye noted a young Highlander standing apart, in whose face the tide of emotion ran high. While Ranald followed with moving lip and gleaming eye the course of argument—all entreaty on one side, all resistance and reason on the other—his hand sometimes seeking his dirk, his foot beating impatiently on the deck, the Prince saw before him the final plea by which he could overcome. Turning suddenly towards the agitated youth, "You at least will help me?" he said. Such an appeal could only have been made by a man himself still thrilling with the self-abandonment of youth. "I will!" cried the lad, with Highland fervour; "though not another man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!" This eager outburst of devotion, and the sudden emotion with which Charles, wound up to the uttermost, and at the point of despair, received the frank allegiance, was the spark that was needed to light the flame. Clanranald and his Duinhewassels, impervious to reason, had no shield to defend them from this sudden enthusiasm. They do not even appear to have made any effort to resist it. The fire was set to the heather, and henceforth every passing breath did but fan the flame.

While this momentous conference

was going on, other Macdonalds waiting at the other end of the deck, half-informed of what was passing and full of excitement, saw "a tall youth of a most agreeable aspect," whose looks moved them, they scarcely knew why. They were told sometimes that he was a young Englishman, sometimes a French abbé, anxious to see the Highlands; yet nature told them otherwise. "At his first appearance I found my heart swell to my very throat," says one spectator. One laird after another came and went from the isles and misty mainland to the little ship, the centre of so many fears and hopes. Each of them came with his burden of remonstrances, his intended protest against the mad enterprise; and each, like young Ranald, went away with fire in his heart and in his eyes, to raise his men and risk his life for the "native Prince," who had thus thrown himself on Highland devotion. Hugh of the house of Morar warned Donald of Kinlochmoidart that he "did not like the expedition at all, and was afraid of the results." "I cannot help it," said the other: "if the matter go wrong, I'll certainly be hanged, for I am engaged already." When Hugh himself went on into the all-fascinating presence, he lifted his voice, as they all did, in warning. The Prince made answer that "he did not choose to owe his restoration to foreigners, but to his own friends; and that could he get but six trusty men to join him, he would choose far rather to skulk with them among the mountains of Scotland than to return to France." The next glimpse we have of this protesting Hugh, he is importuning "his young chieftain (Clanranald) to go ashore immediately, and raise as many men as might be sufficient to guard the Prince's person!" Thus Charles played upon them as a musician on his strings. They could not resist the contagion of his high spirit and chivalrous trust in them. What were lives or lands in comparison with that appeal that went to their hearts? Lochiel, too, "came convinced of the rashness, nay madness, of the enterprise," as Lord Mahon tells us in his admirable narrative, "and determined to urge Charles to desist from it and return to France till a more favourable opportunity." His brother Fassifern entreated him to send his decision by letter. "If this Prince once sets eyes on you," says the sagacious Highlander, "he will make you do what he pleases." But Lochiel, strong in his own prudence, went on like the rest to protest and remonstrate. The argument was long between the Adventurer and the chief. At last Charles brought it to a climax. "I am resolved to put all to the hazard," he said. "In a few days I will raise the Royal Standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend, may stay at home and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince." Against this final argument no Highland heart could stand. "Not so," said Lochiel, moved out of all prudence; "I will share the fate of my Prince, whatever it may be, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power." This was the result of every personal meeting between Charles and the Highland chiefs. Those who kept aloof, in some instances, escaped the fascination. Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Chief of Macleod stood out prudently, withdrawing themselves from all intercourse with the royal suppliant. He landed on the mainland on the 25th July, surrounded by Highland guards, and a devotion all the more intense and priceless that it was tinged with despair, and began in that distant corner of the empire which he intended to conquer, the brief, brilliant, extraordinary campaign, four

months of unexpected and half-miraculous triumph, which was to be followed by such overthrow, such suffering and calamity, as reason had predicted and enthusiasm defied.

We are obliged, in practical life, to judge by the common human standard of failure or success. And according to that standard, this enterprise, doomed from its beginning, and which even in the heart of its leaders was an alternative of despair, can be considered only as a piece of tragic folly, madly conceived and bitterly punished. But there are other views which, in the calm of ages, even the most pitiful spectator may be allowed to take, and which point out the great but difficult truth, that pain, calamity, and havoc are not the worst misfortunes that can befall either a nation or an individual. It is evident that Charles Stuart, with the instinct of a doomed man, felt that nothing which could overtake him could be so fatal and terrible as a return to his captivity. Had he died on Culloden field, had his boat been swamped by the bitter northern waves, and he himself disappeared for ever into their stormy abysses, it would have been well for the exile. What was ill for him was to leave that land in which he found himself, even in his worst privations, a man and a Prince, with an independent existence, and not a miserable puppet of fortune. Neither, perhaps, could better have been for the country itself, which thus rushed upon a glorious destruction, killing by one splendid act the old life which was doomed too, and must have died by inches had there been no Forty-five. It is something to call forth that highest bloom of antique virtue, that unequalled faithfulness, devotion, and honour which throw an everlasting glory upon the death-struggle of the Highland clans. It is something for a man to prove himself generous in victory, gay, friendly, magnanimous, and gentle, when fortune smiles on him—patient, tender, cheerful, and unrepining in the heaviest calamities. The man and the race embarked together in a venture which could not but bring tragic and terrible consequences to both. They did their best to overthrow the foundations of all our national peace, and plunge us once more into the chaos from which we were escaping. They put everything on the cast, pledging their very existence, with scarce a possibility of ultimate success, and no hopes but those roused by emotion and excitement, without foundation or reality. Yet who can say that they did amiss? Ages of pitiful quiet in a borrowed palace were not worth that one brief year of life to the leader of this wildest of forlorn hopes. And what would have been a century of ebbing existence, struggles with new customs, and sick efforts to retain the past, in comparison with the passion and agony of Celtic Scotland, thus accomplished, as it were, at a stroke, with accompaniment of some of the noblest emotions and greatest acts of which human nature is capable? They marched with the wild pibroch wailing over them, with waving plaids and antiquated shields, and hearts full of primitive virtues, passions, and errors, for which the world had grown too old, straight into the jaws of destruction—into the valley of death, into the mouth of hell. It was the end of a race, of a condition of things, of an ancient, noble, and most unfortunate dynasty. Valour unsurpassed, fidelity unequalled, mercy even, unlooked-for companion, marched with them, a guard of honour, to the inevitable tomb. And in face of all after horrors, all suffering, death, and ruin, let us say it was done well.

The standard was raised on the 19th of August in Glenfinnan. On the eve of this ceremony a party of Keppoch's men, aided by a detachment of Camerons, surprised and took captive two companies of

soldiers on their way to reinforce the garrison at Fort William—an auspicious beginning to the struggle. When Charles approached Glenfinnan with his body-guard of Macdonalds, he was chilled and disappointed to find it silent and desert, not a man yet of his host having assembled at the trysting-place. "Uncertain, and anxious for his fate," says Lord Mahon, "the Prince entered one of the neighbouring hovels, and waited for about two hours"—a dreary break in the high current of excitement which must have carried him along. At length the Camerons appeared defiling over the hill, six hundred valiant men, advancing "in two lines of three men abreast, between which were the English companies taken on the 16th, marching as prisoners, and disarmed." This sight alone was enough to raise to certainty the hopes of an enthusiastic and imaginative race. In presence of the triumphant Highlanders and the captive Southrons—emblems of the two races, no doubt, in many a sparkling Celtic eye—the standard flew forth to the Highland winds. It was unfurled by old Tullibardine—the Duke of Athole, as he was called, though his younger brother at the moment enjoyed the title and possessions of the house. "Such loud huzzas and schiming of bonnets up into the air, appearing like a cloud, was not heard of for a long time," says a certain Terence Mulloy, evidently repeating the description given by one of the prisoners. Old Athole was above seventy when he threw forth those crimson folds into the Highland air and proclaimed King James. Gallant old age, dauntless youth, the enthusiasm of victory, the sullen silence of the captives amid all that wild outburst of rejoicing, make up another of the wonderful pictures of which this story is full. When Charles had addressed his Highlanders, he turned, courteous as a true Prince, to the English captain, who stood by. "You may go to your General," he said; "tell him what you have seen, and add that I am coming to give him battle;" and thus dismissed with chivalrous promptitude the honourable enemy. "No gentleman could be better used than he was," adds the authority we have just quoted. In word and deed, as in outward bearing, the young paladin bore himself like a knight of romance. He put on with his Highland garb the spirit of his earlier forefathers. Immediately after this ceremony, and not more than a month from the moment of his landing, in his eagerness to encounter Cope, whom he had thus promised to meet, he marched sixteen miles in boots; "and one of the heels coming off, the Highlanders said they were unco glad to hear it, for they hoped the want of the heel would make him march more at leisure. So speedily he marched that he was like to fatigue them all." Whatever his army had to bear, Charles took a share in their privations. He lived hardly, slept on the heather by their side, marched at their side across moor and hill, watched late and rose up early, like a man to the manner born. He did what was more astonishing still in that age and on such an enterprise. He paid for everything his army consumed, insisted on the strictest discipline, punished all marauders, and had his accounts kept with the precision of a private household. The wild clans came down from the hills full of the instinct of plunder, with the Adventurer at their head, who firmly believed himself the rightful Prince of the rich country through which they passed. Had they cleared everything before them, it would have been a natural result to be expected in the circumstances; but nothing of the kind appears to have taken place. "It was not uncommon, indeed," says Lord Mahon, "for the Highlanders to stop some respectable portly citizen as he passed along, levelling their mus-

kets at him with savage and threatening gestures; but on being asked by the trembling townsman what they wanted, they usually answered, 'a bawbee!'" Charles himself levied contributions from the towns through which he passed; but he suffered no invasion of the rights of private property. In the 'Jacobite Memoirs' will be found an entire account-book, with all its quaint details, interspersed with bits of pathetic history, showing the careful regulation of his expenditure. "The Prince paid well for everything he got," says the steward who furnished this remarkable record, "and always ordered drink-money to be given liberally where he lodged." His courteous generosity to his prisoners has already been mentioned. When called upon to rejoice that his enemies were at his feet, he turned away compassionate, lamenting the fate of "his father's deluded subjects." And when urged to make reprisals upon the English captives for cruelties inflicted on his friends, his high nature revolted against the suggestion. "I cannot in cold blood take away lives which I have spared in the heat of action," said the noble young Adventurer; nor would he even threaten to do so, saying, with still greater magnanimity, that it was below him to make empty threats which he never would put into execution. It was with the greatest difficulty that he was forced to answer the proclamation of the Government offering a reward for his own head, by a counter-proclamation setting a price on that of the Elector of Hanover. His rival and contemporary Cumberland, unfortunately, was not moved by so fine a sense of honour. Throughout the story, indeed, Charles shows himself the *preux chevalier* to whom, alas! permanent victory is slow to come. His was not the genius of battle, nor the merciless policy which could take advantage of all chances. A tender heart and noble consideration for others are, no doubt, qualities of a great leader; but these have rarely been exhibited for the benefit of the enemy. Charles was not a great leader; he was a spotless knight. His foe disarmed was, if not his friend, at least his fellow-creature, to be dealt with in a spirit of splendid humanity; the very assassins who threatened his own life called forth, at worst, a pitiful contemptuous mercy. It is Sir Lancelot who moves across those fields of brief battle, those gleams of briefer triumph. Such a character, while it rouses all the generous admiration of which the mind is capable, awakes at the same time a pang of compassion. It is doomed from the commencement of its career. It is unqualified for that bloody arena which is no longer governed by the laws of knighthood. The general whose compassionate soul melts over his enemy's forces, who has not the heart to shoot a traitor or keep a prisoner, whose mind is set on conducting his warfare by feats of personal valour, by lofty generosity and consideration, can never win more than Charles won—a swift, short, brilliant campaign; until the common herd, surprised, takes courage in its numbers; and the rude soldier, careless of blood or suffering, resumes his hard supremacy. It is Cumberland, shooting the wounded on the field, giving no quarter, crushing down the country with his iron boot, who wins the day.

The march of the Prince and his followers as far as Edinburgh was in its way a royal progress. Cope having taken himself out of the way, too timid or too prudent to try his fortune among the Highland passes, had withdrawn by sea to the low country, and left the path clear for the invaders. As they marched, stream after stream joined them; here an entire clan, there a smaller party. The gentlemen of the country joined the Prince's march after the Highland line was passed, bringing true hearts and stout

courage, if not so many additional broadswords. When any doubtful man fell in his way, his eloquence and charm of manner had its usual effect. "An angel could not resist such soothing close applications," said Cluny Macpherson, lately captain in the Hanoverian service, but soon at Charles's side with all his clan. He lived with them all like a brother, falling into their patriarchal familiar habits. Even his own royal affairs and melancholy family life were talked of among the genial affectionate company. At Nairn House, on the way south, "one of the company happened to observe what a thoughtful state his father would now be in, from the consideration of those dangers and difficulties he had to encounter with, and that upon this account he was much to be pitied, because his mind behoved to be much upon the rack. The Prince replied that he did not half so much pity his father as his brother; 'for,' said he, 'the King has been inured to disappointments and distresses, and has learnt to bear up easily under the misfortunes of life; but poor Harry! his young and tender years make him much to be pitied, for few brothers love as we do.'"

This reference to the melancholy Roman home completes the picture. In the midst of his dangers the Prince has a sigh to spare for the brother into whose life this wild and bright romance was never to fall. Poor Harry! who made no struggle for any rights, real or supposed, but placed his cardinal's hat, like a weight of stone, forbidding all possibility of resuscitation, upon the grave of the Stuarts. No such possibility was then apparent; but yet his gallant brother grieved for the lad, left alone, with nothing better than a hunting-party to stir his blood, in place of the swelling tide of life in his own veins. In Athole "he was very cheerful, taking his share in several dances, such as minuets and Highland reels." In almost every great house he passed, some little feast was prepared for the Chevalier. When he entered Perth it was amid acclamations, but with one louis d'or only in his pocket, the last of the 4000 he had brought with him. Thus the most fatal risk and the strangest triumph, universal acclamations and absolute destitution, all lightly borne with the sweet daring of youth, mingled in his life. The merchants at the fair, notwithstanding his poverty, "received passports to protect their persons and goods;" and to one of them, a linendraper from London, the royal gentleman courteously addressed himself, bidding him tell his townsfolk that he should be at St James's in two months. In the morning he rose early to drill his troops; in the evening left the ball, as soon as he had danced one measure, to visit his sentry-posts. No time was there in his busy life for unprofitable thoughts. And yet there was time enough for full consideration of what he was doing in all its aspects. We cannot refrain from quoting here a remarkable letter, printed in the 'Jacobite Memoirs,' and said to be written from Perth to his father in Rome, though we are obliged to add that the only evidence for its authenticity is the fact that it was found in Bishop Forbes's collections. It expresses, at least, sentiments which we know by indisputable testimony to have been spoken by Charles:—

"PERTH, *September 16th*, 1745.

"SIR,—Since my landing, everything has succeeded to my wishes. It has pleased God to prosper me hitherto even beyond my expectations. I have got together thirteen hundred men, and am promised more brave determined men, who are resolved to die or conquer with me. The enemy marched a body of troops to attack me; but when they came near they changed their mind, and, by taking a different route and making forced marches, have escaped to the north, to the great disappointment of my Highlanders; but I am not at all sorry for it; I shall have the greater glory in beating them when they are more numerous, and supported by their dragoons.

"I have occasion every day to reflect on your Majesty's last words to me—that I should find power, if tempered with justice and clemency, an easy thing to myself, and not grievous to those under me. 'Tis owing to the observance of this rule, and to my conformity to the customs of these people, that I have got their hearts to a degree not to be easily conceived by those who do not see it. . . . I keep my health better in these wild mountains than I used to do in the Campagna Felice, and sleep sounder lying on the bare ground than I used to do in the palaces in Rome.

"There is one thing, and but one, in which I had any difference with my faithful Highlanders. It was about the price upon my kinsman's head, which, knowing your Majesty's generous humanity, I am sure will shock you, as it did me, when I was shown the proclamation setting a price on my head. I smiled, and treated it with the disdain I thought it deserved; upon which they flew into a violent rage, and insisted on my doing the same by him. As this flowed solely from the poor men's love and concern for me, I did not know how to be angry with them for it, and tried to bring them to temper by representing that it was a mean, barbarous principle among princes, and must dishonour them in the eyes of all men of honour; that I did not see how my cousin's having set me the example would justify me in imitating that which I blame so much in him. But nothing I could say would pacify them. Some even went so far as to say, 'Shall we venture our lives for a man who seems so indifferent of his own?' Thus have I been drawn in to do a thing for which I condemn myself. Your Majesty knows that in my nature I am neither cruel nor revengeful; and God, who knows my heart, knows that if the Prince who has forced me to this (for it is he that has forced me) was in my power, the greatest pleasure I could feel would be in treating him as the Black Prince treated his enemy, the King of France—to make him ashamed of having shown himself so inhuman an enemy to a man for attempting a thing, whom he himself (if he had any spirit) would despise for not attempting.

"I beg your Majesty would be under no uneasiness about me. He is safe who is in God's protection. If I die, it shall be as I lived, with honour; and the pleasure I take in thinking I have a brother in all respects more worthy than myself to support your just cause, and redeem your country from the oppression under which it groans (if it will suffer itself to be rescued), makes life more indifferent to me. As I know and admire the fortitude with which your Majesty has supported your misfortunes, and the generous disdain with which you have rejected all offers of foreign assistance, on terms which you thought dishonourable to yourself and injurious to your country; if bold but interested friends should at this time take advantage of the tender affection with which they know you love me, I hope you will reject their proposals with the same magnanimity you have hitherto shown, and leave me to shift for myself as Edward III. left his brave son, when he was in danger of being oppressed by numbers in the field. No, sir, let it never be said that to save your son you injured your country. When your enemies bring in foreign troops, and you reject all foreign assistance on dishonourable terms, your deluded subjects of England must see who is the true father of his people. For my own part I declare, once for all, that while I breathe I will never consent to alienate one foot of land that belongs to the crown of England, or set my hand to any treaty inconsistent with its sovereignty and independency.* If the English will have my life, let them take it if they can; but no unkindness on their part shall ever force me to do a thing which may justify them in taking it. I may be overcome by my enemies, but I will not dishonour myself; if I die, it shall be with my sword in hand, fighting for the liberty of those who fight against me.

"I know there will be fulsome addresses from the different corporations of England; but I hope they will impose on none but the lower and more ignorant people. They will no doubt endeavour to revive all the errors and excesses of my grandfather's unhappy reign, and impute them to your Majesty and me, who had no hand in them, and suffered most by them. Can anything be more unreasonable than to suppose that your Majesty, who is so sensible of and has so often considered the fatal error of your father, would with your eyes open go and repeat them?

"Notwithstanding the repeated assur-

* This would seem to refer to an offer of assistance from France, on condition of the surrender of Ireland, which is mentioned in some contemporary documents.

ance your Majesty has given in your declaration that you will not invade any man's property, they endeavour to persuade the unthinking people that one of the first things they are to expect will be to see the public credit destroyed; as if it would be your interest to render yourself contemptible in the eyes of all the nations of Europe, and make all the kingdoms you hope to reign over poor at home and insignificant abroad. . . .

"I find it a great loss that the brave Lord Marishall is not with me. His character is very high in the country, and it must be so wherever it is known. I had rather see him as a thousand French, who, if they should come only as friends to assist your Majesty in the recovery of your just rights, the weak people would believe came as invaders. There is one man in this country whom I could wish to have my friend, and that is the Duke of Argyll, who I find is in great credit among them, on account of his great abilities and quality, and has many dependants by his large fortune; but I am told I can hardly flatter myself with the hopes of it. The hard usage which his family has received from ours has sunk deep into his mind. What have those princes to answer for who by their cruelties have raised enemies not only to themselves but to their innocent children?"

On the 15th of September the city of Edinburgh, in which the Whig party had a stronghold, was plunged into the wildest commotion. The fire-bell was set tolling on the sober Sunday afternoon while all the population were at church. Frightened and excited, the townspeople rose in the midst of the sermons, some of which at least were far from complimentary to the approaching Prince, and rushed out into the streets, where the train-bands of the town were assembled, and through which Hamilton's dragoons were marching on the way to defeat and flight. Then there ensued a scene of extravagant farce in the midst of the heart-rending tragedy. It is almost Shakespearian in the depth of contrast. The volunteers cheered the dragoons; and the dragoons, scarcely less faint-hearted in the moment of danger than their amateur coadjutors, replied by answering cheers and the clash of their doughty swords. At these sounds the Edinburgh wives and mothers, fresh from the influences of the interrupted sermon, were seized with such a panic as, to do them justice, women are seldom assailed by when patriotism demands a sacrifice from them. They clung to their valiant defenders with tears and outcries. Why should a husband and father risk his precious life against the wild Highlander, whose trade was fighting? The honest burghers felt with their wives that the idea was monstrous. They melted away imperceptibly, stealing off through friendly close and sheltering wynd; and when their captain looked round, outside the gate, he found himself followed by the merest handful, not more than a score of men! Such a satire upon human nature could scarcely have been perpetrated by any poet. It is history alone which dares to indulge in such wild ridicule of its subordinate figures. While the trembling militia pulled off their rusty blades in the secret seclusion of home, the wild eager enemy outside their gates dispersed almost by a breath the troopers who had made bold to go and look at them; and its chiefs once more summoned the city to surrender. The bailies met and talked and trembled, and could not tell what to do. They tried to gain time and negotiate, hoping in Sir John Cope, who was about landing at Dunbar. All the next day was spent in their futile frightened struggles. But early on Tuesday morning, Lochiel, with five hundred Camerons, took the matter in hand; and the burghers and their wives woke up to find that, with less trouble than they had experienced in getting out of their uniforms, the Highlanders had taken possession of their city!—a strange little dramatic touch of laughter in a story too full of tears.

The scenes that followed have been so described as that none may venture to repeat them. Yet as the

stranger treads the long-deserted floors, and lingers in the recessed windows of that gallery at Holyrood, hung with all its impossible kings, he will find another picture come up before him with a pathos too profound for words. All those gallant soldiers doomed to so speedy and violent an end—the winding-sheet high on their breasts, as the superstition of their country says—some to perish on the scaffold, some under the brutal *coup de grace* of Cumberland's butchers; one, the highest of all, reserved for a more lingering, more dreadful fate;—all those fair women, whose hearts, for a moment gay, were to be wrung with what tortures of anxiety, what vain efforts, what sickening hopes! Never could be more pathetic merry-making than Charles Edward's ball in the old house of his fathers. The coronach seems to sound over the strathspey, mingling its wail with the rustle of the light feet, with the "snap" of the characteristic melody. We are all familiar with the poetic contrast between that "sound of revelry by night" and the distant echo of the fatal guns which broke up the brilliant crowd. But the eve of Waterloo was nothing to that eve, behind which shadowed darkly not only Culloden, but the Tower and the block—the traitors' heads set up on the gates, the noble hearts plucked quivering out—all the nameless horrors of the scaffold; or that escape at the cost of all that makes life supportable, which in some cases was more terrible still.

We cannot go over in detail all the military vicissitudes of that strange year. It is evident that almost from the first there was a conflict of authority. Lord George Murray, an able and experienced but stubborn and self-willed general, defends himself in his narrative with a vehemence which savours something of wrong on his part; but throughout the story the persistent shadow of another figure, almost as active as his own, comes in to spite and harass the movements of the Commander-in-Chief. "Mr O'Sullivan then came up," is the signal for confusion, for contravention of legitimate orders, and loss of men. O'Sullivan, one of Charles's companions from the outset—an Irishman, doubtless bristling with points of national opposition to the kindred yet different race—does not send any voice out of the darkness to explain his own conduct; but it is evident that he headed such an opposition as, useful enough in constitutional struggles, is fatal in war, and that he thwarted wherever he was able, and set permanently on edge, the only captain of the Highland forces who had the head of a general. Lord George was interfered with, stopped in his work, driven to the length of resignations, self-defences, despair of any real good; while Charles, no doubt, felt over again more bitterly than ever, what he had said before the beginning of his enterprise, that his friends would "rather sacrifice me and my affairs than fail in any private view of their own." He had nobody great enough to take the lead by such force of genius as could not be withstood.

> "O for one hour of Wallace wight,
> Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight!"

he might well have exclaimed; or even, if not that, of Berwick or Maurice of Saxe to be supreme and above all question. What downright valour could do the little army did. It stormed across Scotland, sweeping before it the panic-stricken troopers who had fought well enough on other fields. It defied, with claymore in hand, with wild outbursts of contemptuous triumphant song, not only Johnnie Cope, but more manful leaders. "Follow me, gentlemen," said the Adventurer on that field of Prestonpans, in the chill daybreak, "and by the blessing of God I will this day make you a free and happy people!" He had slept among his Highlanders that night on the pease-straw among the ricks. He

had crossed the moss with them, sinking in the uncertain soil. When the sudden shameful rout of their opponents left them masters of the field, he remained there through the day to give orders for the care of the wounded and the safety of the prisoners. But his was not the genius which could combine and direct. He could animate, encourage, fight with his soldiers, share all their hardships; and a certain intuition of what was wisest, being boldest, seems to have been in him; but he himself was not born to be a great general —which was well for England, perhaps, though ill for him.

In four months the handful of men which at the outset had been scorned as banditti and helpless savages, had won all Scotland, with the exception of two or three strongholds, and had overrun England in such a rapid raid as other Stuarts in other days had attempted,—without meeting with any check. The Prince reached Derby on the 4th of December. His rapid progress and amazing successes struck the very soul of the English Government with terror. Horace Walpole, once more discussing the situation, gives up Scotland as lost; and London itself thrilled with terror, less perhaps of the new reign than of the petticoated Highlanders, who were likely to carry havoc into the city. And yet the invaders were totally unequal to the defensive forces of the country. Marshal Wade had ten thousand men at Newcastle when the Highland army passed the Border. The Duke of Cumberland was forming another army in the midland counties—militia was being raised on all sides—and the whole wealth and credit of the empire were embarked against the Adventurer. The reader stands aghast to see the little army, "barely five thousand fighting men," in the very heart of England, with all the troops of the kingdom in arms against them, and more than their own number of Hessians just imported to help King George to hold his own. How did they get there? how did they get away again through the mazes of successive armies? A march more marvellous, a success so wonderful, has scarcely ever been recorded in history. Almost every qualified critic concurs in the conclusion that had Charles and his soldiers had their simple will and pushed on, blind to the tremendous risks of their position, to London, they would have carried victory with them, and taken possession of the capital of England as easily as they did of Edinburgh. It is said that the trembling Premier shut himself up for a day, to consider whether he had not better declare for Charles when the news came of his arrival at Derby; and that King George had his treasures embarked and his vessels prepared at the Tower ready for escape. The armies stood impotent, gazing at the unexampled foray—the nation stood passive, with a stupid amaze, gazing too, to let events settle themselves. The only active living figures in that grim pause of fate against the great silent background of expectant England, are the wild forms of the mountaineers, daring and eager—the princely young Captain at their head, as eager, simple, and fearless—and the anxious chiefs between. They were less than a hundred and thirty miles from London. They had driven away like chaff every antagonist that had yet ventured to look them in the face. They had glided between and around the stupid masses of soldiery, who outnumbered them twice over. What was to arrest their victorious course? Fortune for once was on the Stuarts' side: a few days longer, and all would have been won.

It was at this moment, against all probability and all true wisdom, that the Highland leaders seem to have come to their senses. The laws of ordinary prudence suddenly, at the most unpropitious hour, came back to them. They

opened their eyes as from a trance, and felt their position untenable. What they do not seem to have perceived was, that their position had been untenable from the first outset; that laws of every kind had been defied; and that in the utter daring and mad valour of their expedition had been and might be its success. By all military laws they had no right to be where they were. The conclusion they ought to have drawn from this was clearly the simple unscientific conclusion drawn by Charles and the common men of his army, to persevere in their wild triumphant way to the end. But the trained soldiers thought otherwise. At Derby, heaven knows why, neither sooner nor later, they awoke from their passion of fight and victory. The light of common day returned to them. A panic of reasonableness, good sense, and strategical rule came back upon them. It was such an exhibition of the foolishness of wisdom as seldom strikes the eye. Why they should have pulled up there of all spots in the world; how it was that the eloquence, the entreaties, "the soothing close applications," the tragic protest of the unhappy Prince, which had once moved them to the risking of life and fortune, should have lost all its potency now, who can tell? It was as if a forlorn hope, carrying all before it, had suddenly bethought itself that it was a regular army, and must return to the punctilios and symmetrical movements of dignified warfare. This was the strange revolution of feeling that arrested Charles on his way. It was no defection of heart, no faltering of courage. These men were all as ready to die for him as when, hopeless yet dauntless, they had pledged him their Highland faith. But all at once it had flashed upon them that they were doing their work as men had never done it before; "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*" The danger was no way increased, the path was as open, every augury of success as fair before them as at the moment of starting; but at last the irregular impetus had failed, and the laws of their trade, and the long-forgotten precautions of prudence, came back too late to the minds of the generals. Prudence was madness in their then position, but, mad as it was, it carried the day.

To this awakening, however, many different reasons had conduced. First of all was the old and stubborn Scottish prejudice against leaving or remaining long absent from their native soil—a prejudice, no doubt, built upon very sufficient foundation and recollections of disaster, but put in force too late, when retreat was worse than advance. Then the fact that England did but stare at them and stand aloof, had no doubt an intensely depressing effect upon men who were compelled to take all the circumstances into consideration, and could not go on blindly like knights-errant. It had been promised them that England was ready to take up arms, that France was ready to send help and succour. Such promises had been made to Charles himself, and he too in his silent heart had borne the shock of disappointment. But his generals could not take it silently. To this let us add, that the divisions among them were gradually growing more bitter. It is said that Charles himself was wilful, and fond of his own way; but of this there is little direct evidence, so far as the conduct of the war is concerned. He had all but forced them over the Border, it is true, vowing that he would go alone if no man would follow him; but there is little trace in the various narratives of absolute interference on his part. Lord George, though evidently feeling himself an injured man, repeatedly records the fact that the Prince relinquished his own will in deference to the

opinions of his officers. But with all these adverse circumstances against them, and little more than their attachment to the Prince's person to inspire their courage, it is natural enough that their endurance, strained to the uttermost, should have given way. Unfortunately, a sudden fit of prudence after daring is in most cases fatal. They had gone too far to go back. When they turned they virtually gave up the conflict, renewed the courage of their adversaries, and relinquished the immense advantages of enthusiasm and confidence which had been their own.

To Charles this blow was all the more terrible that it was quite unexpected. "He arrived at Derby in high spirits," says Lord Mahon, "reflecting that he was now within a hundred and thirty miles of the capital, and that neither Wade's nor Cumberland's forces any longer lay before that object of his hopes." He had even begun in the lightness of his heart to consider the question whether he should enter London on foot or on horseback, in an English or Highland dress. It was the last night of triumph to the Chevalier. The dawn of the winter morning brought with it a miserable change. The chief officers of his army waited on him at break of day, headed by Lord George, the Commander-in-Chief. The proposition they laid before him was nothing less than to abandon the attempt on England, which up to this time had been so strangely uninterrupted, and to retreat to Scotland. They laid before him their diminished numbers, the apathy of England, the silence of France, the thirty thousand men who might at any moment gather round them, and prevent the escape of a single soldier; the risk of his own person. All these arguments were suddenly poured upon Charles's indignant astonished ear. He tried again his powers of remonstrance, of entreaty, of sudden appeal—all the arts that had once vanquished his fond yet half-unwilling supporters. What was his life to him in comparison with his cause? "Rather than go back I would wish to be twenty feet under ground!" he cried. With the fervour of a man arrived at the crisis of his life, and to whom the question was desperate, he confronted all those gloomy disappointed chiefs who had been so true to him, and yet so hard upon him. It might mean a scaffold to them: to Charles it meant death spiritual and moral, shame, downfall, a lingering agony. Desperately he pleaded with them, imploring them to do anything but retreat. Of all the silent stubborn assembly, Perth alone, young, chivalrous, and hopeful as himself, stood by him; and he who once had fascinated all hearts—he whose words had charmed away prudence, and made life itself seem but sweet as a weapon to serve him—had to see his prayers put aside, his arguments neglected, and no answer given to his appeal. The debate went on for hours, but the unhappy Prince would not yield. When the council broke up, he tried once more pathetically what his old skill in persuasion was good for. They had baffled him together; they might yield to him separately. Something of the simplicity of an untrained mind is in this last attempt. He trusted in his power of moving their hearts as a girl might trust in her beauty; but the influence was no longer fresh and novel. His captains had become used to the pleadings of their Prince. Perhaps he had tried too often that mode of government. The moment was come when fact and probability had returned to reign over them, shutting their ears to all appeals. The men faced him, when he sent for them, as steadily alone as they had done together. His hour and power were over. At that moment, when fortune still seemed to smile on him, and his neighbourhood struck terror into the hearts of his enemies, Charles must have passed

through the very bitterness of death.

The same evening the council was again called together, and "Charles sullenly declared his consent to a retreat." Sullenly, perhaps sadly—with his heart broken and his high hopes quenched, who can doubt? Disappointed of the prize that seemed so near, the last stroke which would have roused all his friends to his succour; disappointed in the very love which now seemed to fail him—in the dead silence of the country round, out of which so many promises had come—in the sickening unresponsive quiet in which he was left, to do his best or worst, heaven and earth looking on, not aiding. It was then, and not when the stimulus of personal danger called him back to himself, that Charles Stuart bore the blow that was worse than death. There, and not on Culloden, the natural result of that decision, should be noted the real end of his extraordinary campaign.

Nor was he alone in his misery. Next morning, when the army set out in the grey twilight, "the inferior officers and common men believed that they were going to fight the Duke of Cumberland, at which they displayed the utmost joy. But when the daybreak allowed them to discern the surrounding objects, and to discover that they were retracing their steps, nothing was to be heard throughout the army but expressions of rage and indignation. "If we had been beaten," said one of their officers, "the grief could not have been greater." But the soldiers had to yield, silent with rage and dismay, and trudge back again the weary dangerous way, uncheered by the glorious hopes which had drawn them thither; while the Prince, ready to weep such tears as would not have misbecome his manhood—his heart broken, his countenance changed, all his princely suavity and charm gone from him—came tardily and dully in the rear. At that terrible moment his dignity forsook him along with his hopes. In the frightful revulsion of feeling, the poor young hero, still so young, shows for a moment like a petulant child. Instinctively he felt that all he had struggled for was lost. What need now to be up with the sun, to brush away the early dew, to hold out the longest and march the strongest of any of his men? He had done so, and this was the end. Now he fell back into the exhaustion of lost hope. On his way south he had given up his carriage to one of his aged followers, and had traversed the long plains merrily on foot, sometimes at the head of one clan, sometimes of another, in the Highland dress, with his target slung over his shoulder. He would not even stop to eat, but snatched his dinner when he could, threw himself lightly on whatever bed might be possible—the open field, if no better was to be had—and slept till four o'clock in the morning, when he was astir again. But now all this was over. Every other trial he had borne bravely, but this Charles did not bear well. He could not hide the change in his face; he made no further effort; lingering in the rear, late in the march, he rode on moody with a petulant misery. The test of this disappointment was too much for him. It is the only point in the brief and wonderful story in which the hero falls below his position. And yet the reader forgives the unhappy Chevalier. If ever man had reason to be cast down, it was he.

"I believe," says Lord Mahon, in whose careful and close narrative the mass of existing material is condensed and set forth with equal judgment and power, and whose principles do certainly not incline him to favour the Stuarts' cause—"I believe that had Charles marched onwards from Derby he would have gained the British throne." It is evident that he

felt this conviction himself to the depths of his heart. But Providence did not mean to give the race that last chance. When the Highlanders turned their back upon England, the last possibility was over for the house of Stuart.

The retreat thus sadly begun was scarcely less wonderful than the march. It was accomplished with a speed and safety quite extraordinary in the circumstances; but, nevertheless, it moved like a funeral procession across the western border, men and leaders having alike lost temper and lost heart. The strict discipline of the earlier part of the campaign failed under this trial. The mountaineers, lowered in their own estimation, went back to their old instinct of plunder. The Prince, sore at heart, exacted fines from the towns he passed, where the popular enthusiasm for the successful leader had changed, with the usual treachery of the mob, into vexatious opposition. Manchester was mulcted in £5000; Dumfries in £2000. Glasgow, always adverse, was laid under "a most heavy requisition to refit the Highland army." One transient gleam of renewed success burst upon them at Falkirk, reviving the spirit at once of the soldiers and of their leader; and a decisive battle seemed imminent. The prospect roused all the old enthusiasm. It was Cumberland this time who was advancing to meet them, and the hearts of the Highlanders were all aglow. But again the chiefs stepped in with proposals for retreat. A kind of infatuation seems to have possessed these fated men. Their mountains attracted them with some unreasonable fatal fascination. They promised Charles in spring an army of "10,000 effective Highlanders," and in the mean time the reduction of the northern forts, if he would but withdraw now, and seek safety among the hills. Only the night before, Lord George, once more at the head of the malcontents, had shown to the Prince a plan for the battle with Cumberland's army, which Charles had corrected and approved. Once more the rage of disappointment overwhelmed the unfortunate Adventurer. "Good God! have I lived to see this?" he cried, dashing his head against the wall with the wild passion of his southern training. But again the chiefs, masters more absolute than any king, prevailed. The inevitable battle was postponed from the links of Forth, where their followers were gay with victory, to the dreary Culloden moor, where, starving, destitute, and desperate, the hopeless encounter had at length to be. Thus the bitter crisis was reenacted. And hard must the heart be, and dull the imagination, which will not own at such a moment a pang of intolerable pity for the heart-broken Chevalier and his lost cause.

The retreat, for the first time, was made in confusion, of which poor Charles, sick at heart, yet ever generous, took the blame upon himself. Drearily, with heavy thoughts and lessening numbers, the little host pursued its fatal way towards the hills. As the disastrous march proceeded, money failed, and even food, as well as patience and hope. The wild winter-bound mountains afforded no supplies to the wanderers. The succours which had always continued to drop in in minute doles from France fell into the enemy's hands — one ship in particular, with £10,000 in gold and 150 soldiers. The Highlanders had to be paid in meal, "which the men, being obliged to sell out and convert into money, it went but a short way for their other needs." Even the meal failed by-and-by. On the eve of Culloden, one biscuit served to each man was the sole provision of the five thousand, who, weary, dispirited, and chilled to the heart, had to meet, on this poor fare, an army of nearly 9000 well-fed and carefully-appointed soldiers.

Courage alone held out, the last prop of the unfortunate. When Lord George advised a night-march to surprise Cumberland in his camp, even at this dismal conjuncture Charles rose and embraced the general who had served him so ably and thwarted him so cruelly. But Drummossie Moor and Prestonpans were different. The men were worn out. The wintry darkness and cold, intensified by want, stupefied even the mountaineers. Their progress was so slow that this project, like so many others, had to be given up. Wearily the doomed army went back to arrange itself in line on the black hopeless moor, and wait the battle. Nobody seems to have had heart enough left even to compare the dismal omens of this field with what might have been had Cumberland been met at Falkirk, or to cast the contrast in the teeth of the captains who had retreated only for this. Hungry, cold, and worn out, after a sleepless night and foodless day, the Highlanders stood up to meet their fate. The Macdonalds had not their usual place, which seems to have moved them more than fatigue or want. "We of the clan Macdonald thought it ominous that we had not the right hand in battle as formerly at Gladsmuir and Falkirk, and which our clan maintains we had enjoyed in all our battles and struggles since the battle of Bannockburn." This punctilio did what starvation could not do. "My God! have the children of my clan forsaken me?" cried gallant Keppoch, in his death-pang,—no doubt with a pang more sharp than death. While the Macdonalds stood sullen without striking a blow, the other clans, fighting the fight of despair, broke, fell, and perished before the fatal force and overwhelming numbers of their adversaries. "Nowhere," says Lord Mahon, moved out of his composure to a swell of sympathetic eloquence,—"not by their forefathers at Bannockburn—not by themselves at Preston or at Falkirk—not in after years, when discipline had raised and refined the valour of their sons—not on the shores of the Nile—not on that other field of victory, where their gallant chief, with a prophetic shroud (it is their own superstition) high upon his breast, addressed to them only these three words, '*Highlanders, remember Egypt!*'—not in those hours of triumph and glory was displayed a more firm and resolute bravery than now in the defeat at Culloden." But human strength has its limit, if not human bravery. For the first time since they set out from their mountains eight months before, the Highlanders fell before their enemies. The tide had turned—their day was over—and the first lost battle was the last.

And Charles, into whose mind it is evident such an idea had never entered—Charles, who could not believe that when the encounter came, man to man, anything on earth could stand before his mountaineers—saw this destruction from the height where he stood watching, with sudden tears of passion and anguish, with wonder, incredulity, and despair. He could not believe it. Probably it was the stupefaction of amaze and horror that prevented him rushing down into the fatal *mêlée* and dying like his ancestor at Flodden, the best fate his best friend could have wished him. "In the lost battle, borne down by the flying," he stood aghast in a terrible surprise. He was urged, some say, to put himself at the head of the stubborn Macdonalds and attempt another charge; others tell us that he was prevented by force from taking this desperate step, O'Sullivan seizing his horse by the bridle and forcing him from the field. All the narratives combined leave upon the reader's mind the impression that Charles was stupefied with the unexpected ca-

lamity. He had felt his cause was lost, but never that it was so lost as this. As he turned his back upon the fatal moor where his poor Highlanders lay dying, in this bewilderment of amaze and despair, a certain Ned Burke, a poor Highland caddie from Edinburgh, came up to the little knot of reluctant fugitives which surrounded the Prince. "There were very few along with him," the faithful fellow says, "and he had no guide." "If you be a true friend, endeavour to lead us safe off," said Charles; while the enemy's fire, according to this humble observer's story, was so close and hot about that his horse was killed under him, and his groom by his side. This address was "an honour Ned was not a little fond of, and promised to do his best;" and thus began the most wonderful tale of adventure, privation, absolute trust, and unequalled fidelity that our records or those of any country have ever known.

The little party seems at this time to have consisted of two of the Irish gentlemen whom Charles had brought with him, Lord Elcho, and an aide-de-camp called Macleod. For several days they wandered sadly, but not entirely without hope, finding refuge in the houses of the lairds, most of whom, like themselves, were fugitives, if not slain on the field—houses where shelter was to be had, if nothing else. But this life was too luxurious to last. Some ten days after, having worked their way northward, the forlorn party took boat and set out for the isles. Here another heroic Highlander, Donald Macleod, of Gualtergill, in Skye, came to the aid of the little company. He was their guide by sea as Burke was by land. His clan was one of those which had held aloof; his chief was (in words at least) an active enemy of Charles; and he himself was an old man, beyond the impulses of youth. But all these deterring influences did not hold him back. He met the Prince "in a wood all alone," and his heart swelled within him. "You see, Donald, I am in distress," said the Chevalier, with his old grace; "I throw myself into your bosom: I know you are an honest man, and fit to be trusted." "When Donald was giving me this part of his narrative," says Bishop Forbes, "he grat sore; the tears came running down his cheeks, and he said, 'Wha deil could help greeting when speaking on sic a sad subject?"

No eloquence can surpass these words. With this faithful pilot at the helm, the forlorn party coasted the barren isles, putting in now and then for rest or food, encountering all the storms of that wild sea, drenched with its frequent rain, sometimes hungry, always weary, outcasts of the land and sea. Yet, strange to tell, in these miserable wanderings, the reader, with a lump in his throat, finds again the gallant young Chevalier of Glenfinnan and Holyrood. He of the retreat, petulant, complaining, reproachful, came to an end in the last catastrophe which completed his ruin. In the toilsome mountain-paths, in the huts he had to creep into on hands and knees, in the boat storm-tossed upon that melancholy sea, it is no sullen fugitive, but a noble, cheerful, gallant soul, making the best of everything that befalls, uttering no plaint and refusing no human sympathy, that appears before us. He makes merry, like the valiant gentleman he was, over his privations. When no better fare is to be had, he swallows the Highland *drammock*, oatmeal mixed with water—on this occasion sea-water—and calls it "no bad food." Nothing daunted him in this last chapter of his wondrous adventures. When his poor followers were sinking under fatigue and want, he sang them songs to keep up their hearts—sometimes their native Gaelic songs—sometimes, doubtless, God help him! the soft

Italian strains he had sung in the Palazzo Muti, with gaping English spectators looking on, and a hundred impatient ignorant hopes in his heart. Never once do we find him flagging from his wonderful patience. From wild isle to isle, from tempest to tempest, now almost within prick of the bayonets sent out against him, now tossed on waves that threatened every moment to swallow his poor boat, a ruined, destitute, forsaken wanderer, his high spirit never failed him. A price of £30,000 was set upon his head, and every island and bay swarmed with soldiers eager to win that reward. Yet the Prince went fearless from cabin to cabin, from guide to guide, trusting everybody, and never trusting in vain. The extraordinary fidelity of the crowd of lowly mountaineers, who might have betrayed him, has been celebrated to the echo; never was there a more wonderful instance of popular honour and devotion. But the man who trusted so fully should not go without his share of honour. He was afraid of no man, chief, vassal, or robber; he threw himself upon them with a generous confidence. Perhaps a forlorn hope that he might yet find himself at bay and sell his life dearly, may have crossed the mind of Charles. But whatever it might be that buoyed him up, the fact is clear, and it is a noble one, that never word or murmur broke from him amid all his hardships. His playful talk, his jests, the songs he sung to his poor followers, the smiling, patient front with which he met all his sorrows, form another picture as touching, as noble, and as melancholy as ever was made by man.

We cannot linger even on that romantic episode of Flora Macdonald, which has proved so attractive to all romancers. The brief bit of heroism has writ the name of the Highland girl on the immortal page of history, higher than many that have taken a far greater place in the world's eye. Even at this saddest strait of Charles's fortunes there is that gleam of humour in the gloom which makes the story more pathetic than any outcry of sorrow. When Flora and Lady Clanranald went to dress the fugitive in the woman's dress he was to wear, "it was not without some mirth and raillery passing amid all their distress and perplexity, and a mixture of tears and smiles." When he parted with the brave girl, whom he called with tender grace *our lady*, a momentary gleam again came upon the anxious faces of the spectators at the scandalised looks of another lady's-maid, who described Miss Flora's attendant as "the most impudent-looking woman she had ever seen." "They call you a Pretender," said good Kingsburgh, into whose hands he fell next, still in those troublesome garments which he did not know how to manage, "but you are the worst of your trade I ever saw." In Kingsburgh's homely house, while all the inhabitants were thrown into wild anxiety for his safety, he himself, glad as a wanderer only could be of the night's rest and comfort, playfully struggled with his host for a second bowl of punch, and "laughed heartily" as he put on again his feminine gear. His long walks, now with one guide, now with another, are full of a simple human fellowship which goes straight to the heart; though the reader at the same moment perceives with a thrill of pitiful emotion, in the snatches of rude conviviality which now and then break in upon the gravity of the record, one of the germs of ultimate ruin. Be it Malcolm Macleod, or Donald Roy, or any other of his many conductors, the heart of the wanderer unfolds itself to the humble friend by his side with a brotherly openness. When his anxious companion proposes with Highland brevity to shoot a suspicious wanderer who may chance to be a spy, the generous Prince at

once interferes. "God forbid that any poor man should suffer for us, if we can but keep ourselves any way safe!" he cries. "He used to say that the fatigues and distresses he underwent signified nothing at all, because he was only a single person; but when he reflected upon the many brave fellows who suffered in his cause, that, he behoved to own, did strike him to the heart." When he dozed in his weariness, he would wake with a start, crying, "Oh, poor England! poor England!" yet the next moment, when his boatmen were struggling with the waves, "to divert the men from thinking of the danger, he sung them a merry Highland song." Thus cheerful, sorrowful, resolute, and all-enduring, Charles Stuart struggled through six months of such hardship as would have killed any ordinary man. If it was the mere instinct of life which kept him afloat, the mere necessity which makes it impossible for a valiant spirit to yield and acknowledge itself beaten, or if some desperate hope of better things waxing stronger as his circumstances grew worse, sustained him, it is impossible to tell. He went through a hundred deaths, and survived them all. There is even some indications that this terrible interval was bitter-sweet to him, full as it was of friendship and devotion. And the observer feels that here he should have died. Death would have made the story complete—an epic beyond all competition of poetry; but death under such circumstances must be a crown too splendid for the exigencies of common humanity. It does not come when its presence would complete and perfect the round of life. Charles lived as Napoleon lived, as men live every day after existence is over for them; surviving to add some vulgar or pitiful postscript to the tragedy which might have been completed so grandly—a postscript more tragically instructive, perhaps more painful and appalling, than that brief and solemn dropping of the curtain which follows a well-timed death.

And accordingly Charles survived. He lived to get back to France, to reign the hero of the moment in Paris until the time came when France and England swore peace. A year after his return from Scotland, such hopes as might have preserved a feverish life within him were crushed to the earth by the news that his young brother Henry had become an ecclesiastic, and received the Cardinal's hat—an act which was nothing less than rolling the stone to the door of the sepulchre in which hope was buried. Nevertheless he went and came, to Spain, to the French Court, wherever he could get a hearing, to seek help for a new expedition, with a longing after England which is more touching than mere ambition. It is like the efforts of the drowning man to snatch at any straw which might preserve him from the cold waters of death in which he felt himself sinking. But nobody held out a hand to the lost soul. One vain last struggle he made, not to be sent out of France, resisting foolishly, with something of the petulance he had shown on his retreat, the power against which he could not stand. But fate was against him in all his struggles. Against his will, in spite of a mad resistance, the deadly quiet of Rome sucked him back. Shipwrecked, weary of life, shamed by his knowledge of bitter things, consumed by vain longing for a real existence such as never could be his, the Chevalier sank as, God help us! so many sink, into the awful abyss. To forget his misery, to deaden the smart of his ruin, what matters what he did? He lost, in shame, in oblivion, and painful decay, the phantasm which was life no longer,—with other fantastic shadows—ill-chosen wife, ill-governed household, faithless and foolish favourites, a staring silly spectator-crowd—flit-

ting across the tragic mist. A merciful tear springs to the eye, obscuring the fatal outlines of that last sad picture. There sank a man in wreck and ruin who was a noble Prince when the days were. If he fell into degradation at the last, he was once as gallant, as tender, as spotless a gentleman as ever breathed English air or trod Scottish heather. And when the spectator stands by Canova's marble in the great Basilica, in the fated land where, with all the Cæsars, Charles Edward has slept for nearly a century, it is not the silver trumpets in the choir, nor the matchless voices in their *Agnus Dei*, that haunt the ear in the silence; but some rude long-drawn pibroch note wailing over land and sea—wailing to earth and heaven—for a lost cause, a perished house, and, most of all, for the darkening and shipwreck and ruin of a gracious and princely soul.

BUNSEN.

There is nothing so successful as success, says the social philosophy which is cynical at its heart, and believes in little; but there is another version of the same idea which will be suggested to many readers by the voluminous yet interesting life of Baron Bunsen* which has lately been given to the world. There is nothing so amiable, cheerful, and engaging as happiness. The parasite literature of religion, building on various passages of Holy Writ in which comfort is mercifully offered to the sorrowful, has done its best to make the image of a pre-eminent good man that of a man overwhelmed with trials and troubles. But now and then a great example to the contrary rises before the public eye, and we learn with a little shock, so contrary is it to our ideas, that there are cases in which the promises of the Old Testament to the righteous are all fulfilled. Now and then a good man reveals himself to the world like the sun, rejoicing to run his race—his well-doing crowned by God's every blessing, all the good things of life falling to his share—his heart growing softer as his possessions grow richer—his honours but making him more friendly, more liberal, more tender of all God's creatures, more brotherly to his race. To perfect such a character, according to all ordinary religious theories, requires much affliction, thwarting of the natural will, painful training into submission; whereas it sometimes happens that blessings and prosperity, such as are popularly believed to be very bad for us, achieve quite as satisfactory a result. Of this there can be no more striking example than Bunsen. Everything throve from the very beginning with his broad and genial nature, and happiness and wellbeing brought forth in him those peaceable fruits of righteousness which St Paul himself speaks of as the result of affliction. Such an example has in it a curious strain of teaching. Perhaps—we speak with the humility of ignorance—there are but few natures in the world which can bear this discipline; but with these rare souls it thrives; until one is tempted to fall back upon the theory, that happiness is the best inducement to goodness, and that they upon whom God's favour falls in outward reality, as they have less temptation to wrong either in feeling or action, possess a larger, broader, and grander type of good-

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* 'A Memoir of Baron Bunsen, late Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of His Majesty Frederic-William IV., at the Court of St James.' By his Widow, Frances Baroness Bunsen.

ness than that which is extorted from a fainting soul by all the perils and scoffs of fate.

Christian Carl Bunsen was born in the end of last century, in 1792, in the Principality of Waldeck, of very humble parents. His father had been a soldier; his mother was the nurse or waiting-woman of a great lady. They were honest, simple, and poor, affording us a glimpse of one of those quaint homely German houses in the depths of a simple village and a tranquil country, moved by deep voiceless piety, and an unquenchable thirst for education, which are or were repeated in so many a Scottish cottage. Old Heinrich Bunsen had a pension, a house, and a little bit of land, and laboured in his high-minded simplicity at tedious formal work to fill up all shortcomings. The child who was hereafter to become so distinguished was the child of his old age and of a second marriage, and from his earliest years seems to have proved himself of that princely, expansive, all-attractive nature which gives to some men from their cradles a court of admiring and attached friends. The young souls around him—his own contemporaries—seem as if by instinct to have grouped round the fair, bright-eyed, genial boy with a sense of his coming, or rather of his present, greatness. He was first in learning, first in influence, a bond between the differing members of the retinue which attended him from childhood to manhood. His youthful expansions, outbursts of feeling, transports of friendship, of enthusiasm, and of sympathy, belong to a type of character very different from that of the reserved Englishman, whose training tends to suppress all outside manifestations of emotion. But yet it would be a hard critic who could look without a certain sympathy upon this outflowing lavish nature, giving itself up to all emotions with honest simplicity, thinking neither of restraint nor disguise, but opening its German soul to everybody's inspection. Perhaps the story of Bunsen's early life is a little too long and diffuse; but it is full of pleasant glimpses of an old-world innocence. From the moment when the lost baby is found, silent and open-eyed, "sitting overshadowed by the tall grass standing for hay, and so perfectly happy in seeking flowers that he was neither frightened at being alone, nor roused from his infant reverie and contemplation by the sound of his own name," until the day when he leads the teller of his story into the blissful silence of the bridal house among the Alban hills, the picture is always consistent and attractive. It is the picture of a broad, liberal, not too intense nature, loving much, but not too much, receiving back a full return everywhere, attracting everybody, and enjoying all things. Distress could not have crushed him, nor ingratitude embittered. One feels that he could always have taken refuge in himself, in the contemplation of the earth and sky, and the wonders of the world. Perhaps because of that curious self-sufficiency in the midst of all the sweet and full affectionateness of his nature, he was a man whom it was unnecessary to try and tempt like other men. Nature, temperament, disposition, everything was in his favour. It was safe to let him prosper and increase.

"All accounts testify to his having seized upon the information offered (at school) as a property to which he had a natural claim, achieving tasks with power and certainty, as though he already possessed by intuition the knowledge he was acquiring." He was liberal in helping his schoolfellows to do the work which was so easy to him, but in return made them minister to his princely pleasures. "He required those who had voices to sing to him, or when rambling in the woods to find wild strawberries for him, which his short-sightedness prevented him from seeing on the ground." "The dwelling of the family was in a side street," writes one of his schoolfellows: "the thatched roof, the threshold (probably

porch) at the entrance, the stable on your right hand after entering, reminded you of the arrangement of the abode of a Westphalian yeoman. . . . Christian Bunsen's own small room was in the upper story towards the garden. . . . In the morning he was up with the sun, which shone straight into his window looking to the east. During the summer evenings, when I came in the twilight to fetch him to walk, he was reading or writing, but ever turned from his occupation to welcome me with bright kindness. Throughout the school he was admired as a genius, but by no one so much as by myself; great as his achievements have been, my boundless anticipations still exceeded the result. In knowledge and comprehension, no individual could measure with him in any degree ; and his laboriousness cast all the rest into shade. . . . Yet more was his memory matter of astonishment. On a day of school examination, Councillor Bunsen, of Arolsen, who was the appointed commissioner, expressed a wish to hear Schiller's poem of 'The Bell' declaimed the following day, and the question went round, Who would volunteer for its performance? but as no one had already learnt the poem by heart, no one would offer to learn and recite it in that short time. Christian Bunsen, however, nothing daunted, and believing in the possibility, accepted and executed the task."

When he had done all that he could do in the school of his native village he went to the University first of Marburg, the city of St Elizabeth, and afterwards to Göttingen, combining with his studies the daily work which made these studies practicable to a poor man's son ; and in this as in other particulars once more reminding us of a student at a Scotch university. He went to Göttingen at eighteen, and became assistant-master at the Gymnasium there—an appointment which he held until another and better provision came in his way. He was chosen to be the tutor and companion of the son of a rich American.

"I am now in a very convenient position," he writes to his sister, "residing altogether with the son of an American merchant named Astor, boarded and lodged in the best manner, and am to receive between this time (October) and Easter thirty louis d'or, for which I give him instruction in German and other things. My own studies in Latin and Greek are necessarily somewhat interrupted in consequence; but, on the other hand, I have occasion to improve in English, and such a mode of life is in more than one respect useful to me. It is at the least a satisfaction that my teachers have chosen me for this post out of the whole mass of students. I continue giving my lessons, as before, in the school, because I retain thereby something certain in Göttingen."

This appointment decided, it would seem, the whole after-current of his life. It led him into Italy, where, all unknown to him as yet, love and fortune waited for the happy youth, and so put him in the way of all the public work and public honours of his hard-working but thoroughly successful and well rewarded life.

The friendships formed during his student life at Göttingen bring a gleam of Teutonic sentiment and enthusiasm into the story. The youths loved each other with a fervour, and addressed each other with a tenderness, which among us is reserved for lovers. Here is one little example of the devotion felt for the chief among them by his youthful court:—

"Ulrich came again," writes Abeken, one of the band who died early, "and brought Bunsen to me ; and with that evening my happy time began. I feel irresistibly drawn to that admirable being. . . . It was so unusual that a man whom I could love and honour should advance to meet me. Hitherto when I had found such it was I who had to make the way; and now did one of a standing far above mine, whom from the first moment I had loved and honoured, approach me closely, and this consciousness did my heart good. Bunsen asked me, with an indescribable look, a beam of kindness and benevolence, whether we should not be brothers? What a blessed moment was that! I had not known before what it was to have a friend, and now my heart expanded. I could speak little, but the whole gloomy past vanished from my sight, and I held fast the happy present. After supper he read passages out of

the New Testament—that of the man who built his house on a rock, that of the lilies of the field, and the last chapter of John. Never had I felt so happy. My life and what I am capable of becoming seemed to clear up before me."

This enthusiastic friend afterwards describes the effect upon himself and the brotherhood of the prize gained by Bunsen for a certain essay on Athenian Law, which was the grand distinction of his University life :—

"Imagine my delight when he" (one of the professors) "finished with the words, *Auctor victricis commentationis est Carolus Christianus Bunsen.* I rushed off to Bunsen, who assured me that the joy of his friends over his good fortune was more valuable to him than the prize itself. With Ulrich and Becker I walked round the ramparts to compose my mind. . . . At night we returned to Bunsen. The professors and such as belonged not to a youthful party had departed; only Dr Schutz remained, at Bunsen's particular request. Now, indeed, did life and joy quiver through all my veins. We became so excited that we fell to singing, but only the best kind of jovial songs. . . . Ulrich, Becker, Schumacher, and myself declared it impossible to go to bed, and we remained till three o'clock together. Those were heavenly hours!"

Here, again, from Bunsen's own pen, is a charming picture of the Christmas feast in the land which has given most characteristic expression to the joy of that great festival :—

"The whole Christmas time," he writes to his parents, "had been very precious, in allowing me one week in which to live entirely to myself. I kept the holy eve with Ludwig Abeken of Osnabruck, whom I have known since last autumn, and who is bound to me like a brother. With him and a few others who are dear to me I read the beginning of the Gospel of Luke and other portions of the Bible, which I have often before me, besides Plato and other books of study in Greek. The next morning I decked out my room with branches of fir and tapers, and a pianoforte which I had borrowed for the festival time. . . . On New-Year's eve, at ten o'clock, I went with Becker of Gotha" (son of a well-known author who is now imprisoned on that account by the French at Magdeburg), "with Ulrich of Jena, and Susemiehl of Kiel" (both students of medicine), "and also with my old friend and countryman, Wolrad Shumacher, to the room of my Osnabruck friend for a social meeting. Thus we were a company from all parts of our fatherland, and composed of all faculties. . . . Outside, the entire long street shone with light and reverberated with music, vocal and instrumental. Then the clock struck twelve, all windows and doors burst open, and the street was alive with human heads and the voice of congratulation. We, however, in deep silence, touched glasses to honour the expiring year, and severally embraced, without the power of uttering a word, till, after a pause, we joined in the fine song of Voss, 'The Year's last hour tolls forth with deepening chime a solemn sound.' Then did the gloom of the imminent parting, and the probability that for the last time on earth I now looked upon many of those around me, so possess my mind that I could not refrain from tears; and by the time they came to the last verse I was wholly overcome, which seldom happens to me. Towards one o'clock we again became cheerful, and with singing and sound of guitar moved homeward to my dwelling."

Such, with its soft breaks of sentiment, full of the half-conscious exaggeration of youth—its high bursts of resolution—its jollity and tears, was the student life in Göttingen. One seems to see the blue eyes glisten, to witness the speaking silences, the sudden choruses of song, the alternations from laughter to a tender despair, of those long-haired German youths. Their own sense of the reality of their feelings runs with a half-comic solemnity through all. On another occasion, when the remains of the brotherhood met after various wanderings, some of them from the campaign of 1813 for the delivery of the Vaterland, a characteristic scene occurred. "A spirit of zealous but friendly emulation took place among us," says the poet of the party, "and on a certain cheerful evening, at my suggestion, we made a vow, each to

each other and to all, that we would effect something great in our lives! It was a noble circle in which an oppressed heart could expand and breathe again." The reader comes down to the after record of their achievements with a curious sense of the difference between these splendid, vague, boyish resolutions and the spare possibilities of fact in the results produced. One of the enthusiastic lads "fulfilled the design of his life's labour in completing a History of Greek Philosophy." Another "succeeded thoroughly in fulfilling the engagement by an edition of the New Testament." Bunsen alone seems to have realised in practical use and service to the world the oath of youthful fervour given by "each to each other and to all."

The connection with young Astor, which began in 1810 and ended finally only in 1816, seems to have made this period of study and preparation for life a comparatively easy and comfortable one. Bunsen travelled over Germany with the young American, of whom there is, however, very little mention in his letters, and who does not appear to have been received into the tender brotherhood of which we have just spoken. He comes in only as one of the stepping-stones in the much greater and more momentous career which he helped to open up. After four years' companionship, young Astor was called to America under a promise of return in two years, and would seem by the indications given to have provided for his friend and teacher during this period, which Bunsen employed in visiting Holland to see his sister, the noble-minded but stern Christiana, and Denmark to study the Scandinavian languages. He had by this time conceived a grand and most extensive plan of study, "research into the inner history of mankind, in its three chief periods,"—a combination of philological and historical inquiry into the languages and legislation of civilised nations, arranged in three groups—the Eastern, the Classical, and the Germanic. A full statement of his idea, and the steps he meant to take to carry it out, he laid before Niebuhr when he was at Berlin in 1816, awaiting Astor, who had promised to meet him there. It was in pursuit of this scheme that he went to Denmark to study Icelandic in a moment of leisure; but the principal project which now possessed him was that of an expedition to Calcutta to enter into the eastern branch of his vast subject. Three years at Calcutta, he thought, with the characteristic patience of his race, would not be too much to give to this investigation; and before proceeding thus to headquarters, it was his intention to master Persian, and to visit England for the purpose of studying Sanscrit. "The object of my research requires the acquisition of the whole treasure of language," says the calm student, as if the work he proposed to himself was the easiest in the world.

While these plans were working in Bunsen's mind, the wars amid which he had been born had just come to their victorious culmination. Waterloo had restored peace to Europe, and Germany had shaken herself free of stranger rule. During the struggles which preceded this deliverance, several of Bunsen's friends had been moved by the fervour of youthful feeling to enter the army and fight for the Fatherland; but he does not himself seem to have shared the impulse. "While several in turn uttered the resolution to enter the ranks of the combatants for freedom, I was silent," he says, "bound by my family duties and obligations." These duties were apparently the necessity of supporting his sister Christiana, of whom a very touching story is told, and of aiding the little household at home in Corbach, where his father had fallen into the helplessness of old age.

But even without these ties no movement towards the tumult of war seems to have been in the young student's calm and broad intelligence. His nature was too composed, benevolent, and philosophical for such an instinct. "There are moments," he says, "when I have sighed for nothing so much as after practical activity; but then I would not seek it without the pale of the learned professions." "Could I but now labour for the beloved Fatherland hand in hand with you, and with all like-minded!" he adds, with enthusiasm. And the first aim he had in his vast scheme of study was to make Germany the central point of a great "course of Humanity"—history sublimated to its highest possibility—the philosophy of the universal race. "In Prussia am I resolved to fix my destinies," he adds, a little later. "That State in Northern Germany which gladly receives every German, and considers every one thus entering as a citizen born, *is the true Germany.*" Acquaintance with Niebuhr, for whom he conceived the highest admiration, quickened these sentiments, and Bunsen was just settling down to a course of study in Berlin when his pupil returning summoned him to Paris. There he spent three months studying Persian; Mr Astor, whose movements seem to have been somewhat erratic, having gone on to Italy, where they were to meet. In June he followed, and went as far as Florence, where he learned suddenly that his pupil was summoned home. The young American entreated his friend, thus unexpectedly thrown on his own resources, to accompany him to America, from whence he could go in one of Mr Astor's ships to India; but Bunsen was not yet ready for this step. Accordingly they parted, and the young philosopher, with his great plans, and his domestic burdens, found himself left alone in a new country, without either occupation or income. His troubles were increased by sad letters from home telling him of the decay and sufferings of his parents. It was July, when Florence is insupportable; and all the languid influences of the unaccustomed heat and unknown place must have added to the complication. For the first week of his stay "he was not able to sleep, in consequence of a multitude of anxious thoughts." Years after, when fortune had done her utmost for Bunsen, he recalls, in passing through Florence, the feelings of that painful moment:—

"My first walk was with Dr Nott to the Loggie di Orgagna," he writes in 1827. "You remember that it was there, on my arrival in July 1816, that I read the letter of Mr Astor announcing that all was at an end between us, and the letter from home telling of the hopeless decay of my parents, and of the suffering state of Christiana. It was here, on the stone seat placed along the inner wall of the Loggie, that I struggled through a mixture of sorrow, pain, and disappointment, while the cold crowd of strangers passed before my eyes, and at last resolved to remain and await Brandis and Niebuhr."

The Loggia, as travellers will recollect, is close to the post-office—a fact which fills up the record to the reader; and many another wistful and heart-sick stranger has read evil tidings there. Such a moment of sudden overthrow has happened to most of us, filling with sharp memories many a peaceful place, and bringing the unfortunate face to face with ruin or heartbreak, while the "cold crowd" passes on knowing nothing. Bunsen, with true heroism, rose from his seat under the graceful and grateful shadow of Orgagna's colonnade, and made up his mind to make the best of everything, and take advantage of the good things within his reach, sore though his heart might be. He went on for the short interval of waiting that followed, working "with real fury" at his Persian, and spending his spare time in the galleries. No

doubt he had a hard struggle to keep his mind constant at Ferdusi, while he husbanded his scanty means and waited for what Providence might send. It was about the time when Niebuhr was expected on his mission to Rome, and Brandis, the friend of Bunsen's youth, was the Secretary of Legation. His hopes were all set upon these two, and very uncertain and tremulous the prospect must have been. But Providence, upon which so many call in vain, does sometimes yet interpose in behalf of some chosen spirits. While Bunsen thus waited dejected, yet dauntless, for any opening that might arise to him out of the clouds, an Englishman who had been one of his travelling companions arrived at Florence and sought him out. "He had a Frenchman with him as a kind of secretary, from whom he desired to learn French; but though studying with much application, he found his progress to be slow; and on my birthday (August 25) he asked me whether I could not put him into a way of really acquiring French: if I would do him that service, he would gladly assist me in the execution of my Indian plans, of which I had informed him when we were travelling together." Thus the broken thread was knitted together with but a very short interval. Bunsen was immediately engaged by this Mr Cathcart to instruct him for four months in French, besides "showing and explaining to him the curiosities of Florence, and afterwards of Rome" — and his anxieties were at an end.

Thus his life once more opened clear before him, uncertain still, but full of the uncertainty, not of fear, but hope. He went to Rome with his new pupil, and thus found himself in the society of Niebuhr, and of Niebuhr's young secretary, his own dear friend; and already the three years at Calcutta began to look more distant, and less absolutely necessary. He had not been long in Rome before he found that it contained inhabitants more attractive even than the great historian, more dear than the companion of his early days. "An English family with their daughters have taken an interest in me," he writes in February 1817, with a demure simplicity which must have awakened suspicions in the sister Christiana's mind, to whom his letter was addressed. Two months later he tells her that he "has almost been a little in love;" adding, however—"Be not alarmed; only a little, and without consequences." It was with "the eldest daughter" of "the family I mentioned in my previous letter." He had read German with her, and "liked to discuss and dispute with her." But it is only "her amiable character, and clear understanding, and good principles" that have moved him. And "of course," he adds, "I no longer go so continually to visit the family. I laugh at myself very often, yet I am disturbed and uncomfortable when I have passed a day without seeing her."

Christiana must have smiled, if her sad experience permitted her (for she too had a romance), at the philosophy of this withdrawal "of course." But May came—and May in Rome is of all times and places the season when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love—and the avoidance, though "of course," was impossible. The tender memory of the survivor can even put a date to the letter addressed to her mother, in which Bunsen first permits himself to hope that the thing he had thought so impossible might be; "probably the 24th May," his biographer writes at the head of this grateful undated note: and few things could be more simply affecting than this supplied date, remembered after the course of half a century, and no doubt recalling to Bunsen's wife those trembling exquisite moments that pass so swiftly and are so everlasting. In a very short time the whole matter was settled. So soon

as the beginning of June, Bunsen once more writes to the sympathetic Christiana,—sympathetic at least at this period of his career:—

"The fate of a man is often decided so quickly, that on becoming conscious of the new and unexpected turn in the path of life one seems to awaken from a dream, in which a space of months or years had been leapt over. Your heart, which from the first moment understood mine without words, will tell you what I mean; what has taken place in me and round about me—for which you, dear pious soul, have long supplicated the guidance and favour of heaven—what you, with alternate hope and fear, have ever looked forward to as decisive both as to my happiness and my course of life. I have found her the inseparable companion—my wife—your friend, that I know for certain, and your sister; and I feel not only that the step is a decisive one, but that it is decisive for my happiness."

The marriage took place on the 1st July 1817, and the penniless young German, without either family or connections, became the husband of an accomplished Englishwoman with both, who lifted him at once into the class in which she herself had been born, and gave him both fortune and position. Only a man of character like his could have, it is true, profited to the extent he seems to have done, by this wonderful step at once in personal happiness and outward prosperity; but the talents which had brought young Bunsen into familiar companionship with the representative of his king at the Court of Rome, not to speak of Niebuhr in his private capacity as one of the greatest minds of his nation, were well worth a patent of nobility. Whether mere talent could raise any young Englishman without either rank or fortune to the friendship of *his* ambassador is another question. We doubt whether Bacon or Shakespeare, had they entered life as travelling tutor and cicerone to a wealthy tourist, would ever have so moved the amiable feelings of a British plenipotentiary. But Niebuhr was himself no noble, and Bunsen's talents might even then have counted for less had he possessed a less attractive character. As it was, his geniality and openness, the fresh overflowing life in the young man, his ready love and applause and interest, seems to have made him acceptable everywhere. A soul so lavish of sympathy, so ready to give and eager to receive, would not be kept at a distance. The joy of his heart flows out of him, throwing bright reflections all around, at this happy period; he calls upon his friends to rejoice with him, without a doubt of their fellow-feeling; and his joy is not light or frivolous, but solemn, as becomes the moment. It is thus he writes of his marriage-day:—

"Never will the evening of arrival in Frascati be forgotten. . . . The evening sky was glorious; the sun sank just as we entered the town-gate; and when, after the shadows of the long street, the sunset glow burst upon us, in which our neat dwelling was wrapped, it was like immediate entrance into heaven."

The words bring up before us as in a picture all the soft glooms, the softened sounds, the air just beginning to be refreshed by a touch of coolness from the distant sea, as the carriage clatters through the "long street," and goes out upon the silent slope beyond, over which the sunset lies, penetrating into all those nooks of shadow that hide among the hills. The magic light on the Campagna, the Sabine heights retreating to the north, Soracte lonely in the distance,—can any one who has ever seen it forget that fairest-solemn country? It was there, to his little casino among the vines and olives, that the young German took his English bride; and he might well be pardoned if, looking back on his own history, his head grew giddy as he stood on this pinnacle of love and happiness. Undoubtedly there are cases even in this world in which

poetic justice is accomplished, and goodness has its reward.

By this time Bunsen had begun to change his opinions about various things, and among others found that his intended journey to India was but a means to an end, and that "there was nothing grand or praiseworthy in the design to give the best part of my life to an undertaking which, however it might be useful as a preparation for later undertakings, would absorb all the strength and time I should have to give." In short, he adapted himself to his circumstances with a cheerful readiness which was characteristic of the man. In winter, when the honeymoon retirement had to be given up, the young pair found a *piano secondo* in the Palazzo Caffarelli on the Capitoline hill, with the best air and finest view in Rome, of which they took almost immediate possession. There they remained for twenty years, at first humbly, afterwards with all the dignity which the position of ambassador could give. The first introduction of Bunsen to diplomatic work took place in the year of his marriage, in the curiously fortuitous and accidental way in which so many good things fell to this fortunate man. His friend Brandis, who was Secretary of Legation under Niebuhr, fell ill, and Bunsen offered temporarily to take his place, in order that the invalid might have leave of absence. Thus he entered, as it were, by chance, into the harness which he was to wear nearly all his life; and though he expresses a certain distaste to the profession he adopted, yet he was too sensible and practical a man not to seize upon the rope which should help him upwards, when it thus swung within reach of his hand. "I cannot, of course, think of leaving Niebuhr, if I am once engaged with him," he writes, "but afterwards I would on no consideration remain in the diplomatic career. I detest that course of life too much, and therefore only look upon it as a means of becoming independent." These objections are repeated at various periods of his life, when he seems, so far as letters go at least, to have made faint attempts to shake off the glittering chain of diplomatic service. But some good reason always interposed to prevent the Envoy from sacrificing his interests. Throughout his life Bunsen seems always ready to recognise the extraordinary character of his advancement. "With my staff I came over this Jordan," he repeats again and again. In December of 1816 he was a travelling tutor, with a precarious and short engagement, newly arrived in Rome, and with no prospect or backing, except in his friendship with Brandis and acquaintance with Niebuhr. In the next December he was the husband of a wealthy Englishwoman, occupying a place in the public service of his country, with a secured home and an established position, and better prospects than many a noble *fils de famille*. Such was the extraordinary good luck, favour from heaven, that attended him—favour so rarely and so scantily bestowed.

Even before he had taken possession of his appointment he had assumed his characteristic *rôle* in the most marked way. The Reformation jubilee was to be celebrated in Germany on the 31st of October; and, by Bunsen's suggestion, it was observed in a solemn religious service by the German Protestants in Rome. They had no pastor, but that fact did not trouble a man who was always ready to put his own hand to any work that was going. He made up his mind to translate the English Church service, to which his wife had introduced him, and read it at this meeting, followed by a sermon or religious address. The meeting took place in his own house, as Niebuhr objected to take the responsibility. Notices were posted at the Café Greco, calling all

Germans to it. And thus, in the heart of Rome, the Anglo-Teuton celebrated that great revolt which Rome can never either forget or forgive. It was a characteristic beginning to his life.

Brandis, of course, never came back to resume the place which suited his fortunate friend; but, that there might be nothing to overshadow the good luck of Bunsen, recovered his health, and was suitably provided for in his own country. Even after he entered into this employment, however, Bunsen seems to have felt it necessary to defend himself to his friends, and especially to his sister, for giving up his own superlative youthful plans. By this time he had found out that his journey to India, which had been softened down before his marriage into a mere means to an end, "would have caused me to miss the attainment of my main point." The reader will be amused to note throughout the story a certain capacity for this kind of reasoning, which is evidently pursued in perfect good faith, according to a most natural process. At every break in his career he falls back upon his old statement, that he hates diplomatic life, and wants nothing but leisure to pursue his researches; but as soon as the tide flows in again, Bunsen has found a hundred good and satisfactory reasons for resuming his work, which is for the benefit of Germany and the world, though not perhaps the work he would have chosen. This thread of unconscious sophistry pervades the book. It is perfectly genuine and sincere in its way, carrying his own conviction with it; and it is at the same time one of the most distinct characteristics, not only of the man, but of the class of men to which Bunsen belonged. Full as he was of truth and honour, there is a certain amiable humbug, an involuntary exaggeration of his own feelings, friends, and person, visible in the story, which belongs to his very nature. Such a man is ready above all others to recognise the hand of Providence in his successes, and to glide lightly out of any bond of theory which might have kept him from the full enjoyment of the good things supplied by God. The same sentiment swells out and dilates all his emotions. His likings are all loves, his admirations enthusiasm. We should think he held Niebuhr above all other men, did we not find him using as exalted language about that good confused dilettante Frederick William, who, when stress of trouble came, had to give place to his harder-handed brother. This expansion takes away, it is true, the perspective from the picture, and gives a certain pre-Raphael monotony, as of men and things on one level, which is sometimes trying to human nature; but though the reader feels the want of humour which makes this possible, it does not interfere with his kindness for a soul so truly harmonious, genial, and affectionate.

The life at Rome, which occupies a large part of the first volume, is not of sufficient interest to be followed in detail. It must have been a thoroughly happy and satisfactory life; but there are no very salient points in the busy, cheerful story. The only jar in it was apparently the visit of Bunsen's sister, Christiana, an admirable Low-Church Puritan woman, who had done much to foster real religion in his mind, but was unable to comprehend the broader and more tender form taken by her brother's equally true piety. It is clear, indulgently as Madame Bunsen draws the picture of this trial, that the visit was a period of domestic torture to both parties, so painful that the historian is still unable to see the humour of the situation. With this exception, his Roman life was a time of happiness, full of occupation and an unfailing readiness to embark in new schemes, which must have made Bunsen a delightful and sym-

pathetic companion to everybody with a theory or a project, but which, at the same time, must have been rather against the solidity and success of any individual work of his own. The only thing which he seems to have brought to any result was his liturgy, at which he laboured with enthusiasm.

"I have worked hard," he says, "at an investigation of the subject of liturgies—*i.e.*, collections of prayers, hymns, and formularies for spiritual exercise, such as the Roman Catholic, Greek, and English Church possesses, while we and the Dutch, as you know, have only psalm and hymn books. . . . It has long been my wish to have a complete liturgy for our congregation, and I have discussed and combated with my most honoured chief (worthy of all honour both for his virtues and his high mental qualities) and with the chaplain to make out what can be done for this purpose. Almost everywhere do we find the admirable ancient hymns driven out of use by modern ones without power or spirit. All fixed forms, as well as the psalms, have been gradually discontinued, in order that people may every Sunday hear and sing something recommended by novelty. This is a glaring abuse of evangelical liberty, and the consequences have been deplorable."

It is very probable that Bunsen's mind was directed towards this study by an observation of the compactness and cohesion of the great ecclesiastical system in the midst of which his tenacious, steadfast, little Protestant colony was placed. And he had been brought, at the same time, into close contact with English piety, also bound by those close bonds of Common Prayer in which his own speculative nation was deficient. It is a state of mind through which (we may venture to say) every thoughtful member of a Church without a liturgy must have passed when brought into contact with the fuller order of an established ritual. Bunsen was seized by the idea which has been moving uneasily in Scotland for some time back, though the actors in the latter case have been too immediately interested to give to it the calm attention which the young diplomatist, in the retirement of the Capitol, with a little exceptional congregation under his thumb, as it were, to practise upon, could bestow. Here are his more fully-expressed opinions on the same important subject :—

"The principal object of my reflections has been latterly the Christian Church. A residence in Rome, and the whole visible existence here, brings of necessity every serious man to consider what that holiest and greatest establishment is upon which God would imprint his own image. Long has it been clear to me that in Protestant Germany no Church exists. Pious individuals there are, standing singly ; but the Church itself has fallen and is destroyed, because faith no longer exists in collective masses. How many a one, in silent longing after a better order of things, may be asking, 'How should the Church be built up again?' Many a one in despair has become Romanist. Many would construct a Church of their own, not that of Christ, but few go the way of the first great Reformers. It is my conviction that all communion essentially consists in a common belief in the facts of the redemption of the human race through Christ; but when this belief, moved by a sense of inward need and a feeling of sinfulness, begins to work among a set of men, and a congregation is to be thereby formed or revived, three points must be considered : first, agreement by means of a theological expression of the points of faith ; then by congregational discipline; thirdly, by a common form of worship. As to the first points, they are for the present not to be thought of. . . . But for the third point much might be done. After I had sounded the depths of the Greek, Roman, English, and other liturgies, I began to collect matter according to the plan pointed out, but not executed, by Luther for a fixed arrangement of a form of public worship."

This occupation was carried on through a large part of his life in Rome, accompanied by cognate studies in ancient music, to suit the hymns, of which he made a careful selection. It is a curious instance of the happy audacity and self-confidence of the man, that on occasion of the visit made by the King of Prussia, himself a com-

pounder of liturgies, to Rome, he had the boldness to attack and compare disadvantageously with his own the order of worship partially put together by and published with the sanction of his royal master.

"I obtained a copy of the newly published liturgy," Bunsen writes. "I set to work at once, the day after, to write two essays, in which I laid down my own fundamental principles in short sentences, and sketched the elementary features of such a formulary, with particular reference to the liturgy published by the King's order. This was completed more rapidly than I can myself comprehend, in two days and a half, so that I could still, before the King's arrival, write down my own arrangement for morning and evening, and for Sunday worship. . . . By all this I strove to prepare the way for the assertion, that the King's liturgy could only be considered as a provisional and experimental arrangement. Should he ask to know more, I should either answer by word of mouth, or send my essay after him to Berlin."

This bold venture was, however, accompanied by one of many resolutions to give up the diplomatic career, and devote himself entirely to liturgical work, not quite without hope that the Prussian Government might so far provide for him as to enable him to prosecute in independence a work which was for his country; and at all events with "the home of my wife's parents" to fall back upon in case of necessity. Bunsen's plan was, however, defeated by the honours with which his Sovereign met him, appointing him Councillor of Legation, conversing with him at table in the most gracious manner, and in every way showing an appreciation of his character and talents.

"He spoke with me during the greater part of dinner-time on his favourite topic, Church matters," Bunsen writes again to his sister; "and I again took the liberty of pointing out faults in existing things. The King took all in good part, and said, on rising from table, 'On many points you are probably in the right.' . . . To ask leave to resign after the distinctions bestowed upon me, was out of the question; it would have been an offence, and an act of ingratitude."

The royal liturgist had to be informed at a much later period that his faithful servant preferred his own compilation to that of the King, and had been guilty of the boldness of using it in the chapel of the Legation, instead of the authorised liturgy. Bunsen's luck, however, carried him through even this trial; and he had the gratification of having his book of Common Prayer printed by the King's order, and sanctioned for the use of the colony of Germans in Rome.

In the mean time he was appointed, in the absence of Niebuhr, Chargé d'Affaires at Rome, and eventually Resident Minister. On that classic height he assembled round him a little group of learned and beneficent establishments, of which an archæological institution and a German hospital were the chief. Both of these were established in the "Casa Tarpea," on the summit of the Tarpeian rock, and close to the Prussian Legation, then definitely fixed in the Palazzo Caffarelli. In this pleasant house Bunsen collected a constantly varying society, formed of all that was most worthy and most brilliant among the many visitors to Rome. This is as much as to say that every country in Europe sent him its very best; and that he formed for himself such a mass of powerful and distinguished friends as perhaps no other position could have given him. Everybody had not begun to go to Rome in those days, but the stream of travel had set in; and everybody who was anybody sought the old capital of the world. Everything that could add a charm to society was there. Modern German art had come to its second Renaissance in the hands of Overbeck and Cornelius. Niebuhr had just thrown the light of his genius upon the classic Rome on whose half-articulate ruins this genial house was planted. The highest strains

of music by times filled the rooms of the old Italian palace, where men of every nation and every shade of opinion met, not in the crowds of fashionable inanity, but in a perpetual personal conjunction—groups not too large and always changing. Upon this brilliant background the story of family life in its brightest period worked itself in. The children were born, and grew into conscious creatures, echoing and filling out the life of their parents. Once or twice a baby died, striking a sharp chord of pain out of the many harmonies. This was the only cross upon the brilliant line of existence for twenty prosperous and happy years. Such an experience of wellbeing falls to few men in this distracted world.

Bunsen's happiness during this first period of his life was heightened to the point of triumph by two visits to Berlin, in both of which he was received as the man whom the King delighted to honour—admitted to the closest intercourse with the royal family—petted and praised to the utmost. All sorts of religious problems were committed to his hands. The management of those delicate Church affairs which involved the sternly Protestant Government, holding under its sway millions of obdurate Catholics, with the Court of Rome, naturally fell to his share; but more than one delicate negotiation, which he had brought with much pains and struggling to a comparatively satisfactory end, he had the mortification to see drop into chaos before his eyes. It was an affair of this description which ultimately banished him from his home on the Capitol. It is not without difficulty that we follow the account of this transaction, in which Madame Bunsen relies a great deal too much on her readers' acquaintance with the disputes taking place between Rome and Berlin in the year 1837. Many of us have but an imperfect recollection of the events which took place in our own country at that period; and it is hard to be expected to know about Prussia at a moment too recent for history, too far back for recollection. The matter in question was that of mixed marriages, which struck at the peace of the country in its most intimate home relations. The matter was, as Bunsen thought, settled, when the long diplomatic delays at Berlin irritated and estranged from himself and his Government the hitherto friendly Papal authorities. These delays continued till the liberal Archbishop of Cologne died, and another of a different temper reigned in his stead. The new archbishop was found unmanageable, and was finally arrested and banished out of his diocese—a proceeding which made Rome too hot to hold the mortified Minister, who was accused of having suggested this violent measure. Various struggles against fate, more or less intelligible—various warnings, remonstrances, and lamentations on the part of friends touching the disruption of ties which had lasted so long and been bound so closely—diversify without clearing up the story. But at last the blow fell. It is thus that a friend tells the tale of the exodus from Rome :—

"Bunsen left Rome on April 29, 1838, after a residence altogether of twenty-two years—twenty-one of which were passed on the Capitol. He quitted his beloved home with a firm step and unbroken spirit, saying to his wife, 'Come and let us seek another Capitol elsewhere.' His carriage was surrounded by a band of faithful friends, as well as a number of younger men, most of whom he had himself drawn to Rome, whose minds he had guided into the paths of intellectual discovery, whose career he had watched over and assisted, and whose hearts he had won for life by his affectionate and untiring care and sympathy. They saw in him the centre of an active, intellectual life, which Rome has never known since, and which could have been maintained only by a German, who, as Ampère truly said, was 'not only the representation of Prussia to the Papal See, but of German learning to Roman antiquity.'"

Thus concluded for the moment in discomfiture and despondency Bunsen's long stretch of tranquillity and happiness. With a touch of real feeling, the wanderer, gloomily taking his way northward, took once more a lonely walk as he passed through Florence to the Loggia di Orgagna, where once before he had mused over his darkling fate. That historic spot seems to have become a kind of shrine to him, though no better saint than the piece of heathen perfection called Perseus presided over his thoughts. Once more he came out of the classic shadow with his mind made up. It was on his second visit, and "not without a blessing on the meditations which the place inspired, I entered," he writes, "doubting whether I should allow myself another day at Florence, and came out resolved to hasten with all speed to Berlin." But another shock awaited him. He had gone but half-way when a message reached him from Berlin, with orders to avail himself of his leave of absence, and *not* to present himself at that moment before his King. Though he had asked for a year to visit England, he was not prepared to be taken so rigorously at his word. "The shock was very severe," it is said; though after all, with his wife and children about him, troops of friends greeting him everywhere, Egyptian and other antiquities to investigate, pictures to see and fresh air to breathe, and a year of freedom before him, Bunsen's disgrace was no such terrible burden. But this visit to Orgagna's Loggia was his last. He never crossed the Alps, nor set foot within that dearest Italy again.

His reception in England, whither he went to visit his wife's relations and pass his year's holiday, was one long ovation. Madame Bunsen naturally thinks it was her husband's fame and character which gained him such unlimited popularity; and no doubt there were amid the crowd various individuals who fully appreciated and understood the man. But it is easy to conceive how many people full of pleasant recollections of his own hospitality the ex-Minister of Prussia at Rome must have found in England. Wherever he went some face beamed upon him, to which, on the Capitol, he had opened his kindly door; and of all the crowd of passing guests that had come and gone over the stony Roman ways, not one but was glad to greet the genial German, who was woven in with their memories of the Eternal City. "I must see the British Museum, Westminster, the Docks, and Mr Wilkinson, the Egyptian," he wrote, when on the eve of starting, to Dr Arnold; and he saw not only these curiosities, but everybody and everything. It is true he was "surprised at finding the entire ignorance of the state of the case" of affairs in Germany which prevailed in England, and had to account to himself philosophically for this bewildering fact before he could leave it and pass on. But ignorant though England was, the press, at least, was willing to enlighten and be enlightened. He got "articles inserted in the 'Times,' the 'Standard,' and in the Quarterly and Foreign Quarterly Reviews, written by friends whom he furnished with particulars and documents" explaining the position, and "defending the cause." His wife and his children went to her mother's in Wales, while he stayed in town and his friends clustered round him. "To be sought after by so many friends was unexpected to me in the dead and empty season in London," he says. Then he went to Rugby, where Arnold received him with delight, and many talks and arguments and endless speculations and consultations took place between the two, both at the height of life and intellect. From thence Bunsen, with the genial store of wonder and enthusiasm which belonged to him, went back to the gentle follies of the Cwmreiggydion (let us hope he was not compelled to

pronounce the word), or great Welsh national festival, then held under the auspices of his sister-in-law Lady Hall, now Lady Llanover; after which he set out on a course of visits—a kind of princely progress, on which everybody who knew of it came out to see him, bringing, if not keys of cities, at least keys of collections, admittances to every kind of curiosity in their hands. His letters are full of castles and halls and earls and squires, all mixed up with little dissertations on the Keplerian laws and the philosophy of history. Very fine people indeed were the people who crowded round the fallen Minister. Bishops took the trouble to preach to him; baronets led him about; lords and dukes delighted to do him honour; authors (though in England, Bunsen, following the custom of the country, soon discovered that such creatures don't count) wrote articles for him, which was all they could do. Never was a man more feasted and caressed.

Curious little bits of that curious, confused, half-mistake, half-understanding, which is all a foreigner at first arrives at, in respect to a strange people, occur in his account of his new life. "One is not an Englishman for nothing!" he exclaims, with enthusiasm; "even as a Papist a man takes account of the truth." Of the House of Commons he says: "Lord John is no orator, but speaks and answers well. I wish you could form an idea of what I felt. I saw for the first time *man*, the member of a true Germanic State, in his highest, his proper place, defending the highest interests of humanity with the wonderful power of speech. . . . I saw before me the empire of the world governed, and the rest of the world controlled and judged by this assembly. I had the feeling that had I been born in England I would rather be dead than not sit among them and speak among them. . . . I felt also that we are all children on this field in comparison with the English. How much they, with their discipline of mind, body, and heart, can effect with but moderate genius, and even with talent alone!" At a religious meeting he became even more deeply impressed. "Two thousand were sitting from twelve o'clock to half-past five in *one* state of deep emotion. I never saw anything like it. . . . I was almost glad that Pusey had taken tickets for a humorous play. But how did I feel after such a day that the English race would all run mad did they not keep the Sabbath as they do!" The idea of the English race running mad because of the excitement of a great meeting of the Evangelical party, or, indeed, after a course of May meetings, is very quaint and novel; and the use of Sunday leisure suggested a most admirable hint to Sabbatarians. There are signs of more sophisticated feeling in other passages,—as where he pauses to describe any lord or lady he meets, and passes over without a word some of the most distinguished of English writers. The whirlwind of society, perhaps, was turning his head just a little, and the *wohl-geborn* becoming more dear to him than they would have been in his own country. But yet the touch of nature comes in which reconciles the reader. "I am so happy that I do you and your dearest mother credit in this place!" he exclaims suddenly, in the midst of other matters, with charming simplicity and natural feeling. It was they who had made him and raised him to these splendid possibilities; and his heart was penetrated at this justification of their preference with a pleasure which was sweeter than pride.

One piece of kindly insight on Bunsen's part is here recorded which might, had his advice been taken, have preserved to England one of the finest minds that has ever done her service and honour. The German spectator, looking on

with eyes of affectionate interest, saw that Arnold's work was such as could not be maintained by mortal man, and wrote urgently to the Bishop of Norwich on the subject, recommending his appointment to a deanery as the only way of saving him from the result of his excessive labours. It is the only appearance on the part of Bunsen of any attempt to interfere in English affairs; and it was a suggestion very creditable at once to his friendship and to his wisdom.

The year's holiday was terminated by an appointment as envoy to Switzerland—a harmless and pleasant office, which he seems to have made use of as a kind of retirement for literary work. His usual rare luck for the most charming situations led him to a house called the Hübel, near Berne, where the family lived amid all the family comfort which its partly English constitution made habitual, with the glorious snowy peaks of the Oberland within sight of its windows. Souls that had grown into acquaintance with the world through the windows of the Palazzo Caffarelli, with all the glorious sunsets of the Campagna, and all the wonderful tones of colour that hang about the slopes of the seven hills, familiar to their infant eyes, and were now brought to gaze all day long upon the white heights of the Jungfrau and Munch, with all the magical changes of daylight and dawn upon their snow, ought to have been rare souls if such education goes for anything. It is one point of the singular good fortune of Bunsen's lot that he thus found himself repeatedly on the spot of all others most moving to the mind and fascinating to the outward vision. What seems, however, to have specially delighted himself was the quiet he now enjoyed; of which he writes to Arnold with an unusual touch of humour — a quality not much abounding in these volumes :—

"I am now so much at home that my political studies come in only for their regular share in the six days' work, which is all right. This week I have begun to write the new introduction" (to his work on Egypt) : "a review of the state of Egyptian knowledge as Champollion found it, and as he and his friends have left it. I must now read dozens of works. . . . I find the books I want in the libraries of the town of Berne or at Zurich. The latter library is indeed excellent. Orelli is librarian. I hope in this year to finish 'Egypt,' if health is allowed, and no fresh revolutions are coming on. How I feel with the Swiss peasant who inscribed on his house—

'Bewahr diess Haus, Sanct Florian
Zünd andre an, lass dieses stahn!'

"If there must be revolutions, their patron saint might kindle them elsewhere (of course our two countries excepted). I have no time for them, and Switzerland has had her due share of that blessing."

In this retirement Bunsen completed a long Memoir upon the law of marriage and divorce with which the Crown-Prince had charged him, and in respect to which he had consulted lawyers in England. This and much other traffic between the Prussian Minister and his two kings —the third and fourth Friedrich Wilhelm—give a curious idea of the kingdom as of a household entirely unorganised, for which everything had to be arranged from the beginning, even the simplest and most fundamental matters of life. Bunsen was little more than a year and a half in Switzerland. In 1840 the old king died, and his enthusiastic and admiring friend, Frederick William IV., ascended the throne. The union between the two, since the first moment of Bunsen's acquaintance with the Crown-Prince, had been of a character quite unusually cordial. The Prince had been Bunsen's unfailing supporter, counsellor, and champion—had consulted him on all matters most important to the country; and even when the diplomatist had otherwise lost Court favour, never withdrew from him

his countenance and friendship. As they grew older it became more apparent that each of the two had a will of his own, and no inclination to adopt implicitly the views of the other; but even this, though it disturbed their public relations, did not diminish their friendship. The new king lost no time in summoning his friend to Berlin, and there intrusted him with a mission which, in those solemn German eyes, unenlightened by that sense of humour which preserves its possessors from much of the grandly absurd in life, looked such a mission as would distinguish both in the eyes of posterity. This was the establishment, in conjunction with England, of a bishopric at Jerusalem. It is amazing to perceive the great hopes founded on this curious scheme by its originators. We have, it is true, the testimony of experience to show the futility of such an idea. But yet it seems impossible to believe that the fancifulness and romantic character of the scheme should not have struck every sensible spectator.

"The royal founder looked forward to a day," Madame Bunsen tells us, "when every national Church should unite with those of Prussia and England to exhibit to the East a purified temple in Jerusalem. . . . The matter to be accomplished," Bunsen himself explains in a letter to Perthes, "was the converting a private (missionary) establishment into a national and universal Christian foundation; and that could only be effected by the founding of a bishopric by the Church of England. Then only could an understanding be come to with a view to establish a dignified and brotherly relation with other Protestants, especially with the Germans. To the Turks we must only display a *unity;* among ourselves we must maintain a brotherly understanding. But Germany must, above all things, assume an honourable and independent position in such a connection with the English Establishment. We must acknowledge that Establishment, and therefore the Episcopal authority; the English, on the other hand, must acknowledge our Augsburg Confession (the fount of all others) and our German order of worship. We must proclaim the Gospel as Germans, in German."

"Into this noble purpose of the King," adds the biographer, "Bunsen entered with all his soul's energy." It was only so far back as the year 1841; and nothing can more clearly show the change of religious sentiment in England since that period than the manner in which this, according to our present notions, preposterous scheme was received. It was in the days of Evangelical domination, notwithstanding the rising vigour of the party then called Tractarian; and the Low Church seems to have responded as one man to the romantic appeal. "The entire party, of a weight equal to its worth, termed Evangelical, with its distinguished leader, Lord Ashley, now Earl of Shaftesbury," says Madame Bunsen. The Secretary of the Jewish Mission Society "entered into the matter with enthusiasm." The "mild and venerable Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Howley, and the gifted and energetic Bishop of London, Dr Blomfield, warmly encouraged the purpose." Lord Palmerston "observed that every Englishman must rejoice at the idea of such an arrangement"—with a secret grin, one must suppose. "High and Low Church are charmed with the plan," writes Bunsen; "I *think* the Dissenters too will be satisfied. I am happy to perceive that the highest authorities do justice to Lord Palmerston's efforts and Lord Melbourne's goodwill towards the Church." With such a couple of pious props the scheme progressed quickly. When Lord Ashley read the minute of Friedrich Wilhelm on the subject, he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Since the days of David no king has ever spoken such words!" One wonders, as one reads, whether the inexorable action of seven-and-twenty years will throw as strange a gleam of semi-pathetic ridicule over our own enthusiasms. This curious project, it is evident, was to Bunsen one of the gravest

matters of national, nay, of world-wide, interest. His king and himself were by their plan inscribing their names as on a votive tablet on Mount Zion, the joy of the whole earth; and beginning a work of which, to use the phraseology of their English supporters, eternity would witness the results. The utter unimportance, in all external aspects at least, of a work set about with such effusion and enthusiasm, is one of the strangest lessons of modern times.

It is, however, a consolation to fall back from "those well-laid schemes of mice and men" to the unchanging, affectionate, human soul, with all its pleasant vanities and tender satisfaction in doing honour to its friends. "Thus, my dearest mother, I am coming to my Fanny's country, as you might perhaps have wished to see me come the first time, as the envoy of my sovereign," exclaims the simple tender German, with once more a touch of exquisite pleasure in thus justifying his Fanny's choice in the most unanswerable way. At that moment he seems to have really wished that this crowning honour should be the end of his diplomatic work. His desire was to be allowed "to retire to Rome to work quietly in the cause of restoration of the Church," and he significantly calls his mission to London "an auspicious *conclusion* to twenty-three years' diplomatic work." This, however, was not to be; and when his definitive appointment came as Prussian Minister in London, Bunsen, with his usual readiness, adapted himself at once to his new circumstances. Once more his heart flowed forth with the most natural and most touching exultation. "My beloved, I am in the mood to write rhapsodies," he says to his wife on the day he hears of his appointment, "I am so moved by the thought that you will be, by the man of your choice—upon whom, when a youth and a wanderer, you bestowed heart and hand—conducted back to your country, there with him to represent, in the presence of your own Queen, the noblest and most beloved of kings. Of all that is gratifying in this nomination, this is the consideration that gladdens me in the highest degree." "I am at Windsor Castle," he writes a little later to his mother-in-law, with whom his relations seem always to have been of the most affectionate kind—"I am there where I daresay you wished I might come when you gave me your Fanny." This charming natural impulse breaks out again and again. It is impossible to imagine a more profound personal satisfaction. Triumphantly had he justified the love that chose him. To raise his wife to the highest position a subject could hold; to see her take precedence, no doubt, of many an old friend who had smiled at or pitied her youthful infatuation; to do the highest credit to her and her family, and everybody belonging to him;—this supreme delight and consolation Providence gave to the always faithful, if not always wise, servant, who was ever anxious to serve both God and man. And a sweeter crown of personal wellbeing could not have been.

The time of Bunsen's residence in London as Prussian Minister is fresh in the memory of many; but it is not so interesting as the accounts of his first mission and earlier years. He had now attained the greatest place the world could give him, and his mature manhood was shading into the first mists of age. Perhaps it is that the height, when attained, is never so interesting as the climb upwards; perhaps that he was now absorbed in that whirl of London life which is often so full of intellectual brilliancy and the highest intercourse of cultivated minds, but which is yet crossed and recrossed by the equally glittering threads of conventional society—the dinners, the assemblies, the balls, and State receptions—in which the man of

highest genius counts for little more than any gilded youth. And partly, no doubt, its tameness is to be attributed to the fact that the principal records of this period are given from the letters of Madame Bunsen and the journals of her daughters, in which the head of the house continually appears as the pivot on which the big world turns. "My father spoke much at breakfast in a very interesting manner," is not a lively way of carrying on a history, though no doubt the recollection was very sweet to the writer. His intercourse with such men as Arnold and Julius Hare, to both of whom his attachment expressed itself in almost lover-like terms, is more interesting; but the former died almost immediately after Bunsen's arrival in England, and his letters to the latter are fragmentary, and not of any special importance. Glimpses of the Royal household—then in its fulness of happiness—appear frequently in these pages; but comparatively little is said of the friendship supposed to exist between the Prince Consort and his illustrious countryman. The Royal pair come in together with that unity which distinguished them so greatly. When they visited Bonn in 1845, a pretty little incident is recorded. The King of Prussia had proposed the health of his guests—"the Queen and her most illustrious Consort." "The Queen," says Bunsen, who was an interested and sympathetic spectator, "bowed at the first word, but much lower at the second. Her eyes brightened through tears, and as the King was taking his seat again, she rose and bent towards him, and kissed him on the cheek." She was then the happy young wife, now so well known to us. Here is another little picture of royal Windsor in the same golden time:—

"I had brought with me German books for the children, and received permission to present them. The Queen brought the Royal family into the corridor after luncheon on purpose to give me that opportunity. The Prince wanted to have the pictures explained, and I sat on the floor in the midst of the group. . . . The Queen often spoke to me about education, and in particular of religious instruction. Her views are very serious, but at the same time liberal and comprehensive." "The Queen is a wife and mother as happy as the happiest in her dominions," he repeats some time after, in those words which have become a kind of formula in the Victorian age, "and no one can be more careful of her charges. She often speaks to me about the great task before her and the Prince in the education of the Royal children, and particularly of the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal." Another more remarkable incident is the delivery of a letter written by Frederick William to the Queen, about the Prussian claim upon Neufchâtel—"a private letter," but with a political object, and accompanied by instructions to Bunsen. The complication was unprecedented and embarrassing. Bunsen referred the letter to Prince Albert, who immediately invited him to Osborne to give up his communication, but invited at the same time Lord Palmerston to accompany him.

"I desired Lord Palmerston to tell me what he wished me to do. As an abstract Whig, he said, 'It was unheard of, quite unusual, that a foreign sovereign should write to a sovereign of England on politics.' 'But,' said I, 'you praised the Queen and Prince Albert for their excellent letter on politics to the Queen of Portugal.' 'Yes, but that was between relations.' 'And this between friends. But you are informed of the arrival and of the contents of the letter, and will learn all that is in it.' . . . The Queen read the letter before dinner, and came down ten minutes before nine. After dinner Prince Albert told me that the Queen and he had had Lord Palmerston with them from six to eight, and that we should to-morrow settle the answer. In the

morning the Prince translated the political part of the letter into English, and then discussed with Lord Palmerston the heads of an answer. Then I was called in to see the letter and plead the King's cause, for which I was quite prepared. We all agreed—1. That conferences on Swiss affairs, on the basis of mediation between the contending parties, were out of the question now. But the Queen wished to say (and Lord Palmerston saw no harm in it) that she *would* have accepted Neufchâtel in preference to London, as a place of conference, if it could still be thought of. 2. That (as I had proposed) the Neufchâtel affair was now the object with respect to which her Majesty would try to be of use to her friend and brother. (I had demanded mediation with arbitration between Neufchâtel and the Federation; but Palmerston observed, 'That could only be done upon the ground of general treaties, and then the three other Powers would come in and spoil the whole.') So I was to be satisfied with *bons offices* in consequence of the instructions already given to C., 'based upon the detailed memoir written by your Majesty's faithful Bunsen, as your Majesty allows me to call him.' This the Queen will write *in English*, beginning and end in German. . . . All this is already written out fair by Prince Albert, under Lord P.'s revision, for the Queen, who will write it herself to-morrow, when the letter will be despatched by special messenger."

Neufchâtel, and the little tempest raised by it, has long ago died out of recollection, like many other things; but yet the severe constitutionalism and scrupulous conscientiousness thus exercised by the Queen and her husband are well worthy notice by the way.

The story awakens into greater excitement when the convulsions of 1848 arrived, and Bunsen, gazing vaguely from afar, saw the King who was his friend, and the people he loved, involved in the universal whirlwind. The "awful scenes in Berlin" are spoken of with a natural sympathetic shudder in the household letter-writings; and Bunsen himself, dating his note "the 22d day after the second Deluge," writes with deep and brief anxiety, much different from his usual diffusiveness, to his old friend Count Usedom, recommending him urgently to seek out and consult with the veteran Stockmar, lately made known to the general public in the Queen's book — who had been sent to Germany, as "I earnestly advised, and Prince Albert as urgently entreated," to lend his aid in the crisis. One March morning the Prince of Prussia, now King William II.—an uncompromising Tory man, not to be bent by revolutions—arrived suddenly in the Bunsen house, the abode of the Prussian Legation, without any warning—one of the crowd of illustrious travellers whom that stormy year sent to England. "My beloved king," Bunsen wrote to his mother-in-law at this exciting moment, "is in the position of one who, not having acted at his own time and opportunity when present, now is obliged to see the nation act for him." But he was much vexed and troubled by the want of all enthusiasm for Germany among the society in which he lived. "It is quite entertaining to see the stiff unbelief of the English in the future of Germany," he writes with a certain bitterness, while himself hoping to see a great empire rise from the creative hands of the Frankfort Diet. "The Prince does all that is possible to help the German cause, but no one has faith in it." It was hard upon the exile, whose heart beat for Germany. He even taunts the islanders with their Pharisaic self-satisfaction. "I thank Thee, Lord, that I am not as one of these!" "I would rather die for my noble country than live for anything else!" he cries, when, a little later, he is summoned to Berlin, where he went prepared for any sacrifice, or to accept any post, even though it should be the same as a "leap into the abyss of Curtius." The post offered him, however, was in "the German Empire," and his answer was, "that in the present state of conflict between Berlin and Frankfort, I should never think of

separating my fate from that of Prussia"—a resolution of which after events showed the wisdom as well as the loyalty. He returned immediately to London, often anxious, but always steadfast to his friendly, uncertain, and distracted king. "I have given up all private concerns," he wrote to Archdeacon Hare in the end of this eventful year—"all studies and researches of my own—and live entirely for the present political emergencies of my country, to stand or to fall by it."

After this anxious interval came better times. In December a constitution, which "has much of that which I desire," was granted by the King, and Bunsen gives utterance to a shout of thankfulness over "Prussia saved, and Germany too!" But it is not so easy to emerge out of the agitations of a revolution. He was called back to Germany to explain himself on points connected with "the Germanic body." He had to sign, much against his judgment, the "Danish protocol" about the Schleswig-Holstein transfer—that fruitful source of vexation to the human mind—as soon as he got home. He was offended with his king, and disgusted with the course of affairs, and the clouds once more began to gather thickly over him. With all this he was sighing for rest, or at least for what he considered rest—freedom from public service in one way, and leisure to rush into it in another, by working out the thousand literary projects that swarmed in his fertile brain. At last this often-expressed and often-subdued desire found its fulfilment so suddenly that the freed Minister stood bewildered, not knowing whether it was downfall or deliverance that had come to him. It was in a certain sense both. An ambassador, perhaps, next to a king, is the person least qualified to drop suddenly into the calm of ordinary life. When Bunsen was finally released or dismissed from his post, though he had been saying for years that he longed for retirement, he was evidently stunned for the moment by his fate. And yet it was the independence for which he had long sighed.

He left England in 1854, after a reign of more than twelve years, with intense regret, and at the same time a little hysterical joy. It was his last public appointment. He was sixty-two, but there is no appearance of his having been an old man. The family, so many of them as had not found homes of their own, settled themselves in a pretty house on the banks of the Neckar, just opposite the picturesque town and castle of Heidelberg, a residence chosen with Bunsen's usual regard for the beautiful. He was scarcely settled there when he plunged into studies and labours so manifold that the reader's head swims only to witness the restless activity, the perpetual germination of new ideas in the mind, of the disabled statesman. "I confess that, interested as I was in his speculations," says one of his visitors, "I had all the while an impression that he would require to live to antediluvian age, in order to commit all his theories to writing." These theories and schemes had been kept in check, though only to a certain extent, by the pressure of public business in the former periods of his life. It is true he had written many books, and uttered heaps of speculations, and studied every subject that came in his way with omnivorous appetite; but still the claims of his duty to the world and his country had kept the too eager spirit in check. Now that salutary restraint was removed. It is impossible even to read the accounts of what he was doing and meant to do, which poured from his Charlottenberg retirement, without a certain vertigo. No labourer working for daily bread, ever laboured harder or with more entire absorption. His thoughts were ever ready to strike off at a tangent, following any chance lead. When he was

requested, for example, to write a notice of Luther for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' he conceived at once and without a moment's hesitation the idea of a gigantic life of Luther in four volumes, the scheme of which he immediately drew out and presented to his wife! He got twenty pounds for his paper, and he spent sixty pounds on books about Luther, as he himself records, not without an amused consciousness. Such was the strange, teeming, over-fertile mind, hungry for work, full of a restless patriotism, missionaryism, desire to teach and communicate. He had not the spur of necessity, nor of extreme appreciation—two very palpable pricks which move ordinary men. He might have taken his rest and enjoyed the calm of his declining years if he had been so minded. Notwithstanding his many productions, we learn with wonder that a translation of Dr Caird's famous sermon on 'Religion in Common Life,' made him more popularly known in his own country than any other work. "His speculations, philosophical or religious, carried, I found, very little weight in Germany," says Dr M'Cosh, whose description is gratefully quoted by Madame Bunsen. And yet, notwithstanding, he laboured on, anxious, partly, with a most sensitive human sympathy to keep himself in communication with his fellow-creatures, and pour forth all that was in him; and partly to impress upon them what was to him the truth, than which no greater purpose ever occupied man.

We have left ourselves no room to consider Bunsen's works, or to enter into the affecting, if too minute, story of his latter days. But we may add that the scheme with which he started in his youth was never abandoned to his latest breath by the persistent philosopher. The philosophy of history was still his theme in Heidelberg as it had been his hoped-for undertaking at the beginning of his career in Rome. It became "God in history" in his later days, and all his works were more or less directed to the carrying out of his original plan, tracing the growth of races and languages, and following the development of man.

Not less persistent were his religious opinions. His very nature led him, however, to take up a line of thought which only a few men, and those perhaps not the most forcible in point of character and decision of genius, would be likely to adopt. He had a Catholic heart in conjunction with the most Protestant of minds. His Church of the future, the devout conception of his life, was a Church in which worship should be the bond, and religious opinions or even belief hold a secondary place.

"My own personal efforts," he says, "have ever tended to bridge over that divergence from the life of the congregation, not by means of formularies, . . . but by the living act of worship." To this a large proportion of his work tended from his earliest to his last days. His scheme may be an impracticable one, for it is easier by far to profess belief in a system of doctrine than to worship in spirit and in truth; but it was at least a noble aim, and worthy the efforts of a life. For this end he collected the materials for his liturgy, his hymns, his grave old music—for this ultimately devoted the end of his life to the severe labour of a new translation of the Bible—the *Bibelwerk*—intended to restore the Scriptures to their sovereign place, which he found they had unhappily lost, as the foundation of religious life in Germany. Religious nationality, expressing itself in congregational life and vigour, yet not congregationalism, as he takes pains to explain—a universal bond of common prayers, thanksgiving, union of heart and feeling, if not of mind and thought—was what he hoped for and strove after. He himself united with the profoundest faith

and love for Christ the Saviour, and head of His Church, an incapacity for doctrinal belief which is almost incredible. "I am able to say," writes Dr M'Cosh, "what I believe I can say of no other with whom I had so much intercourse, that we never conversed during these five days, for ten minutes at a time, without his returning, however far he might be off, to his Bible and his Saviour as the objects which were evidently the nearest to him." Yet he would not commit himself to the formulary that God was a being! Devout references are continual throughout all his letters. "First and last," he writes to one of his sons on the eve of his confirmation, "I would have you look up to the model above all others, Jesus Christ. Think of His sufferings for us sinners, and grieve not His Spirit by unfaithfulness. There is nothing that can support the fiery trial of temptation and of suffering which is before you but the belief in the revelation of God as love in the person of Jesus Christ." The same utterance broke from him on his deathbed when he was unable to express any other feeling. And the foundation which he thus built for personal existence he would also have built for the life of the nation. "Belief in the truth of the Scriptures, of the Word of God in the Bible, and activity of Christian love in the congregation—these are the only real bases of the Christian community," he says, when approaching the end of his life. Yet Merle D'Aubigné was driven by stress of orthodoxy to apologise for "the offence he had given to the faithful by publicly embracing," at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, the old man whose pure and beneficent life had been built on such a foundation. We cannot do better than sum up the life of Bunsen in the expression we have already made use of. His mind was Protestant to the very utmost bounds of Teutonic Protestantism—a mind incapable of receiving anything by authority; philosophically impartial—unconfined by any limit of right or wrong in thought—ready to follow out any strain of reasoning to any conclusion. But his heart was warmly, tenderly Catholic. He was ready, with all the sympathetic fulness of his nature, to pray to God, to praise God, with his brother man, whatsoever that brother's tenets might be. He was ready to inquire, unawed by the magnitude of the subject, into the very foundations upon which even natural piety is built, and doubt and speculate; but, by a curious gift peculiar to his nation, perhaps peculiar to himself, to worship God in Christ, in the midst of his speculations, with a fervour and devoutness which puts orthodoxy to shame. We do not profess to account for the curious combination; but he will be a strange reader who will close these ponderous volumes with the slightest doubt on his mind as to Bunsen's Christian character; that is triumphantly vindicated by every word that falls from his lips and every action of his life.

So far as personal advancement and happiness went, never was a more fortunate or prosperous man. Blessings fell on him like dew wherever he went—honour and love attended his steps. But in other matters he was not so fortunate. The conclusion of his two great missions in Rome and England are both overshadowed with the mists of partial failure. Even his personal influence with his king, great as it was, was ineffectual for any real good. His books missed fire to a great degree. In his beloved Fatherland, as we have said, he was more generally known by his translation of Dr Caird's sermon, than by any of his elaborate works—a curious fate for a man so laborious and devoted. His life, as it is now presented to the world, is wrapped in much voluminous drapery, and overlaid with

such immensity of detail, that the man has to be disinterred out of it as out of a pyramid. But notwithstanding this over-amplitude, Madame Bunsen has made known to us the true man in all the innocence, simplicity, and uprightness of his nature. Innocence may be supposed a curious attribute to accompany the ripe intelligence and many acquirements of an experienced statesman, and yet it is as characteristic of him as the boundless activity which left too little time for repose, or the gathering together of his intellectual forces. Whatever his intellectual faults may have been, Bunsen has left behind him to his country one of its best possessions—the tradition of a spotless, honourable, and pious life, inspired from beginning to end with the truest devotion to the Fatherland.

MADAME AURELIA.—PART I.

CHAPTER I.

The season of 185– was at last drawing to a close. Peers and Commons alike were beginning to think more about the health and condition of the birds than about the wellbeing of the country; lawyers were planning their Alpine tours, and theatrical managers already counting their profits or their losses, as the case might be. Still, however, the time for the general dispersion had not as yet so completely arrived as to render it altogether infamous for a man to be seen leaving his club door save in the company of a cab, portmanteau, and gun-case, although—since the first portion of the annual emigration is for the most part the fairest portion also—it might, except in cases of the strictest intimacy, be considered a piece of doubtful taste to make a morning call,—at all events where ladies were in question.

Now, no matter how well dressed or self-possessed a man may be, there are nevertheless signs, slight indeed, but unmistakable, by which the initiated may tell at a glance when he is on his way to pay a visit which he does not intend to result in merely leaving his card. His face, for instance, wears a preoccupied expression; there is an indescribable something about the finish of his toilette altogether different in character from the purely artistic finish which he achieves for the ordinary promenade; his habitual self-possession is just inclined to border on self-assertion; he holds himself a trifle more upright, and removes his pace just half a degree in advance of the lounge; he salutes his friends gravely, if not sadly, and almost with the air of a man who has really something to do. Of course there are men who never take any pains at all with their personal appearance save on these occasions only, and whose condition under such circumstances is pitiable indeed. A man of this kind looks troubled and nervous; his clothes hang strangely upon him; he either slouches or holds himself like a recruit after ten days of drill; he walks as if he were either too late for the train or creeping unwillingly to school; if he meets an acquaintance he makes his salutation in a doubtfully jaunty way, as if he were as ashamed of what he is doing as he is of the flower which he has been so ill-advised as to place in the button-hole of his coat. But, after all, this unfortunate being is worse than his more favoured fellow-creatures in degree only. The

young and elaborately dressed man who, about the hour of three in the afternoon, was leaving the door of the Burlington—the most exclusive club of that day—was assuredly one of the very highest caste—a Brahmin of the Brahmins. He was so perfectly well dressed that even the Count de Longchamps, the best-dressed man in Europe, had called him the best-dressed man in town—so well, that his costume was the last part of him that men remarked. Rather, they noticed his graceful and athletic figure, an inch or so over the middle height; his perfectly regular features, whose expression was one of content with himself and all the world; his thick light-brown hair and whiskers — it was before the Crimean expedition had made mustaches general in England—and his clear, open, grey eyes. Women would have remarked, in addition, the small and delicate hands, now hidden and yet set off by the most perfect of gloves, and the fine and aristocratic feet, which were equally well dealt with by the bootmaker. He showed, therefore, as few of the symptons of a premeditated call as possible; and yet even about him there was quite enough of the anxious and *distrait* to explain his purpose to those who are skilled in observing the manners and customs of the streets.

The direction which he followed led towards that quarter of London which lies due west of the Regent's Park. On reaching a rather sombre and shabby-looking house in a secluded row of semi-detached villas, as they are called in the *lingua franca* of house-agents, he knocked, and gave his card to the not very dignified or well-appointed footman who opened to him. On it was engraved the name of

Sir Herbert Weston, Bart.

Following the man up the dark and close staircase, the visitor entered the drawing-room—a room which was certainly in striking contrast to the external appearance of the house It was large and newly furnished, and so profusely ornamented with gilding and glass as to suggest the idea of a chamber in a Parisian *hôtel* rather than that of a room in a London house. The paper was of bright pattern, and the carpet of a soft and thick texture: the chairs were as light and small and dangerously fragile as even a drawing-room chair can well contrive to be; and the couches, of which there were many, appeared made for ornament even more than for luxurious use. The room, however, afforded evidence that its occupant was no less negligent in habits than magnificent in taste. There were, for example, plenty of costly flowers, but more than half of them were prematurely faded for want of attention. There were a few pictures, some of which were apparently of value, upon the walls, but not one was hung in a straight line. There was a large pile of music about the grand pianoforte, but it was all in hopeless confusion. The chairs and couches stood about without any attempt at system, and the plate-glass windows were terribly in want of soap and water.

That occupant herself—for it was a lady—was lazily seated in the most easy-looking of the easy-chairs, and making believe to be reading a novel in a yellow cover. Her age was apparently about two-and-thirty, less or more, but probably rather more. Years, however, had not detracted the least from her peculiar style of beauty. On the contrary, when she was younger she must have wanted that air of complete and harmonious repose which now suited her so well. She was rather tall, and appeared even taller than she really was from a tendency to fulness of figure, which, however, took nothing from her elegance and grace, but rather added to them a calm stateliness. Her face was a pure soft oval, whose complexion was of the rich

warm brown of Spain or southern Italy—without brightness, indeed, but so, in its own way, all the more beautiful—and was well matched by hair, which lay in heavy waves, of colour so dark as to be only just short of absolute blackness. Her long and rather heavy eyes, surmounted by delicate straight brows of the same colour as her hair, were, however, neither black nor brown, but of that peculiar kind of grey which most people mistake for one or the other—an unusual combination, which gave to her face a certain singularity. Her nose and chin were of the statuesque kind, the delicate nostrils being slightly raised, so as to leave the upper lip rather long. The lips themselves, especially the lower, were red and full, marking a mouth that was perfectly shaped and extremely expressive, though it might have been smaller, and even a little more delicate, with advantage. Perhaps if the expression of her face had a real fault, it was that it was altogether a little too heavy when in repose, and, while apparently intensely capable of being affected by passion and strong emotion, too unused to indicate sweetness or lightness of heart; and the slight trace of a perpendicular line between the eyebrows did not contradict the general impression given by the mouth and the eyes. Her hands were very white and plump and soft, and her arms and shoulders faultless altogether.

On the entrance of her visitor the lady rose from her chair and held out her hand with a bright Italian smile. "Welcome, a thousand times," she said in English, with a full sweet voice, but with an exceedingly foreign accent; "I have been so *triste* all day: I thought the world had forgotten me."

"Then you were indeed mistaken; at least I can answer for the memory of one very small part of it."

"Ah, you mean yourself? No; I did not speak of you when I complained of the world."

"Thanks. You only do me justice. What traitors were you thinking of, then?"

"Oh, of everybody. You see I am not in power at present."

"You cannot help always being the greatest power."

She laughed. "Oh, but I am not, indeed. I was so a week since, and shall be again very soon, I have no doubt. But you see your season is over."

"You talk like the grouse after October."

"That is so English! You think always of *la chasse.* But I am quite right. When the *Impresario* has once said *au revoir*, all the world thinks that he has said it for all the world. And so good-bye to English friendships for another year."

"To the friends, Madame—not to the friendships."

"Ah, Sir Herbert, I have no friends—no real ones, I mean." She said this with a sentimental half-sigh, but the look in her eyes was meant to add, "except, I hope, Sir Herbert Weston."

Weston, upon whom not one of her words or looks was lost, felt the implied flattery. He moved nearer to her, and said with warmth,—

"Now, indeed, you are unkind. Must I say for the hundredth time——"

"No, my dear friend," she answered, holding up her hand; "no—I believe *you.* But I am talking about the world of those who do not understand me." She gave another little sigh, and then added, with a light laugh, "But come; we are talking as if I were worth the understanding. So I suppose that you, too, are come to say *au revoir?* You are not quite content to say it through the *Impresario?*"

"Are you going to leave England at once, then?" he asked, anxiously.

"I? That depends. But I sup-

pose you are not going to stay in London yourself now that the world has come to an end?"

"That depends also," he answered, in a low tone.

"That speech about the grouse showed where your thoughts were. You see that I can observe well sometimes."

"They were certainly not with the grouse. No—I do not think you observe well."

"Where were they then? But it does not matter. So you do not go at once?"

"My answer to that would be, Do you?"

"What has that to do with it? But, as I said, I really do not know. I have no particular engagement, and no home. I should not know where to go."

"But you will, I suppose, have some engagement soon?"

"My friend, I never think of to-morrow."

"Then I am reprieved, at all events."

"You seem to be very thankful for very small things. But I, too, am glad that you are not going just yet, though my reason is not very flattering to you, I am afraid. I shall want you to help me in something."

"Then, I assure you, I feel myself flattered indeed. What is it?"

"I will tell you some other time. You see that, living all alone as I do, I often want help and advice. I shall never get into your English ways."

"I hope you will always keep your own—they will always be best, except——"

"Do not talk such nonsense, pray. I shall be changing my mind about coming to you for advice if you do. But still you said 'except.' That gives me some hope." Her voice became softer and sweeter and lower than before.

"Dear Madame Olivieri," Weston was beginning, when the door burst open, and a strange figure almost rushed into the room.

CHAPTER II.

He who so brusquely interrupted the *tête-à-tête*, which was rapidly growing interesting to at least one of the parties, was a tall man, to whom a haggard and unshorn face, a ragged and dirty suit of black, long and uncombed hair, and wild black eyes, gave the appearance of one who had just escaped from some mad-house. He was so dark-complexioned, however, that the dirt with which his face was encrusted probably did not add more than a shade to the colouring for which nature was responsible. Weston gave an impatient start, but the new-comer, without regarding his presence, began to address the lady in Italian so volubly and incoherently, that her companion, though more than fairly acquainted with the language, could only catch a word here and there.

"Signora!" he began, without any salutation, "all is lost; you know it? Perhaps not? So much the better. Oh, the beautiful idea that it was! Yes, it was not our fault. It was not Baroni's, nor Marcelli's, nor mine. I would, I swear it, have thrown myself into the fiery crater of Vesuvius, and drowned myself in burning Phlegethon, for the divine liberty"—here he threw himself into a theatrical attitude—"I would have been Curtius, and spurred myself and ten thousand chargers into a million yawning chasms. I would have raised the tricolor upon the heights of Thermopylæ, and have stabbed Cæsar in the Senate—I would have expelled the Tarquins—I would have——"

"So the affair was discovered?" asked Madame Olivieri. She spoke quietly, but the line deepened between her brows.

The Italian, who was gesticulating furiously, suddenly came down from his flight. "All, *Signora mia.*" The tears streamed down his cheeks, and he made no attempt to hide or stop them. "All——"

"And how? Tell me." There was intense anxiety in her tone.

The Italian glanced at Weston, whom he now first observed, with a sudden look of cunning.

"It is a friend," she added; "you may speak freely."

"It was betrayed." He spoke in a kind of hiss, such as one hears sometimes on the stage.

"By whom?"

"We do not know the accursed villain. But by the gods who live for ever! by Capitolian Jove——"

The lady's brow relaxed, and she drew a deep sigh, which sounded suspiciously like one of relief. "And now, our friends—are they safe? You are, I see, my dear Luigi." She held out her white hand to the Italian, who, much to the disgust of Weston, took it and kissed it with rapture, weeping on it copiously the while. "Pierotti?" she asked.

"In prison."

"Pevesi?"

"In prison."

"Siri? Degola?"

"In prison. Alberti——"

"Well?"

"Alberti, Mela, Magni, all in prison."

"Have you only escaped, then?"

"I only, and Marcelli."

"Marcelli? who is he?"

"He is a Brutus, a Cato, a Tell, a Leonidas, a Marat, a Robespierre, a Washington, a Danton, a Gracchus, a Cromwell——"

"But who is he? How long has he been one of us?"

"This is his first affair."

"But was he to be trusted?"

"To the death, Signora. He is a mirror——"

"Is he Neapolitan?"

"His uncle is an accursed Count——"

"What! the Count dei Marcelli? Surely not. They are *Codini* to the backbone."

"Signora, Collatinus was the nephew of Tarquinius——"

"His age?"

"Was Curtius old when he closed the gulf? was——"

"But Marcelli—how old is he?"

"He is young—twenty-six this very day."

"He is in London?"

"We are brothers in exile, Signora. We escaped together."

"Tell me—how did you manage it?"

"I hardly know. I was with Marcelli when the news came, and he managed to get us both away. The others were already taken. Ah, he has mind, he has resource, has Marcelli."

"Alas! I can hardly bear to congratulate you when I think of the others. But yet I do, with all my heart."

"The Signora is an angel."

"You must bring Marcelli here. What is his first name?"

"The name of Curtius, of Brutus, of Cicero, of Cato—in a word, Marco."

"Where are you staying, now? Where are you to be heard of?"

"We have no lodging as yet, Signora. In fact——"

"Ah, I understand, my poor Luigi." She went to a drawer and took from it a bundle of bank-notes. Without counting them she put them into the Italian's hand. "This is the least I can do for *la patria*," she said.

"Italia thanks you, Signora, through the least of her sons." Having taken the notes he again bent over her hand and kissed it. "I will let you hear from us. Marco is gone to Baroni."

Again the line deepened in the fair brow of Madame Olivieri. "Baroni," she said, half to herself; "so he is here, too? He was not in Naples?"

"He was not: but we were expecting him daily. He at least is left to work for the good cause,

thank heaven! But does not the Signora know he is here?"

"Baroni is a mystery," she answered.

"Baroni is a great man," replied the Italian. "If we are the hands, he is the head; the gods forbid that we should seek to know the secrets of Baroni!"

"Well," she said, softly, "so let it be, then. After all, I am but a woman, and am therefore neither head nor hand, I suppose. But I have a heart, and that is always yours and our Italy's. Go now, dear Luigi, and provide for your and your friend's lodging. When you have done so, bring him here to me; and meanwhile give him and all our friends here my best sympathy, and tell them where to come when they want help. By the way, where does Baroni live?"

"I do not know, Signora. Marco knows his address, but I believe that he lives elsewhere."

"Well, no matter. Do not forget what I have said—and we will pray for better days."

"The words of the Signora are here always," answered the Italian, laying his hand upon his heart, and bowing theatrically. Then, drawing himself up, he made an exit that would have brought no small applause had it been made on the stage.

During the whole of this conversation, Weston had had, perforce, to remain silent; and the interruption of his *tête-à-tête*, and the unusual manner in which he had been thrown into the background, had put him into an exceedingly ill humour with Madame Olivieri, with the unfortunate Luigi, and even—a thing that very seldom happened—with himself. His fastidious delicacy, moreover, had been more offended by the whole scene than he would have cared to confess. A woman, however, who possessed the tact of Madame, could not fail to read what was passing in his mind more plainly than if it had been written in a book. She looked at him with a deprecating glance, and a slight raising of the shoulders.

"You see," she said, "this comes of belonging to an oppressed country. Poor Italy!" she added, with a profound sigh, and a full look into the eyes of her companion. "It is a noble cause, and one with which I go, heart and soul; but every great cause has its fanatics, its extravagants, who do all they can to make it ridiculous and disgusting. The worst of it is, these men manage to get scot-free in misfortune, while the better suffer."

"This man seemed fool and fanatic with a vengeance," said Weston. "Why do the leaders employ such creatures?"

"They are men, and brave men too, and that is all-sufficient. Besides, Luigi Perillo is, after all, no fool, and is as true as steel, though he is *fanatico*, no doubt."

"Perhaps I judge him unfairly: but what station of life can he be in? I could not make a guess."

"No Englishman could. He is an *avvocato*—what is that in English? Not exactly a lawyer."

"A barrister, we should call him."

"Very likely. And his position was not a bad one till he gave up everything for his ideas, which, as you see, are ultra-republican. I suppose Marcelli is another of the same kind. I remember his father: he was a nobleman of the old Neapolitan style—not very moral or useful, but very pious, and a great grower of olives."

"I hope for his own sake he is not much like the *avvocato*."

"I do not know—there are worse men among us than Luigi, poor fellow."

"And so you are a politician?" He was trying hard to bring back the conversation into its original groove, but he had really lost his temper, and thus the very attempt rendered its own fulfilment the more impossible. Whether Mad-

ame Olivieri was annoyed or not, it was impossible to say, but she was evidently *distraite* and rather inattentive.

"I am an Italian woman," she answered, "but you are an Englishman—you cannot understand that."

"I wish you would not always throw my English birth in my face; besides, there is no reason why an Englishman should not sympathise with Italy. I, for one, have every reason to do so," he added, pointedly.

"So you do not think us all crazy fanatics?" she asked, with a smile that had the sudden effect of restoring him to his normal condition of boundless self-satisfaction.

"How can you ask such a question?"

"And you do not repent of having promised to do something for me?"

"What is there that I would not do for you?"

"No—this is nothing very terrible, but it may be troublesome, and perhaps a little disagreeable."

"That cannot be, in your service."

"Wait and see. You have heard of Baroni?"

"I have heard of him. He is a red-hot republican, is he not?"

"He is the hero and idol of such men as Perillo and Marcelli, and of better men than they. He directs every conspiracy in Italy, and in other countries too—Poles, Hungarians, French Republicans, dreaming Germans, all look up to this Baroni."

"But what has he to do with your want?"

"Strange to say, I have never set eyes on him."

"And you particularly wish it? What is to prevent you, knowing all these people as you do?" His countenance had fallen when he heard her mention Baroni: he felt a qualm of jealousy, and apparently with better cause than jealousy usually has for its qualms. What could be more natural than that the idea of this great and mysterious man should exercise a dangerous fascination on the mind of any woman, and more especially on that of one like Madame Olivieri?

"I have tried often," she answered, "but never managed it. They say he avoids women as if they were a pestilence."

This was worse and worse. The reputation of being a professed misogynist cannot fail to add a piquancy to a man's character in the eyes of women, nearly as great as that of being a notorious *roué*. At least such is the opinion of many good judges in such matters.

"But what is it you want me to do?" asked Weston, after a short pause.

"Will you indulge a caprice?" Here she put on her most amiable voice and most winning smile. "You must get to know this Baroni, and introduce him to me."

"But surely many others could do you that service better than I. This Italian of yours, for instance——"

"Oh no; no Italian could do it. It is you only, who could have no suspicious motive in making his acquaintance, and who could tell him that I am not so very dangerous——"

"No one who knows you could tell him that."

"In politics," she added, affecting not to understand him. "Really you are the only person. Are my caprices of so very little consequence to you? Should I ask any one else to gratify them?"

There was no resisting the manner in which this last appeal was made, at least on the part of a man always more than half willing to believe in his own powers of conquest. "Well, I promise," he answered, though, for him, somewhat ungraciously, in spite of his attempt to speak amiably. "But how am I to get to know him?" he asked. In truth, the matter did not appear so very easy.

"Oh, men can always find out

ways of knowing each other. But I can manage that. I know many who know Baroni, and who will introduce you. You must be an Englishman who has fallen in love with young Italy—and you are, are you not?" She gave him no time to answer, but went on: "But really this is a trifle—I would not impose anything else on you, except to promise to say good-bye to me before you go to your grouse."

"No, not good-bye, but *au revoir*. Indeed, I expect you will be the first of us to leave London."

"It will be all the same. So we understand each other, do we not?" She held out her hand, but the gesture was one that implied "now it is time for you to go," and so Weston understood it. In fact, there was no excuse for his remaining longer; and so, rising and pressing the hand thus held out to him, he left the room under the influence of the most fascinating of smiles, though rather dissatisfied and ill at ease.

No sooner had her visitor left her, than the sweet smile on the face of Madame Olivieri died away into a look of intense weariness. Going, as if mechanically, to the drawer from which she had taken the bank-notes, she drew from it two memorandum-books. In one of them, which was ruled for accounts, she entered:—

"—— —th. Paid to Luigi Perillo for general purposes, £25."

Then followed the numbers and respective values of the notes.

In the other, which was nearly filled with closely-written memoranda, she wrote upon a blank page:—

"73. *Marco Marcelli*, nephew and heir (?) to the Count dei Marcelli, son of the late Guido d. M.—26 years old. Engaged in the last conspiracy at N., but previously unknown. Escaped with L. Perillo: now in London, and supposed to be in communication with Baroni."

Then she closed the books, replaced them in the drawer, which she carefully locked, and returned to her easy-chair, where she sat for long in grave meditation.

Weston returned to the Burlington to dine. On his arrival, the porter handed him several notes and letters, none of which, however, seemed to be very interesting except one, over which he looked gloomy, although it was nothing more than this:—

"*Monday*, 12 *o'clock*.

"Dear Herbert,—Papa is not very well to-day, so we are not going to Lady Ashton's this evening. Can you come in, if you have no engagement? Of course, we—papa and myself, that is—shall be by ourselves. With best love,

"Florence.

"We shall expect you."

CHAPTER III.

General Sir Alexander Lindsay had enjoyed all the good fortune that one whose whole soul was devoted to the calling of arms could fairly have hoped to obtain in the course of a tolerably long life. He had served with great credit through the Peninsular war, without having been obliged to lie by on account of illness or wounds, except at convenient seasons when there was no fighting to be done. The conspicuous merit and gallantry—conspicuous even there—which he had shown at Waterloo, were followed by his finding himself at the head of his regiment; and, though severely wounded at last, still fit for active service. Finally, after holding high military appointments at home and in the colonies, he had seen service against the Sikhs. Despatches were familiar with the honourable mention of his name; and though somewhat inclined to be a *martinet*, he was cordially liked and respected by all, whether above or below him in rank, and especially

by those with whom he had actually served. He had entered the army very young, filled with all the *perfervidus ardor* of his country, and with no little of that spirit which in old times filled every battle-field of Europe from Normandy to the Caucasus with his ancestors and countrymen. He loved his profession for its own sake, and did not choose it for its incidental advantages. Starting without a penny of income beyond his pay, and with no property save his commission in a line regiment—for he was one of those poor gentlemen by whom, as a rule, the world's best work is done—he achieved distinction for himself; and if accident had favoured him, he had always deserved to be so favoured. Fortune is true to her sex in ever loving a brave man; and whatever they may have lacked, courage, at all events, has seldom been wanting to her *protégés*. But the demerits of General Lindsay had always been singularly few. He had always been both a religious and moral man, even in those days when to be either one or the other was accounted strange in a soldier, and almost a matter for ridicule, and made even Lindsay, liked and respected as he was, regarded as strait-laced and rather unsociable. Neither epithet, however, was well chosen. He had but four prejudices, if such a term can be used to indicate all the knightly virtues—that is to say, he was proud of his good birth, and strove to keep himself from doing, saying, or thinking aught that could disgrace it; he held all women in all honour and reverence by reason of their womanhood; he held true to the strict faith in which he had been brought up; and he had an utter horror of all that savoured of disloyalty to the king or of disobedience to a superior officer. The very idea of revolution he hated, whether abroad or at home; and he had probably found a zest in fighting the French in calling to mind that they were a nation of *parvenus* and revolutionists who had killed their king and guillotined or driven into exile all their gentlemen.

Deservedly fortunate, however, as his career had been, he had suffered at least one misfortune; and it had been a real one. His wife, who had been worthy of all his love, and on whom he had bestowed all, died in giving birth to his only child, Florence, who was now—for her father had married very late, and after an exceedingly long engagement—only twenty-two years old. Of course, under the circumstances, she had been a spoiled child—her father could not help himself. But, being very like her father in character, she required a very great deal of spoiling; and besides, she looked upon him as a hero, whose least word or wish was to her a law. She was like him in singleness of heart and mind; and if he was a knight in character, she was a knight's lady—that is to say, she loved courage and truth in men, and was herself brave and true. She was gentle, and more apt to sympathise with the vanquished than with the victors in the battle of life, always supposing that the fallen knight had done his *devoir* gallantly; she was cheerful and bright-minded, not merely because she had never known misfortune, but out of the natural happiness of her heart; she was good, because she was too happy in herself to be otherwise. Never having been restrained by her father, or by any one else—a dangerous experiment, by the way, though in her case it succeeded—she was outspoken and impulsive; but then her words were always pleasant and kind, and her impulses affectionate and unselfish. She resembled her father in another point also—she had no little pride of race in her own gentle and unassuming way.

In person she was like her mother, who had been very beautiful. Her tall and slight and graceful figure she sometimes carried

with a sort of demure stateliness, sometimes with a pliant elegance, but always without a touch of self-consciousness: her complexion was brilliantly fair, and of a delicate healthy colour; her hair, of a pale golden brown; and her eyes, of a deep laughing blue. Her expression, however, would have tasked the power of a painter, so seldom did it remain quite the same for two seconds at a time; perhaps, indeed, a little more frequent repose would have suited her regular, very slightly aquiline, features a little better—but it would be hard to say. A change in this respect might have proved scarcely an improvement after all, for their expression, varying as it was, was always kind and soft; and if her small delicate mouth did sometimes aid her blue eyes in putting on a provokingly mocking smile, it was only that nature had endowed her with that best, without exception, of all mental gifts,—that gift which is never found in connection with stupidity, narrowness, or shallowness—which comforts in adversity, and saves from the ill effects of good fortune, from hard judging, from vanity, from useless regret, from discontent, nay, even from *ennui* itself, —the glorious sense of humour, to which the ridiculous is not an unknown tongue, and which can draw wisdom from everything in the world, and consolation from everything, save the sorrows of others.

On the evening of the day on which Sir Herbert Weston had paid his visit to Madame Olivieri, the father and daughter were sitting together in the drawing-room of their house in —— Square. It was a very great contrast to that of the Italian. Here all was perfectly simple, in good taste, and in good keeping: there was no overloading with heavy gilding, or attempting to give a false brilliancy by means of innumerable mirrors; the flowers were fewer, but they were fresh and well arranged; and there was an open sweetness about the atmosphere very different from the heavy subtle odour of the artificial perfumes affected by the Signora. At the same time there was no forced symmetry about the room; there was that concealment of art which gives the same amount of finish to a room as to a poem. The only matter in which the two rooms resembled each other was, that in each the grand piano stood open, and that the manner in which the music lay about it spoke of use, though in the present case there was much less of it, and it did not invade the carpet. Another difference between the two rooms was, that whereas in the one a person who sought for a book wherewith to pass the time would find at most one of the yellow-coloured volumes to which Madame Olivieri devoted the little attention she had to spare for literature, in the other, the tables would have afforded a very fair choice among the light literature of more languages than one.

The General was sitting in a large arm-chair not far from the open window, and his daughter upon a low stool, with an arm resting on his knee. Their conversation seemed to be rather graver than usual. The sun had set, but it was still light.

"You see, dear," said the father, "one must sometimes think of these things, and talk about them too. God knows how sorry I shall be for you to leave me, even if I still saw you every day; but then I cannot help knowing that I get older, and that my old wound tells more than it did. Now, however sorry I shall be for you to go, I know that we must part altogether one day, and I should like to see you settled in your new home before that day comes. Besides, I do not like to think that I stand in the way of your happiness."

"Do not say that, papa." The eyes of Florence had tears in them as she looked up at him.

"Well," he said, with a grave

smile, which showed that his daughter inherited some of her expression from him also—"well, I will not say so again. But I do not like to think that I stand in Herbert's way either."

"I am sure he would not think so."

"He would not say so, of course; but I fancy that I should think so were I in his place. So you see that I am only thinking of my own pleasure in the matter after all."

Florence was silent, but she took one of his hands in hers.

After a pause she said, "Papa, I do not wish to leave you."

"My dear girl," he answered, "I do not think you are right. I should be very sorry indeed to have to go without having set my house in order, and the only thing now left undone is to see you a happy wife, and to feel that nothing, so far as I can see, may stand in the way of your happiness. I can trust Herbert, thank God! but one can never tell what may happen. Besides, something is due to him also. It is not right to make him wait so long. These long indefinite engagements are not at all good, either for a man or for a woman." He was thinking of his own, and spoke more gravely still. "Mind, dear, I am not saying anything to hurry you, but I only want you to think of what I say. I know you never think of yourself; but think over this for Herbert's sake and mine."

She kissed the hand she held. At that moment a knock was heard at the door.

"There is Herbert," said Florence; and she left the room.

She had not been gone a minute or two when Weston entered. General Lindsay had recovered his composure, which had been a little disturbed, and held out his hand to the young baronet with a pleasant smile.

"I cannot get up, Herbert, you see," he said. "I begin to feel that the Frenchmen did not intend me to forget them in a hurry."

"Do not move, pray," said Weston. "I hope there is nothing serious?"

"Oh, no—only what old soldiers must expect to come to. What is the news of the clubs?"

"Oh, nothing. Parliament, you see, is just rising, and everybody is trying to escape from town as soon as possible."

"And what do you think of doing?"

"I hardly know yet."

Florence, who had run to her own room when Weston knocked, now returned, looking her brightest and best. She thanked Weston for coming by a smile as she put out her hand, which he took, and retained in his.

"Well, Herbert," she said, "what is it you hardly know yet?"

"General Lindsay was asking me what I am going to do with myself this autumn, and you have just come in time to answer."

"I? Oh, how should I know?"

"Have you made any plans?"

"Not yet. But I suppose we shall be going somewhere. But I will ring for lights. I did not ask you to leave your smoking-room to come and sit in the dark."

"When will Parliament rise?" asked the General.

"As soon as possible. By the way, there are rumours of a dissolution."

"Then you will stand for —— shire?" asked Florence.

"I suppose I shall have to do it."

"Of course you will have to," she answered—"and have to win, besides."

"Well, I suppose there is not very much doubt about either."

"And the opera is over," said Florence. "Well, it has been a pleasant season."

"I have found it so too, on the whole. What was this party at Lady Ashton's?"

"Were you not asked? Oh, I forgot, though—you are not in favour. It was to be some kind of winding-up, I suppose, with no end

of people; meant to be rather grand, too, after the regular Ashton style. I didn't care about going, except that I should have liked to hear Olivieri sing. I have never heard her off the stage."

"Was she to sing there?"

"So I heard. We heard her last on Monday, in 'Lucrezia Borgia.' What a glorious voice she has!"

"She has, indeed."

"And her style, too; do you not worship her?"

"My worship lies elsewhere."

"But you must, and ought. Whom do you like better?"

"I will answer by asking you to sing me something."

"Not unless you admire Olivieri."

"I admire her, then, immensely. Will that satisfy you?"

"You say it as though you did not mean it. Well, what shall I sing? I have tried nothing new for an age."

"So much the better. I would rather have one of the old ones. Could you sing '*Nel lasciar*'?"

"Thank you! When you heard Olivieri sing it only the other day."

"Well, then, do you choose."

She sat down at the piano, and Weston followed and stood over her. Her first song was one of Schubert's, and then, having warmed to her work, she began the 'Adelaïde' of Beethoven.

Though by no means a perfect singer, (what amateur ever is?) it is very doubtful if la Olivieri herself could have given that matchless song with better effect than Florence Lindsay just then. At least so thought Sir Herbert Weston as he listened. It is true that the Baronet was no better judge of music than most Englishmen of his station and education usually are; but nature had given him a true ear and a nature acutely alive to the effect of a beautiful voice. The song itself, too, had become familiar to him: and it is always familiar songs from familiar lips that move us the most—at least when the song is good, and the lips are pleasant to look on and sweet to hear. Certainly he had never heard Madame Olivieri sing 'Adelaïde;' it was not at all in her line; and he soon completely forgot her existence as he listened to the soft clear soprano voice of Florence, and the strong hopeful notes of the great master. Nor did he recall the *prima donna* to mind even when the song was over. Its fresh purity had washed away for the time the clouds that had been gathering about his heart.

The conversation that she had held with her father had made the heart of Florence need an outlet, and she poured all its overflowing into the music. When she had finished she felt more tranquil, but her thoughts left her face unusually grave at the close, and tears had gathered in her eyes. All were silent for a while. The General spoke first.

"There, Florence, that will do for the present. You shall sing me something presently for my own benefit." He habitually tried to keep down his emotions, and as he, too, had been affected in the same manner as his daughter, he wished to make a diversion in the tone of the evening.

"Was there anything in the evening papers?" he asked of Weston. "I hear there has been a disturbance, or something of the kind, at Naples."

"Yes; the Government had discovered a conspiracy, and arrested about a dozen people."

"What miserable creatures these Italians seem!" said the General. "The worst of it is, the sympathy they get here."

"And their cause is so hopeless," answered Weston. "Besides, they don't seem to know what they want themselves."

"Of course they don't—except that they want to upset everything that is established. The Chartists would be as bad if they had it their own way."

"No doubt; but that is not likely."

"No, thank God! But still all this revolutionary spirit will do a great deal of mischief. One of the worst parts of these Italian conspiracies is, that they send over here so many of these red republicans, or patriots, or whatever they are called; and we have quite enough of the sort ourselves."

"Still, their governments are so abominable."

"Granted; but anarchy is worse, as we should see if all these refugees had their own way. The way to reform a government is not to get rid of it."

"But, papa, Signor Muratori was a refugee, and he is not a republican," said Florence.

"No, or else I should not have let him teach you. But I do not say that all Italians are bad. Whatever he may have been when he was young, he seems respectable enough now."

"And how is the Signor?" asked Weston of Florence. "Have you seen him lately?"

"I saw him the other day, but I am afraid I shall have to lose him, and I shall be sorry, as I don't want to give up my Italian lessons just yet."

"Why should you lose him?"

"He is going to Paris—partly on business; but he thinks he shall not be back for some time, if at all. He is getting old, and his son is doing well there; so I expect he means to give up work, and to amuse himself in helping his son."

"Did you ask him to recommend a successor?"

"Yes; I forget the name, but he teaches at a good many houses that we know. But there is plenty of time: I should not, of course, take lessons again till after the autumn."

So they got into talk about their plans for passing the coming months, which, however, ended vaguely, though it lasted some time. Then Florence sang one or two of her father's favourite ballads, and soon afterwards Weston bade the two good-night.

The gentle influence of Florence did not leave him that evening. In fact, it never failed to do its work upon him, and this evening she had been softer and more affectionate in her manner towards him than usual. She was, in general, not very demonstrative towards her lover. Their engagement had now lasted long enough to be regarded by her as being altogether too much a matter of course to make it necessary for her to be making a constant display of her affection. On this occasion, however, her father's words had made her conscious of a kind of discord in her feelings which she had tried her best to remove.

The result of her attempt, then, remained with Weston until he slept. In his dreams, however, Madame Olivieri warmly contested the rightful supremacy of Florence. Assuredly he had at all events touched the shores of Circe, if he had not as yet landed there.

CHAPTER IV.

While Sir Herbert Weston was paying his visit to Madame Olivieri, there sat writing and working in a small and barely-furnished room in a quiet street in one of the suburbs, one who, if greatness properly means the power of influencing others by one's own personality—a view in favour of which much may be said—was indisputably a great, though an unsuccessful and now forgotten, man. In this person, however, there were none of the outward signs that we usually connect with the idea of greatness of character. The face was of a type common among Englishmen and Italians, with thin and rather

marked, but small, features, and a pale sallow complexion. The forehead was low and rather narrow, but otherwise not ill-shaped, the part above the eyebrows, where phrenologists place the perceptive faculties, being especially developed, so that the small light-coloured eyes, which had a dreamy introspective expression, were rather deep set. The dark hair was thin and fine, and very much worn away at the temples, and the face was closely and completely shaved, showing a mouth without much character, except such as may be indicated by the firm compression of thin lips. In age he appeared to be about forty. He was a little under the middle height, and was carefully and rather affectedly dressed entirely in black, without any ornament whatever, his linen being of a scrupulous whiteness. The appearance of the whole man was rather *bourgeois* and pedagoguish, though at the same time neither vulgar nor unintellectual. He would have been taken in England for a teacher of languages; in France, for a provincial lawyer; in Germany, for a *savant:* everywhere he would have passed without special observation for a specimen of the ordinary man of some culture who obtains a moderate livelihood by the exercise of his brain.

He had risen, as usual, by sunrise, and, having dressed himself carefully for the day, and drunk a cup of coffee which he prepared with his own hands, seated himself at a table which was as littered with papers as Madame Olivieri's piano with music, and immersed himself in what seemed to be a most voluminous correspondence, reading and re-reading many letters, and writing many with great rapidity in a small, precise, square hand, making notes and memoranda, constantly referring to a large pile of newspapers in various languages that lay beside him, and marking passages in them. He very seldom paused, especially when the pen was in his hand; when he did so, he sat upright in his uncomfortable chair with his eyes fixed as if in deep and difficult thought—sometimes with an altogether absent expression in them. Whatever he read or wrote his grave face never changed from its habitual want of decided expression, except that it sometimes grew a shade graver, and the tight lips tightened a little more. When his correspondence was concluded, he took some large sheets of thin paper and began to write what looked like a newspaper article in English. Though writing with the utmost rapidity, he seldom paused for a word, and scarcely made an erasure or interlineation. A small fire was burning in the room, although the weather was still warm; but the fender littered with the ashes of burnt paper, and the window thrown wide open, seemed to show that it was not lighted for the sake of warmth. Many books lay piled in heaps on the floor, and a few stood in a small bookcase—two only lay among the papers on the table; and these were a large atlas and a small edition of Dante.

He had thus been ceaselessly employed until late in the afternoon, when some one tapped at the door, and a servant of the lodging-house order entered.

"If you please, sir, there is a gentleman wishes to see you."

"Did he give you his name?"

The utterance of these few words, commonplace as they were, was yet enough to explain one great element of this man's personal influence, unexplained as it was by anything in his personal appearance. There is, or was, a celebrated leader of thought in England, the secret of whose great power was said to lie in the manner of his shaking hands at a first introduction: there have been some few, or the very greatest of all, who have had "king of men" written in clear characters on their brow; and there are said to be some high castes in

India whose members have the privilege of subduing by a single touch. But most surely the most powerful of all the instruments through which the personal character of a man makes itself felt is the voice. It is more than half the secret of the orator; and more than half the secret of the secret itself lies in what musicians would call its *timbre*—the after-ring of its vibration. The bell-like voice, without a break or harsh turn, clear and yet soft, full of human character, and yet at the same time of the gentleness and roundness of pure musical sounds, is the rarest and most irresistible of gifts that a man or woman can possess. The voice, moreover, is very trustworthy as an index to character. Among women, indeed, voices are more conventional, and differ from each other by finer shades—but it is very doubtful if, among men, the best speaking voices ever come from other than harmonious and cultivated natures. No one could have heard the grave voice of Baroni—for he it was—without unconsciously reading in it at once earnestness and singleness of purpose, intellect, refinement, and, above all, a nature so full of sympathy as to be in itself sufficient to account for all.

The girl gave him a scrap of paper, on which was written, "Marco Marcelli, from Naples."

"Ask him to come in," said Baroni.

In a minute or two a young man entered, wearing a cloak such as is common in Italy, but which must have attracted at that day considerable attention in the streets of London, where outlandish costume of every kind had not become so common as it is now. His face was sufficiently handsome, and—which was better—that of a gentleman; dark, and, in spite of youth, grave, with large, bright, black eyes. His appearance, however, was not improved by the fact that the mustache, which he usually wore alone, was accompanied by the marks of some days' disuse of the razor on cheek and chin, and that he looked worn and ill. Neither spoke when he first entered the room, but Baroni stood up, and, embracing him in the Italian fashion, said, with a sigh,—

"So we have failed again! But courage—you have not escaped for nothing, and I have heard brave accounts of you."

"Yes; we failed through some accursed treachery."

"Treachery—yes, that is always our curse; but we will not talk of this just now. You need not tell me your story. I know all, and all about yourself as well. We will soon find work for you again. I never did hope to succeed in a hurry, nor do I now. We shall have more failures and more treachery yet." He looked sharply and steadily at Marco as he spoke.

"I am ready," said the latter, meeting his gaze well.

"So are thousands more, thank God!" answered Baroni. "You are not discouraged, then, by a first failure? That is right, and worthy of a Count dei Marcelli."

"I am no count, Signor Baroni; I am an Italian citizen."

"Then doubly welcome," said the other, putting out his hand, which Marcelli took. "Do not think, though, that I despise blood and breeding. Gentlemen make the best officers everywhere, and not the worst soldiers. You wonder, perhaps, to hear me, whom they call, and with reason, a red republican, say this?" he added, with one of his grave kind smiles that added to the effect of his voice.

"I confess I do," answered Marco.

"Well—you will find out my meaning soon. Now, the next thing to consider is what you will do. You have no money, I suppose?"

Marco blushed. "You do not think——" he began.

"Ah," said Baroni, laughing, "I see that you have more pride still left in you than is becoming in a citizen. We must all help each other: and if you have lost all for the cause, the cause must, in return, lose a little for you. You must live somehow and somewhere. You will stay in London, of course. I shall want you certainly, and I hope soon. What can you do for a living?"

"I have been thinking about that. But I know nothing of England——"

"I suppose so; about as little as Englishmen know of us, and that is little enough, Heaven knows."

"Oh, I shall get my living somehow. At all events I am not too proud to work for it."

"My dear Marcelli, be as proud as you will. Pride becomes any Italian who is not a slave. But are you anything of a musician? If so, Madame Olivieri could help you to get something to do, I have no doubt. London, you know, is the musical El Dorado."

"I know nothing of music, I am sorry to say. But Madame Olivieri—is she here?"

"Yes. Do you know her?"

"No; but I have heard her at the San Carlo. She is a great singer."

"And a good Italian, which is better. She helps the cause in many ways, as only a woman can."

"Pray, Signor Baroni, do not trouble yourself about me. I have no doubt I shall live somehow; but there is a friend of mine, Perillo, who escaped with me——"

"Yes, I know," said Baroni. In point of fact he did not know it, but said so on one of the principles on which he always acted—that of never losing an opportunity of impressing his followers with a belief in his omniscience. "You mean to say he must be helped?"

"He seems to me to be less capable of helping himself——"

"Than you are? But no. He has been here before now, and knows what to do, and has friends. This Madame Olivieri is one. Believe me, my dear Marcelli, he is in no danger whatever. It is you whom we must consider now. I am sorry you are no musician, though I have an idea that you are over-modest in saying so."

"I am quite serious, I assure you."

"Whatever you do you must be independent, and not be too much tied down as to time and duty. Are you a painter? That is the next best thing here."

"I cannot make a straight line."

"Hm! Are you quite sure you know nothing of music?"

"I do not know a *pizzicato* from a semiquaver."

"You protest too much, and show that you do know something. Otherwise you would have made your ignorance a matter of degree, not of kind. Well, if you cannot sing or play or draw, there is only one thing left: you must teach languages. I suppose you know something of our own literature? If I mistake not, so good a patriot knows Dante by heart?"

The eyes of Marco sparkled. "Try me," he said.

"Then you know Italian well. Do you know French?"

"Tolerably."

"German?"

"God forbid!"

"Amen. English?"

"Not a word."

"Well, it will come before many days. The worst is, we have so many teachers of languages, and you cannot go to a school. The references would be difficult, and you would be too much tied down. But still it can be managed, especially if you can tide over a couple of months. Just now everybody here goes into *villegiatura*. But let me see; old Muratori is going to Paris, so there will be an opening after that. Excuse me the question: have you any money at all?"

"Not a *centime*. But——"

"Well, then, you must borrow from me. No; I know what you would say; but you must indeed. You can repay me before six months are over."

"A thousand thanks. But I would rather be in debt to no one."

"You are both right and wrong. But I do not wish to help you for nothing."

"I am in your hands. I only want to be doing something."

"Then let me retain you by a loan. You would do the same by me, I am sure." Like Madame Olivieri he went to a drawer, but, unlike her in point of liberality, took from it no more than ten sovereigns. "This will give you food and lodging for the present," he said. "Go to No. — —— Street," he added, naming a street in Soho. "The place is poor enough, but good enough for an exile," he said, with a smile, "and mention my name. You will not be the first patriot that has lodged with Signor Casca."

Marcelli, who had never wanted money in his life before, had yet to learn the art of receiving a loan of this nature gracefully—an art infinitely more difficult than that of bestowing it, and requiring in general a long residence in that province of Bohemia in which he was now to sojourn. Some consciousness of this made him answer,—

"It is always difficult to express thanks, but I hope you will not let my unwillingness to borrow appear like ingratitude."

"I understand you fully, my dear brother, and shall expect punctual repayment. Only let me see you or hear from you as soon as you are settled."

"And Perillo—have you any message for him?"

"Where is he?"

"He went to call on Madame Olivieri."

"Yes; he is a *protégé* of hers."

"She is a good patriot, then?"

"From all I hear, and from what I have good reason to believe."

"Do you not know her?"

"Personally, no. But I know all about her, and make her of use, indirectly. In fact, I always keep clear of direct communication with women, and—Perillo. Do you understand? But I see you are different, and that we shall be friends. Let me hear from you or see you again in two days. As to your friend, be quite at ease. The Olivieri will make him her secretary, or something of the sort. And now, be of good courage. You have entered upon a great cause; be faithful, and you will never repent of it."

"I hope you trust me," said Marco.

"I do more than trust you. Now go—only be discreet and faithful."

"I will be both, believe me."

"Then you will be the best of citizens," said Baroni, "and a good Italian. But that I need not say. Only let me see you the day after to-morrow."

Marcelli left him, and went to the place where he had appointed to meet his friend.

In spite of the consciousness that throughout the whole of the short interview Baroni had been engaged in trying and reading him, he could not help feeling flattered by the results. Who does not feel a glow of satisfaction when the man of all men whom he regards as his hero freely offers him his friendship, and professes to distinguish him from the mere rank and file? Baroni had, in his reception of Marcelli, shown himself well acquainted with the human heart. One of noble birth, however much he may profess to scorn his advantage, is never offended when it is appreciated by others, and he who believes in his own mental superiority—as every man must who has any mental superiority in which to believe—is certainly never unwilling to have his claim to distinction recognised. The great conspirator had done his very best to catch one victim more

in the web which he never ceased to spin.

"I have seen Baroni," were the first words that he said to Perillo when the two met.

"And I," answered the other, "have seen Portia, Cornelia, Lucretia—and see what she has given me." With a triumphant air he showed the bank-notes. "You will not starve, Marco," he added.

"Baroni has given us enough for the present," said Marco, "and has told us where to go for a lodging."

"Viva l'Italia !—

"Allons, enfans de la patrie !"

shouted Luigi. "One may sing that in London at any rate—

"Le jour de gloire est arrivé—
Contre nous——"

"Holloa !" said a policeman, who was passing, "that noise won't do here."

——"de la Tyrannie !"

continued Luigi, at the highest pitch of his voice ; but his companion silenced him, and, having obtained their direction from the policeman, the two friends dived into the wilds of Soho.

CHAPTER V.

The house to which Marco had been directed by Baroni was the shop of one Casca, maker and seller of plaster casts. He was a short, stout, fair man, with a rough red face, and a blue eye, in the expression of which cunning and brandy were mixed in equal proportions. His clothes were always in the last stage of shabbiness, and his large red hands encrusted with dirt. He was not a bad workman in his way, nor without real artistic talent ; but drink and laziness would have brought him and his sickly, helpless, English wife to starvation had it not been for Baroni, who, though Casca cared not a straw for politics, or indeed for anything but liquor, probably knew how to make some use of him. There were not many persons who were quite useless to that active brain.

The two exiles found their future landlord lounging against the doorpost, with a short, black, clay pipe in his mouth, and his hands thrust into the pockets of his trousers.

Marco looked round him rather in dismay. The narrow, dark, close, poverty-stricken street, where the hot summer evening was filled with an unwholesome odour—the outside of the dark and dusty shop, whose window, transparent only where it was broken, was choked with blackened plaster-of-Paris and *terra cotta*, and whose low doorway was blocked up by the disreputable figure of Casca himself, in front of whom a noisy dirty group of children was playing with rotten cabbage-stalks in the gutter,—held forth a melancholy prospect to one to whom the evils of exile and poverty were altogether new. Heroism is never put to so great a test as when it is confronted with sordid and disgusting details. And yet, as Marco was soon to learn, his future lodging was luxurious and respectable compared with that of many of his fellow-exiles. Perillo had no such feeling : walking up to the door, and making one of his stage flourishes with his hat,—

"The honour of addressing Signor Casca ?" he asked.

Signor Casca combined the operations of smiling, bowing, and spitting on the pavement, as he answered,—

"Aha ! *Signori Italiani !* Yes, this is Paolo Casca—at their excellencies' service. What a fine evening !" he added with an air of *bonhomie*, shaking the ashes from his pipe, which he stuck in his waistcoat-pocket, so as to leave half the stem visible.

"To Phlegethon with your fine evening, Signor Paolo Casca—it

might pass for fine down there," answered Perillo.

"Aha!" replied Casca, smiling, and rubbing his hands together, as though Luigi had made an excellent joke. "But will not their excellencies walk in?"

"Signor Baroni ——" began Marco.

With a smile of the most intense and confidential cunning, Casca laid a black forefinger on his red nose. "Aha!" he said, "that is the affair! Yes, yes, Signor—we know who is a great friend of Casca."

They entered the dark shop. "Well, then," said Marco, "we have just come from Italy, and want a lodging for a time. Signor Baroni" —again came the confidential attention—"directed us to you. Can we have a room or two for the present?"

Signor Casca looked grave and thoughtful. "Their excellencies may be accommodated, but—their excellencies will see—it depends. It would require an outlay to entertain their excellencies in the way befitting their excellencies' position, and——"

"Oh!" said Marco, "their excellencies can make that all right if you will let them know your terms."

Casca made him a profound bow; but Perillo made a gesture of warning to his companion, and said,—

"We can manage for a week, Signor Casca, if your apartments are not too gorgeous."

"They are as cheap as they are excellent, and as excellent as they are cheap," answered Casca; "and, should their excellencies not object to make a trifling payment in advance—just for form's sake," he added, with a careless wave of the hand.

Marco was about to answer, but Luigi interrupted him again.

"Payment in advance, indeed!" he said. "What are your rooms like?"

Without a word, Casca lighted a scrap of candle, which he carried before them, without a candlestick, to the back of the shop, and up a dark and narrow staircase, which they mounted, not without considerable danger to necks and limbs, by reason of the flaring deceitful light, and of the lumber which lay about the landing-places. Luigi took advantage of these difficulties of ascent to whisper to Marco, "Do not let him know we have money about us."

Arrived at the second floor, their host threw open a door with an air of exultation.

The room into which they looked was small, and furnished with an uncovered table, three wooden chairs, a large chest, and the remnants of a carpet. Having made its tour, still in silence, Casca led the others into another leading from it, and containing a wooden bedstead and a chest of drawers.

"Hm!" said Luigi, addressing himself, "one of us can sleep on a sofa in the sitting-room, and I suppose a looking-glass is obtainable. Well, what do you ask for these miserable dens?"

"For these apartments, and for Madame Casca's attendance, ten shillings a-week."

Marco, knowing nothing of English lodgings, left the bargaining to Luigi, who reduced the terms to about four shillings, and paid a week's rent in advance—an arrangement with which Casca seemed so well pleased, as to promise to send up a sofa and some other necessaries, as well as lights and food. When these had been supplied, Marco sat down in utter weariness of body and mind. Now that the excitement of his escape was over, he thought, in spite of himself, of what he had given up—wealth, a brilliant social position, and all his friends. He was condemned, perhaps for the remainder of his life, to poverty, exile, contempt, and association with those with whose tastes and character he had nothing in common, and who had nothing in common with his. Not that he

regretted what he had done—far from it; but even the most heroic enthusiasm of youth must find moments when it is forced to ask itself whether, after all, the game is worth the expense of the candle-light.

Luigi noticed his depression, and put his arm round his friend affectionately. With his usual tendency to seek a classical or patriotic precedent for every possible occurrence of life, he thought for a time, and at last discovered the consolatory fact, of which, with tears in his eyes, he reminded Marco, that Rouget de L'Isle had very nearly starved in a garret at Marseilles. "And that reminds me," he said, "that I never finished my song." So saying, he threw open the window, which looked down into a back-yard, and, with great energy, finished singing the great Republican hymn to a tail-less cock and some ragged-looking hens that were grubbing in a dust-heap.

The next morning, after a sleep which had been sound, though full of dreams, Marco found his friend, who had, out of sheer Bohemianism, insisted on sleeping on the sofa—better for Marco had it been if Luigi had preferred the bed!—already up and making coffee.

"Come," said Perillo, "you must dress yourself in your best to-day, for you have to pay a visit to a lady."

"To a lady?"

"To the mother of the Gracchi—to the Spartan mother—in a word, to the Signora Olivieri. She is dying to see you."

"Had we not better wait a few days? I take it we shall have to go in some clothes that are decent, at all events," answered Marco, looking at his own, which were certainly not such as are usually worn in society.

"I am proud of my rags," answered Luigi. "They represent, as it were, the torn banner of the divine liberty, streaming like a thunder-cloud against the wind. Great men have been in rags—Homer, Belisarius——"

"But I expect," answered Marco, smiling, "they would have been glad enough to have found a tailor who would have given them credit. And I am not a great man, dear Luigi, whatever you may be."

Being unable to think of a historical parallel for not making a morning call on the ground of not being well enough dressed—the nearest approach to it that he could call to mind being that Curtius put on his best armour before leaping into the gulf—Luigi was not satisfied, but still thought it his duty to yield to Marco, in whom he implicitly believed.

Still, although he was unwilling to present himself before Madame Olivieri in his present shabby condition, Marco had no reason for neglecting to keep his word to Baroni. So he called on him according to his appointment.

"Well, Marco," said Baroni, "I am glad to see you. Did you find Casca's? I fear you were disappointed if you expected better accommodation."

"It is not magnificent, certainly," said Marco.

"I know that, but economy is everything just now. Our funds are at a very low ebb, and——"

"I should not think of being a burden on them," answered Marco.

"Pardon me; I did not mean that for a moment. However, you shall be able to lodge better soon. You will have to see pupils, you know."

"I shall be able to manage somehow, no doubt."

"No doubt. How is Perillo?"

"Oh, the same as ever, and in as good spirits. By the way, he is well supplied with money by Madame Olivieri, who, it seems, has expressed a wish to see me."

"Go to her. You will find her a kind and useful friend, and a friend to the cause also. There is one warning, however, that I must give you: do not talk about me, or

your knowledge of me, to her or to any one else, more than you can help—not even to Perillo. You understand? You see I trust you."

"I hope you will, always."

"When shall you visit Madame Olivieri?"

"In two or three days;—this week, at all events."

"Let me see—this is Wednesday. Come to me again on Monday, at the same hour as to-day. I shall no doubt be able by that time to put you in the way of earning some money. You have enough to last till then?"

"Ample, thanks to your loan."

"I have now only to say, do not engage your lodgings beyond next week, and take no step of any importance without letting me know. Do you know any one in London?"

"Only yourself and Perillo."

"Well, keep clear of every one for the present, and stay at home. I have good reasons. You will want amusement, by the way. Are you a reader? You see I have plenty of books, which I will lend you with pleasure."

"You are very kind. I think, with my present views, I could not do better than learn English."

"You are right. I will send you a grammar and dictionary and some books. But, whatever you read, I hope you will read this," he added, laying his hand upon the volume of Dante—"this, the gospel of every true Italian. You will never despair of our country nor grow slack in the cause of—but no doubt you know this as well as I. Have you a copy, or do you carry Dante in your heart and memory only?" Baroni spoke with a touch of enthusiasm in his usually calm voice.

"I know Dante well, but have no copy with me," said Marco.

Baroni went to the shelf, and took from it a volume plainly bound, and wrote in the fly-leaf at the beginning,—

"To his Brother Marco Marcelli.
Alessandro Baroni."

"*Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.*"

Marco reverently put his lips to the book. "I have sealed my faith to the Republic of Italy," he said.

"If I mistake not you will be one of the very best of its citizens," Baroni answered. "Only be patient and discreet. I may not live to see the great day when Rome will again be the centre of a great republic, but I doubt not that you will."

"Who will lead us there if not you?" asked Marco.

"Who knows? Yourself perhaps. Every great cause has its Moses—its desert-chief who views the land of promise from afar, but may not enter. I have learned to know something of men by this time, and I see that it will be your own fault alone if you fail to become—perhaps its Joshua; who knows?"

"I shall be content if I can do something for Italy, and then let her throw me aside," said Marco with animation, the words of Baroni calling the colour to his cheek and making his eyes glow as Italian eyes can.

"But Italy will not be content save with the whole of you," said Baroni. "You must even submit to be great if she wills it."

"I will be whatever she may will," Marco answered.

"In those words you have said all," replied Baroni—"'Whatever Italy wills!' And now, dear Marcelli, *au revoir*. Remember what I have said, and let me see you on Monday."

Baroni was one who habitually and on principle treated a man according to his first impression of him. The great conspirator flattered himself that his instinct was unerring in this matter, and not without much cause. In Marco he rightly read the possession of a more than ordinary share of sense and intellect, and a great deal of generous, youthful enthusiasm, qualified by a firmness and energy

such as are seldom found in youth, together with an independence and honesty of character such as are seldom found at any age. He also saw that this youthful enthusiasm was of such a nature that it would never be destroyed, but only fixed and regulated, by experience; while the capacities for thought and action would constantly develop themselves more and more. In short, Baroni perceived that he had before him a good subject to educate into a most useful assistant—perhaps a successor. It was men of Marco's type—men of ability and honour, and of good birth, education and presence, who were so rare in his party and yet so much required. The best of those who desired a political change were, at the same time, altogether hostile to the idea of a republic; and Baroni could not help feeling, without a tinge of vanity in the thought, that he himself was as infinitely the first among the republicans of Italy in intellect and culture as he was in influence. Among Frenchmen, Poles, and Germans he could find equals; but, as far as Italy was concerned, his new follower was the greatest acquisition that he had made for a long time.

On his return to his lodgings Marco began forthwith to throw himself energetically into the study of English grammar, with a view to giving lessons in Italian. His friend Perillo occupied himself with walking about the streets and losing glasses of lemonade at dominoes to the *habitués* of those *cafés* about Leicester Square and the Haymarket to which his compatriots resorted. He often endeavoured to induce Marco to accompany him; but the latter, with all his ideas of fraternity and equality, was too much of an aristocrat at heart to care to sit the evening through, playing dominoes in obscure *cafés* with persons whom, in his own country, he would have carefully avoided. He therefore willingly followed the advice of Baroni, and kept much to himself. These airs of superiority, and the fact of his apparently having no immediate lack of money, had another and no slight effect on his comfort, in that they secured him extraordinary attention and respect from Signor Casca, who, in spite of his chronic idleness and dissipation, seemed to have a wonderfully sharp eye for his own profit.

And thus many days passed by.

CHAPTER VI.

This monotonous manner of living, without pleasure or society, very soon grew intolerably wearisome to Marco, whose age and temperament alike led him to look on life as to be enjoyed, after all. He had the consolation, indeed — and to him it was a real consolation—of feeling that he was suffering for what he thought the right; but still no man can be at boiling-point every day, and all day long, in matters of patriotism any more than in matters of love, especially when his sufferings, though grand in idea, are as terribly unromantic in reality as were those of Marco in —— Street. It was a real event in his life when he at length, in company with Perillo, made his long-intended visit to Madame Olivieri. That lady, whom they found quite alone, received both most graciously, more especially the new acquaintance.

"Our friend Luigi gave me such an account of you when he was good enough to call on me the other day," she said to Marco, when the introduction had taken place. "It seems you are a —— what was it, Luigi? But I know it was very high praise."

"I am afraid that Luigi speaks too well of me," answered Marco; "but I assure you in return that,

whatever he has said of me, he has made you out a heroine of the first water—and now that I see you I can well believe it."

"Ah well! I am afraid that Luigi is not the only one who knows how to flatter. Let us congratulate each other instead; and first of all on your own safety, which I do most heartily. Liberty, even in London, is better than a prison, though in Naples."

Marco looked a little grave. "I can hardly bear to be congratulated on that, Madame. I heard to-day that all who were arrested—Pevesi, Mela, Alberti, Siri, Magni, Pierotti, Degola, seven true and brave friends of mine and Italy's—have no hope of escaping death or lifelong imprisonment. I feel almost a coward that I am here."

Madame Olivieri changed her tone, and, looking intensely grave and sympathetic, held out her hand.

"They are friends of mine too, if they are friends of Italy. My dear friend—for you, too, are one of them—I sympathise with you indeed."

He bent over her hand. "I thank you in their name, Madame," he said. His own voice had a little of the same power as Baroni's—at least so it seemed to the lady. She was taken a little by surprise, too. She had expected to see a raw, enthusiastic student, or else a regular political Bohemian of the type that we all know so well, and she saw a handsome, sufficiently well-dressed gentleman, of graceful address, and with nothing whatever *outré* about him to other than English eyes. He, on his part, was less unprepared, for he had seen the *prima donna* on the stage of the San Carlo; but still he did not expect to find her so beautiful by nature; and he felt that pleasant and half-startling sensation that we undergo when some voice that we have only heard addressed to all the world in song is directed to ourselves in friendly speech.

Still, however much interest Madame Olivieri might be disposed to take in her new acquaintance, it was plain that there would be a most unequal war between them in case their characters should ever happen to come in conflict, or either should at any time wish to make his or her influence over the other supreme. After all, Marco, whatever his natural strength of character might be, was still quite young, inexperienced, and unaware of his powers; while, on the other hand, she was no longer very young for a woman, had learned to know the world much better than the generality even of experienced men ever learn to know it, and was, besides, a trained and finished actress, with all the *prestige* of being one of the most celebrated *prime donne* in all Europe—a woman who had conversed with more than one crowned head, and had found out, as she used to tell her republican friends, how little there is in it. Above all, she was beautiful, and skilled in making use of that advantage to the full. It was, therefore, all the more complimentary to Marco's appearance and manner that he made so favourable a first impression; and, concerning the value of first impressions, the theory of Madame Olivieri was much the same as that of Baroni.

He was still holding the hand which she had held out to him when a knock was heard at the street-door, followed by the entrance of Sir Herbert Weston. The young Englishman had learned from the servant that Madame was not alone, but he was not prepared to find again with her the *bête noire* of his last visit. He did not recognise Perillo at once, in consequence of the Italian's being so very much better dressed and so much cleaner altogether than before, and when he did see who it was, he barely bestowed on him so much as a stare, but took the hand of the Signora, who received him warmly, and with her sweetest and brightest smile.

"Let me introduce you," she said. "Sir Herbert Weston, Monsieur le Comte Marco dei ——"

"Pardon, Signora. I will not ask you to call me 'Citizen,' but I am henceforth 'Monsieur' only, if you please."

She laughed. "Luigi was right, then—he called you 'a Robespierre,' if I remember. But I will indulge you, especially as I agree with you. Sir Herbert, this is my friend, Signor Marcelli, and this is my very much older friend, Doctor Perillo. By the way, I think you gentlemen met here once before, did you not?"

Weston bowed slightly to the *avvocato*. "I believe I had that honour," he said. The other, who had been most unusually silent since he entered the room, laid his hand on his heart, and bowed in an exaggerated fashion.

A sudden thought seemed to strike Madame Olivieri. She glanced meaningly at Weston, and then at Marco, to whom she said,—

"You are a friend of Signor Baroni, are you not?"

"He himself honours me by calling me so."

"Do you see him often?"

Marco thought of Baroni's injunction as to discretion. "I have seen him only twice," he answered.

"I envy you, Signor Marcelli. I am dying to see him. Is it true he hates women?"

"I cannot suppose so great a man to have so great a weakness."

Madame Olivieri did not reply, but looked as though she expected Marco to say something more. The latter, however, remained silent—a silence which she took care should be as awkward as possible. Presently she said,—

"By the way, I forgot to tell you that you may talk quite freely before Sir Herbert Weston. In the first place, he is an Englishman—in the second, he loves Italy."

"And therefore hopes for your farther acquaintance, Signor Marcelli," said Weston himself, in good Italian.

Marco's face brightened. "Ah," he said, "it is pleasant to hear of friends to Italy! If you love Italy you are my friend at once—and you speak the language, too. Do you know Baroni?"

Weston was a little put out by hearing an Italian refugee talk to him on so completely equal a footing. It was not often that he found himself unable to patronise. "I do not know him," he said, "but am most anxious to do so."

"If you really wish it——" Marco began, but stopped. "But I do not wish," he continued, "to promise more than I can perform. I have no doubt Signor Baroni would be delighted to receive an Englishman who loves Italy, and particularly Sir Herbert Weston,—but I am myself only a recent acquaintance of his. I will tell him of your wish, however."

"What absurd mysteries these are!" exclaimed Madame Olivieri. "I am become so English, and love openness for my part. I hate mystery and cloaks and daggers. It is childish and of the stage. What possible harm can there be in an English *milord* calling on Baroni?"

"I see no harm, indeed," said Marco, "but——"

"Well," said Weston, "let it be so. If Signor Marcelli will be good enough to tell Signor Baroni of my desire to be introduced to him——"

"I will do so with pleasure," answered Marco, "and let you know the result at once. Where are you to be heard of, so that I may send you word?"

"At the Burlington Club; here is my card. And your address?"

"Number —, —— Street."

"—— Street?"

"Oh!" interrupted Madame Olivieri hastily, "I will take charge of any message for Signor Marcelli. You understand?" she added aside

to Weston. "You must allow these conspirators to have their mysteries. It is their very breath—they cannot breathe in the open air, like you and me."

Marco now rose to leave. "This is a very short visit," she continued, turning to him, "but let me see you again, very soon. I shall not be leaving London yet, nor, I suppose, shall you. I am always at home on Monday and Thursday, and more often than not on any other day as well." And so ended Marco's first interview with Madame Olivieri.

Weston, however, remained. The Lindsays had formed their plans for the autumn, and were going out of town in a week or two, and so, as he had promised to go down with them, he had come to bid good-bye to the Signora.

As the two Italians walked backed to Soho, Perillo appeared to be unusually put out. He lighted a cigar rather fiercely, and began to smoke in silence.

"Why," said Marco, "what has become of all your enthusiasm for la Olivieri?"

"Bah," answered his friend, "it is not about the Signora." Somehow he was disappointed that nothing more had come from the interview between his hero and heroine, though, no doubt, he would have been very puzzled to say what more he could have expected. He felt, however, in a humour to vent his discontent on somebody, and, as he believed too much both in Marco and in Madame Olivieri to find fault with either of them, he began to abuse Weston.

"Did you ever see such an accursed puppy as that Englishman?" he said. "I hate England and the English — every one of them. I suppose he thought we were not fit to clean his boots."

"I expect he was right if he did think so," said Marco, with a smile. "I am afraid if either you or I tried his hand at boot-cleaning not much would come of it. I cannot even clean my own, much less Sir ——, what was the name? These English names are terrible to catch."

Luigi was scowling like a stage-villain. "What can such as he want to see Baroni for?" he growled.

"It seems to me natural enough," answered Marco. "It is one of the disadvantages of being a great man that all the world wants to see you." Had Marco known how little Englishmen in general troubled their heads about Baroni at all, and what was the opinion of the few who did, he would scarcely have said this. But then he was of the age which is inclined to take for granted that all the world has but one pair of eyes. "And do you know, Luigi, I think you are unjust," he continued. "For my own part, I took rather a fancy to the *milord*. He is a fine-looking fellow, and a gentleman, and a friend to Italy."

"He is an accursed aristocrat," growled Luigi again. He was already in heart comparing the young baronet with Coriolanus, or drawing some equally ingenious parallel, and looking significantly at the lamp-posts.

Such was the impression made by Weston upon Marco and Perillo respectively. They, for their part, had made little or none upon Weston, except that the one was very ridiculous and the other rather independent, and that, under the circumstances, the room of both was very much better than their company.

"Thank you so much," said Madame Olivieri to him. "I was afraid you had forgotten my caprice."

"How cruel you always are, Signora! When shall I make you understand that your requests——"

"Are nonsense, I suppose you mean. Well, you are right. I am a very capricious person, and I love to give the people I like all

the trouble I can. You are not going out of London just yet?"

"I can only answer by asking as before, Are you?"

"I never know what I am going to do from one day to the next. But see here. Here is a letter from Vienna, another from St Petersburg, another from Lisbon. They are all willing to give any price for me, and all want me to go at once. What can I do? I am a most undecided person, and so I keep on staying here. After all, it is not a question of money only. St Petersburg is a terrible journey—Lisbon a hateful climate—and, *en bonne Italienne*, I hate Vienna. My only reason for going there would be to plunder the *Tedeschi*."

"Well, then, you will certainly see me again."

"Of course I shall." The style she chose to assume at present was that of the imperious beauty—a *rôle* in which she had often been successful on the stage, nor less often off it. "You have got to make friends with Baroni. But come before that, for I fear I must dismiss you now. I have to dress—I am going to a theatre, and have to dine first."

"Which theatre?"

"The St James's."

"Then, perhaps, I may see you again this evening."

"Good. I shall be with one or two other people of my own sort—singers out of work: but you may come to my box, if you like."

As soon as she was alone she went again to the drawer where she kept her memoranda. Having taken out that in which she had written the entry concerning Marco, she re-opened it at the same page as before; but, instead of writing, she sat over it in a thoughtful attitude. "How I hate it all!" she at last exclaimed; "but it must be—there is no other way." With a deep sigh she plunged the pen into the ink and began a fresh paragraph under the head of Marco Marcelli, beginning, as before, with the date. Then she stopped and thought again. "I felt so sure this last time—I had laid my plans so well! Well, I am sure of one thing now—I have only to try this once more. The difficulty is not in becoming Milady Weston, I fancy—and then I close *you* for ever," she added, looking at the book,—"and many other things. I suppose life will be weary enough, even so—but it will at least be the weariness of rest—and freedom."

So she added to the entry,

"August —th. Lodging with Perillo, at P. C.'s, in —— St. Has been twice with Baroni."

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

DISENDOWED DIPLOMACY.

THE honourable member for Middlesex, who has a good deal of Diogenes about him, has been "rolling his tub" in this moment of general confusion and turmoil. Seeing the facility with which the House has accepted the notion of bowling over the Irish Church, that astute and very original member has conceived the idea of applying the same measure to diplomacy.

All that has been urged against bishops comes with a tenfold force against plenipotentiaries; and while, in the one case, there is a large party who desire to maintain the Church, the world would be sorely puzzled where to look for the adherents of diplomacy outside the small circle of the office-holders themselves.

It is curious to see how all the stock arguments that are levelled at the Irish Establishment apply, only with more force, to the diplomatic body. It is said to be a small close guild, to which only the highly born or highly protected are eligible. It is maintained for the few in manifest contempt for the wishes of the many. Its successes are more than doubtful—its cost totally out of proportion to its efficiency; and there is every reason to believe that a cheaper, simpler, and less ostentatious system could be devised, which could do all that the public has need of, and neither shock the tax-payer nor swell the income-tax. It is more than "like case like rule," for diplomacy has no prescriptive rights. There were no grants, no endowments, in its favour. No piety ever thought of rearing an embassy-house, nor has the most fervent zeal yet endowed a "chancellerie." Neither has antiquity hallowed the system, nor bestowed on the present incumbents a heritage of glebes and lands. And, last of all, the most enthusiastic admirer of F. O. never pretended to apostolic succession in the line, or affected to say that our soft-voiced *attachés* were the lineal descendants of some St Patrick of the craft.

Mr Labouchere says, Here are certain churches without parishioners. To whom does the envoy at Munich preach? What cure of souls has he of Berne? It is a cruel taunt for him to call for any despatches from these places, that the house might themselves judge what were the interests which these missions treat of, and how they deal with them. Take the case of any fluent letter-writer — take one of that gifted class called "our own correspondents" — and ask him to write a weekly, ay, or a monthly, despatch from Stuttgart or the Hague, and will you not see to what dire straits you reduce a man of resource and expedients? What ransacking of history for a bit of local colour; what straining of fancy for an apt similitude; what chemistry to analyse the turbid liquor of daily life, and detect if there be seen even a grain of true metal in the residuum! And are not envoys and plenipotentiaries own correspondents—"own" and special? not, indeed, selected, as would the 'Times' or the 'Telegraph,' from any especial reference to the sort of news their readers desire, but for qualities quite apart from all brilliancy of description, or any graphic power of narrative.

The most moderate enemy of the Irish Church never asked that the sermons and charges of the right reverend Bench should be laid on the table of the House that hon. members might satisfy them-

selves as to the amount of piety, zeal, and learning displayed by the great teachers of the people. Yet the member for Middlesex did not scruple to ask, What good thing had ever come out of Stuttgart; and what words of warning, *i.e.*, advice, had we ever received from Munich?

He made a strong case, because he came into court as what in Ireland is called an approver. He was a Queen's evidence all through. He had been himself a sworn member of the conspiracy he denounced. "The doctor is a good man, for he knows what wickedness is!" The hon. member could tell the House what sort of men *attachés* were, and what sort of lives they led. If the inefficiency of the system was to be its condemnation, who could expose it more thoroughly? It was almost a cruel irony, however, to call for the despatches of those small missions, which bear about the same relation to real centres of political interest as a petty sessions does to the High Court of Chancery.

A motion to reform the diplomatic service by Mr Labouchere is not very unlike what would be an attempt by Dr Manning to introduce changes in the 'Book of Common Prayer.' This gentleman, who, with many an eccentricity, is a man of strong purpose and invincible determination, and with ability which all his oddities cannot mask, would seem to have taken a sort of Hannibal oath against his late craft. I have heard he was not always regarded as a blessing by the chief he served under; and if that chief chanced to be a man of small capacity, a pedant, or a pretender of any kind, I can well believe that he would have looked very gravely at the despatch that informed him that Mr Labouchere was to be attached to his mission, and to be regarded as a member of his family. It was pretty much like telling a timid household that they were to take charge of a twelvemonth-old tiger, and domesticate him with the cats of the family.

Gifted with an imperturbable temper, a grim humour, and a love of ridicule, from which he would not exempt himself, he was the unsparing foe of all affectations. Heaven help the chief who would have sent him down a bombastic despatch to copy, or a foolish note, or a weak reply to deliver! No remorse on the score of discipline would restrain the *attaché* from commenting on his Minister; and as he was a man of considerable reading, and with a consummate memory, controversy with him was not the pleasant thing a plenipotentiary might think it.

It is, then, to the hands of this gentleman the disendowment of diplomacy has been committed; and if I bore any grudge to the craft, which I am far from doing, I would not wish it a more dangerous enemy.

Who better than the hon. member knows that diplomacy, like confidence, is a plant of slow growth? We must have nurseries for our plenipotentiaries as for our pines. The Hague and Stuttgart are but paddocks where the winner of some future Derby canters in wild freedom. To ask for proofs of intelligence from men in such posts, is like asking one to dance without music. But, in reality, these small missions have other uses. They are, in their dreary monotony, their insupportable etiquette and inscrutable dulness, admirable normal schools for that dignified gravity of demeanour which is supposed to be diplomatic. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, it takes ten years to make even an attorney, but it takes still longer to quench in a man's nature every spark and flicker of geniality—to make him dull, dreary, and silent—a listener that does not seem to hear, and a talker that enunciates no opinion.

It is in the stern discipline of the seminary that the Catholic

priest first learns the rigid command of feature, of gesture, and of voice that the Church enjoins, to dash the gaiety of boyhood with the dignity of the bishop. And so our diplomatists learn their dulness in Bavaria, and are sent to acquire stupidity with the true accent of Stuttgart.

Without these small missions, from which no despatches issue, how would you rear that great race of men who illustrate England in the large courts? You could no more improvise an envoy than an admiral. There is a special training, and a great deal of training, required for the mere routine duties of office. I have one instance fully in my mind while I write. Sheil, who was transferred from office at home—the mastership of the mint, a post with as much relation to foreign affairs as the ace of spades bears to Whitsuntide—came out to Italy as a minister plenipotentiary. There is no need to say what his abilities were. They who knew him well are aware that oratory was but one of his many excellences. He was in scholarship, historical knowledge, and general acquaintance with Europe, at least the equal of any of his colleagues; while in personal acuteness, nice discrimination, and readiness, he was far and away above the most of them. French, which he had acquired in his youth, he spoke correctly and fluently; and such was his aptitude in matters of language, that he soon made himself sufficiently master of Italian; and yet, with all these advantages, Sheil was essentially a failure in diplomacy. He was continually embroiled with the ministers of the court to which he was accredited, and even his character of "Catholic," which might have won him confidence and influence among them, failed to do so, through the indiscretion which surrounded him with men whose views were known to be adverse to the Government—adverse even to the dynasty itself.

Now, an ordinary diplomatist with a tithe of Sheil's abilities would have avoided these difficulties. There is no quality less like another than is the acuteness of the diplomatist and the acuteness of the lawyer. Sheil's was the latter, and he made the great mistake of supposing that it was a master-key that could open the most ingeniously-locked mind opposed to it.

I know well all that is said about the altered spirit of the age; we are no longer in the times of Stackelberg and Metternich and Talleyrand—the game is now played *cartes sur table.* We live in an era of telegraphs and truth-telling, and disguises are impossible; but I'm not so sure of all this. Cavour was certainly nearer the standard of a great negotiator than any modern European statesman; and would you say that Cavour was a model of straightforwardness and plain dealing? Was the game by which he annexed Central Italy to the north played *cartes sur table?* Was the address by which he managed that the declaration of war should proceed from Austria an evidence of perfect fairness? Did he not win the game against the French Emperor with four by honours in his hand, and score the trick by capturing the legations at the very moment that his antagonist was demanding a new deal?

And what do you say to Count Bismark's simplicity and openness? Is he the incarnation of this new epoch of candour and honesty? Rotten as was the fabric of that cumbrous old German Confederation, nothing short of consummate skill could have undermined it so speedily. And how, without this downfall, could he have humbled that ancient rival whose supremacy in the Diet had become an intolerable tyranny? What craft, what perseverance, what patience, were needed for all this—what care in preparation, and what promptitude in action; for it was easy to

foresee that, if the fortunes of war hung doubtfully, France would be on the field to dictate her own terms to each of the combatants.

Even so far as events have gone in Italy, how dexterously has Bismark negotiated at Rome and at Florence! To keep "friend with the goat and the cabbage" is no easy task, and certainly indicates no decline of those qualities which we are so persistently assured the world has done with.

Nor are we without men amongst ourselves conspicuous for these gifts, though, by mischance, the greater number of them are on the retired list. Is it that a grateful country scruples to impose too far on the zeal and devotion of its ablest servants, that it so readily consigns them to a pension; or is it possible that we carry out the old Covenanter maxim, and like to keep "our powder dry" for the moment of emergency?

At all events, there is nothing in the present state of Europe to show us that the age of acute negotiation and fine diplomacy has passed away, or that we have arrived at a millennial blessedness where truth and candour are all-powerful, where fraud would be simply a folly, and craft a stupid miscalculation. Now, I will not go so far as to say that the small legations are the best normal schools for the sort of knowledge you require, but there are no other. If you have not these you must draft your men undrilled into the ranks, and place them under fire without a rule for their guidance or a hint for their direction. The questions which may arise at these small centres may not be of the gravest, nor threaten the widest consequences, but they will often require nice treatment, and that peculiar "light-hand" management which, however gifted the individual, only comes of habit and daily exercise.

The leading ambassador of Europe—the man who in influence and control over questions of foreign policy stands only second to the Secretary of State—won his spurs in diplomacy by a successful treatment of the "Cagliari" dispute at Naples. The member for Middlesex, with that candour and simplicity which characterise him, would say, "Why these subtleties, why these disguises? let us be moderate in our desires, and frank in our modes of obtaining them. We need no craft if we have no covetousness. We shall never fight again in Europe, so that we neither need allies nor fear conventions. Why keep watchmen when we have resolved not to defend the premises? Let Russians and Frenchmen wrangle if they will; it is their nature to do so. If our interests ever engage us on the Continent, it will be on a question of commerce; and we can always get a gentleman from the manufacturing districts to transact such, who will be more conversant with tariffs and the price-current than all your staff of diplomacy, backed by all the Queen's messengers and all the Queen's men."

The Irish Church is to be abolished because it did not turn Catholics into Protestants. It failed, you say — that is, it failed to do what you strenuously counteracted; and whatever successes it obtained you objected to as ingredients of disturbance. Your diplomacy, Mr Labouchere says, has a worse case. It has neither secured you peace nor gained you goodwill amongst men. Your agents neither popularised your institutions nor yourselves. Spain and Italy have made trial of your Parliamentary system, and are they proud of their success? No one will imitate you in free-trade. How far has your diplomacy strengthened you in the esteem of foreigners, raised the character of the nation, or exalted its credit? You would fare better with the bagman. He would be, in appearance at least, more frank — he would certainly be more access-

ible; he would probably dine at the *table d'hôte*, and be thus in a position to listen to popular opinions, and at times to refute or correct popular errors. It is true that the embassy-houses might be retained, like the rectorial residences, and bagmen be accommodated, just as the Voluntaries will be permitted to sleep at the parsonages. In fact, the work of disendowment may give valuable hints, and gain them for either side; and while vested rights are to be preserved, though no promotions are to be made, it will be an interesting study to see whether the curate who expected to be a bishop, and whose whole future is to be discounted at eighty-odd pounds per annum, will comport himself with more patience and dignity than the disendowed *attaché* who had "booked himself" for an embassy, and sees he has now to retire on a hundred and fifty pounds a-year, and the recollections of those great days when he copied manuscripts and cursed the messengers.

As to that part of the honourable member's motion which bore upon the Foreign Office agencies, the strangest thing of all is the amount of sympathy expressed for people who never knew they were injured till they felt that shower of universal pity that descended on them. There is not, so far as one can see, any petition from the members of the diplomatic or consular service complaining of this mulct; on the contrary, I believe nineteen out of twenty are well satisfied with the system as it works. Many would find a difficulty in drawing for the exact figure of a salary, which varies with the rate of an income-tax sufficiently changeable to be puzzling. Many would not know where to look for the performance of certain small commissions, which are certain to be discharged by these agents with promptitude and accuracy; and certainly the grievance cannot be a very heavy one when the only complaint against it comes from a "sympathiser," and not from those who are supposed to be the sufferers from the infliction.

OUR STATUES.

What would be said of a nation that stored up in its archives all the lampoons, all the caricatures, and all the satires on its public men, and preserved as national relics every trait that could reflect on the memory of its most distinguished servants, so that, while history recorded their achievements, Radicals might turn round and say, Here is your great man—what do you think of him now?—there is the stalwart form that towered above the storm of battle! that is the eye that flashed lightning in debate! there is the arm that directed the crushing collision that sunk the enemy! that is the right hand that hurled back the demand for surrender; and thus, by an absurd mockery of feature, attitude, and character, hand down to posterity ludicrous and disparaging counterfeits of our greatest men?

Ridicule would be intolerable if it were not ephemeral, and a sneer should never be stereotyped. If we agree on this—and I do not see how we can differ about it,—if we are convinced that it would be but indifferent gratitude to those who have served us faithfully to hand them down to posterity as subjects for laughter or scorn,—what, I would beg to ask, do we mean by our statues to great men? Is the Duke on Constitution Hill, is Lord Herbert, is Peel, honoured by the vile travesty we have set up? Is the lesson we wish to read to posterity, See what sort of men your forefathers thought great? Think what must have been the Senate that was awed by that perky

cocknosed gent. What were the legions that trembled at sight of that hook-visaged dwarf with a smoothing-iron? or who were they that deemed Kemble dignified, and spoke of Canning as noble looking?

Let us confess frankly—the world sees it, and tells it to us candidly enough—that we cannot make a statue; and if we cannot fully commemorate the men who have deserved well of us, let us at least spare them the ignominy of absurdity. It is true, in the lack of dramatic genius, we content ourselves with burlesques. We cannot have masterpieces of tragedy or comedy. We put up with pantomimes; but let us not follow this example in dealing with our great men. If we must have statues, let them be of Beales, of Morrison, of the Picts, of Moses—I mean him of the Trousers. Perhaps Martin Tupper might be remembered in marble; but, for heaven's sake, let us spare Tennyson and Disraeli, Landseer and Lytton! Let those who come after us think of these men without the alloy of those vulgar travesties we set up in our public places and miscall monuments.

Madame Tussaud's people are of wax, and, thank God, are perishable! and I have no objection, therefore, to a Palmerston who must yield to a hot summer, or a Greenacre who cannot survive a nipping frost; but what I do demur to is, a bronze deformity that defies time, and seems destined to display its ugliness to succeeding generations.

A late case in France showed that a person libelled by an indecent photograph had his action at law; and are the heirs of our great men to be deterred from protesting against these worse than libellous counterfeits? Though I know in my heart that the small man with the big cocked-hat could not have won Waterloo; though I feel in my deep consciousness that Gibson's "Peel" never carried emancipation nor instituted free-trade; yet these horrid abortions haunt me, confusing what I remember and destroying what I want to recall of the great originals.

I declare seriously that the Duke of Wellington is less caricatured in 'Punch' than in some of these brazen images; and when we see this, and when we hear a man of cultivation and with a knowledge of art declare that it is better to melt Sir Robert—a process apparently less difficult in the bronze than in the flesh—than suffer him to stand out, a mockery and a shame, is it not time to inquire whether our climate does not deny us sculpture as it denies us wine? and as we accept the substitute of whisky for one, we ought to content ourselves with wax for the other.

But if we must shock the world by our parodies of greatness—if we must show another phase of the Oxenstern maxim, and exhibit with how little comeliness the world is governed—why not, after Madame Tussaud's example, have a chamber of horrors, and club all our monstrosities together: let Gibson's Peel shake hands with Marochetti's, and the fifty statues of our great Duke turn out like a company on guard? This plan would at least rescue us from the eternal surprises of shame we are exposed to as we walk the streets, and save our ears from the not flattering comments which foreigners bestow on our art-culture.

People tell us that it is the semi-nude existence of southern lands, such as Greece and Italy, which has nurtured the art of sculpture, and that the eye becomes more highly educated by the continual contemplation of form and symmetry. If it were only that our artists needed, a trip to Connemara would supply the want; for though I have been told that our prosperity has seriously interfered with the paper-trade, and that rags are scarcer every day, I have not yet

heard any complaint that our physical developments have been marred by excess of drapery; and the admirers of form who gaze with rapture on Lazzarone need not go beyond the county Clare for their life studies.

There is also another reason for preferring wax to marble independently of its great claim to economy. By the use of wax we can mould our idols according to the ever-changeful moods of human idolatry. Many people do not think so highly of Charles Fox as their grandfathers did; and what a comfort to think, and with some material to spare if he was broader and greater, you can still make a very good John Bright out of him! That a distinguished Whig lord could be easily converted into a capital Buckstone is palpable enough. There is scarcely a Wellington that, by a little drooping of the neck and dulness to the eyes, wouldn't make a tolerable Stuart Mill.

What an interesting variety would this impart to our daily life —not wearied as we now are with the eternal apparition of that great gentleman who, in shorts and silk stockings, rides bareback in bronze! We might have him as Godiva tomorrow, and the day after as Alderman Gabriel. Talk of dockyard economics after this! talk of all the narratives of working up old material and converting "pigs" into field-pieces! here is a suggestion to make the Treasury heart, if there be such a viscera, bound with joy!

We can, besides, afford to be indifferent to that controversy which vexed us some time back as to whether the Greeks did or did not tint their statues. Wax invites colour, and we may be able to present our great men to the world as fresh as though they came from the hands of Madame Rachel. It may, indeed, cost us some carmine for our Lords of the Admiralty, but neutral tints will generally suffice for the Home and Foreign Office.

Man of wax was a term of endearment at one time: let us then look forward to a period when it shall be a title of honour also.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

Old Austria is gone—that dear old twaddling, kind-hearted, cumbrous, paternal government that supervised every act from infancy to age, and misunderstood nine-tenths of them—that maintained a magnificent army that was always beaten, and an overwhelming bureaucracy that did nothing at all—that kept together a score of incongruous races, always happy and always bankrupt; this dear old Austria is gone, and the new Austria has not yet come, and is only coming. Baron Beust has warned us that none is genuine except signed by him. We believe him and we wait.

While we wait, however, in all the discomforts of this transition state, we cannot refrain from throwing a backward look to the Austria of the past, and, let us own it frankly, not without regret.

It was narrow-minded, pedantic, priest-ridden, if you like; it was tiresome in its myriad of details and ceremonial observances; it was Chinese in its dread of innovation, and more than Russian in its hereditary despotism;—but with all these faults and failings it was the pleasantest country of Europe to live in. You were rarely cheated—never insulted: a general love of good-breeding prevailed from the prince to the *bauer;* and there was that hearty geniality so diffused through the nation that a stranger's first impression always must have been, What a wonderful secret of government these people have discovered to spread contentment thus

broadcast, and to preserve all the prestige of various conditions of life at the same time with a universal sense of brotherhood! Few States of the Continent were as illiterate as Austria; not one of them all was so invariably polite, so full of deference to the stranger, and so conciliatory in all intercourse. Everything that education does or rather is supposed to do elsewhere here existed without any culture whatever—a natural production that asked for neither care nor fostering.

Looking to the narrow-mindedness of the then rulers of Austria—the persistence with which they clung to systems that all around them had abandoned—the miserable parsimony with which they accorded the very smallest concessions, and the jealousy with which they watched lest some innovating spirit should find acceptance amongst this blissfully ignorant population, one always was disposed to think what a people so law-obeying, so well disposed, so grateful for benefits, and, above all, so trustful, might become if a better, brighter day were to dawn upon them—a day of enlightenment and instruction—a season to encourage energy and stimulate hope, instead of this long tranquil night of dreamless slumber.

"Give Austria her chance and see what she will become," was the remark of every traveller that visited her. There was, indeed, no limit to which a people so eminently gifted with good qualities might not reach if once it should suit the policy of her rulers to teach as well as to discipline.

There was in the diversity of race an element of emulation not without its special benefit, and that religion which prevailed over all and welded all together had fewer of the bigotries that stimulate men to acts of aggression on those who differ with them in Austria than elsewhere. Indeed, had Catholicism presented throughout Europe the aspect it wore in the Apostolic Empire, there would have been little occasion for those censures we so often hear on its persecuting spirit and its intolerance.

The German element of the Empire, being always in a minority, had to make up for numerical inferiority by superior culture and intelligence; and it did so. It was a Brahminical caste that asserted its position proudly and effectively. If Austria, however, numbered but few millions of German blood within her proper frontiers, over the Diet she was supreme. There her voice was law. She spoke with the authority of all Catholic Deutschland, and it was the Germanism of Austria that gave the impulse and imparted the force to this ascendancy.

There was, there is no denying it, a good deal of imperiousness in the way this fractional Germany dealt with the nation at large. The small dukedoms were made to feel the schoolmaster very sensibly, and even Würtemberg and Bavaria had to acknowledge that the *mot d'ordre* of their system came not from Stuttgart or Munich, but from Vienna; but I am not about to dwell on these things: they belong to a past—a past that can never return. They died at Sadowa, and were buried at Nickelsburg.

The old Austria of Metternich is no more. The Austria whose voice was as potent on the Maine as on the Tiber—the Austria that could bring eight hundred thousand men into the field, and maintain twice as many political fallacies in the face of Europe—who was always powerful and always beaten—always influential in council and as certainly always illogical in argument and inconsequent in action,—this is gone, never to reappear again. And what have we in its place? That is the question. The curtain has fallen, and all that we have yet seen is the stage-manager, M. Beust, who announces a totally new company, new pieces, new scenery and

decorations, and, best of all, admission at half-price.

There is to be—there is, actually—representative government, ministerial responsibility, freedom of the press, freedom of meeting, municipal government, and, above all, independence of Rome. Great things all these, and well worth all they cost — Königsgrätz and Culm included—to obtain them; but as these great boons demand a certain conformity of temper and habit from those on whom they fall, and require a tone that only comes of long training and preparation, their sudden advent on a people is not always accompanied with everything that is either hopeful or agreeable. Representative government means a dozen or so of men really able in a *gurgite vasto* of ambitious adventurers and peasant proprietors. Press freedom, in its infancy, is chartered libel, and the rupture with Rome at its outset is little else than an occasion for triumph to all infidelity in religion and libertinism in morals.

I do not desire to speak of how the great changes which have been of late effected are likely to work for the advancement and power of Austria. I limit myself to the task of telling how Austria is no longer the country it once was to live in, and how where was once obedience, there is now revolt; where there was courtesy there is now rudeness; where there was safety to life and property there is now danger, and an amount of theft and robbery, I will venture to say, not to be equalled in any state of the Continent. Where once you walked the streets with all the security in life, you now go forth armed and prepared for encounter. Men bar and barricade their doors and windows at night as if a siege were expected, and the accidentally forgotten object without doors is as certain to be purloined before morning as though an agent for a thieves' association dwelt on the premises. The police in olden times were an instrument of oppression, and constituted a system of "espionage" which invaded every family of the land. This has so discredited the force that men of character will not enter it, and its ranks are consequently filled with the lowest creatures of the rabble, or men avowedly in league with thievish gangs. These men will naturally not act vigorously against the ranks they pertain to, nor the confederates they have sworn to assist. The pursuit of crime is therefore a thing no one dreams of. You are robbed or maltreated, and there ends the story; for though your complaint, if you be ill enough advised to make one, will secure you hour-long interviews with the Police Minister and his subordinates, prosy interrogations, and long-winded narratives, no real steps to arrest the ill-doer will be taken, and the unhappy victim will wish with all his heart that he had buried his misfortune in his bosom, and never appealed to Imperial justice for redress. In the ordinary dealings of life no people were once more agreeable to meet with, nor more thoroughly truthful and honest than Austrians; that great changes have passed over them of late is but too evident. I will not affirm that these things have come of Liberal institutions and greater personal freedom, any more than that Tenterden steeple was the cause of the Goodwin Sands; but, as in the case of these latter, the two events came close one upon the other. The trim, well set-up, soldierly types of military precision and exactness are gone, and a slouching, under-sized, ill-dressed mass now represents those white-coated legions which were wont to move with the regularity of some perfect piece of machinery, and who certainly, whatever the blunderings of those who led them, displayed on the battle-field every quality of the soldier. Like the Empire they serve they are now *en blouse*. A loose, ill-fitting, most

unbecoming jacket, the pattern of which is to be seen on our own shoeblack brigade at home, even to the strap that surrounds the waist, now replaces the handsomest uniform in Europe. If the object be, as some pretend it is, to break with every memory of the past, to cut the link with old traditions and old ways, to suffer no vestiges of the bygone to mingle with the reforms of the present—then, indeed, all is explicable and easy of comprehension: but still one puzzle remains; what connection is there between free institutions and ill manners? why must political privilege be associated with rudeness and incivility? and why must the darkest hour of this nation be, not before, but a little after the dawn? I don't, certainly, want people to live under severe laws, and in a condition of unenlightenment, simply that they may be pleasant to dwell amongst and agreeable in intercourse; but I am curious to learn why political boons should reflect themselves in personal boorishness, and what reason there is why making a minister responsible for his sovereign should relieve every man in the land from all the responsibilities of good manners and courtesy.

Some declare that Austria is no longer European—she is Eastern: be it so. Let her people be only as conciliatory and courteous as the Turks, and I am satisfied.

Perhaps the work of civilisation in Germany is to be confided to Prussia; if so, it is very much like what old Frederick called "making the goat the gardener;" but till this hour comes let us resign ourselves to little government and less manners. The man who is hustled by the mob has already his foretaste of freedom, and he whose pocket is daily picked will have little spirit to resent an increased taxation. Great evils swallow little ones, and a very uncomfortable social existence may reconcile a man to a deal of misgovernment.

LA MARMORA.

General La Marmora would seem to be a glutton of shamefacedness! Not satisfied that he has outlived the disastrous reputation he acquired in the late war, nor content that the world has long since forgotten him and all his shortcomings, this most indiscreet of men and generals has actually revived the whole unhappy question by bringing to the notice of the Italian Chamber a document which has just issued from the War-Office at Berlin, and which, he asserts, reflects unfairly and ungenerously on the Italian army.

When assured by General Menabrea that the Berlin Cabinet has given the fullest and fairest explanations of a purely departmental document, which, in an international sense, has no bearing nor any authority, La Marmora changes front and says that he desires the discussion for a personal object; that he has long wished for an opportunity of disclosing the treatment to which he was subjected in the command of the King's soldiers; and how he, a veteran soldier, was actually lectured on the art of war by a Prussian Plenipotentiary, and a cut-and-dried plan of campaign sent to him, which he was instructed to follow implicitly, nor permit himself to diverge from it in the slightest particular.

On this document the General appeals to the country, forgetting the while that when the despatch was addressed to him he was President of the Cabinet and Minister for Foreign Affairs—a very important element in the discussion.

Not wishing to trouble my readers by the details of a somewhat lengthy despatch, it will suffice to say that Count Usedom, with a clearness and

a force not always the characteristic of a German State-paper, shows that one plan of campaign alone could prove serviceable to the joint cause of Italy and Prussia. It must not be a war to occupy a portion of territory and make peace, he writes. It must be such a war that, if fortune favour the Allies, shall push Austria to her last intrenchment, and enable the conquerors to dictate their own terms. Prussia, he adds, will not stand at bay before Linz or Cracow; neither must Italy halt before the Quadrilateral, but, passing in the rear of the fortresses, give battle in the plain, and push on to the Danube. By this will she be acting in concord with Prussia, who gives her rendezvous at Vienna. Nothing but a vital wound to the Austrian empire will secure the permanent possession of Venice. Should the Italian army arrest their march at Belluno or Udine, and address themselves to the siege of the fortresses, the Austrians, leaving garrisons in these strong places, will move northwards with the rest of their forces against Prussia.

Short, then, of a decided movement on the territory of Austria proper, the Italians will, instead of aiding, actually damage the Prussian plan of action, and Italian neutrality would be even better than her alliance on such terms.

To arrest the possible attack of Italy, Austria must keep an army in Venetia; but if Italy shows herself content with small successes, nor cares to push them to serious advantages, Austria will naturally maintain in front of her a force proportionate to such small ambitions, and send the bulk of her army to the north.

If, continues M. Usedom, the Italian generals deem a march on Vienna a hazardous exploit of great proportions, and with resources far removed, let them remember that every day's march brings her nearer to her Allies the Prussians.

Dalmatia, too, he pronounces ready for revolt, and Hungary also. To kindle the slumbering discontent of these peoples, he suggests an expedition under Garibaldi, which, landing on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, should move on Vienna, and thus cover the right flank of the main army.

Count Usedom may not impossibly have reckoned too confidently on Hungarian and Croat discontent. Provinces will frequently show a sturdy front to the nation that rules them, but indignantly spurn the thought of redressing home grievances by foreign intervention. I cannot say how Croats would behave; but I firmly believe Hungary would have regarded disdainfully the offer of Italian or Prussian aid to accomplish the freedom she was so ready to shed her own blood to win.

Short, however, of this miscalculation,—a miscalculation exactly similar to that of those who believed that the sailors of the Austrian navy, being for the most part Venetians, would not fight against Italy—a point which Lissa may be supposed to have settled, — short of this, the plan of Count Usedom — which was, I believe, the plan of General Roon —seemed admirably adapted to the end proposed. It was, however, essentially a fair-weather plan. It presupposed victories, and prompt action after them. You will beat the Austrians—you will follow them, said the Prussians; to which General La Marmora seems to have whispered, What if they beat and follow *me?*

At all events, he was, or he says he was, outraged at having his campaign dictated to him by the statesman of a foreign country, and determined at once that whatever he should do it should certainly not be that which Count Usedom advised. The story—and I know it is a story that Prussian Ministers believe—goes, that when La Marmora saw himself in the serious difficulty of either submitting to

what he thought dictation, or, by following out a different line, jeopardise the Prussian alliance, he at once had recourse to the French Emperor, to whom he divulged his sorrows, and the cause of them—Count Usedom's despatch.

What Italy was to do was then decided at Paris. That Prussia could do what she did do—that she could lead her army within sight of the domes and spires of the Kaiserstadt—was derided and laughed at; and consequently co-operation in a plan the chief element of which seemed impossible, was at once rejected. It was also impressed on Italy that except to obtain Venetia you have no object in the war; and why risk this great success by running after adventures on the Danube, where a single success of Austria loses you an entire army, and lays you at the mercy of the conqueror?

A totally different scheme for the war was accordingly drawn out. La Marmora was to give battle in front of and between the fortresses—he was to fight at Custozza, while Cialdini menaced on the Po. Garibaldi, instead of Fiume, was to make a dash at the Tyrol. The fleet was to cruise in the Adriatic, and destroy the Austrian navy by instalments.

That this mode of acting would in no wise contribute to the ends Prussia had in view is easy enough to see; but what Prussian statesmen resented even more angrily than the rejection of their plan was its divulgence to the French. Nothing was more doubtful, nothing more inscrutable, and nothing more critical at the outset of the war, than the conduct France might observe. She was to be neutral up to a certain point; but what was that point? And when it was reached, how was this neutrality to resolve itself, and to whose benefit? Would the French Emperor stand by the conqueror or the conquered? What were the terms he might impose as the price of his friendship? What were the conditions the "just susceptibilities of France" might demand?

Count Usedom's despatch was laid before the French Cabinet, and French generals expended much wit on the "civilian plan" of a campaign, and laughed openly at the thought of that meeting-place in the chief square of Vienna, where Prussians and Italians were to embrace at the end of the war. That they themselves might be shaking hands with the Austrians under the lindens of Berlin was a contingency not vaguely but very openly hinted at.

All the difficulties of that most involved bit of history, the Italo-Austrian war of '66, become at once resolved when we bear in mind this fact—and fact it is—that the Prussian counsels were all divulged to France; so that the bystander who was betting on the game saw the cards of two at least of the three players, and dictated the play to one of them.

That La Marmora's resolve to fight at Custozza was never confided to Cialdini at all, nor the transactions of the army on the Oglio known to him who commanded on the Po, is an undeniable fact. That Cialdini, on seeing the whole plan of campaign frustrated by this battle, ill offered and worse fought, was with difficulty prevented from resigning his command—and that Garibaldi, on learning that his destination was to confront regulars in the Tyrol, and not to raise insurrection in Dalmatia, saw failure and disgrace before him—are all notorious; but now we know even more than this—now we know why Austria fought her one battle before she gave up the province she had persuaded herself to resign; and why the Italian army never attempted a movement after the defeat of Custozza.

The whole plan had been formed and determined at the Tuileries, and the crafty intriguer who direct-

ed the French counsels played his game for once without opposition or resistance. First of all, he was able to impress one great lesson on Italy that she was by no means disposed to acquire, that Italian troops will only fight when brigaded with Frenchmen; secondly, that whatever prizes were to be won by the war could only come to Italy through France: so that, though Italy was bound to Prussia by the force of a treaty, and by every solemn obligation such a compact could enforce, her real ally all the time was that great power which, without moving a battalion, decided the whole fortune of the struggle and apportioned the rewards.

That Austria was cheated by her august friend of the Tuileries there is no doubt, for though she yielded Venice to his representation, she never received the price of the concession by being enabled to send her Italian army in time to the north.

The Napoleon policy amounted to this: It is impossible to say what result of this war will most serve or disserve me. A victorious Austria might undo all I have done in Italy, and send me in a bill for the damage besides. Prussia successful means a strong and united Germany on my flank, more than a rival for the supremacy I have wielded in Europe. The great point therefore is, that the war should not end with any overwhelming results—that all the powers engaged should be weakened by the struggle, and none be a great gainer.

With this conviction once established, nothing could have been more ingeniously contrived than the plan of campaign given to and accepted by La Marmora; nor would it have been easy to discover a man more constitutionally fashioned to be an easy dupe than that vain and incompetent General.

He was told where he was to fight, and for all the blunders of the battle-field he was given a *carte blanche*, and the unhappy day of Custozza bears witness how he availed himself of the permission.

Nor was it he alone received his orders from the Tuileries. The Austrian General, the Archduke Albrecht, had also his instructions. He was to beat the Italians, but not to follow up the success of his victory. That after Custozza the road to Florence lay open before him, without an obstacle even to delay his march, every soldier knows. That the capital had resigned itself to see the White Legions once more blockading their squares and picketing in their Cascine, is beyond dispute; but one man — a very wily, and, so far as his faculties go, a very subtle, man—had provided for all these emergencies, and determined that beyond some carnage and bloodshed neither party should stand very differently on the day after, from what and how they were the day before, the battle.

The Italians thought they were at war with Austria, and most of the Austrian army believed that the time was come when they should give their southern friends a lesson to last a life long; but he of the Tuileries knew better, for he knew more than any one. He knew more than Bismark, for he had already out-jockeyed Bismark, and, so far as effectiveness went, he had dissolved the Italo-Prussian alliance. The very thing which Usedom warned Italy against doing was exactly what Louis Napoleon took care she should do. For even take it that the Italians won the battle at Custozza, were they to follow up the victory by pursuing their enemy to the walls of Mantua, or was it to be their strategy to bivouac under the guns of Verona?

A battle in front of the fortresses could have no other intelligible object than by engaging the Austrians on the Oglio to enable Cialdini to pass the Po; but, as Cialdini was not apprised of the intention to fight, as he did not hear of the

battle till he heard of the defeat, how could he profit by the engagement?

Whatever praise can be accorded to consummate cunning and treachery must be freely given to the policy of France; and had it not been that the Prussian needle-gun was a redressing quality all the while these rogueries in Italy were being enacted, the world might be presenting at this moment a very different spectacle than that before us.

That Prussia should have felt these things very deeply at the time they were occurring is natural enough: her remonstrances very soon grew into reproaches, and Count Usedom's position at Florence was about as difficult a one as can well be imagined. He was, however, a man of ability and a man of courage; and although the alliance often hung by a mere thread, yet, knowing as he did that it was the inexpertness and the insufficiency of one weak vain man which was thus jeopardising a great cause, he managed to distinguish between the imbecility of the General and the honest purpose of the King, and by this means he rescued the fate of a compact that was all but dissolved. Perhaps it would have been more prudent for Prussia to have let these matters sink into oblivion and not make them subjects of memory or of censure. The War-Office at Berlin, however, in drawing up their report on the campaign, have thought differently, not sorry, perhaps, to throw some of the obloquy of the disastrous strategy on a man who confessedly "drew his inspirations" from the Tuileries, and whose demeanour towards the French Emperor rather resembled an abject worship than an honest or manly admiration.

Looking to what is looming in the future, this may or may not have been prudent, but there can scarcely be a question as to La Marmora's discretion in reviving these sad experiences. It only now remains for Persano to demand a justification of what he did or did not at Lissa. For my own part I prefer Persano—his blunders were at least his own; he probably, most probably, intended to have behaved very differently. I have little doubt that he lost his head by the greatness of the emergency he was called to deal with; he knew he had not the confidence of his fleet, and he had not himself a high estimate of the force he commanded. He was a vain, somewhat boastfully-given man, who had to struggle with himself between exaggerated ideas of what he had given hopes to expect from him, and a thorough consciousness that he was more likely to disappoint than fulfil expectation; but I do not believe, indeed I am certain, he was not a coward. Nor does any one question La Marmora's personal courage. His countryman and colleague, General Fanti, always said, "One of these days La Marmora is sure to run his stupid head against the Quadrilateral;" but even Fanti never suspected that the "stupid head" would have been dashed at it by the hand of Louis Napoleon. That his brows are still aching from the concussion, and his faculties addled by the shock, forms the only possible apology for the imprudence of his present attempt to re-open discussion on his conduct. His fault, and it could scarcely be greater, was and is a blind submission to the will, and abject deference to the character, of Louis Napoleon. It is only a man moulded of such weak clay that could appeal to his country to review the events in which he figured so disastrously, or recall memories of a time when every bulletin from the army provoked a cry of indignation against its General.

INTERNATIONAL HOSPITALITIES.

A very ingenious French officer of marine has invented a code of signals for international use, by which, in case of distress or necessity of any kind, the ship of one nation can communicate with that of another, and the intercourse of the high seas be maintained by people who, if they met on shore, could not exchange a verbal courtesy. This valuable discovery, whose practical benefits it would be impossible to overrate, would seem a great step towards the invention of a common language, or so much of a language as the most common wants of life would require, and which would enable men of different race and lineage to carry on with each other certain simple and uncomplicated relations of existence.

A universal coinage is confidently talked of, and though the money-changers may oppose the introduction of a system which shall sap one of the surest foundations of their prosperity, there is every reason to hope that the attempt will be fully successful.

Desiring to forward, so far as possible, this cause of internal sympathy, I have a humble suggestion to make, leaving it to wiser and better heads to carry into some practical form the crude idea which has occurred to me.

What I desire to see discovered is some common medium of hospitality between nations—some *tertium quid* by which Swede can entertain Spaniard, and Russian receive Swiss; for up to this moment not only do many mistaken notions prevail on this subject, but a general idea exists broadcast through Europe, that Englishmen as a race love to be lived on, and that you cannot confer a greater favour on John Bull than by eating him out of house and home. There is, in fact, a current impression abroad that we English, painfully alive to our want of social tact and courtesy—awkward, silent, little versed in foreign languages, and for the most part of a morose temperament—endeavour to compensate for our faults and shortcomings by the material merits of a very liberal hospitality. Some aver that we owe this reputation to Frenchmen, who, in their books of travel and even their plays, were fond of contrasting our want of manners with our wholesale munificence. However or wherever the notion originated, it is now of general acceptance, and there is not a foreigner from one end of Europe to the other who does not deem that in matter of hospitality twenty dinners of an Englishman are amply returned by one, just as twenty francs make the fitting change for a Napoleon.

I need not say beforehand that I utterly repudiate and abhor the theory of "return entertainments," and detest the vulgarity of balancing my neighbour's sirloin by my saddle, and replying to his salmon by a turbot.

But I do heartily wish to teach the foreigner that he is not the clever fellow he fancies himself, because he gives brass for gold, or revels in the enjoyment of an ample hospitality to be repaid by some sickly stinginess, of which the recipient feels all the shame, and not unfrequently some suffering after.

Whenever I see one of my countrymen throwing open his doors to these people, treating them with a sumptuous munificence, placing before them all that is rare and exquisite, I cannot, save with an effort, repress my indignant sense of the inequality of the compact, which I well know is founded on that stupid notion I have already referred to, and which presupposes that the Englishman is honoured by being eaten up—is only too happy to pay in champagne what he is deficient in social agreeability and good manners.

I am ready to admit that many Frenchmen and some Italians are, personally, ample value for all the attentions that can be bestowed upon them—that they are invested with the sort of gifts whose grateful elegance diffuses a pleasant flavour over social intercourse—and that they have qualities of fancy and wit which either we do not cultivate or have not got, and that in receiving these men we are more than requited for all the attentions we can bestow; but, in the name of all fair play, with what gifts or graces does the German adorn life that I am to give him champagne for beer? How does his companionship redress the balance between my haunch of venison and his *braten?*

I accept the Frenchman's *eau sucrée* with the tacit admission that his conversation has the exhilaration his liquor wants, and that he can more than cover the deficiency of his entertainment by personal merits and attractions.

The Italian, too, in his indolent softness, that facility he has of smoothing the small asperities of life, is well worth his salt; but why should the German add the drowsiness of his society to the indigestibility of his diet, and imagine that his dreary society can compensate for the weight of his food? From the Baltic to the Adriatic the German trades in the possession of qualities which nothing but his intense self-esteem has endowed him with. He is simple, frank, outspoken, and cordial, one to be trusted for his honesty and respected for his intelligence—a man of reading and reflection, not given to levities like a Frenchman, nor indolent and self-indulgent like an Italian, but thoughtful always—always industrious. I will not say how I read from my own experience of him these traits. I will simply hint that I suspect them of flattery. I fear that some people might call their simplicity unculture, and their frankness rude; and as for that special cordiality which they themselves call *Gutmüthigkeit*, I don't know that it means more than a love of beer and a fondness to indulge in it in public. Indeed, so associated is his idea of good-fellowship with this taste, that he deems the most ample hospitality of an Englishman repaid when he has invited him to see him imbibing at *Brauerei.*

It is smarting under a recent infliction of this sort that I cry out for some common medium of hospitality—something that may sustain our self-respect when entertaining these people, and rescue us from the shame of that position of implied inferiority we now occupy.

A banquet for a banquet is not at all necessary, nor is a supper for a supper; but I would protest that the debt of an English gentleman's hospitality is not acquitted by his being invited to a beer-garden and paying for his own beer.

LETTERS FROM A STAFF-OFFICER WITH THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.—PART IV.

NO. VII.

BOMBAY, *July* 1868.

THE Abyssinian Expedition is gradually assuming its natural proportions among the long series of dissolving views of which our national history is made up, just as the latter itself will become the subject of a similar process in its turn relatively to the great drama in which all mankind are the actors and the world the stage. Still, it would not do to let trite moralisings of this sort interrupt the course of a narrative which professes to place within reach of more competent writers the means of recording these events, so far as that may seem necessary hereafter. Therefore it may be told how brightly the sun of the 11th of April rose on us when our night of watching was over; and how jubilantly the earth gave back the smiles of early morning after the plentiful rain of the day before. The surrounding mountains looked, indeed, grim and frowning; but they were by no means destitute of vegetation. There are few trees, and the prevailing substitute is a large cactus, the *Euphorbium candelabrum* of botanists, which attains sometimes very striking dimensions, but contributes little of what Abyssinian landscapes generally stand so much in need of—namely, colour, to the picture—being almost equally suggestive of the mineral as the vegetable kingdom. Here and there, however, in the smaller ravines, and on the skirts of the numerous fragments of tableland lying between Fahla and the Bashilo, paths wind through strips of copsewood, where twining shrubs of varied hue and fragrance cast themselves forth from the branches of trees to form canopies overhead, or rich hangings on either side of the way. Through such a tract the course of the 1st brigade lay when it proceeded before daylight to take up a commanding position at a little distance from the spot where all of us had passed the night, and where the fresh troops which had joined us a few hours after the battle were now ordered to stand fast. This movement completed the Commander-in-Chief's dispositions; and before dawn he was well prepared either to repel further attacks, or himself act on the offensive whenever he might think proper. A combined movement against both of the positions now occupied by us was hardly to be looked for; and if a descent were to be made on either brigade, the action of the other towards the point threatened, it was calculated, would take Theodore's soldiers rather by surprise. Our weakness was in cavalry. Hard work and scanty forage had produced their usual effects on this important arm. When provision had been made for the protection, by means of cavalry posts, of our long line of communication between Zoulla and the Bashilo, only a small body of horse remained with the column itself: as it happened, we had no occasion to feel this deficiency severely. If the army had had to undertake a sustained pursuit, it is scarcely to be hoped that the cavalry horses would have proved equal to it. As it was, the want of water had prevented their being advanced beyond the Bashilo. The truth is, horse-racing, horse-loving England has yet to hit upon some plan by which she can produce, or obtain elsewhere if she can't produce for herself, a stamp of horse adapted for field-service. How long she is to hold by the great national fallacy and delusion,

which not one-tenth of those who are fain to confess it with their tongues believe with their hearts, that the Turf forms a means towards this end, remains to be seen. The case in point of the horse which of all others comes nearest the required standard—namely, the Arabian—might suggest sounder views, since it is well known that horse-racing is not practised by the people among whom he is bred; while the mode of life of the Arab tribes, which has developed in the course of generations the qualities we so highly prize in their horses, is much the opposite of the system of breeding and nurture that has resulted in the long-legged and hot-house monstrosity now accepted in England as the *ne plus ultra* of equine perfection, merely because he is so with respect to the single function for which he is intended, and can gallop a mile or two on stated occasions with the highest attainable rate of speed. Let the "chosen sport of a great and free people" continue, if we will, to flourish in all its glory, and let the thoroughbred horse retain his proud position as the cynosure of the English people, and the favourite instrument of perhaps the largest class of English thieves; but don't let us suppose that all this can ever supply us with a breed of horses such as are required for national uses. Considering how often great results, which it has taken centuries to mature, are seen hanging on the issue of a brief campaign, while that again is much liable to be affected by the qualities of the cavalry, this subject may perhaps be thought of importance. As for the controversy about longer courses and heavier weights, and their effect on the breed of horses, that is much beside the present question. No doubt such a reform would tend to alter the character of the race-horse himself, and make him a stouter, if less speedy, animal than he now is. Hunters' and officers' chargers suited for parade purposes would also be obtainable from racing-stables under the new conditions in larger numbers than now. But her Majesty's Government would still be as far as ever from a solution of the difficulty where to get a class of horse that could carry soldiers through a campaign without flying to pieces in the way now generally seen. Only fancy a tribe of Bedaween Arabs hesitating to take their horses to an encampment six miles removed from the nearest watering-place! The way in which those of our horses we did carry with us beyond the Bashilo lost their condition under the mild privations of ten or twelve days, was a sad proof that it would have fared ill with the whole body in the same circumstances. A few Arabs belonging to officers were about the only horses that remained fit for hard work; and it was even noticed that animals of this breed which had been exposed in India to the baneful pampering and artificial treatment of a racing-stable, had deteriorated in point of capacity for roughing it. The few Indian-bred ponies which the writer had an opportunity of observing—hardy little creatures, reared on the scantiest fare in the villages of the Deccan, and accustomed ever since they were two years old to work hard for their living—were as remarkable in this respect as the Arabs. Indeed, if it can be shown that in any part of the world horses adapted for war are produced, while the mode in which they are brought up resembles that practised by English breeders, then it will be conceded that the attempts of the Indian Government, for example, to mount their cavalry through the establishment of studs where the scions of turf castaways are reared much as if they were intended to figure one day as candidates at a cattle-show, is a sound system.

Happily our cavalry trials were nearly over at the date which this narrative has now reached. The

Commander-in-Chief had hardly taken up his position on the new ground, when a small party bearing a white flag was seen descending the precipitous side of Fahla towards our camp. In a short space of time Lieutenant Prideaux, Mr Flad, and an Abyssinian nobleman styled the Dăjăzmăj Alămĕ, a son-in-law of Theodorus, made their appearance among us. They were received with all courtesy and consideration, and introduced to his Excellency. It was then found that they were not charged with any very specific message from the King, far less with a written communication. Theodorus, it appeared, had spent the night in the utmost apprehension of our attacking his position in the morning, and in consulting with some of his own European servants as to how that might be averted. Mr Rassam, it should be remarked, was all that night in Magdala, while the King was on Fahla or Islamgee, so that no direct communication between them was possible. His Majesty had, however, finally resolved, as the result of the kind of council of war held after his defeat, to apply to Mr Rassam, and ask his good offices towards effecting a reconciliation between him and the British. Mr Rassam, in reply to a verbal message conveyed to him to that effect, had suggested that a deputation should be sent to our camp. The Emperor, after a little sulky hesitation, had made up his mind accordingly, and shortly after midnight had sent for Lieutenant Prideaux from the citadel, and, informing him on his arrival in the presence that up till yesterday he had thought himself great and unconquerable, but had now learned that the world contained greater than he, had ordered him to hasten off to the British camp, and procure for him the friendship of our commander. The anxiety shown by the King that his envoys should reach us before daybreak indicated the alarm he felt lest we should advance against him; indeed, he made no attempt to disguise his fears from those around him.

Sir Robert Napier was not found unprepared when the moment came for answering the words spoken by Mr Flad and his companions. In the course of the few general remarks which the wary soldier then allowed himself to utter, opportunity was taken to impress very plainly on the mind of the King's own relative, Alame, how dire would be the retribution exacted should harm befal our countrymen in Magdala. The immense resources of a British army, of which the victors of the previous evening formed only one brigade, were also enlarged on, and side by side with the tiny cannon which had already been used with such effect, one of the grim black Armstrongs which had joined us during the night was shown to the King's counsellor. And then a written communication as follows was placed by Sir Robert Napier in the hands of the messengers. This was sent in the English language only, because the Emperor had plenty of translators by his side. The writer, unfortunately, is obliged to quote it chiefly from memory, but the words were nearly these; viz.—"Your Majesty, after having fought like a brave man, has been defeated by the superior might of England. It is not our wish that more blood should be shed. If, therefore, your Majesty will bring with you into our camp all the Europeans now in your hands, and deliver them in safety to us, and submit yourself to her Majesty the Queen of England, honourable treatment for yourself and all the members of your family will be guaranteed.—[Sg.] R. Napier, Lt.-General, Commander-in-Chief."

Sir R. Napier caused the tenor of the above ultimatum to be explained in his presence to the Dajazmaj Alame, who replied by soliciting a promise that offensive operations would be stayed until the following morning. This was

at once agreed to. Hostilities had been commenced by the King himself. It was he who now sued for an armistice; but no hope was conveyed to him that any concessions on his part, short of the personal surrender demanded of him, would avail to convert the suspension into a relinquishment of our operations against him. It was arranged that the temporary truce should be taken advantage of for the burial of the Abyssinian dead by their own friends and relatives, and then the deputation returned to the mountain. When they reached Theodore's presence, Lieutenant Prideaux handed to him Sir R. Napier's letter, which was forthwith translated verbally by Mr Flad. His Majesty no sooner heard the words "honourable treatment" than he exclaimed, "What is meant by honourable treatment? will they carry me away as a prisoner to England, or will they help me to punish my rebellious subjects?" Mr Prideaux returned the only answer to this question he could possibly have given—namely, that he was not instructed on the intentions of the British commander, who had stated in the letter every word he had to say. The Emperor then passed into one of his blackest moods, and remarked, with a bitter sneer, that the British little knew what they promised when they pledged themselves to honourable treatment of all the members of his family, since these were as numerous as the hairs on his head! Without allowing himself much time for deliberation, he desired the two European gentlemen to retire to one side while he dictated to one of his scribes an Amharic letter. As soon as this was prepared he enclosed along with it the communication which he had just received by their hands; and, calling for Lieutenant Prideaux and Mr Flad, hurried them off on a second mission to our camp, ordering them to deliver his letter to Sir R. Napier, but not intrusting them with any verbal message, or so much as informing them of what he had written. Alame was not sent with them on this occasion. When they had left, the King lay down, and covering himself completely with his cotton sheet, remained for upwards of an hour more motionless than one in deepest slumber. At last he rose from the ground, and drawing a pistol from his girdle, deliberately placed the muzzle of it between his teeth. For some reason the trigger did not at once answer to his touch, and there was time for his attendants to throw themselves upon him and remove the barrel from his mouth. They had no sooner done so than the little obstruction which had at first prevented the trigger from acting yielded to the pressure of the King's own finger, and a bullet was sent into the earth close by, slightly grazing his Majesty's temples as it passed. The frame of mind in which Theodorus was at this time, and the change which his unsuccessful attempt at suicide produced in the current of his thoughts, will presently appear. Fortunately, he himself has given us the means of analysing his feelings. In a few words it may be stated that the failure of the pistol to go off was accepted by him as a distinct utterance of the Almighty forbidding him to die. It will be noticed that at the moment of his trying to destroy himself, when his last hopes of obtaining any friendly concession from us had just been shattered by the Chief's plain missive, the whole of our countrymen were in his hands, with the exception of the two whom he had deputed to our camp. He does not appear, however, to have bestowed any thought upon them whatever, far less to have meditated putting them to death. If that pistol had taken effect, Mr Rassam and his companions would have been found by us in their quarters in the Capitol after the King was no more. As it

was, one of the first orders his Majesty issued after his attempt on his own life had been frustrated was, that the Europeans should be forthwith conveyed to our camp. It is impossible to say what hopes he entertained when he took this step. Possibly he may have thought that we would then depart and leave him in peace. If he cherished such a delusion, it was at least not borne out by the message he had received from the British Commander. Neither could it have been suggested by Mr Rassam, directly or indirectly, since that person was still in the citadel, and not near the King. Mr Flad, also, was absent on his second mission to us at the time. Moreover, Theodorus himself, when he despatched his letter to the Chief, had even then accepted his position as a hopeless one; and since he was determined not to submit, had made up his mind to die. It was his own fanatical interpretation of the failure of his attempt at suicide that turned his thoughts into another channel, and made him resolve on a different course of action. Only once, so far as is known, during these days, had it been suggested to him by one of his chiefs to massacre his European prisoners. His answer was, that if he were to do so, not a woman or child would be left alive by the British in all Abyssinia. This was reported to us by his favourite henchman, whose deposition was alluded to in the preceding Letter. Probably it shows that the words of warning on this point which had proceeded from Sir Robert Napier on every suitable occasion had not been thrown away. But, in justice to Theodorus, it should be stated that he seems never to have entertained the idea of committing such an outrage. The exact aim or object with which he had persisted in detaining all these Europeans for so many years, could probably not have been explained even by himself. It is easy to account for his appreciation of the German artisans. These cast his cannon, and were in many ways as the very mainspring of his ascendancy. But it is difficult to conceive what pleasure or profit he can have hoped ever to derive, for instance, from such eminently non-productive members of his collection as Mr Rassam and the Rev. Mr Stern. When his confidential shield-bearer was questioned on this point, he confessed himself nonplussed. He said no one could tell what *object* his master proposed to himself with regard to his prisoners, and that he probably had no distinct object at all, although the *cause* of his imprisoning them was known to every one—namely, his exasperation against their Government for not having answered that celebrated letter, which seems to have been to the late expedition all that the carrying off of Helen was to the siege of Troy.

It is necessary to revert to what was taking place all this time in the British camp, where the prompt return of Lieutenant Prideaux and Mr Flad had greatly surprised us. When the document which they carried was translated to his Excellency, it was found such as an Œdipus and not a mere interpreter was required to expound. In the first place, it was not a letter. The King had not as yet stooped from the lofty height on which he had enthroned himself like a demigod, and had not even now condescended to write to "the servant of a woman," as he had contemptuously called the British Commander. This was a mere memorandum, unsigned, unsealed, undated, and unaddressed. The key to it which he himself afterwards supplied was not yet in our hands; for we did not know that he had written it, as he believed, in the immediate prospect of dying by his own hand, and that his chief object was to indicate to us that we would shortly have to take under our protection the scattered subjects whom he was about to forsake. From beginning to end the strange produc-

tion read like the wail of a fallen spirit, in which it seemed that the baffled aspirations of a Heaven-sent reformer were touched upon side by side with the lamentations of a prophet over the sins of a perverse and rebellious people. Not a word of supplication mingled with his utterances: on the contrary, these were proud and defiant as ever, and the only intelligible part of his communication was that in which he told us that he who had "dandled strong men in his arms like infants" would not now submit to be "dandled by another." The very letter in which submission had been named to him was returned to us without a word of acknowledgment. In short, it was evident that Theodorus would never yield. This, however, was all that was as yet plain to us. Although he had not referred to our countrymen, or used any threat in all he had written, it was natural to apprehend the worst consequences for these if no modification were made in our terms. But there were higher considerations even than the lives of these poor people which were present to our Chief. The object of the expedition undoubtedly was to deliver them from bondage; nevertheless that object had to be effected in a manner which would vindicate the honour of Great Britain. We could not, at this date, consent to obtain by treaty and stipulation what as an injured nation we had come to seek, and as a victorious army we had a right to demand. If, unhappily, Mr Rassam and his friends had paid with their lives for the preservation of their country's honour, they would but have sacrificed themselves in a cause for which thousands of brave men had joyfully given their blood before them. It was to be hoped there was not a man in all our army who was not willing so to die; and there was no indication in the bearing of Lieutenant Prideaux or Mr Flad, during all that trying interview, that they whom we had come to save were of a different temper than ourselves. And yet it was a higher sight than ever was shown by the heathen manhood of ancient Rome, to witness the Christian resolution of Sir Robert Napier, as he placed on one side every feeling of his tenderest nature, and told Lieutenant Prideaux that he must go back to his prison and inform Theodorus that the British Commander had no other word to speak. And thus we said farewell to our friends, and consigned them, as most of us thought, to imminent peril. The Chief's letter of that morning, which had been returned to us by the King, was again placed in their hands for delivery to him, with a verbal message that its terms must be complied with before any further intercourse with us could be permitted him. If that paper should prove the death-warrant of them all, still it was felt that the only right path had been taken. All that remained to be done was to prepare to storm the citadel as soon as the brief armistice expired. But judge of the joy and surprise, when, shortly after dark, Mr Rassam and a number of his companions actually presented themselves before us, and were conducted with the feeble light of a lantern one after another into his Excellency's tent, until that was filled to overflowing. It appeared that Lieutenant Prideaux and Mr Flad, while on their return from their second deputation, had met this party of liberated men and women descending the mountain under the guidance of one of the King's artizans, who had been ordered to see them safely to our camp.

The circumstances under which this order had gone forth have already been explained to the reader. The version which has been given of these in the present narrative rests on Theodore's own authority, and was amply corroborated by the testimony of his shield-bearer a few

weeks after the events. Early the following morning, and before all the Europeans had reached us, Theodore's scribe and one of his German servants brought us a second communication from him. This was in the form of a polite letter addressed under the royal seal to "The beloved Servant of the great Queen of England." The circumstances of his attempted suicide on the previous day were narrated, and it was stated, as an apology for the tone of his former letter, that when that was sent he believed himself about to die. He then mentioned how he had accepted God's prohibition against self-destruction, and that the first act of, as it were, his new life, had been to send Mr Rassam to join us; while now, as he found that even his own German workmen wished to leave his service, he had given every one permission to go. This was literally true. At the time that letter was written no European was detained in Magdala, at least by the King's order, although there were a few whom sickness or other causes had prevented from moving. The paper concluded with a request that he might not be required to come and surrender himself, or, as he delicately expressed it, that friendship might be made between him and us without his being compelled to approach us. He also intimated that he had despatched, or was about to despatch, a gift of cattle to our camp, as it was Easter Sunday. The anxiety with which, as we afterwards learned, he watched with his telescope whether these cattle were admitted into our camp, showed how eager he was for the smallest token that our purpose respecting him was changed. When he perceived that the animals were detained outside our pickets until his own surrender should enable us to accept such civilities from him, he saw that, as he had determined never to yield, there was nothing for it but to defy us to the last. No further communication passed between him and us. The whole of that Sunday witnessed the migration of the Europeans from Magdala into the British camp, and before night Monsieur Bardel was the only one remaining on the mountain, severe illness having prevented him from accompanying the rest. Meanwhile news reached us that Theodore's broken army was recovering itself, while he himself was occupied in posting his guns on commanding spots. It was even said that an attack would be made on us during the night. It was generally felt that the first symptom of retreat on our part would be the signal, not only for Theodorus, but for many other Abyssinian chiefs, to rise up against us. The belief which we had found prevailing, that we had come to ransom, not to fight, would have obtained irresistible strength, and the prediction of one of the most sagacious of Indian statesmen, that the difficulty of the late expedition would be in withdrawing ourselves from the country rather than in advancing through it, might then have been verified to the letter. Every wounded soldier would have been to us a burden almost greater than we could bear. Indeed, it is impossible to conjecture where the disasters would have terminated that would then in all probability have befallen the army. Sir Robert Napier would gladly have given Theodorus one chance more of seeking safety in an honourable surrender, and a letter was drafted ready to be sent to him with the view of disposing him to such a course. But before sunrise on the following day—Monday, the 17th of April—the chiefs and people whose place had been on Fahla and Islamgee crowded into our camp with the information that the King had abandoned both of these positions, which they were now therefore ready to give up to us. It was further said, and for a time believed, that Theodorus himself,

with a body of his best troops, had fled from the citadel by the Kăfăr-băr gate. A messenger was at once despatched by his Excellency with this intelligence to Meer Akbar Alee, who, at the head of about eight thousand Gallas, was all this time closely investing Magdala on the site indicated. He was authorised to offer a reward of fifty thousand dollars—upwards of £10,000 sterling—to any one who might capture the King, or effectually prevent him from appearing on our rear. Arrangements were then made for accepting the submission tendered by the residents of Fahla and Islamgee, who were required merely to repair to certain spots pointed out to them, and there lay down their arms. The exodus from the mountain which followed this order suggested to one the departure from Egypt of the children of Israel. Many thousands of men and women, with their children and household goods, were pouring down the steep hillside as we ascended. It must not be thought that these were suffering any hardship in this migration. They were the wandering followers of a camp, not dwellers in fixed habitations; and the homes which they left behind them were not even "auld clay biggins," but mere Gypsy wigwams, such as it was in their very nature to abandon to-day and erect in a new locality to-morrow. This remark is necessary to give the reader a correct idea of what was done when we afterwards "burned Magdala." Fire could make no impression, of course, on the mountain itself; and the only combustible elements on its summit were rude and temporary dwellings, which would probably have been set fire to by their owners themselves, according to the custom of such communities, whenever the standing encampment formed by them became no longer necessary. Fahla and Islamgee, as the quarter of the inferior soldiers and settlers of the army, presented even more perishable roof-trees than the citadel itself did; and it was with feelings, as we may suppose, of but slight regret that their inmates were now trooping into the British camp as into a city of refuge.

Soon after sunrise his Excellency's column of assault commenced ascending to take possession of these two outposts in precisely the same manner as if they were still defended by an enemy. No opposition, however, was made to us, excepting by the extreme difficulty of the path, and the British flag was soon floating from the highest crest of both the positions. Contradictory rumours regarding what had taken place in the capitol itself continued to reach us as we advanced. At one time the story of the King's flight was confirmed; at another, a messenger informed the Chief that he had committed suicide, and lay dead in his house. The truth was that he had fled before daylight that morning by the Kafar-bar gate. The flower of his army had followed him; but they had proceeded only the distance of a cannon-shot, in mournful and dispirited array, with the feelings of men who had never fled before, when the cries of the Gallas, whom Meer Akbar Alee had posted on every surrounding height, warned them that there was no safety for them in that direction. And then at last the King perceived that there remained nothing for him to do but to die. He ordered all his soldiers who did not wish to share his fate to leave him at once. Hundreds of them took advantage of this permission, and, as flight was impossible, came to swell the throng whose surrender of themselves we had accepted. Theodorus himself, with it is not known how many of his adherents faithful to death, then retraced his steps towards his citadel. When our advanced-guard arrived at a small plateau within sight of the gate of Magdala, a few horsemen were observed riding out from the capitol. Theodorus him-

self was at their head, and was recognised at the time by Captain Speedy, though not with absolute certainty. He was mounted on his favourite horse, and brandished his spear, and kept shouting the somewhat vainglorious cry of the Abyssinian warrior, "Am I not So-and-so, who has slain So-and-so and So-and-so," *ad infinitum.* Probably he hoped his Excellency Sir Robert Napier would open with similar noises of defiance, and ride out to tilt with him. Taken in this ridiculous fashion, he would certainly have been a difficult enough enemy to dispose of, and quite one of the sort whom no sober-minded Christian would attack with any other weapon than a double-barrelled gun. He himself, indeed, fully understood the value of gunpowder and the superiority of modern weapons over the old shield and spear of the dark ages. Very often he has been known to delude some Ethiopian knight into riding at him, by means of brandishing his spear and yelling out the creed of chivalry, only to drop both lance and shield whenever the unfortunate Don Quixote came within twenty paces of him, and shoot him dead on the spot with a heavy charge of slugs. On the present occasion, however, no notice was taken of his vapouring. A small cannon which his gunners had abandoned near the spot was discharged against him by some playful camp-followers. A few rifle-bullets were sent flying in the same direction, and the would-be champions speedily retired into the citadel.

The Commander-in-Chief and his Staff were meanwhile engaged in examining the summit of Magdala with their telescopes from one of the highest of the terraces of Islamgee. A very remarkable halo had been seen for the last hour obscuring the sun, and had been the subject of the usual superstitious remarks. About noon there was a shower, and later in the afternoon the rain came down in torrents. Not many signs of life could be discovered within the capitol, although an excellent view of it was before us. It was noticed, however, that the outer gate, which on our first approach had stood open, was now closed. Mr Rassam was almost sure that one of the few human figures to be seen on the top of the mountain was Theodorus, which was actually the case. His Excellency was soon satisfied that our enemy was neither dead nor a fugitive, and that his stronghold would be defended. A fire of artillery was then directed on the gate, chiefly to dislodge any body of men that might be posted behind it. Shot and shell were also sent into the several quarters of the place itself with the same object in view. When one of these alighted on a building, its inmates would be seen instantly rushing out. But such generally consisted of women and children; and the true state of affairs was presently suspected—namely, that the garrison was represented only by Theodorus and a few of his stanchest followers. The action of the artillery was therefore restricted to keeping up a sufficient fire on the gate itself, to prevent an enemy mustering in force near it; and the storming party was ordered to advance. Every circumstance of their assault has been told by abler pens than the writer's. The truth is, there was little of stirring incident or military prowess to record. The fortifications of the citadel were found to be well worthy of its outworks of Fahla and Lelassie. The long and difficult ascent leading to the gate was exposed to fire from the walls; and the gate itself opened in rear into a covered-way built of masonry, which had been filled up with large pieces of rock. It would have been extremely difficult to blast a way for ourselves at such an entrance by means of bags of gunpowder. The defences on each side of the gate were natural scarps of rock, on which rude but efficient palisades had been erected. All that was needed to complete the strength of such a fortress, even now that its outposts were ours,

was just such an array of brave soldiers as had rushed down upon us in vain the previous Friday from Fahla. As it was, and in the absence of cannon, the handful of soldiers who had elected to die around their chief could make but a poor defence. The din of the Sniders as the 33d Foot marched steadily up the mountain sounded more like the roar of continued volleys of cannon than anything of the kind the writer had ever heard before. It must literally have rained bullets upon and around the defences. No wonder that the feeble fire of a few desperate men grew feebler still as our soldiers advanced, and that we met with very trifling resistance in effecting a lodgment by clambering over the rocks on one side. Whatever virtues may be allowed to Theodorus, no one can say that he was possessed of military skill. Even admitting the wisdom of his march from Debra Tabor to Magdala, which was, however, the move of all others it best suited us he should make, his subsequent proceedings were fatal to his reputation as a soldier. To a certain extent the game was in his own hands, if he had known how to play it. It is true that his inability to transport his guns quickly through the country, and the numerous enemies who would have set upon him had he appeared among them without his artillery, were serious disadvantages. There was probably sufficient reason in this why he did not attempt the favourite tactics of Haidar Alee, Taulia Tantia Topee, and other Eastern warriors, when opposed to a British force—namely, marching us over the country in vain pursuit, until our soldiers bid fair to be all expended without once having seen an enemy. But there was nothing to prevent him from concentrating his artillery in Magdala itself, and, after having inflicted upon us what loss he could in the course of a running fight from the Tacazeh to the gates of the citadel, received us there with the fire of his fourteen cannon from as many bastions. Whatever effect this might have had on the actual result of the expedition, John Bull would at least not then have had to regret the scanty character of the return of killed and wounded presented to him at the close! After the outer defence had been passed by the 33d, they found themselves in a tortuous and narrow defile, surmounted on either side with broken rocks. This led to an inner gate, from which, again, the road ascended towards the King's house. The handful of men who had remained to defend all this difficult approach, were either lying dead of frightful shot-wounds, or had fled at the last moment from the scene. The body of Theodorus himself was found near the highest part of the path. There is no question that he fell by his own hand. Even if the medical evidence on this point admitted of doubt, the testimony of his shield-bearer, who attended him to the last, would be conclusive. Whatever his life may have been, there was something heroic, at least, in his death. The Lion of Ethiopia had resolved that no prospect of "honourable treatment" should induce him to become a member of the menagerie in which Great Britain has kept more than one tame sovereign in her day; and indeed it would hardly have been in accordance with the fitness of things that Theodorus should ever have been stared at by little Cockneys, or have taken a moor on the Scottish hills, or a box at the opera, or done any other of the acts which civilisation would have introduced him to. Possibly, in time, even Exeter Hall might have claimed him as the latest new attraction for the May meetings. Since he himself deliberately preferred that it should be otherwise, we, at least, need not greatly grieve over his choice.

It may truly be said that with the King's death the empire of Abyssinia passed into our hands. There was no one in all the land

who would have hesitated to acknowledge our ascendancy. The name of Napier had suddenly become all that Theodore's had been when his prestige was at its culminating point. But the exercise of sovereignty was not in all our thoughts. Our only care, now that our work was done, was how to dispose as quickly as possible of the *débris* which had accumulated during the process, and retire forthwith from the scene. The family of our fallen enemy had first to be thought of. Notwithstanding Theodore's facetiousness about the number of his progeny, the only recognisable members of his household were his widow, Ettĭgē Wĕrkĕh (pure gold), and a son of eight or nine years of age, who has since been taken to England. Ettige—possibly his Majesty when pleasantly disposed may have called her Ettie—was the daughter of a well-known Prince of Sĭmien named Oobĭē, who at the time of his final overthrow by Theodorus was the *de facto* Prince of Tigreh. This Oobie and all his children had been carried off as captives by the conqueror. The father died in confinement; his daughter was suddenly promoted from her prison to the King's own marriage chamber; but her two brothers, Gwongol and Kassa, were the inmates of the common gaol up to the hour when we released them. They had never so much as seen their sister, Queen as she was, since she fell as an infant into Theodore's hands. This highly rational treatment of his wife's two brothers makes one regret that there was no mother-in-law in the case, because useful hints might have been obtained from observing the line adopted towards that party by a strong-minded person such as Theodore. If the old lady had proved too much even for him, then mankind would have had to accept the mother-in-law difficulty as one not to be got over. This, however, is hardly likely. Indeed, from our not finding her in any quarter, it is probable he had murdered her long ago. Poor Ettie was in a precarious state of health when first she became our care. Her husband had treated her with great harshness and cruelty, and she showed no grief at his loss. Her illness prevented his Excellency from at once ascertaining her wishes on the subject of her own destination. It was presumed she and her brothers would return to their native province of Simien. In the mean time everything was done for her comfort that could be devised. When the time came for the brothers to leave us for their own home, she preferred remaining under our protection, not only for the sake of her fine little boy, whose life she knew would not be safe for a day in any other place, but because even her own brothers were as strangers to her. Unfortunately, she was not to be long our guest, but died near Antalo; not, however, of a broken heart, but from disease of the lungs, which the doctors said was of long standing, and which is a much more common malady than the other.

The usual difficulty occurred in restraining the soldiers from plundering the captured citadel; but perhaps the efforts made to preserve order in this instance were more than usually successful. Hardly anything of value was found in the place. Proper officers were appointed for the custody of whatever might be collected, and the whole was disposed of by auction on the first convenient day, for the benefit exclusively of the non-commissioned ranks of the army. This matter of prize and plunder is one which is ever apt to bring discredit on military operations. Thirst for property so acquired seems inherent in the *fauces* of the entire genus, from commanding officers down to tent-pitchers; and the way that some men will scramble for a piece of silk or an old sword, such as few gentlemen would think worth carrying home if found anywhere else, merely because it hap-

pens to be booty, is a remnant probably of the old predatory instincts of the species. The same craving made the articles fetch very large prices under the hammer. The collection was, at all events, a most discreditable one to its late owner, since it consisted partly of crosses, paintings, and sacred vessels plundered from Christian churches, and partly of the weapons used by himself and his soldiers in mauling the priests, and in their pious forays generally. If the repositories of some sturdy iconoclast such as John Knox had been found filled with stores of this kind after his death, there would have been little wonder; but Theodorus was never suspected of a leaning to Puritanism, whether of life or doctrine, and set such value on priestly unction that he kept the local head of the Church under lock and key until he consented to annoint him King of the Kings of Abyssinia, refusing, moreover, to liberate him even after he had performed his office, in case he should ever pour the sacred oil on the head of some one else!

Upwards of a hundred prisoners, confined for state reasons, were liberated by us as soon as Magdala became ours. A conciliatory policy towards what had formed the noblesse under preceding regimes was no part of Theodore's political creed. With him the question of how to deal with deposed princes was merely whether they should be put to death or imprisoned for life. The idea of pensioning an ex-royal family must have seemed to him exquisitely absurd. He liked to surround himself with the old aristocracy of the country to any amount, but he took care that every member of it was fitted with a pair of handcuffs and leg-irons. Hence it had come to pass that nearly every man of note in all Abyssinia whose life had been spared was to be found in Magdala. These were invited to an interview with his Excellency before being dismissed to their several homes. Most of them presented themselves accordingly, and listened at least with all respect to the Chief's exhortations to dwell peaceably for the future, and not forget their own bondage and sufferings in awarding punishment to their subjects, if ever they should be restored to power. In addition to these chiefs many thousands of people who had followed the King's fortunes, and surrendered themselves to us during the last few days, still sought our protection. These formed as unwholesome a colony as ever sat itself down under the shadow of a British flag. Their food was raw flesh. Half-stripped shank-bones of oxen, and carrion in every stage of decomposition, cumbered the ground in the vicinity of their tents, as if one was approaching a city whose inhabitants were tigers and wolves. All this, together with the stench arising from the remains of hundreds of dead mules which had perished in struggling up the sides of Fahla and Islamgee, was sufficiently horrible. In a few days, however, arrangements were made for the safe navigation of our friends, and then all we had to do before turning our own faces towards the sea was to dispose of Theodore's late stronghold. Geographically, as was stated in a former letter, this much-contested position is situated in the country of the Wollo Gallas. It was, however, well fitted to serve as a barrier against the encroachments of that tribe on Christian Abyssinia; and Sir R. Napier therefore would gladly have placed it in the hands of some Christian prince. With this object it was offered to Dajaz Māshăshăh, the representative in these parts of Wagshoom Gobazeh. But the Dajaz, in his master's name, refused to accept a fortress which it required so many soldiers to hold. Perhaps he is one of those who prefer "hearing the lark sing rather than the mouse squeak,"—that is, who eschew towns and castles, and love the open country, when the

game of war is being played. Our friends the Gallas thought differently on this point; and both of their rival queens, Masteeat and Werkait, laid claim to the mountain. We were somewhat beholden to the former lady for the excellent service she had rendered us at the instance of Meer Akbar Alee during the most critical part of our operations. Possibly it was owing to the vigilance of her subjects that we were not at that moment engaged in an arduous pursuit of a dangerous and desperate enemy. But still our Commander did not feel prepared to adjudicate, as it were, in her favour, as against Werkait, which the formal surrender of Magdala into her hands would have amounted to. Werkait herself was announced amongst the earliest of our visitors after Theodore's death. She came to congratulate us—that is, to endeavour to obtain from us the keys of Magdala, with any other little advantages that might be going. Unfortunately, however, as the work of blasting was in full progress on the mountain at the time, we were unable to arrange even for her paying a short visit to the scene endeared to her by many a sad remembrance. All we could do was to comfort her with gifts, and say that we were about to abandon Magdala altogether; and that, so far as we were concerned, any one might take possession of it who pleased. The Chief also offered his services in order to bring about a reconciliation between her and Masteeat. But the way in which this proposal was received showed that the idea could not be carried out. While Werkait was still in our camp, news was brought that Masteeat herself was approaching. This was the signal for the former's somewhat abrupt departure from the neighbourhood. Masteeat's request that Magdala might be made over to her received the same reply as had been given to her rival. She was told that a scorched mountain would soon be all that was left of the famous citadel, and that that was at her service. Magdala, it will be observed, had already been abandoned by its inhabitants, whose tie to the spot was loosed when it ceased to form the camp of their master. There was really very little upon it that could be burned; and it was chiefly as a matter of form that its defences were set fire to by us before our departure. It was no secret that Masteeat would occupy it as soon as we left; and that she would soon restore it to its old strength. Still, the course which we followed left no room for it to be said that we had ourselves bestowed the place on any one.

The rapidity with which, when all our work was done, the army was conveyed to the coast, forms one of the most remarkable features of the late campaign. Not all the prestige with which we were returning served to protect us from the petty insults of some of the robber tribes through whose districts our route lay. Children of the mist, as dishonest and rapacious as such children generally are, hovered on the mountain-sides while our baggage was within sight, never losing an opportunity of swooping down upon a straggling mule and bearing it away where pursuit was difficult. The boldness of these marauders, if they had been hanging on the flanks of a retreating army whose powerful enemy was as yet in the field against them, may be imagined. Even as it was, the inconvenience they caused us could well have been dispensed with.

The renewal of our intercourse with Prince Kassa of Tigreh, when he presented himself at Senafeh, was pleasant to both parties. Some of the prisoners liberated at Magdala were men who had formerly held positions of influence at the Tigreh Court. These were still with us. It was thought safer that they should return to their own country rather than join Wagshoom Gobazeh, who might possibly have converted them into useful instruments in carrying out any designs

he may entertain against Kassa. Therefore they had been promised such a recommendation on the part of his Excellency to their own prince as would insure their protection so long as they forbore to intrigue against him. A covenant to this effect was made with them by their master in a durbar at Senafeh. At the same time it was felt that the introduction of these possible centres of sedition into his infant state made the gift of six small cannon, with which it was proposed to strengthen that prince, all the more expedient. Reasons affecting the tranquillity of the whole of Abyssinia also indicated it as sound policy to do what we could to prevent him from being reduced to allegiance by Gobazeh; because, looking at the geographical features of Ethiopia, and the natural barriers it presents, as well as the variety of races scattered over its vast area, its only chance of enjoying peace or a settled government manifestly lies in the absence of any attempt on the part of one man to unite all its provinces under his sway. Moreover, his Excellency, during his memorable interview with Kassa near Adăbāgee, had promised that if he would prove himself a friend in facilitating our advance, her Majesty the Queen would reward him in such a way as would help him to hold his own against external and internal enemies. How the Prince exerted himself under the stimulus of this expectation has been recorded in former letters. As he had sown he was now to reap; and it became Sir R. Napier's pleasant part to convey to him at Senafeh an expression of her most gracious Majesty's favour in the form of the small battery of guns mentioned above, together with muskets sufficient to arm a regiment, and a large quantity of ammunition.

It is gratifying to know that the object of the late expedition has been accomplished without the rights of the chiefs or people of Abyssinia having been interfered with. Theodorus, it is true, has been stripped of his power, and has paid with his life the forfeit of the rash challenge which he had thrown down to us. Wagshoom Gobazeh, whom we found engaged in probably a hopeless contest with him whom no Abyssinian could resist, should now be able to secure for himself a leading place among the princes of Ethiopia. Kassa, as has just been shown, has been considerably strengthened in the course of our operations. So have the Wollo Gallas, who occupied Magdala immediately on the withdrawal of our garrison. And on the whole, the more the political position as it was when we landed at Zoulla, and as it is now, is studied, the more apparent becomes the soundness of the statement made by Sir R. Napier in a recent despatch, to the effect that the prospects of the country are fairer to-day than they were six months ago. All things considered, it may surely be said that seldom has so bright a page been written on the history of any kingdom as that which has been inscribed on ours by the hand of the commander of the Abyssinian expedition.

It was the writer's intention to close this letter with a few notes on certain points of military organisation which have been prominently before us in Abyssinia. Such, more particularly, were cavalry, land transport, and the comparative characteristics of the different classes of soldiers whose services Great Britain can command. But probably it is just as well that his limits prevent him from entering on subjects which he is so feebly able to discuss. The old theory that the British soldier is less adapted than the Indian for the vicissitudes of campaigning, or that he requires more transport, and greater care taken of him in the field, is surely at last exploded. Were it not that this identical belief was put forward by an officer of considerable standing, while preparations were being made for the

campaign, it would be difficult to think that it had survived so long. The truth is, the British soldier, if not absurdly pampered, and specially if cut off from helping himself too freely to liquor, is in all ordinary climates, and most notably in one like that of Abyssinia, by far the hardier of the two. There are no niceties regarding his food to be attended to; and when his day's rations are required to be sent on with a flying column composed entirely of Europeans, a few bullocks which march alongside of the men can be made to serve as his supplies, without extra baggage-animals being required. This remark implies no depreciation of our splendid Indian soldiers. Never did the capabilities of these, *when found of the right material, and properly disciplined*, appear to greater advantage than during the march to Magdala. It is no small praise to say, what may truly be said, for instance, of the Belooch native infantry and Măzăbee Pioneers from the Punjab, that they are inferior only to the legions which are recruited in our own island.

To suppose, however, that the former possess any special military capabilities which do not exist in a still greater degree in our own countrymen, is contrary to reason and experience. To be sure, if we treat our British troops on the principle suggested by the Bengal Rajah who declared, if *he* had such soldiers, he would keep them like gamecocks or fighting dogs, and carry every man in a palanquin right up to the enemy and then slip him, we shall soon have them as helpless and effeminate as a few officers of the Rajah school have sometimes believed them to be. But if we will only work them well, both physically and mentally, and above all try to wean them from the baneful love of grog, not so much by means of harsh restrictions on their freedom of action as by seeking to raise them above the miserable craving, then we shall find the military material of our race coming out in its real quality.

Our opinions of the character of the Abyssinians must be expressed with the utmost diffidence, considering the limited and exceptional nature of our intercourse with them. Speaking even of the lowest classes as we found them, it may be said that, though not generally distinguished by truthfulness of speech, they are honest and simple-minded, and equally capable of being attached to a benefactor as of resenting injurious treatment. Physically they are a brave and hardy race, and possess many of the qualities out of which discipline forms first-rate soldiers, though there is no saying what opposite traits may belong to them. Their vanity and irrepressible love of boasting may almost be called a mania. Theodorus himself, great and brave as he was, used to boast to his army of his own prowess in a way never permitted to a British hero, except perhaps when some officer is foolishly allowed by an indulgent general to set forth on a sheet of foolscap his own claims for the Victoria Cross! To "*fakhr*" has become an established institution among Ethiopian braves, and the term denotes the riding furiously in front of one's comrades, brandishing sword or spear, and vociferating all the time the praises of one's own valour and strength, and performances generally.

A careful examination of the religion of modern Abyssinia would probably show that it is less corrupt than is often stated. Indeed, it is probable that much of what is good in the character of the people is due to the influence exerted upon them by their Christian faith. In the midst of sad ignorance and considerable depravity there is yet evidence on every side of the lamp of truth that has been burning through all these ages in the country. The circumstance of Judaism having formed the religion of the people since the time of their con-

version from the worship of the serpent, by, it is said, Mănĭlĕk the son of Solomon, until the fourth century, when Christianity became the established religion, sufficiently accounts for the tincture of the Mosaic dispensation which is still discernible in the country; as, for example, in their retention of circumcision.

The writer does not know if there are any Jewish communities still existing in Abyssinia. The Church of Rome has a considerable number of adherents spread sparsely over the country, and there is at least one seminary for the education of priests of this religion, which has made at times spasmodic progress in Ethiopia during the lifetime of some particularly zealous and successful missionary. At present it appears to be at a low ebb. Reference has frequently been made to the Muhammadans scattered over the country. The inroad of the Galla tribes admits of being easily traced; but it is more difficult to account for the existence—in Tigreh, for example—of tolerably numerous Musalman villages not inhabited by Gallas; and also for the fact that most of the larger towns contain a sprinkling of Muhammadans. A purely Muslim village has certain pleasing features of its own in Abyssinia, such as the Arab-like hospitality with which even British travellers are received on entering it, and the alacrity with which a mat or carpet is spread for the stranger, and bowls of milk produced for his refreshment. This strikes one all the more because similar traits are not shown by the people of the Christian villages. No trace of the Sheeah or Persian heresy exists among the Musalmans of this country. They are altogether Sunnees, which is due to what little intercourse they have with the centres of Islam being chiefly, if not entirely, with Mecca. They are tolerably free from the bigotry which forms a characteristic of the semi-Hindooised Muhammadan communities of India. The Azŭba Gallas settled in the regions round Loch Ashangee disclosed, at least in their intercourse with us, no qualities such as can be spoken well of. Were it not for an admirable letter brought to us from one of their religious teachers, it might have seemed they were pagans. On the whole, travellers are recommended to avoid the neighbourhood of the Azuba Gallas.

The Wollo Gallas, who have been already adverted to as occupying the districts between Manilek's kingdom of Shoa and the confines of Northern Abyssinia, are greatly superior to their Azuba co-religionists. Though brave and warlike, they are at the same time a mild and intelligent people; and in spite of the ignorance in which they are steeped, we saw much that was good in them. They speak, of course, the Galla language, but their priests read and write Arabic as well. The best horses we anywhere saw in Abyssinia are bred by these Gallas, and are reared in large herds, which run wild round the villages. Every colt is taken up, cut, and put to work when two years old. No horses are reserved to a maturer age for stud purposes, nor can the size of a particular foal generally be ascertained. Fourteen hands is the extreme limit of height they grow to, and even that is very rare. Brown, grey, and chestnut are the common colours. Most of the little fellows are marked with the fly-bites which are always seen on horses bred at the Cape of Good Hope. This shows that the cattle-fly, of which we at one time heard so much, is at least no myth, although, happily, we ourselves saw nothing of it. The agility with which these horses gallop up and down the steep hillsides, or bound with unerring footstep over the most broken ground, is a good illustration of what may be effected by early education, especially when transmitted to generation after generation. The circumstance of shoes not being required for them, cannot be fairly quoted in

proof that shoes might be dispensed with for our horses generally, because the soil of the country in which they are used is very soft. It is covered with stones, it is true; but there is a difference between the hoof becoming hardened so as to endure with impunity occasional shocks from these on the one hand, and of acquiring the power of resisting the attrition produced by gravelly soils on the other. Nothing but iron will be proof for many days together against the constant wear and tear of the latter process. The extreme docility of the Galla ponies, and of Abyssinian horses altogether, is a proof of their masters' humanity and evenness of temper. It is doubtful if any horse is ever naturally wicked or malevolent, although vicious men make what are called vicious horses.

Nothing could exceed the kindness and respect with which the Gallas received Meer Akbar Alee on his appearance among them. He arrived at a most critical time—just as the people, terrified at the approach of our army, were deserting their villages by hundreds. In a few days more, not a human being would have remained within a circuit of many miles from Magdala, except, of course, those in our own camp. Queen Masteeat herself had retired to a distant fortress, carrying with her the young Prince, Eman Ahmad. The most intense fear and hatred of Theodorus pervaded all classes. He had burned their mosques, slain their religious teachers, and carried off their daughters; and now that the British, as was believed, were coming to strengthen him, extirpation seemed staring them in the face. Meer Akbar Alee was well fitted to reassure them on this subject. Pointing to the blackened ruins of their sacred buildings, he reminded them of the imperative duty resting on every Moslem to hold life as nothing in avenging outrages such as they had endured. They readily admitted that it was so; and, appealing to their new guide as one placed by their common faith under that obligation equally with themselves, vowed to stand by him to the last in acting against Theodorus. Masteeat, on hearing what was passing, hurried to the rendezvous, and threw all her influence into the scale. Meer Akbar Alee's popularity and ascendancy increased every hour, more especially after he had formally invested the young Prince, Eman Ahmad, with the great shield of his ancestors, which Masteeat, in a moment of generosity, had forced upon his acceptance—not quite to the satisfaction, as was easily to be seen, of her own chiefs. Only once did symptoms of the old panic reappear among her soldiers; and that was when, after the battle of Arogeh, spies brought them news that the King had sent messengers to the British camp for the purpose of making peace. This was exactly what Meer Akbar Alee had assured them would not be done; and he had some difficulty in satisfying them that Theodore's overtures would prove abortive, unless he was prepared to give himself up a prisoner, in which case the British would not fail to carry him out of the country, and consign him to a certain *tapoo* or small island, in which they had once accommodated a famous Frenchman, who had troubled the world much as Theodorus had done Abyssinia! It so happened that, in thus drawing on his limited knowledge of European history for what he conceived a case in point, our friend had no other authority than his own; and yet he expressed his chief's intentions with tolerable accuracy, as the result shortly proved to the satisfaction of all concerned. Little of outward state surrounded Queen Masteeat, although her authority was sufficiently absolute. Her principal residence was a humble enough affair, on the top of a high hill called Lugod. She was said to be the only lady in the country who possessed a chair or a bedstead. Both of these articles con-

sisted of rude frames covered with hides. The Galla women have a custom of displaying all their jewellery and trinkets on the walls of the reception-room, as often as friends are expected. This is instead of carrying off their gossips to cozy little rooms filled with wardrobes, as is the custom of our own excellent wives, there to spend an afternoon in trying to make the visitor break the tenth commandment amid a pile of shawls and silk dresses. The array of silver ornaments on Masteeat's parlour-walls was described as rather pretty. Her limited revenue is derived chiefly from a salt-duty, a small tax on villages, and a certain sum on the sale of every horse, mule, ox, donkey, and sheep. A mild maternal government on the whole is that of Masteeat, who must have been pretty in her youth, having still a fine complexion and a pleasing countenance, from which the absence of every trace of coquetry shows that she has accepted her position as a douce and honest matron, albeit fond of adorning herself as becomes a queen with golden brooches and brocaded robes to any extent. Mothers are probably the same all the world over, and the affection she showed for her son was striking. To praise or notice the boy was to cause the dame to seize one's hand and respectfully kiss it, after a fashion which told of a good heart and a simple nature.

The fact of religious intolerance being very often the fiercer towards a particular sect in proportion as the grounds of difference between the latter and our own are few or trifling, is well illustrated in Abyssinia. The national creed is essentially that of the Catholic Church as existing prior to the Reformation, excepting on one or two abstruse points of doctrine, relating chiefly to the nature and office of the Holy Spirit. Nevertheless, just as the Scottish Presbyterian of the characteristic type would prefer saying his prayers, if he will pardon us the expression, by the side of a Hottentot or a Hindoo rather than under the same roof with a Papist, or possibly even an Episcopalian, so are the Abyssinians prepared to fraternise with Pagans or Protestants, Brahmins or Methodists, but not on any account with Roman Catholics. Their hatred of Muhammadans depends on political and not on speculative grounds, since they live in constant fear of Turkish aggression. Their mass, liturgy, sacraments, holydays, and fasts, are those of Rome. Originally the Abyssinian Church was an offshoot of the Greek Church of Saint Marcos, but when that saint's seat was usurped by the Copts, the latter succeeded in forcing bishops of their own on Ethiopia, where the Coptic Patriarch of Alexandria is to this day recognised as the earthly head of the Church. The local priesthood is maintained chiefly by land settled on the various religious institutions. This is sometimes cultivated by the monks themselves, sometimes let to farmers. A few churches enjoy a revenue in the form of a tax they are allowed to levy on some adjoining village. There are also fixed fees to be paid to the priest on the performance of most ceremonies. Public worship is held on Sundays, and on all the numerous feasts ordained by the Church. Baptism is performed with due solemnity in the church. The Christian name is then given by the godfather or godmother, but is not generally used afterwards in addressing the child, which has a fancy name given it by its own relations. The dead who have not incurred the pains of excommunication are buried with the usual rites in consecrated ground. Coffins are not thought requisite except for the highest classes. Every marriage is consecrated by a priest at the time it is made; but this consecration merely gives civil and religious legality to the contract, without making it binding for life, as under the terrible provisions of the

English statute-book. In order to make the marriage indissoluble, it is necessary that the couple should solemnly partake together of the holy communion. This is hardly ever done until the pair have arrived, in all love and harmony, nearly at the end of life's pilgrimage. Wife-murder is therefore an almost unknown crime in Abyssinia. Matrimony also is freely entered on, for it is only in countries where a more rigorous marriage law is in force that any one seems to question the wisdom of the Divine maxim, that it is not good for a man to be alone. Several attempts have been made by the Jesuits to teach the ignorant people of Ethiopia. Naturally, however, the self-denying labours of these apostles pointed to reconciling men and women to the Church of Rome, therefore the opposition they encountered was great, and it is doubtful if their pupils were any better after their teaching than they were before. What Abyssinia needs is light from within, if that could possibly be kindled in any part of it. The country hardly calls for missionary labours in the sense of proselytising, or subverting existing beliefs. The Old and New Testaments are in the hands of all who can read; and the knowledge of Bible history shown by lads, even of the humbler classes, proves that here, at least, no impediment is placed by the priesthood in the way of fulfilling the command to search the Scriptures. Theodorus could read but not write, and his favourite study was the Psalms of David. He was fond of selecting types for himself from among the characters of the sacred narrative, and likening his enemies in a similar manner to the least worthy personages of whom mention occurs in the same quarter. Whatever may be the future part assigned to the late Emperor's only son, the intelligent child who has just accompanied his Excellency Sir R. Napier to England, possibly there will yet be reason for Abyssinia to bless the day when a link was thus formed between her ignorant people and the centre of all religious light and civil liberty in the modern world, even the great and Christian Queen Victoria. It is impossible to tell whether any such result will follow from this orphan being placed, as it were, under the guardianship of our nation; but it is to be hoped that the view now adverted to will not be lost sight of when the manner in which the boy is to be educated comes under consideration. It is in such cases as his that the want is felt of one Catholic Church, at once above and independent of all the speculative and ritual and political differences which have divided Christendom into so many separate and often hostile parties. In what manner to educate poor young Alămāiō so that if ever he return to his native land he may be accepted by his countrymen as a reformer, even of ecclesiastical errors and abuses, is surely deserving of our anxious thought. The Church of Rome is for many reasons necessarily placed on one side in dealing with this question. Not less so, it must be added, is the existing religious Establishment of Scotland, inasmuch as it would be as unnatural to try to introduce Presbyterianism into Abyssinia, as it would be injudicious to take any step with the young Prince which might dispose him hereafter to embark in such an attempt. So many apparently accidental circumstances, from the death, first of his father, and then of his mother, down to incidents of lesser mark, have conspired to conduct this child, as it were, right up to the foot of Queen Victoria's throne, that there seems ground for hope that good may yet at some future period be evolved for Abyssinia out of all these events. With the earnest desire that such may be the case, the writer now concludes these letters.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN DISRAELI.—NO. II.

For about two years subsequently to the events recorded in our last number, Sir Robert Peel, the recognised leader of the Tory party, continued to guide the legislation of the country. His hold upon the sympathies and goodwill of his followers became indeed day by day more lax. They were wounded by his habitual coldness and reserve, and they looked with ever-deepening distrust upon the course into which his financial policy was running. Not that they were opposed to Free-trade, so long as it should rest upon sound principle. What they did object to was that, without any attempt to arrange with foreign countries a system of reciprocal intercourse, duties on imports and exports were lessened or repealed which had heretofore supplied the State with an adequate revenue, while at the same time they protected native industry. The party argued thus: Make, by commercial treaties, any arrangements which you consider to be advantageous to the common weal. We will go with you in opening British ports to French silks and French wines, provided France will act in the same liberal spirit towards British cotton goods. We will admit into the home market, at reduced rates, the corn, hemp, and tallow of the northern powers, provided they will reduce, in equal proportion, the duties which they now levy on our cutlery and hardware; but don't let us throw away what we possess without getting anything back in exchange, which we shall certainly do if we allow all the nations of the earth to glut our markets with their products, while they shut our products out of their markets by taxing them heavily. Nor can we consent to any other policy, so far as the colonies are concerned, than one which shall treat them as integral though outlying portions of the British empire. Their trade is, or ought to be, more to us, and ours to them, than the trade of the whole world besides; indeed, we see no use in establishing colonies at all, unless they be taught, so long as they remain in a state, so to speak, of pupilage, to look to the mother country as to their capital. And especially are we bound, by moral not less than by fiscal considerations, to favour the commerce of sugar-growing districts, which, by the Act emancipating their slaves, we have placed upon an industrial level far below that of countries where slavery still continues. Act in this spirit, and you will find us ready to co-operate with you, even if, from time to time, we do so with regret. But to tell us that it is judicious to throw away the advantages which it took us generations to secure, and, with our heavily-taxed products, to enter into competition at home and abroad with the untaxed products of foreign nations—this is what we cannot listen to, for there is no logic in it. Set trade free by all means if you can, but don't let the freedom be all on one side. Give and take is fair play. It will never do to give, taking nothing in exchange.

It was thus that the Protectionists, as they were called, reasoned five-and-twenty years ago. Was their reasoning wild and baseless? If it were, why chuckle, as we have been taught of late to do, over that special commercial treaty with France of which the late Mr Cobden was the real author, though Mr Gladstone would willingly take the credit of it to himself? And why move heaven and earth as we are doing to conclude similar treaties with Austria? Besides, though the country worked through the crisis which the introduction of the new system brought upon it, is there any Free-trader bold enough

to assert that it did so except at the expense of a prodigious amount of individual suffering? Where are the West India proprietors, at one time among the wealthiest and most loyal subjects of the Crown? What has become of the thousands of English silk-weavers who throve and were content at Coventry and in Spitalfields? Can the numbers of small farmers and country gentlemen be counted, either in England or Scotland, who broke up and went to pieces under the pressure of the new order of things? And Ireland! Has Ireland benefited by the blow that was struck at her chief industry? Observe that we are not arguing now, any more than the Conservative party argued five-and-twenty years ago, against the principle of Free-trade in the abstract. It is a self-evident truth, that all nations would most effectively thrive were all alike to abandon what may be called the forcing system; that the land which abounds in coal and iron is marked out by nature as a land of manufactures; that countries destitute of mineral wealth, yet blessed with a fertile soil and a genial climate, are set apart by the same hand for agriculture; that where the silkworm abounds and the mulberry flourishes, the raw material of one valuable industry may best be produced, just as the raw material for another valuable industry is to be procured in regions where the cotton-tree grows. All this is self-evident; and equally obvious is the truth, that if the countries which grow the corn, the silk, and the cotton will be content to make an interchange of their produce with the countries best able to work up the raw material into shape, each will obtain what it requires at once better in quality and cheaper in price than if the whole betake themselves to industries for which nature refuses to supply facilities, and, in order to foster the growth of these, impose heavy duties on the rival industries with which their neighbours are anxious to supply them. But has this state of things ever existed in the world since the world was in its infancy? And if it is to be introduced now that the world has grown old, how can the desirable end be accomplished except by the operation of commercial treaties? No. We held five-and-twenty years ago, and we hold still, that, circumstanced as all the nations of the earth then were, the policy proposed by the Anti-corn-law League, and accepted and acted upon by a Government pledged to a different course, was a suicidal policy. Everything aimed at by Mr Cobden and Mr Bright might have been obtained—more gradually, perhaps, but not the less surely—by wise negotiation. And the people, grateful to their natural leaders, would have become more and more attached to the Constitutional Government which had watched over their collective interests, and relaxed the springs of industry by a process which injured no one yet benefited all. As it was, the triumph of Free-trade became, in point of fact, the triumph of the Democratic over the Constitutional principle. It was forced upon a reluctant aristocracy by the action of ignorant mobs and furious demagogues. The cry in which the movement began was a false cry; the occasion which gave force to it was an artificial occasion. Its effects were the immediate ruin of thousands, and its ultimate issues are what we see around us. Bread and meat are dearer now than anybody, except the few who remember the great French war, can recollect. The owners and cultivators of the soil have in many instances become as little loyal to the great institutions of the country as the scum of the large towns. The fashion has been introduced and perpetuated of demanding from the Legislature whatever mob-leaders desire, and enforcing the demand by perpetual exhibitions of physical force. If

the change which the last Reform Bill has introduced into the constituencies fail to stop all this, by bringing more into harmony than they have recently been the different classes of society, we really do not see how society is to hold together. And all this comes to pass because a Minister, strong in the support of a party which expressed the genuine views of the country in 1843, and was willing to carry him through all his difficulties, chose to forget the lessons of a long life, and abruptly and at the bidding of a mob abdicate, in favour of men of one idea, his power to dictate to Parliament the commercial policy most suited to the wants and conditions of the people. We do not make this assertion without regret, because in Peel's career there is so much to admire, that in reproaching him we seem to reproach a personal friend; and the last thing we desire to do is to rake up the ashes of forgotten animosity. But justice to the living requires that we should not ignore or try to hide the mistakes of the dead. The bitter strife that arose between Sir Robert Peel and Mr Disraeli was not the fruit of discontent or envy on the part of the latter. It naturally came of the abandonment by the one of principles which the other held to be sound principles, and the soreness caused by what was felt or believed to be a second betrayal of his party by the Tory leader.

The defection of a party from its chief is almost always gradual. Now one, now another, of the more gifted of his subordinates stands aloof from him, and, without going into open opposition, lets no opportunity escape of exposing his delinquencies. It was thus that, between 1843 and 1845, Mr Disraeli acted; voting for the Government as often as he could, keeping away from divisions when neutrality was possible, and striking hard from time to time, as often as some gross and glaring inconsistency called for rebuke. On such occasions he was listened to with a degree of attention and respect which was new to him. The House saw that there was one among them whose powers they had not heretofore appreciated — who was able to express in fitting terms sentiments which they shared with him. Cheers rewarded his exertions. From a back bench, whence, when he began to play the orator, he had addressed the Speaker, he was constrained to come down to a seat below the gangway. At last came that memorable appeal which wound up by pronouncing a Conservative Government to be "an organised hypocrisy." It was the consummation of his triumph. He was forthwith installed, conjointly with Lord George Bentinck, in a position from which he never afterwards receded. The country party, as a large section of the Tories called themselves, accepted him as one of their leaders; and their sole leader, after the death of Lord George, in the House of Commons he has ever since continued to be.

All this while the Anti-corn-law League did its work in its own way. Enormous sums were raised to forward the object which it professed to seek; and from one extremity of the island to another the organisation spread. It is a remarkable fact, however, that the League had expended its force, and was fast falling into disrepute, just as events occurred which were destined to give to it an unlooked-for triumph. In the autumn of 1845, a report got abroad that a blight had fallen upon the potato crop both in Great Britain and Ireland. So far as Ireland was concerned, this, if it should prove to be true, must be a circumstance pregnant not only with inconvenience but with danger; and that it was regarded in this light by the Government became at once apparent, when, on the 1st of November, a meeting of the Cabinet was called. All that passed at that meeting, and the results to which it led, are now matters of history. Sir Robert Peel

took one view of the case, and of the best means of dealing with it; the great body of his colleagues took another. He produced papers to show that the state of Ireland was critical; that the harvests in foreign countries had been deficient; that the Governments of several European States had taken steps to prevent the exportation and to encourage the importation of grain; and that Belgium, in particular, had in one day cleared the Liverpool market of rice. Under such circumstances, he suggested that either by Order in Council, or by calling Parliament together, all restrictions upon the importation of foreign corn should be suspended. His own opinion was, that the course by Order in Council was to be preferred, because time, which was important, would be saved by it; but he added his conviction that, by whatever process the suspension was brought about, it would be at once inexpedient and impossible to renew the existing laws.

It will be seen that the ostensible object of this strong measure was to avert from Ireland the distress with which that country was threatened. Not a word was spoken as to a like necessity overlying England and Scotland; yet in England and Scotland not less than in Ireland, and indeed all over Europe, the potato crops were known to have failed. The question, therefore, raised by the opponents of Sir Robert's policy, and especially by Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, was this: By suspending the restriction on the importation of foreign corn, shall we accomplish the end at which you are aiming? Will the arrangement do the slightest good? Will it not, on the contrary, do immense harm to Ireland? True, the failure of the potato crop is to the Irish cottier the failure of his means of subsistence. But what then? He has no money wherewith to purchase corn, however cheap or abundant it may be. His labour, such as it is, has been pledged in advance for the cabin in which he lives, and the potato-ground about it. What will be the gain to him of flooding every harbour in Ireland with grain? You offer him food at a cheap rate which he is without the means of buying. On the other hand, the small farmers of Ireland, constituting, with their families, the bulk of the population, will be utterly ruined if you let in foreign corn as you propose to do. Their holdings, varying from ten to fifteen acres, grow oats as well as potatoes; and to the sale of their oats, at perhaps advanced prices, they look as making amends for the loss which they have sustained by the potato blight. What we advise, therefore, is, that you let the fiscal policy of the nation remain as it is, while means are forthwith adopted of employing on public works—remunerative, if possible—the people, who, without such aid, must perish. And, in the meanwhile, let the heads of departments be instructed to take precautionary measures, so that, if sudden distress occurs in any part of Ireland, the means may be at hand to cope with it.

Between the 1st and 6th of November the Cabinet met four times. They separated, having arrived apparently at the conclusion that a suspension far less a repeal of the Corn Laws, was not then necessary, and that other and better sources of relief for Ireland were attainable. But on the 22d there appeared in the newspapers a letter from lord John Russell, which—a not unfrequent incident in the noble Lord's published correspondence—threw over all the principles which he had advocated up to the date of its publication. Lord John had never, till that date, been an advocate for free-trade in corn. In 1839 he voted, indeed, for the substitution of a moderate fixed duty for the sliding-scale; and two years later he proposed, as Minister, a fixed duty of 8s. per quarter. Something of the same sort he had even advocated in the session just closed;

but now his views were changed. He believed the current rumour that the Government was in difficulties, and he hastened to take advantage of the circumstance. After a jeering reference to his rival's many tergiversations, he proceeded to say: "The result of resistance to qualified concessions must be the same in the present instance as in these I have mentioned. It is no longer worth while to contend for a fixed duty. . . . The Government appear to be waiting for some excuse to give up the present Corn Laws. Let the people afford them the excuse they seek."

This letter, dated from Edinburgh, appeared in the London newspapers on the 22d of November. On the 26th another meeting of the Cabinet was held, at which the Prime Minister stated that the document in question had "materially affected his position." He returned, therefore, to his project of getting rid of the Corn Laws—not, as he had previously suggested, by Order in Council, leaving the future to take care of itself, but by calling Parliament together, and summarily, and by an act of the Legislature, repealing them. Mr Disraeli, in his political biography of Lord George Bentinck, seems to imply, that Sir Robert Peel's views were on this occasion adopted by all the members of the Administration except one. "Strange to say, the same Cabinet that on the 1st of the month had refused by a large majority to consent to an Order in Council for a suspension of a law, because they deemed that suspension might be a bar to its re-enactment, were now almost unanimously prepared to take even a stronger step, and that with a view to the virtual abrogation of the same law." It was not exactly so. The majority of the Cabinet still resisted the proposal, pointing out, with perfect truth, that "the calamity" was as yet only in expectancy; that there was no famine, nor any assurance of famine, even in Ireland, in November 1845; and that to guard against its possible occurrence was their duty—not to tamper with the general laws that bore upon the commercial interests of the country. It was, indeed, this adverse spirit on the part of the more influential of his colleagues which led to Sir Robert Peel's resignation on the 6th of December. But we need not continue in detail the history of circumstances which are but indirectly connected with the proper subject of our present paper. Enough is done when we state that Peel having resigned, Lord John was sent for; that he saw the Queen on the 10th; that on the 11th he undertook to form an Administration, which he failed to do. This brings us to the 20th, at which date Peel being commanded to resume his position as First Lord of the Treasury, had no alternative except to obey. Even now, had there been in him the moral courage which the occasion required, he might have kept his party together. No doubt, the battle of the Corn Laws, if fought at all, must have been fought under great disadvantages, for the enemy were in possession of his secret; but a frank avowal of all that had occurred would have insured to him the victory notwithstanding. Such, at least, is our conviction now; and there is reason to believe that such was the conviction of Lord Stanley at the moment. At all events, we know that Lord Stanley remonstrated against the threatened surrender. He pointed out that the measure, if carried, would be carried "by aid of the whole body of Peel's opponents, and the lukewarm support of a few of his friends, against the angry opposition of the great mass of the Conservative party." Finding his remonstrances of no avail, he retired from the Cabinet. The issues are given in few words. Parliament came together, and on the 22d January 1846 Peel proposed his scheme, in one of the most remarkable speeches to which a House of Commons had

ever listened. The speaker affected no mystery on the subject of his own change of opinion. He confessed that the Irish famine had but very indirectly brought him to his present conclusions; and that, having satisfied himself that on every principle of abstract justice the home-growth of corn ought not to be protected, he was prepared, let the consequences be what they might, to abolish the duties which protected it. Nor was the speech more remarkable because of the skill with which these views were advocated, than on account of the tone of injured innocence which pervaded it. "I am not," he said, "under an obligation to any man, or to any body of men, for being compelled to submit to the sacrifice which I have submitted to, and to undergo the official duties and labour which I have undertaken. . . . I will not stand at the helm during such tempestuous nights as I have seen, if the vessel be not allowed fairly to pursue the course which I think she ought to take. I wish not, in undertaking to direct the course of the vessel, to be guided by the observations which have been taken in 1842. I will reserve to myself the making out of that course; and I must, for the public interest, claim to myself the unfettered power of judging of those measures which I conceive it will be better for the country to propose. Sir, I do not wish to be the Minister of England; but while I have the high honour of holding that office, I am determined to hold it by no servile tenure. I will only hold that office on the condition of being unshackled by any other obligations than those of consulting the public interests, and of providing for the public safety."

We recommend our readers to turn up their Hansards, and to read this memorable speech *in extenso*. It will be an act of justice not only to the dead but to the living; because, unless the provocation be present to men's memories, there is some risk of their regarding the rebuke which it called forth as unnecessarily severe. Having the provocation distinctly before us, we can both understand and make the fullest allowances for the bitterness of tone which pervades Mr Disraeli's reply. Lord John Russell spoke next after Peel, tendering him his support; and then Mr Disraeli broke in: "The right honourable gentleman says that it is not so much by force of argument as by the cogency of observation that he has arrived at this conclusion. But, sir, surely the observation which the right honourable gentleman has made might have been made when he filled a post scarcely less considerable than that which he now occupies, and enjoyed power scarcely less ample than that which he now wields in this House. I want to know how it is that the right honourable gentleman, who certainly enjoys the full maturity of manhood, should not have arrived at this opinion, which I deplore, although conscientious, at the moment when his present Government was formed. What, sir, are we to think of the eminent statesman who, having served under four sovereigns" (Peel had somewhat ostentatiously proclaimed that fact), "unable to complain of want of experience or royal confidence—who, having been called on to steer the ship on so many occasions and under such perilous circumstances—has only, during the last three years, found it necessary entirely to change his conclusions on that important topic which must have presented itself for more than a quarter of a century for his consideration?"

This is but a sample, and a mild sample, of the vigour with which the rising Conservative statesman assailed his recreant chief. We give it because a sample was necessary for our present purpose; but to go further into the debates of two-and-twenty years ago could serve no other purpose than to revive memories which are best

forgotten. Enough, therefore, is done when we state that from this struggle of wits Peel came out second-best. He had no reply to make to the charges which were brought against him; and even when the arrangements of his Cabinet, as it then held together, became a subject of discussion, the figure which he cut was an undignified one. Mr Gladstone had taken Lord Stanley's place. He was Secretary of State for the Colonies, but had no seat in the House; and Peel, when asked whether, without a seat in the House, the Colonial Minister attended Cabinet meetings, and took part in their deliberations, was obliged to confess that he did. Yet this same Peel was further obliged to admit that Sir George Murray, being in a like condition—being Master-General of the Ordnance, and a member of the Duke's Cabinet a few years before—had been excluded from sitting and voting in Cabinet, on the constitutional ground that it is unbecoming in any man to advise as to the policy of a Government which he is not in a condition to support in one or other of the Houses of Parliament.

Peel carried his motion for the repeal of the Corn Laws, as Lord Derby foretold that he would do, "by the aid of the whole body of his opponents and the lukewarm support of a few of his friends." He had another and far more urgent question before the House, "the Registration of Arms Bill for Ireland," but that he allowed to hang fire. When first proposed it was in winter. The House had been assured that on the passing of that measure depended the lives of many persons. The House, believing the statement, hurried it through the preliminary stages, and there the zeal of the proposer seemed to die out. The winter passed in wrangling over the Corn-law Repeal Bill. Irishmen were left to carry arms as they chose, and to shoot one another to their hearts' content. We cannot recollect that assassinations were more frequent in that winter than they had ever been; at all events, the Government made no great account of them. The consequence was, that the Protectionists, concluding that the Minister was befooling them, made up their minds to get rid of him on the first convenient opportunity. Had they not some ground for their surmises—some excuse for the act of revenge which in due time was perpetrated? Surely they had. Peel could not but be aware that if he pushed his Arms Bill vigorously in the first instance, O'Connell, with all the members, Irish and English, that followed him, would from pure malice vote against his Corn Bill. Their strength being added to that of the Protectionists would have defeated the measure. The Corn Laws would remain, while he must necessarily resign. He therefore allowed the Arms Bill to sleep, and roused it up again after the long nights were over, and the Bill for the repeal of the duties on foreign corn was safe. But he roused it up again to no good purpose. The Protectionists, mindful only of the outrage which they had suffered, made common cause with the Whigs, and the Bill being rejected by a considerable majority, Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues resigned.

And here again, in justification of the living, as well as with a view to preserve the truth of history, it is necessary to advert to certain circumstances which had preceded and led up to this catastrophe. The leadership of the third party in the State—the Protectionists, as they were called—was as yet undetermined. Lord Stanley had not declared himself; and in the House of Commons, those in whom, as Ministers, the party trusted, had betrayed them. They became, therefore, as sheep without a shepherd, till Lord George Bentinck was forced by circumstances into a situation in every respect

distasteful to him. He had been eighteen years in Parliament without ever coming to the front; he would have gladly remained in his obscurity had the arrangement been possible. But it was not possible. Lord George was known to be a man of extraordinary ability as a calculator. He possessed an astounding memory, and, though defective as an orator, all that he said was well said, and might be fully relied upon. His energies were prodigious, overcoming both great delicacy of constitution and that reserve which is not unfrequently the accompaniment of talent little exercised. He flung himself into the struggle of which his conscience approved, and became the prudent and wise adviser of all who came to him. Such a man could not escape from the responsibilities which attach to the leader of a party. He was accepted as such, indeed forced into the position, by a host of enthusiastic admirers, and became, in consequence, the organ of communication between them and the Peel Government. Now, Lord George entertained his own views as to the proper mode of dealing with Ireland. He believed that a policy of wise conciliation was more likely to maintain peace there than one of repression; and hence, though scarcely prepared to go against the Minister on his Arms Bill, he was very far from regarding it as a panacea for Ireland's grievances. It is customary on great occasions for the chief of the Government to settle with the leader of the Opposition the order in which public business shall be taken; and Lord George, who desired as much as possible to delay the Corn-law repeal measure, settled it in private conference with the Ministerial whip that, provided the third reading of this Bill were postponed till after Easter, the Protectionists would allow the Arms Bill to be carried through the House of Lords *sub silentio.* But no sooner was this advantage gained than the Government disavowed the proceedings of the whip, and pressed on their great measure, the repeal of the Corn Laws, in order that it might reach the House of Lords before Easter. Indignant at such a gross breach of faith, Lord George made a clean breast of it before the House in regard to the Arms Bill, and the negotiations arising out of it. The Secretary of the Treasury admitted the correctness of his statement. The First Lord of the Treasury denied that the Secretary had any authority for doing as he had done. Mr Tuffnel, the Whig whip, pronounced that public business could not be carried on if the recognised organs of parties were repudiated by their chiefs; and the feelings of members on both sides went with Lord George. The Protectionists came to the conclusion that with the renegade Administration terms could no longer be kept. Had the case of the Arms Act been stronger than it was, feeling would have doubtless prompted them to oppose it. Under existing circumstances, there was no single inducement of weight enough to hold them back; and, voting as has just been shown, the Government broke up.

Thus, for the second time within a space of sixteen years, the great Tory party fell to pieces. For the second time the great bulk of the party declared that their leaders had betrayed them; while the leaders, affirming that they had sacrificed themselves to the best interests of the country, put the crown of martyrdom on their own brows, and gloried in their defeat. It appears to us that their glorying would have been more reasonable had they subsequently acted more in accord than they did with their own avowed principles. Take the following as an illustration of what we mean: Sir Robert Peel made way for Lord John Russell in July 1846. The latter had been barely four weeks in power when he introduced into the House of Commons

a Bill for the readjustment of the duties on foreign and colonial sugar. To Lord John's scheme Lord George Bentinck proposed an amendment, which, had it been carried, would have closed the British markets against all sugars which were the produce of slave labour. The amendment was lost chiefly through the influence of Sir Robert Peel, who, frankly avowing that he approved the principle, and would have made it his own had he remained in office, voted against Lord George's proposition, on the ground that he would do nothing which might tend to replace the existing Administration by statesmen whom he affected to regard as reactionists. Peel's friends have uniformly done their best to represent the conduct of the country party and its leaders as not only ungenerous but unjust towards the ex-Minister. Could any conduct be more unjust—we put aside all idea of its generosity—than that of Peel on the present and many similar occasions? He preferred making sacrifice of what he acknowledged to be both morally and politically right, to the mortification of seeing gentlemen with whom for five years he had acted, and from whom he had parted in anger, called to supplant himself in the confidence of their common sovereign.

And here it may be worth while to notice very shortly the sections into which what had once been the great united Constitutional party broke up. There was among all who had contributed in any means to consolidate that party, and make it what it had been, a common feeling of disappointment, amounting in numerous instances to disgust. Some, giving way to anger, went off bodily to the Whigs. These despaired entirely of even moderate success to the principles which Peel had taught them to adopt; and believing that it was better to serve an open enemy than a treacherous friend, they ranged themselves at once among Lord John's adherents. Others, and these for a time were more numerous, merged the title of Conservative in that of Peelite, and gave themselves up, body and soul, to do as their nominal chief might direct. A large majority—perhaps 150 in all, or thereabouts—stood apart, and, accepting the joint leadership of Lord Derby in the House of Lords, and Lord George Bentinck in the House of Commons, set themselves to the twofold task of saving what they could of the territorial influence in the country, and consolidating upon it a new and more consistent Tory party. The second place in this compact band of Constitutional statesmen was conceded at once and without hesitation to Mr Disraeli. He took his seat beside Lord George, on the front row of the Opposition benches, and, in the House and out of it, was at all times, and under all circumstances, the faithful adviser and confidant of that remarkable man.

Reference has just been made to Lord John Russell's attack on the unfortunate owners of land in the sugar-growing colonies, by the proposal to admit, on a footing of perfect equality, into the home market, sugars which were the produce of slave and of free labour. Now, it so happened that while as yet the corn question was before Parliament, the representatives of the colonial and shipping interests were warned that, if the Free-traders carried their point as against the agriculturists, the colonies and the shipowners would not have to wait long ere their turn to be sacrificed would occur. They professed utter disbelief of the prediction, and voted, at least the great bulk of them, for the Ministerial measure. The recollection of their treatment of Lord George Bentinck's warning on that occasion did not prevent them from coming to him for support in their own hour of need; and he, and those of the party who shared his confidence, were too honourable to postpone principle

to the gratification of revenge. An amendment was moved, very much in the same terms which had been formerly employed in 1841 by Lord Sandon, then member for Liverpool, and of which Sir Robert Peel is understood to have been the author. Mr Disraeli supported the amendment in a speech marked by great originality of thought, in which he lamented the decay of our colonial empire, and expressed his belief that sooner or later a great effort would be made to reconstruct it; but the Government, supported by the Peelites, were too strong for the Conservative Opposition. The majority thus secured was a very slender one, but it sufficed to keep the Whigs in place, and to consummate the ruin of the West Indian proprietors, by depriving them of the last shred of protection which had been afforded heretofore to their crippled industry.

All this while the condition of Ireland was becoming day by day more alarming. The repeal of the Corn Laws had done nothing for the cottier class, destitute of money as they were wherewith to purchase; while, by lowering the price of home-grown oats, it inflicted severe damage upon the farmers. Distress bordering upon destitution became the universal condition of things in many quarters. Let us not, however, be unjust to Sir Robert Peel. He had taken other steps, while Minister, to meet the pressure of the occasion than by repealing the Corn Laws. Indian meal had been purchased quietly in large quantities, and stores were established under Government agency in the districts where the apprehensions of famine were most keen. A labour act was likewise passed, which the Whigs, when they came into power, greatly extended, and under this the Baronies were enabled to obtain aid from the public treasury, and to employ, chiefly in road-making, men who could find employment nowhere else. Of the gross abuses to which these arrangements led, it is not our intention on the present occasion to speak at large. Enough is done when we state generally that the numbers employed on road-making increased from 30,000 to half a million; that the monthly expenditure by the Government rose from £40,000 to £800,000; and that the reports made of the results obtained by such a mass of labour and amount of expenditure came to this: that "the works were worse than useless;" that they could be described only as "public follies;" and, as the Inspector-General himself officially stated, "they answered no other purpose than that of obstructing the public conveyances." We ourselves who write this paper travelled through a large portion of Ireland about this time, and can never forget the impression made upon us by the scenes which we encountered everywhere. Crowds of able-bodied men stood here and there staring at one another, or handled their tools for a few minutes only to throw them down again; while the roads which they were supposed to be constructing consisted, for the most part, of heaps of half-broken stones, having no apparent connection with any starting-point, and certainly not, in any instance of which our memory takes cognisance, leading anywhere. Yet the famine grew more terrible, and pestilence followed in its wake, and thousands of Irish men, women, and children died daily for the lack of means to cope with an evil against which, though long anticipated, no adequate provision had been made.

The leaders of the Protectionist party were not indifferent spectators of this great national calamity. They had given sound advice to Sir Robert Peel, even while distrusting the bitterness of his vaticinations; and they now looked with dismay at such an enormous outlay on unprofitable labour, which seemed to fail even in checking the evil of

which it had been proposed as the remedy. They determined, therefore, themselves to take the subject up, and in the course of the recess which followed soon after the debate on the sugar question, their plans were matured. To Lord George Bentinck belongs the merit of designing and arranging these plans. Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, and Mr Disraeli, co-operated heartily with him. But let the merit rest where it is due. The scheme was exclusively Lord George Bentinck's scheme, and to its wisdom the experience of the present, as well as of the past, bears testimony. He had always been a supporter of railway enterprise, not more because of the ultimate gain which he foresaw in its development to commerce in general, than because the surplus capital, which would otherwise go, as it had gone before, to foreign mines and foreign loans, would thereby be spent in the country, and spent profitably. In the course of the recess he called to his councils men most experienced in such undertakings, and, aided by his colleagues, arranged, with their assistance, a measure for intersecting Ireland with railways, the expense of constructing which should be shared between private companies and the Government. It was calculated that an advance of £16,000,000 from the Exchequer would bring out £8,000,000 from private capitalists; and that the lines thus erected, after paying 3½ per cent on the public loan, would return to private shareholders a handsome dividend. Meanwhile, during the process of construction, lucrative employment would be found for such a multitude of men as would put an end, probably for ever, to the con-acre system, by converting the cottiers into labourers for hire, and thus effecting a complete social revolution in the country. This was the proposal made by the Tory party in the spring of 1847 for meeting the pressing wants of Ireland — not alone for delivering her people from the agonies of famine and disease, but for infusing new life into her whole social system. The plan, when first brought forward in the House of Commons, was greeted with rapturous applause. The more thoughtful of the Irish members, especially, without regard to party considerations, cheered its announcement; and Lord John Russell himself, though avowing his intention to oppose it on the second reading, gave a flattering assent to the introduction of the Bill. But such a measure, if carried, would necessarily take out of his hands the management of the financial affairs of the country, and for him to remain in office after such a consummation would clearly be impossible. It was to no purpose that Lord George and Mr Disraeli in the House of Commons, and Lord Stanley in the House of Lords, disclaimed all intention of affecting the position of the Government. They were willing that the Bill should be regarded as a private Bill, if the Governmant should decline to take charge of it. Lord John had already proposed his own plan, which comprised the improvement of waste lands, the extension of fisheries, and the advance of loans to the owners of the soil for purposes of drainage. He could not possibly go back from the policy of his Cabinet, even though half-admitting that it came short of that proposed by the leader of the Opposition. It was therefore announced that the division on the second reading must decide by whom the affairs of the empire were henceforth to be conducted—whether by the statesmen then in office, or by Lord Stanley, Lord George Bentinck, and such an Administration as they might succeed in forming. The results are well known. In spite of a lucid exposition of his views by the author of the measure, and the vigorous support which was rendered to it by Mr Disraeli, Lord George's scheme was defeated;

while £8,000,000 of money were absolutely thrown away in loans which the borrowers in many instances misapplied, and which were never afterwards repaid.

As a matter of course, Sir Robert Peel spoke and voted in support of Lord John Russell. The Irish members, who at the outset had cheered Lord George lustily, were deterred, by the threat of a Ministerial resignation, from going out with him into the same lobby; and not a few of the Protectionists, distrusting their own strength to carry on the Government, absented themselves from the division. Thus was an opportunity lost of conferring permanent benefit upon Ireland such as had never before presented itself, and will probably never present itself again. Had a well-arranged system of railway communication been entered upon in 1847, and carried forward with the vigour which Government alone could supply, it is more than probable that, though the deaths in Ireland might have been numerous—for famine and disease were already in their might—that tide of emigration which by-and-by depopulated the island would never have set in. At all events, the Government of 1868 would have escaped the necessity of considering whether or not it is advisable, in order to prevent a collapse in railway property in Ireland, to purchase up all the lines in the country—not one of which, it appears, can, under existing circumstances, be worked except at a loss to the shareholders. But this is not all. Within three months of the defeat of the Tory scheme, the Whig Government proposed an advance of £620,000 to promote the extension of railways in Ireland, thus recanting very much of what they had said in reply to Lord George Bentinck. They were opposed on this occasion by Sir Robert Peel; but, being supported by the Tories, they carried their measure by a large majority.

The next great question in which we find Mr Disraeli taking part was that raised by the commercial distress, which, setting in early in March, arrived, before the autumn closed, at an absolute panic. The Government, and the supporters of the Government, including Sir Robert Peel, attributed the misfortune in a great degree to the locking up of capital in the construction of railways. Mr Disraeli and Lord George Bentinck argued that it was the necessary consequence of Free-trade, which, as then carried on, caused a perpetual outflow of gold in order to purchase corn and other commodities, which foreign nations declined to sell or barter. The remedy for this evil was a suspension of the Bank Restriction Act—Peel's favourite child of 1844; and Peel naturally resisted the proposal, as did the Government which he kept in office. But the force of events was too strong for them. The commercial distress became day by day more urgent. Some of the best houses in London and in the country became bankrupt; and then, and not till then, the Government took it upon themselves to do, by Order in Council, what they had refused by Act of Parliament to effect. The law was set at naught, and matters gradually came round. It may serve as an apt illustration of the state to which credit was reduced before this breach of the law occurred, when we remind our readers that in the course of the debate, which began on the 10th of May, Mr Baring, himself a Director of the Bank of England, informed the House that one merchant, the possessor of £60,000 worth of silver, could not, in consequence of the stringency of the Act, obtain upon it the advance of a single shilling.

The remainder of the session wore on in debates, none of them without importance, but almost all failing to bring prominently forward the subject of this sketch. At last, on the 23d of July, the prorogation took place, and on the

afternoon of the same day Parliament was dissolved. Mr Disraeli did not on that occasion seek re-election at the hands of his Shrewsbury constituents. The owners and occupiers of land in his native county had by this time recognised his merits, and, almost without a canvass, he was by them selected to represent them in Parliament. The connection thus formed, honourably for both parties, has suffered no interruption. Ever since November 1847 Mr Disraeli has taken his seat as member for Bucks—a position which, we may venture to predict, he will not forfeit, so long as his services in the House of Commons are required by the country. And this is the more remarkable that almost the first use which he made of the powers with which the Buckinghamshire yeomen had intrusted him was to speak and vote in support of a measure by no means popular in those days. As yet the doors of Parliament were closed against all who should refuse to declare their acceptance of certain conditions "on the true faith of a Christian." Over and over again the attempt had been made to exempt from this restriction members of the Jewish faith, but hitherto such attempts had failed. Now the matter was so brought under consideration that to postpone or affect to treat it as the discussion of an abstract question was impossible. The citizens of London had thought fit to associate with Lord John Russell as their member a Jewish merchant of great wealth and reputation, and Lord John, it was understood, was pledged to procure for his colleague admission into the House of Commons. A great battle therefore impended, of which the issues, it was expected, would doubtless determine, once and for ever, whether there should be any exclusion from the British Legislature on the score of religious belief; and Mr Disraeli, who on more than one previous occasion had given a silent vote in favour of the arrangement, now found himself constrained by moral considerations to do more. While he voted silently, he was still, comparatively speaking, an obscure man. He was now one of the accepted leaders of a great party, and as such he believed that he could not with honour turn away from advocating openly whatever measure he might be inclined to support with his vote. When, therefore, in December of this year (for the suspension of the Bank Restriction Act rendered an early meeting of Parliament necessary), Lord John brought forward his motion, Mr Disraeli spoke out boldly and manfully in its support. What a contrast on this, as on many other occasions, his course of proceeding offered to that of his rival, Mr Gladstone! The latter spoke likewise, and spoke in favour of the measure, but he did so in a tone distressingly apologetical. All his objections to the arrangement continued as strong as they had been when he wrote his book on Church and State, and gave to it its last correction six years previously. But the force of circumstances was too strong for him; he could not resist it. Therefore, though conscious that he was violating a principle, he would commit a moral wrong rather than contend for retaining its Christian character to an assembly which had ceased to be, even in name, an assembly of elect Churchmen exclusively. It was very painful to him to act thus, but he could not now act otherwise. Such was Mr Gladstone's line of argument. Now, take note of the argument of his rival. Mr Disraeli held that it was unjust to exclude from the honours of British legislation men who were British subjects born—who professed that faith on which Christianity is founded—who were few in number, notoriously peaceable and orderly in their conduct, obedient to the laws, and of unimpeachable loyalty. Lord John carried the second reading of his

Bill by a majority of 67, and a question which had long troubled the House was, so far as the Commons were concerned, settled. The Lords, however, threw out the Bill.

Among the advocates for the admission of Jews into Parliament Lord George Bentinck was one. Like his political master, Canning, he had always been in favour of the abolition of restrictions on the ground of men's religious opinions. We confess that we differed from him both in 1828 and in 1848; and it seems to us that the state of things as it now prevails, both in the House of Commons and elsewhere, pretty well justifies the view which we then took of that subject. At the same time it is just to acknowledge, that resistance to the admission of Jews into a house of which the doors stood open to Roman Catholics, and Dissenters of all shades of religious opinion and of no religion, did appear to us at the moment, and does appear to us still, not worth holding to. Now there were, among the Protectionists, many who took a different view of the case. These thought lightly of Mr Disraeli's speech and vote. They were aware of his opinions before he then expressed them; and though high in rank among them, he was not their leader. Lord George was their leader, and they could not brook that on a question of this nature he should take a line adverse to theirs. Murmurs, complaints, something like upbraidings, broke out, which the high spirit of the man could not tolerate. He formally withdrew from a position which had been forced upon him, and when the House met again in February, took his seat, not as heretofore, beside the Speaker's table, but on the second bench below the gangway. Mr Disraeli, as he has himself informed us,* would have joined his friend there, but for Lord George's earnest remonstrance to the contrary. Such a proceeding would have indeed broken up the party, and it was not adopted. Nevertheless, the work of the session began under great disadvantages, because there was not now on the Protectionist side any individual who could be regarded as the representative of the party in debate. The evil, however, wore itself out by degrees. Lord George, though formally self-deposed, and steadily refusing to take the lead again, was still present to encourage and sustain his friends. Reserving his own strength in debate almost exclusively for the discussion of colonial questions, he devolved upon Mr Disraeli the general conduct of affairs, which were so managed, that not only was a schism avoided, but day by day the party seemed to become more united, because more loyal in its exclusive devotion to Lord Stanley, and to the practical principles of which he was the exponent.

The first opportunity presented to Mr Disraeli of becoming the mouthpiece, so to speak, of the Tory party, occurred in March 1848. Parliament had reassembled on the 23d of February, and not long afterwards, Lord John Russell proposed to increase the income-tax. The excuse offered was the necessity of enlarging the armaments of the country, which the Government affected to believe was in danger from the ambitious designs of the Princes of the House of Orleans. Now, though the income-tax had been submitted to in 1842, the submission was not rendered very willingly. The Whigs especially had opposed it as unprecedented, in some respects unconstitutional. Of these facts Mr Disraeli reminded the House, and then went on to show that Peel himself, in asking for supplies in this form, did so under conditions; that he represented himself as in communication with foreign governments, for the establishment between them and Great Britain of treaties of reciprocity; and that the income-

* See his Political Biography, p. 523.

tax was imposed for the single purpose of carrying on the affairs of the country till these treaties should be ratified.

"Sir," he continued, "in all this the right honourable gentleman acted as great Ministers had acted before him. He acted exactly as Mr Pitt did in 1787; he followed entirely the example of Mr Pitt, who pursued the principle of other great men who had preceded him —Lord Shelbourne and Lord Bolingbroke. And thus the right honourable gentleman, when he proposed his commercial change in 1842, announced at the same time that he was bringing all the influence of his justly powerful name, and of his singularly powerful Government, to bear on foreign courts, in order to obtain a reciprocal commercial intercourse between this and other countries. Sir, I gave to the right honourable gentleman, at that time, a humble but a sincere and hearty support. I never shall regret it. But it is very necessary that we should recollect that a great deal had happened in the interval between 1842 and 1845. During that period a great commercial confederation had arisen, very completely organised, and conducted by very able men. They made great way in the country, and they promulgated opinions on commerce very different from those propounded by the late Minister in 1842. They were not the opinions of Mr Pitt, of Lord Shelbourne, or of Lord Bolingbroke; they were not the opinions of Free-trade, which I am prepared to support. Yes; I am a Free-trader, but not a free-booter: honourable gentlemen opposite are freebooters."

A speech so seasoned could not fail to stir the bile of the gradually diminishing band of Peelites. Mr Gladstone stood up to reply, and replied in a tone which sufficiently advertised the House that the arrow had hit its mark. His speech was bitterly personal. It may be accepted as the first outbreak of that rancorous feeling which has ever since lain at the bottom of all Mr Gladstone's controversies with his rival. He did not succeed, however, on that occasion, in carrying the House with him. The Ministerial measure met with a cold reception; and the Minister wisely contented himself with renewing the tax on the scale at which he had received it from his predecessor.

Mr Disraeli's success on this occasion was very marked; it gave him a firmer footing than he had achieved before. His next great speech was on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, and it is a most remarkable one. It is the first of a series on that important topic which was collected and published just about this time last year. Mr Hume's motion ran thus: "That this House, as at present constituted, does not fairly represent the population, the property, or the industry of the country, whence has arisen a great and increasing discontent in the minds of a large portion of the people; and it is therefore expedient, with a view to amend the national representation, that the elective franchise shall be so extended as to include all householders; that votes shall be taken by ballot; that the duration of Parliament shall not exceed three years; and that the apportionment of members to population shall be made equal."

Mr Henry Drummond and Lord John Russell had spoken against the motion—Mr Fox, the member for Oldham, in its favour—when Mr Disraeli rose. We are not going to analyse an address which is accessible *in extenso* to the whole world, neither is it our purpose to make large extracts from it; but to one point it is necessary that public attention should be drawn. Not once in all that speech does Mr Disraeli allow an expression to fall from him which the most prejudiced will venture to interpret as hostile to electoral change. The sophistries which run through Mr Fox's argument are indeed laid bare, and the inadequacy of the means proposed by Mr Hume to accomplish his avowed object is fully exposed; but over and over again, with an iteration which sometimes borders on excess, the speaker guards himself from being numbered among the advocates of finality. "I listened," he

says, "with great attention to the honourable member for Montrose, and I certainly expected to hear from the honourable gentleman some principle laid down upon which the franchise was to be extended, and that in asking us to consent to a great change,—as far as the present argument goes I am not now denying that a change may be necessary—that point I am prepared to enter into,—but I say the honourable gentleman ought to lay down some principle on which that change shall be founded." Again, "I, for one, am no advocate for finality. I conceive there may be circumstances — there may be a period — when we shall do that which we have done for five hundred years in this country—reconstruct the estate of the Commons. But I contend that the last reconstruction—and it is rather a recent one, however unsatisfactory to the honourable gentleman and his friends—is likely to be more satisfactory to the nation than the plan brought forward by the honourable gentleman; and I am not prepared to support any new plan, any new change, on a subject so important, unless I believe it to be one which will conduce very greatly to the public interest. . . . This is not at all a project to enfranchise the serfs of England; this is not at all a project that tells the labouring classes they shall take their place in the political constitution of the country. It is characterised by features totally opposed to the principles laid down by the honourable member for Oldham. If there be a mistake more striking than another in the settlement of 1832, and in this respect I differ from the honourable member for Surrey—it is, in my opinion, that the Bill of 1832 took the qualification of property in too hard and rigid a sense as the only qualification which should exist in this country for the exercise of political rights. How does the honourable member for Montrose, the great champion of the new movement, meet the difficulty? He has brought forward a project of which property, and property alone, is the basis; he has not attempted in any way to increase or vary the elements of the suffrage. It is impossible that any plan can be more hard, more commonplace, more blunt, more unsatisfactory, or more offensive, as the speech of the honourable member for Oldham shows it to be to the great body of the working classes, than one which recognises property, and property alone, as its basis."

Thus, twenty years ago, spoke, on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, the man who was destined, after many failures on all sides, to give to the people of England just such a change in the system of representation as then, without doubt, presented itself to his own mind. He held then a place prominent indeed in his party, yet not very clearly defined. He was in the confidence of Lord Stanley, and on terms of the most intimate friendship with Lord George Bentinck. There was a whisper abroad that his influence alone stood in the way of an open breach between the former of those eminent statesmen and the latter. How far that whisper had any foundation of truth in it, it is no business of ours to determine. But whether true or false, the persuasion that he alone turned aside from the Constitutional party such a dire evil, told immensely in his favour. The hour was close at hand when circumstances should constrain him to assume a different attitude. It came at last; and through much personal suffering he made his way to the acknowledged leadership of the county gentlemen of England in the House of Commons.

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MADAME AURELIA.—PART II.

CHAPTER VII.

A few days afterwards, Sir Herbert, on arriving in the morning at his Club, found the following note, written on paper delicately tinted and perfumed, in the most delicate of hands :—

"Dear Friend,—I thought to have seen you yesterday. As, however, you were no doubt better engaged, I write this to let you know that Signor Baroni will be glad to make your acquaintance. So Signor Marcelli himself told me. Let me know when and where you will meet the Count—only do not call him 'Count' in his presence—and he will be at your service. Signor Baroni, I hear, will be at home every afternoon for some time, so the appointment rests with you. I am still undecided about my own movements, but think I may give St Petersburg the preference. Yesterday I thought Vienna; to-morrow I shall probably think Lisbon. In any case I am, my dear friend, yours, with many thanks,

"A. O.

"When you write to Signor Marcelli, direct to my care."

In consequence of this letter Weston asked Marco to lunch with him at his club—an invitation which certainly had the effect of making the Italian feel still more cordial towards the Baronet; as, indeed, every man who is condemned to a daily fare of thin ale and mutton of doubtful cookery, still more doubtful quality, and of an insufficiency in quantity about which there is no doubt whatever, must feel towards one who places before him choice wines and delicate food. After the meal was over, the two, who, under its influence, had become more friendly than Weston would have supposed possible, proceeded to Baroni's lodgings, Marco enjoying on the road a cigar with the like of which Italian lips are seldom favoured. In short, the day was like a taste of his old life, which he was young enough in heart to enjoy without envy or even regret; and he felt that to doubt about the expediency of introducing so pleasant a fellow as his present companion to Baroni was quite as absurd as Madame Olivieri had called it. On his side

Weston felt the excitement of being taken by an Italian count in a mysterious sort of way to the lodgings of one whose name, in the circles in which Sir Herbert moved, was a by-word for disorder and political disturbance. He almost fancied himself a conspirator of romance, and built castles in Spain, or rather in Italy, from whose turrets he looked down and saw a phantom of himself being drawn into Rome in triumph, with Madame Olivieri by his side. It was at least ten days since he had heard Florence Lindsay sing "Adelaïde."

Baroni, as usual, was found at his writing-table, upon which there was even a greater appearance of work than before—perhaps the display was intentional. Marco and Weston sent up their names, and waited below till the great man gave them leave to see him—a precaution that Baroni never omitted, no matter who might be his visitor. He received Weston, however, with all courtesy, and without any affectation of republican equality and independence.

"Nothing," he said, "gives me greater pleasure, if only for the sake of Italy, than to meet an English gentleman who can understand her, and does not look on us who devote our lives to her as necessarily fools and mad. I hope that henceforth we shall be friends."

It was now Weston's turn to experience how this man could not utter the most ordinary sentence in the most simple way without gaining at once an influence which he never quite lost. Had he been an Italian, he would have been from that instant a believer in the idea of the great Italian republic; and, as it was, he felt that it must be a cause for which every Italian ought to live and die. Possibly the influence of Madame Olivieri was not without its importance in the creation of this feeling. But still that of Baroni must have been great indeed to make the English baronet, the Conservative candidate for a Conservative county, the chosen son-in-law of Sir Alexander Lindsay, forget the reputation for unscrupulous conduct, for faithfulness to doubtful ends and carelessness about means, and the perpetual sacrifice of friends and foes alike to an idea hopeless even in theory—the character made up of the conventional Jesuit and the fanatical republican—and the stories which coupled his name with the names of assassins, brigands, and all the scum and dregs of Europe—stories, moreover, that accused him of every vice and crime save only those of self-seeking and intentional treachery. With all his vanity, Weston felt that he was in the presence of his superior. Had Baroni requested it, he would have subscribed some thousands on the spot to carry on the cause; but the Italian was far too wise to request any such thing. Of whatever else Baroni was accused, he had never yet been accused of being in a hurry.

After his first words to Weston he avoided the subject of politics altogether, and talked rather of Italy itself, in which country Weston had travelled much and often. In conversation he never displayed his wonderful powers of eloquence, but habitually spoke, though at heart the greatest enthusiast among his whole party, with the least amount of apparent enthusiasm. Thus his words gained all the force of simplicity and reserved strength. A great orator by nature, of conversation he had made himself a consummate master.

This interview was an entirely new experience to Weston, who was not much in the habit of coming across men who had anything to say worth the saying, far less any who could say it if they had. Baroni understood the art of flattery also. As he had made Marco remember his social superiority, and had held out to him hopes and prospects of distinction, so he took care that Weston should not forget his advantages as a rich and titled

Englishman. The result was that the Baronet came away with a great belief in himself, a greater in his new acquaintance, and a firm resolution that, so far as he could prevent it, Madame Olivieri should never make the acquaintance of Baroni.

Another result of this visit was that Weston and Marco became friendly, and, indeed, almost intimate, so far as their different pursuits would allow, much to Luigi's discontent, and even jealousy. The latter, although he had long got through his five-and-twenty pounds, yet seemed never to want. Whenever his purse was empty he paid a visit to Madame Olivieri, and never in vain. The lady, on her part, encouraged these frequent visits, and never omitted, on his departure, to write something in her memorandum-book under the head of Marco Marcelli. Marco himself, too, though he invariably refused any direct assistance from her, confining himself to very small loans from Baroni to cover his immediate necessities—luxuries he had given up altogether—visited her frequently, as much from inclination as because he thus followed the instructions of his chief. Her drawing-room was the sole substitute for the society from which he had been exiled, and, in truth, he might well have found a worse, despite the somewhat *demi-monde* air that hung about it. At all events the people he met there were amusing, and, though certainly not of the strictest sort, afforded no overt ground for censure. Madame Olivieri well knew the advantage that a woman in her position gains from a reputation for respectability, especially in London. Some of those who had known her very intimately in certain foreign cities shrugged their shoulders occasionally when she was instanced as a brilliant example of purity, and freedom from the attacks of scandal; but the Signora herself always took care that no one — especially no woman—should be able to speak circumstantially. Besides, she was extremely popular, particularly among those from whom she could obtain any benefit. There was not a critic or journalist who would not have eagerly done battle for the good name of Madame Olivieri. She always professed, in their hearing, a great reverence for the criticism of the press, and had never been heard to complain of it, even behind the backs of its professors—a great piece of self-denial on the part of one whose tongue was not wanting in gall, and who knew what the musical criticism of the press too often is. It is true that, as far as she could, she always took care that she should have no cause to complain of it in her own case. Musical critics are, as a class, exceedingly human; and, in some countries by direct bribes, in others by delicate attention and flatteries, the beautiful *prima donna* generally had her own way in the newspapers. Besides journalists, who had always the *entrée* of her drawing-room, one met there authors, painters, and the artist world generally; a sprinkling of those who were distinguished in the fashionable world for some special point, such as rank, wealth, good looks, or power of rendering themselves agreeable; a good number of the "distinguished foreigner" class; a great Greek or Hebrew capitalist—she had always one of these in harness; some opera singers and actors, but not many; and a great many political refugees, to whom Madame Olivieri was always especially gracious, and whom she never neglected or suffered to be set aside in favour of more distinguished guests, who not seldom found themselves unaccountably passed over in favour of some creature like Perillo. But then the hostess openly professed republican opinions, among which she gave the first place to the doctrine of equality. In short, this doctrine, together with its sisters, those of Liberty and Fraternity, were nowhere more apparent than in the

drawing-room of Madame Olivieri, and, probably, nowhere less real. It may easily be imagined that society of this kind had great attractions for Marco, especially as neither wealth nor dress nor station was required as a passport to it, and as Madame Olivieri herself distinguished him by particular favour to such an extent that Sir Herbert Weston, when he had to follow the Lindsays out of town, would have been very glad if he could have prevailed upon the *prima donna* to accept one of the three engagements which were still open to her, but about which she still professed unconquerable indecision. There were several reasons for this friendship which began to spring up between Marco and Madame Olivieri. In the first place, she, from the days of her earliest childhood, which she had spent in that part of the Basilicata where the property of the dei Marcelli lay, had been accustomed to look upon that noble family as the greatest in the world; and such is the inevitable influence of impressions of this nature, she, who suffered from no nervousness or pride in talking with an emperor, somehow felt it an honour to be noticed by a dei Marcelli, and by one, moreover, who would in time be the head of the house. Then, again, Marco was the trusted friend of Baroni—a fact in itself sufficient to give him *prestige.* Again, he was young and enthusiastic—and youth and enthusiasm of the generous sort never fail to attract women who are no longer in their first spring. Then, too, he knew nothing of the art-jargon of which her ears were weary, so that his conversation gave her a little repose from the eternal musical shop with which most of her visitors seemed to think it most fitting to entertain a *prima donna.* Finally, Marco was the only one who did not profess devotion to her. He admired her, it is true, but in his youthful stoicism would have counted it contemptible to suffer himself to think of stepping for a moment from the platform of his philosophy to listen to the voice of the fairest siren of them all. The same cause had the effect of making him scorn to assume or utter a sentiment that he did not feel in reality, or to be otherwise than natural in speech and manner; so that he never paid Madame Olivieri more than the most formal compliments, or showed that he looked upon her with any warmer feelings than those of gratitude and respect. Nevertheless, had he been the most experienced of *roués* he could not have adopted a better system to secure the favour of a woman who passed her life in an artificial atmosphere; who was sick of mountebanks and charlatans, political, artistic, and social; who had run through the entire compass of compliments and flatteries, from those of the Czar to those of Luigi Perillo; and who, all her life, had met with more admiration than respect.

For there is a time in the life of nearly every woman—and the more intensely she lives the sooner that time comes—when, unless she has one at least of these three things—children, the soul of an artist, or the necessity to labour for her bread—her nature, as it were, turns sour, and she feels a need to take refuge either in the fictitious piety that springs from disappointment, or in the wild excitement of breaking loose from every social bond. Not a few pass through the agonising furnace victoriously, supported by their own purity of nature: many are saved by circumstance from themselves: but convents and madhouses owe no small number of their inmates, and courts of justice of their cases, to the fourth decade of woman's life. But, before she yields, a true woman once stretches out her arms to grasp at the love of some man strong and true enough to save her. Happy is she who finds what she seeks; but it is too often too late, and she reaches out her arms in vain.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was now the month of October, and London was once more becoming comparatively full. The Lindsays had returned early, as the General had found no benefit from his visit to the sea, needing, as he did, far more than change of air and scene, the repose and quiet of home. Sir Herbert Weston had also returned, having seen a good deal of Florence during their absence, although he had not joined her quite so soon as she had a right to expect.

But it was no sign of the close of the summer that Marco was again sitting with Madame Olivieri in her drawing-room. That undecided and capricious lady—as she described herself—had gone neither to St Petersburg, nor to Vienna, nor to Lisbon, but had, on the contrary, most unaccountably remained in London ever since the season was over. She had seen a great deal of Marco, but had given up making memoranda about him for some time.

"And so," said Madame Olivieri, "you have quite made up your mind to remain in England? You will not accept your uncle's influence to procure you leave to return?"

"I could not dream of such a thing. You talk to me as though I were a naughty child, who wants to be taken out of the corner and forgiven."

"Ah," she answered, "I doubt if you have yet learned the bitterness of exile."

"Well," he replied, "I suppose I shall know it some day, and bear it as well as others. But you—you speak as if you had known it also."

"I have known so many who have known it," she said, "and so many who did *not* bear it when the fulness of their misery came home to them at last. You have yet to undergo the *maladie du pays*."

Marco shrugged his shoulders rather contemptuously.

"I see you think you are above such weakness," she continued. "So every one thinks till it comes."

"We shall be back in Naples by that time, I hope."

"Does Baroni think so?"

"Baroni means so. Of his prospects of success I know nothing; but at any rate I hope to be sea-sick before I am home-sick—and you shall be crowned in La Scala, or San Carlo, or wherever you please."

"Is any plan in progress?"

"Forgive me, dear Signora—I ought not to talk about these things, even to you, however much I should like to do so."

"Ah, I understand—I am only a woman."

"Not that, indeed—but Baroni——"

"Yes, Baroni! He trusts no woman, not even me."

"At all events I have promised, whatever his motive, to talk to none, man or woman: so you see there is no invidious exclusion of yourself."

"Well," she said, with a smile, "you shall not break your promise. I have no doubt Baroni and you are quite right, and, as in duty bound, I will resign myself to the uninteresting *rôle* of woman. And yet women may be useful too, if they are trusted."

"Dear Signora," answered Marco, "none knows that better than Baroni. None knows better than he how the cause, like every great cause, depends upon its women even more than on its men. If he did not think so, Poland, Hungary, Venice—yes, and our own Naples—would contradict him, and I myself should believe in his wisdom no more."

"Now you are angry," answered Madame Olivieri. "Forgive me," she added, holding out her hand;

"I trust Baroni's wisdom and yours, and will be content to do my part when the time comes."

He kissed her hand. "Baroni himself can do no more than that," he said. She made no attempt to withdraw her hand from his till he himself released it.

"I fear I must be going now," he said. "You half made me forget that I have to keep an appointment. I am to be introduced to my first pupil."

"Indeed!" said Madame Olivieri. "I wish you all success. Who is it?"

"It is a young lady."

"Then it is a romance?"

Marco laughed. "I hope not," he answered. "It is a Miss Lindsay, daughter of a General."

"How did they find you out? And how old is she? Is she pretty? Are they rich?"

"You quite take away my breath, dear Signora. They are great friends of Sir Herbert Weston, who is going to take me there to-day. As to age, I hear she is young, but not a child. As to looks, I hope she has straight eyes and is not crooked, but I don't know. As to wealth, I believe they will be able to pay me my wages—that is all I care about."

Madame Olivieri laughed in her turn. "But do they know you live in Soho?"

"I am going to improve my lodgings on the strength of my magnificent engagement—like Cincinnatus, Luigi says. Besides, I have other engagements in view. It seems that I may hope, with Baroni's help, to step into some of the connection of a Signor Muratori, who has left England, if I behave myself properly."

"I congratulate you," Madame Olivieri answered, "and will keep you no longer from Mademoiselle Lindsay. Who knows? Perhaps she is a rich English Miss who will make your fortune for you." She held out her hand, with a smile that ended in a sigh.

Marco laughed. "Good-bye, Signora; I will come and tell you all about her as soon as I can."

When he left her, "Who are these Lindsays, I wonder?" she said to herself. "I never heard of them from Sir Herbert. But I daresay they are nobody. These English girls are always wanting Italian masters." She raised her shoulders in a manner that implied infinite contempt. "I wonder whether she told Sir Herbert to find her one that should be young and handsome, and a nobleman in disguise, like a fairy tale?"

Marco joined Weston at the Club, and, not without a feeling of considerable nervousness, proceeded with him to the Lindsays' house. They were shown into the drawing-room, which was empty.

This was the first occasion on which Marco had found himself within the house of a gentleman since he had been in England. Hitherto the only rooms he had seen were the smoking-room of the Burlington, the boudoir of Madame Olivieri, his own wretched room at Casca's, a studio or two, and one or two lodging-house parlours. Indeed, without reference to his present position, he had probably never been in so pleasant a room before in his life, for, with all his uncle's wealth, the castle in the Basilicata and the palazzo in the Strada di —— were much more conspicuous for luxury than for comfort.

Presently Florence entered, and, for once, it is no exaggeration to say that the young Italian, when he first saw the glory of the fair hair and blue eyes and winning smile, thought that he saw before him a Madonna of Raffaelle. The type of beauty was almost entirely new to his southern eyes, save in pictures: and though it is true that he had spent full two months in London, it was during that time of the year when ladies are invisible. He may therefore surely be pardoned for losing his self-possession for an instant, and for allowing a slight flush to pass over his face.

He soon recovered himself, however, and bowed to Florence with graceful courtesy.

"Let me introduce Signor Marcelli to you, Florence, of whom you have heard me speak. Marcelli, this is your future pupil, Miss Lindsay. I hope you will find her docile and obedient," said Weston.

Marco repeated his bow, and Florence held out her hand. In truth she herself was a little mystified. Her ideas of an Italian master were somehow personified by Signor Muratori, who had taught her for some years: and though she scarcely expected to see a repetition of his fat paunch and grey bald head, with the wrinkled face and twinkling eyes, she did not look forward to his having quite so young and good-looking a successor as Marco. At the same time there was no fault to find with him. The dark clothes, the clean linen, and the grave resolute face, were sufficiently prepossessing signs of respectability. What her father might have said is another matter. As for Weston, the idea of a possible flirtation between his betrothed and her teacher had never entered his mind, which was apt to be rather too full of himself and Madame Olivieri.

After the first moment, Marco thought of nothing but of putting on the utmost dignity of a teacher; and his involuntary admiration resolved itself into the thought, "What a confession I shall have to make to the Signora!"

"Pray sit down, Signor Marcelli," said Florence. "I am sorry that papa is too ill to see you today, but I have no doubt we can arrange with the help of Sir Herbert Weston."

Here was another new sensation for Marco. It was the first time that he had heard English from a lady's lips: and if those of Florence gave to the English words a slight flavour of the north, who can say that the effect was not rendered only the more piquant?

He himself had been busily learning English for some months now, and had diligently practised it in addressing Madame Casca, barmaids at restaurants, and the inhabitants of Soho generally. The result was that, what with paying more attention to the sound than to the sense, he did not understand a single word that Florence had addressed to him, so he bowed again, and fortunately guessed that he had been invited to sit down.

Then he tried to construct a sentence, but not very successfully. At last he got out,—

"Mademoiselle has learned——"

"Come, Florence," said Weston, "show your new master what you can do, if only for old Muratori's credit. Marcelli, you know, is just from Italy, so it is not fair to talk English to him quite so fast."

Mademoiselle took pity on his difficulties, and, with a blush and a laugh, said in Italian,—

"I am afraid Signor Muratori had a very stupid and idle pupil, Signor Marcelli."

"Then he must have been the most extraordinary of masters to have produced such a result," said Marco.

"He is not so very stupid then, after all," thought his pupil to herself. "Yes," she continued, "he was a very good master. I am sorry he has quite gone."

"No doubt. I will try my utmost to supply his place. Let me tell you first, you speak very fairly and with a good accent. Have you read much?"

"No—I am afraid not. I am not a great reader."

"You have read Dante?"

"Not a word. Is he difficult?"

"You will soon see, I hope. But what have you read?"

"Some Tasso — '*I promessi Sposi*'——"

"I see, Mademoiselle. May I ask if Mademoiselle has been in Italy?"

"No, I am ashamed to say. But

it seems we are almost equal. This is your first visit to England, is it not?"

"My first, Mademoiselle. Before two months ago I had never left the kingdom of Naples."

"Well, then, we must hope it will be some time before you return."

Marco flushed up, but recovered himself. "Mademoiselle is very kind," he answered, quietly. "But to resume. Would you let me see your books—grammars and exercises, I mean, if Mademoiselle would take the trouble?"

He did not know in the least what books were used in England for teaching purposes, but succeeded in looking at those she showed him with a sufficiently confident air, and wrote down the names of them.

"These will do for the present, no doubt," he said. "We will make farther arrangements when it is necessary, and when I see what Mademoiselle requires. I shall know better the extent of Mademoiselle's knowledge when I have heard her read and seen her write. I suppose Mademoiselle does not wish me to set her a lesson now?" he said, with a smile.

"Oh, set her to work at once, Marcelli," said Weston, who was getting a little bored by the interview, "and then walk back with me to the Burlington, if it is in your way. We will drink success to the new Italian master in champagne — or should it be in *Vino di Capri*, if they have such a thing?"

"The health of the pupil, with pleasure," said Marco. He blushed when he had said it, fearing that Florence might think it an impertinence.

"I am your pupil, Signor Marcelli, so it is not for me to say whether I will do a lesson or no," she said.

"Then you had better write your next exercise, as if I were Signor Muratori, and when I come again I will bring you something to read. But we have not arranged our times yet."

"What are your own engagements? I am disengaged every morning now from ten to twelve. Could you come from ten to eleven on Monday and Thursday for the present?"

"Signor Marcelli's numerous engagements ——" began Weston, with mock gravity: but fact helped to give Marco a business-like excuse for arranging his own time, as he had promised Baroni to be with him every Monday.

"If the same time on Tuesday and Friday——".

"That would suit me perfectly, Signor. We will begin next week, then?"

"If Mademoiselle pleases."

"And now," said Weston, "we'll try and find out some *Vino di Capri*, or something better. Good-bye, Florence: we meet again this evening, so it will not be for long."

"If these are the pupils one has to teach in England," thought Marco, "no wonder so many of my countrymen never return to Italy."

"Well, what do you think of your first pupil?" asked Weston, when they had left the house.

"She seems intelligent indeed, and has made much progress already," answered Marco. "Teaching her will be pleasant enough, I fancy."

"And what sort of man is your new master, Flo?" asked General Lindsay of his daughter

"Oh, he seems all right. But he must be rather stupid in some things—he can hardly speak English at all. But I suppose we shall get on somehow:" and this was all the account of Marco that the young lady deigned to give.

CHAPTER IX.

Marco duly kept his appointment the following Tuesday. Florence was quite ready for him, and they went through the lesson in the most solemn manner possible. When it was over, the new master paid a visit to Madame Olivieri, who did not fail to inquire after the new pupil. Marco, however, did not answer her questions very openly or warmly, so that the Signora became more than a little curious about the matter. But this curiosity Marco did not care to satisfy, partly because he could not help feeling instinctively that the Signora was not exactly a woman with whom to discuss the merits and demerits of a young girl, partly because he felt that he was in a position which forbade him to gossip about the houses into which he might be admitted as a teacher, and partly from a more subtle feeling still, that would have induced him to be silent had Madame Olivieri been a Lady Abbess and had he himself been mixing with the Lindsays on equal social terms. He was utterly ignorant that Weston and Florence were engaged—the former, for obvious reasons, not caring to speak of the engagement to any acquaintance of Madame Olivieri. Marco, therefore, was under the impression that the two were nothing more than great friends, whose intimacy from childhood gave them the right of calling each other Herbert and Florence, and of dispensing with much ceremony. So far, indeed, he was right: for they had been, first, playfellows, then friends, and, finally, engaged lovers, ever since Florence could remember.

Weston, also, had to submit himself to the inquiries of Madame Olivieri, but he did not come out from them unscathed, nor with so good a conscience as that of his friend. He was older than Marco, and of infinitely wider experience in the great world, but he was not, as Marco was, in a moral position which was secure against surprise. It is true he recovered himself in a moment, but he did lose one moment—and that one did not escape the practised eye of the Signora. She instinctively felt that Florence Lindsay, whoever she might be, would prove a rival both in Marco's friendship and in Weston's love: and the dark Italian, whose girlhood was long past, and whose beauty had no season fairer than autumn to hope for, knew well what cause she had for summoning all her skill and for arming herself to the utmost in a contest with a fair and pure girl whose beauty was all of the spring. She had not much fear, it is true, of failing to become Lady Weston, and to enjoy all the advantages attached to that title—wealth, lands, social position, and a husband whom she could easily make her slave; but she, all false towards others, and cowardly towards herself as she was, did fear to lose the friendship of one who, lacking her mere worldly wisdom, was simply true and brave towards himself and all the world.

Baroni, too, spoke to Marco about his new engagement, and congratulated him, but he regarded it solely from a political point of view. "You had better work this connection well," he said. "I have been studying your friend Weston carefully of late, and I find him one who is very easily influenced, especially by women. You yourself tell me of his devotion to this Madame Olivieri, and you say that he is very friendly with Miss Lindsay. Well, if you could work upon the mind of Miss Lindsay, and get her to take a sentimental interest in Italy—or in yourself," he said, with a meaning smile,—"either would do, and it would be quite easy—English girls are always so romantic,—we should have both

these forces dragging Weston the same way. I have been making inquiries, and his wealth is simply enormous. With three years of his income we could revolutionise Italy—with ten years of it, Europe. It is a prize, my dear Marco—and it is half ours, already."

But Baroni's words had for once failed to touch his follower. In fact, the latter felt a little disgusted, if so strong a word is applicable to the case, though he would not for a moment have confessed himself guilty of such treason. Nevertheless his faith had received a blow, and every blow that faith receives tells. He had discovered some of the evils of a hopeless cause — sordid discomfort, disgusting details, the petty and selfish ends of unsympathising and unsympathetic fellow-exiles, whose heroism too often took the form of the wildest fanatical licence, and who were too often at war with society, not for conscience' sake, but because society, for its own safety, was compelled to be at war with them. But still, out of all this slough stood out the great idea to which he had devoted himself—pure, unstained, and vast —and this idea he had personified in Baroni. Now, however, he had to discover another evil of every lost cause, however great it may be —the manner in which it compels the most honest and unselfish of its adherents to catch at petty personal intrigues without regard to honesty, even in the most limited meaning of the word,—just as a drowning man cannot be expected to regard the cleanliness of the straw at which he vainly clutches. It was clear to Marco that Baroni had meant more than he said when he hinted that he might get Florence Lindsay to take a sentimental interest in him: no doubt his chief had made inquiries in that quarter too, and had learned that Florence was the only child of a rich old man. From such a thought his whole soul revolted; nor did he like better the idea of making use of Madame Olivieri, adventuress as she was, to draw from Weston, in the only way that he imagined a woman like her could draw them, supplies for a cause in which the victim could have no legitimate interest. Baroni, however, did not read what was passing in Marco's mind, and, superior to astonishment as he was, he would have been utterly astonished had he done so. That man of one idea had lived so long in an atmosphere of intrigue, that he thought nothing of such matters as those that vexed the more delicate temper of the younger man: he had himself done dirtier work than this hundreds of times, and work, too, that had related, not to such trifles as the honour and affection of one or two obscure people, but to the life, and death, and happiness of millions. And, after all, what were Marco, and Weston, and Florence, and Madame Olivieri, a hundred times over, compared with the good of Italy? Such a comparison would never have entered his mind for a moment, nor could he have conceived its entering the mind of another.

But it certainly had entered into the mind of Marco, and had even sunk so deeply there as to make him feel an awkwardness in his next visit to Florence. His pupil herself was beginning to form the opinion that Marco was not in the least like what she, like other English people in general, had always supposed Italians to be: he was so quiet in manner, and spoke so little about anything except the lesson, and never about himself at all. Altogether she thought him a very bad substitute for Muratori, who was a great gossip, and made jokes perpetually. Still, she could not dislike her new master — he was always too courteous and kind in manner for that, and the air of mystery about him did him no harm in her eyes. Baroni was not altogether wrong in assuming that she was rather romantic.

In a very short time Marco began to obtain more pupils — at first through the indirect influence of Baroni and the direct recommendations of Weston, and afterwards on account of his own merits; for, though very inexperienced as a teacher, he was extremely conscientious, and, though he did not love his work, always did his best. This increase in the number of his pupils had an effect upon his conduct with regard to Florence, and gradually put him more at ease when in her society. So long as she was his only pupil, all thoughts connected with his work and daily arrangements necessarily grouped themselves round her, so that she was seldom out of his mind for long together. Now, however, she was only one of many. His slight constraint accordingly began to wear off, and so did the embarrassing feeling that there was anything of a peculiar nature in his relation to Miss Lindsay. A man of his, or, indeed, of any age, is quite prepared to fall in love with the only woman whom he is in the habit of seeing; but love is different from war in this, that the more numerous are the besiegers, the easier is the task of the garrison. The worst is that this very easiness often induces a feeling of false security, which is as fatal to hearts as to fortresses.

Slow weeks went by, which seemed like months, until Marco began to live, as it were, in a monotonous but not unpleasant dream. He was secure from want, and this, he used to profess in his stoicism, was all that he desired or even would accept from fortune. His time was filled up sufficiently both by his duties and by his English studies. He had very few acquaintances, nor was he in a position to make many: even Baroni went out of London on one of his mysterious and dangerous journeys; Luigi, who still chose to lodge at Casca's, he now saw only by fits and starts; and of course, however great their mutual liking, it was impossible for the English baronet and the Italian teacher to be even moderately frequent associates. To Marco it seemed as though all his old life—his petted and wilful childhood, his eager and enthusiastic youth, when, seeking an outlet for the fire within him, he was permitted, by the system under which he lived, none save the worst—all the long hours passed alone among the hills, when, revelling in profound melancholy, after the manner of precocious boys, he imagined himself king, or knight, or poet, — were faded away, and that if they had ever existed, they had existed as part of some other life than his own. And yet they had once been vivid and real enough. If a little romance was mixed with the character of Florence, Marco had been a very Don Quixote, and with the same ill luck which, as the knight of La Mancha learned, must ever befall the knight-errant of modern days. In a country whose institutions opened any career that a man with any elevation of character might follow without losing his self-respect, all this boyish excess of romance—surely in itself no unhealthy symptom—would have run its due course and served its due purpose; it would have found some proper outlet through which all its accompanying enthusiasm might have done good work: but, as it was, it became something ultra-Quixotic, and led Marco to tilt at windmills, to level his lance at innocent sheep, and to let loose gangs of banditti, who were only too apt to return his generosity with stones. But now he seemed left high and dry upon some safe but monotonous island, separated by a dark sea from the restless excitement of the past, with which Madame Olivieri seemed to be the only link to connect him, and that only vaguely and in a dreamlike way.

Strange as it may seem, Marco had arrived at the age of twenty-six years without ever having had, or even fancying that he had, a serious

passion for any woman. He had never advanced beyond the circle of flirtation, of which art he had been a not unpromising student. But then he was an exceptional Neapolitan—at least according to conventional views of national character—the sentimental part of his nature predominating over the passionate part, and the imaginative over all. In one thing, however, he was eminently Italian: in the ordinary affairs of life, in which his imagination was not called into play, he was possessed of a large share of very prosaic prudence and common sense—as indeed, in spite of another conventionalism, is very apt to be the case in strongly poetic natures.

Superficial observers often found a certain resemblance between Marco and Baroni, allowing for their difference in point of age. Such persons, however, were led astray by a mere outward similarity in manner, and by the fact that the younger of the two was not without a great deal of the strength and intensity of nature, and, in consequence, some of the personal influence over others, which in so high a degree distinguished the elder. But, in truth, the two were radically different. Baroni, in spite of his quickness, penetration, knowledge of character, and great talent, was strangely, and even exceptionally, deficient in ordinary prudence and common sense. His great mental defect was a certain inability to grasp the relative proportions of things and actions, so that even his very tact was merely instinctive, like that of women, and not, like that of men, founded on reason and experience. His one idea so overtopped all others, that all distinction in height and form and colour, was lost, as in the case of a mountainous country seen from a balloon. It is impossible to say how often his plans had failed by his taking an altogether distorted view of circumstances, or by omitting some common precaution which not even the most stupid among his followers would have neglected. Again, he had but little imagination: he read even his favourite Dante through the idea of a united and republican Italy. In short, while Marco's political enthusiasm was but one expression of the poetical side of his nature, Baroni's was of that kind which, although not unpoetical in many of its aspects, is itself produced in a sterile soil. There seemed in the latter to be no faculty of special and individual sympathy: he loved mankind, so to speak, rather than men. As to women, the woman did not exist who could have held a lasting influence over him at any period of his life. His was rather the classical than the chivalrous feeling about women — the feeling that could never lead him to step out of the straight road of his fixed career for the brightest eyes that ever shone. Thus he not only often failed to read Dante aright, but what was worse, human life and nature also. Once, and once only, throughout a life of which an almost superhuman superiority, even in his earliest youth, to every possible form of temptation had been one of the most striking characteristics, had he made an attempt to combine his own idea of life with the common life of men; but that once was attended with the worst result.

For this was its history. When Baroni was some fourteen years younger, he had met at Naples Mademoiselle Aurelia Urban, a young singer, who, from the position of a village girl in the Basilicata, had already, by her great beauty and talent, raised herself into that of one of the most promising singers in Italy. This Mademoiselle Urban was very beautiful, in a rich, southern style, and being clever and even witty in conversation, and a professed worshipper of intellect, was exactly the woman to attract a man like Baroni; while she, for her own part, was more than flattered by the attention of a man who was

even then reputed a woman-hater, and looked up to as a leader among men. Besides, the indescribable fascination about him was not felt by men only; and if he had had the least desire to imitate the exploits of Don Juan, his "*La ci darem*" would have been simply irresistible.

After a short acquaintance, during which Aurelia threw herself warmly into his political schemes and aspirations, the man of one idea became the husband of a beautiful, passionate, jealous woman, whose worldly education was all to come, and who in her soul cared no more for republican Italy than as it was represented by the man she loved. But, had she really cared about it for its own sake, she certainly did not marry to be herself set aside or neglected for any idea whatever; and it was not long before she came to open war with the subject of her husband's sole interest. Out of so ill-assorted a marriage no good could possibly come. Baroni required his wife to be a second Madame Roland at least, as Luigi Perillo would have said, and he found her only a beautiful loving woman, with a nature that became dangerous when deprived of its proper food; while Aurelia in her turn, requiring a lover, a supporter, a director, found in her husband one whose life was not hers—who held her infinitely below the real object of all his thoughts, and who, she soon came to learn, would have sacrificed her to it, body and soul, as readily as he would have sacrificed himself. The inevitable crisis of their story came before many months of unhappiness were over, and one day Baroni discovered that Aurelia had sought elsewhere the sympathy for which her soul craved. It is said that when he learned it he drew a sigh of relief; but, as he piqued himself on his honour, he duly challenged the Marchese di ———, and, as duly, shot him through the heart.

His young wife, for the intense love that might have been his, now gave him the intensest hate; but his recollection of her very existence gradually grew dim in the incessant excitement of his ceaseless pursuit. Moreover, Aurelia left Italy after the duel; and as he carefully abstained from seeking to know what had become of her or where she had gone, she practically died altogether out of that life in which she had never really held more than a very low place.

All this had happened when Baroni was about the same age as Marco, so that it is tolerably safe to say that, in spite of outward resemblance, the character of the two could never have been very much alike. But then, on the other hand, it may be urged that Marco's love experiences were yet to come.

CHAPTER X.

"And now, Miss Lindsay," said Marco to his pupil during the course of a lesson, "I am going to advance you a very great stage."

"What is that? Nothing too difficult, I hope?"

"As far as the words go, you will find it easy enough, with a little help. But I want you to know something of Dante."

"I shall be delighted. He is your favourite poet, is he not?"

"I should be saying very little if I called him nothing more than that—nor should I be speaking quite accurately. But I cannot explain what I mean to any one who has not read him."

"I know something about Dante from translations."

"'*Traduttore traditore*,' you know. I don't know any English translations myself, but I condemn them all at once, nevertheless."

"That seems rather unjust. But you do not put Dante above Shakespeare, surely?"

"I cannot pretend to say. I have only read Shakespeare under difficulties, and that very lately—for, as you must have found out, I am no great English scholar yet, and I confess I find reading him terribly hard. I can manage the great speeches pretty well, but the comic parts and the prose beat me."

"I should think that very likely."

"But I can scarcely recollect the time when I did not know more or less of Dante. I think that if you were to quote me almost any line, I could continue the passage tolerably accurately. All my reading has, in fact, grouped itself round him as its centre, so you see that I cannot judge with the coldness of a critic."

"You make me quite anxious to read him."

"It will be most pleasant to me to introduce to my oldest and greatest friend——"

"Your newest and least, you would say?"

"Indeed I would not, Miss Lindsay. Of course I cannot hope to make you, or even many Italians, read Dante quite with my own eyes, but I have some sort of idea that I should make you appreciate him more than most people."

"Well, I cannot say any more that you are a teacher who never gives praise."

"Is that my character? I am sorry to hear that."

"You must own that you give very little. Perhaps I do not deserve it, but I always used to get so much from poor old Signor Muratori that I suppose I got spoiled. But your last speech makes up for all."

"I did not mean it for praise."

"Now do not go and spoil it. I would rather remain in my pleasant belief that you did. But what makes you think that I should appreciate Dante? Do you not give him to all your pupils?"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Marco, with energy. "I believe that to hear any other—almost any other, I mean—try to stumble through Dante would be to me as terrible as his own 'Inferno.' I do not use him as an instrument of teaching."

"You have not told me what gives you this good opinion of my own power of appreciation."

"How can one say? I have the idea, that is all. Perhaps I may find myself mistaken after all," he said, with a smile.

"Well, let us try. Shall we begin next time?"

"And make up for our idleness of to-day?"

"I am sure we have been very industrious."

"After a fashion. You see it is more than time for me to be off already. I have only a quarter of an hour left to walk all the way to Portland Place."

"Well, you will have a fine day for your walk. But I suppose you call no English weather fine."

"Indeed I do, especially such bright frosts as this. I do not think you would give Naples unqualified praise as to weather; at least I do not."

"I should so like to see Naples."

"I wish you could. But I suppose you mean to see Italy one of these days?"

"It is one of my dreams. But I have been very little abroad."

"Well, you should go as soon as possible, while things are as they are. The old *régime* will be at all events more picturesque, and one can never tell how soon it may come to an end."

"I should be sorry for Italy to change. It would take away all the romance."

"There are better things than romance, Miss Lindsay," answered Marco, gravely.

"Not for tourists," replied Florence, with a laugh; "and, as you say, I should prefer to see things as

they are. Perhaps Herbert might go with us this very summer; it has been a long-intended plan, and it would be very pleasant indeed,—he knows Italy so well. It would be great fun if you went home for your holiday and we all met at Naples; you could be our guide."

Marco thought to himself, 'The police would have something to say in that matter.' "I do not think," he said aloud, "that I shall be going to Naples this summer. If you go, however, I can give you some useful information, and, if you stay long enough to make it worth your while, some pleasant introductions."

Florence wondered in her own mind what sort of introductions her Italian teacher would be likely to give her, and she thanked him rather coldly. "However," she added, "I daresay we shall not go at all. If we do, I shall certainly hope that we may meet. We could go on with our lessons."

"I hope we may meet there," said Marco. The words sounded commonplace to the ear of Florence, but in truth they expressed all the longing desires of his soul. Meeting Florence in Naples meant the triumph of his cause—how else should he be there?—restoration to his home, to his country, to the free and noble career for which he longed, and to the social position that was his due. Moreover, it meant meeting Florence, not as her paid teacher, but as her equal, and this gave rise to a wild thought or two. "I hope" had really meant "I pray with all my soul."

Perhaps a little of all this showed itself, if not in his voice, yet in his face, for the shadow of a blush passed over hers. "So you will bring me Dante the next time?" she said, suddenly changing the topic.

He woke from his passing dream. "And we will begin at once," he said. "Why, what has the clock been doing?" he exclaimed. "I thought I had a quarter of an hour! Well, England is better than Italy in one thing, at least—the sun allows you to run if you are late."

Florence laughed at the idea of Marco, with his Italian cloak, to which he patriotically adhered, and his unfashionable mustache, running fast along the pavement of Regent Street at its fullest time, and of the sensation it would make.

"You will be a brave man if you dare do it," she said. "I see you still want a little instruction in English ways. You ought to cultivate this sort of pace, and never seem to be in a hurry."

"Like Sir Herbert Weston? But now good-bye, or I shall never get there at all, even if I run."

"If you do, I assure you you will get no farther than the first policeman. But here is Herbert himself. Herbert," she said to Weston, as he entered, "you are just in time to give Signor Marcelli a lesson."

Weston looked, as he often did now, depressed and out of humour.

"Well?" he asked.

"It seems Miss Lindsay thinks that I have not learned the correct style of walking in London," said Marco.

"Oh, it's only nonsense," said Florence, who saw that Weston was for some reason in no joking mood. "What are you going to do with yourself to-day, Herbert?"

"I have an engagement this afternoon," he answered. "Indeed, I am not going to stay now, and only just looked in to see how you were."

Florence looked rather annoyed. Weston's visits to her of late had had rather too much of this flying character. "Well," she said, "we shall see you again some day, I suppose."

"Shall you be in to-morrow? Wait a minute, Marcelli—perhaps I am going your way."

Florence stared, as well she might, at the cavalier fashion in which she was being treated by the man to whom she was engaged—at his even seeming to avoid being left alone

with her for a minute. If she had known what was passing in his heart, her little flash of anger would have changed into genuine pity. As it was, she gave Marco a look that commanded him to remain.

"Perhaps Signor Marcelli has engagements too," she said to Sir Herbert; "but, as you are going so soon, I suppose it does not matter."

"You have not yet said whether you will be at home to-morrow."

"I don't know at all," answered Florence.

"Well, I will look in. How is your father this morning?"

"Oh, pretty well. Perhaps you would like to see *him?*" she said, with emphasis.

Marco began to feel a little awkward. To keep his appointment had now become altogether out of the question, but still he was anxious to be off. So he said,—

"Which way are you going, Sir Herbert? It is too late to give my next lesson, so I shall look in on Madame Olivieri. I have rather neglected her for some time. Have you seen anything of her lately?"

Weston frowned warningly at Marco, but naturally without conveying his meaning. Florence said,—

"You know Madame Olivieri, then, Signor Marcelli?"

"I see her very often."

"Really! She is very handsome, is she not?"

"Very beautiful, though of course no longer very young. But I suppose you have heard all about her from Sir Herbert?"

Florence stared again. "Oh, I did not know that he saw her," she said. "I suppose you two will go together?" She was getting a little angry with them both, for she had a spirit of her own; and Weston, at all events, had given her some cause to display it. Why Marco should be included in her anger did not so plainly appear.

"Well, good morning, Miss Lindsay," said the latter. "I will not forget the 'Dante.'"

"Very well," she said, in a careless tone. "Good morning, Signor Marcelli," she added, still more coldly and carelessly; and then, without a word to Weston, left the room. But when Marco and Weston had left the house—turned out of it together, as it were—she relieved herself by a good cry,—why, she could not have told, and did not know.

Marco was certainly rather mystified. Had he been a vainer man he would have drawn conclusions from the manner of Florence most flattering to his self-love: as it was, he kept on wondering why she, who only a few minutes before had been so interested in the plan of reading Dante, and so cordial towards himself, should suddenly have lost all her cordiality and all her interest at the same time. Not knowing the relation in which she and Weston stood to one another, and so not having an obvious solution at hand, he deserved all the greater credit for his humility. After a minute or two had passed in silence, Weston said,—

"My dear fellow, you ought not to talk about Madame Olivieri to a girl like Miss Lindsay."

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" said Marco; "and why?"

"Why, you see——" he began, but stopped.

"My dear Weston, I see nothing. If there were any real scandal floating about concerning *la Signora*, then I should understand you; but as it is——"

"Still, you see, one doesn't talk to the young ladies one knows of one's acquaintances behind the scenes."

"You talk like a novice in a nunnery. What possible harm can there be in saying one knows one of the most famous *prime donne* in the world, who goes into better society than Miss Lindsay ever will?"

"You don't understand."

"*Basta, basta.* I will never mention the poor *Signora* again. The

English are a wonderful people, indeed. May I venture, without offence, to ask Miss Lindsay if she ever goes to the opera—or would that be wrong too?"

"It is absurd, I allow; but——"

"'*Basta, basta, per pietà!*' as Don Bartolo sings. 'Get thee to a nunnery,' my dear Weston. I am going home."

"Come, Marcelli, don't be absurd. I thought you were going to see——"

"The poor Signora? Not I. Where are you going?"

"To the Burlington. You won't come?"

"Not now, thanks. I am in a quoting humour, and I shall go and look out Luigi, and quote bits of 'Hamlet' and '*Il Barbiere*' to him—such as 'Be thou as chaste as ice,' and so on, and '*La calunnia è un venticello*'—and some other things that I have in my mind not very complimentary to anybody. Poor Madame Olivieri!" Marco's temper did not appear to be of the best, and he threw his cloak round him with a grand air as he strode off.

"Florence and her master must have been quarrelling," thought Weston; and then, after a little hesitation, took the direction of St John's Wood.

CHAPTER XI.

Marco was sufficiently piqued by the conclusion of his last visit to feel inclined to punish himself by giving up the Dante scheme unless Florence herself should revive it of her own accord in a spirit of contrition. Of this idea, however, which would have been all very well had he and Florence been school-boy and school-girl, he was wise enough to see the full absurdity, but still not in sufficient time to enable him to procure a copy of the book for Florence as he had promised. He was obliged, therefore, to carry her his own and only copy—that which had been given him by Baroni—for use in the next lesson.

Florence received him graciously—perhaps even a little penitently, but this he had sufficient tact not to appear to notice, even if he really saw it. The lesson proceeded in such a manner as to satisfy Marco's warmest hopes, and he found a real and genuine pleasure in attempting to initiate his favourite pupil into the arcana of the gospel of his literary and political faith. The enthusiasm of his nature betrayed itself in spite of his careful reserve, and he often made remarks which any one less innocent of European politics than Florence would have been able to use as a key to his character and opinions. His pupil, however, was struck only by the honesty and nobility of sentiment which always distinguished Marco even when he was most utterly wrong; and she, with her own true nature, was the last person in the world to quarrel with lofty ideas honestly held, even though somewhat exaggerated.

The first lesson, therefore, might well be considered a success by both master and pupil. The second was equally so; and it was not long before both looked forward to their meetings as the great events of the week, to which all others were subordinate. To Florence, association with Marco was nothing less than the unfolding of a new kind of life—of a kind, too, which seemed at least superior to the commonplace happiness of that which she herself lived day by day. What were her tame and unexciting conversations with Sir Herbert Weston, the whole of whose not very interesting mind she had known by heart for years—whom she loved as she might have loved an only brother, and whose thoughts were bounded by the pleasant realities of the pleasantest

side of English life—to the talk of this stranger, who led her into regions of human life of which she had never dreamed, and always with a hand which was, at all events, far stronger than her own?

It was, however, by no means a repetition of the story of Baroni and Aurelia Urban. That was an instance of passion existing between a man of pure intellect and a woman of a strongly sensual nature without any support from real sympathy of character; this was an instance of pure and perfect sympathy of nature—passion was yet to come, if in their case it was to come at all.

Is any excuse needed for a young girl with better brains and quicker feelings than are possessed by ninety-nine girls out of every hundred, when she takes a warm and affectionate pleasure in the society of a man who is her equal in birth, her superior in education and intellect and strength of character, and who has not one base or unworthy thought, even though that man happens to be only her Italian master, and a proscribed refugee besides? If any is needed, then must Florence Lindsay be blamed; but it is to be hoped that there are not many who would so blame her.

From any accusation of self-seeking Marco must, at all events, be acquitted altogether. That he had the greatest admiration and affection for his pupil is true enough—how could he help it?—but he never, even in the strangest castles with which he was in the habit of filling the air, dreamed of placing himself by her side for more than the most fleeting moment. His one purpose was still to devote all his life and all his energies to the cause of Italy, and to follow as far as he could in Baroni's steps. No Jesuit could submit himself to his order more fully and self-sacrificingly than Marco had determined to submit his whole self to his cause. If he ever thought of any woman he tried to think of her always in relation to Italy. Thus, whatever growth of love for Florence might have taken root in his heart, it was utterly and completely free from the smallest taint of self-consciousness. Marco and Florence were in that relation to one another where some extreme circumstance is required to enable a man and woman to comprehend themselves, and when a very strong force indeed is necessary to throw down the wall dividing one from the other. Had these two been less honest, less conscientious, less anxious to do right, more equal in social position, or more free to follow the direction of their own hearts, a look or a touch might have sufficed to throw down the barrier. But the wall that Circumstance builds up between two souls is very often, though thinner than a sheet of paper, as hard and as lofty and as impassable as a mountain of adamant.

Thus passed many weeks, during which the intimacy between Marco and Florence underwent no diminution. Circumstances, moreover, favoured its growth, and ripened it sooner than would, in all probability, otherwise have been the case. The failing health of General Lindsay prevented both himself and his daughter from entering much into society, so that, among the people whom she saw, the part which Marco played was by no means an unimportant one. Her father had never made any attempt to renew the conversation which he had held with her about her marriage, nor did Weston himself seem to be in any very desperate hurry, so that she came more than ever to look upon her engagement as a thing of course, which would, in the natural order of things, have to be fulfilled one day or other, but was not, in respect of immediate interest and importance, to be classed with rising, going to bed, dining, and reading Dante.

One day, when spring was in sight, and the world was again be-

ginning to talk of the Olivieri, Marco went to give his usual lesson in an exceedingly satisfactory frame of mind, the result of an accumulation of pleasant trifles, as those events are termed, upon which our happiness and unhappiness chiefly depend — such as the fineness of the day, a general invitation to make use of Madame Olivieri's box at the opera during the season, and — but this most people would consider no trifle—the payment of several sums of money which had become due to him. But Florence, on the contrary, he found a little dull and out of spirits—a state in which he had never seen her before —and she complained of headache, after the manner of women when their temper is not at its best. Marco proposed a postponement of the lesson, but to this Florence would by no means consent, and attacked Dante with a martyr-like air that was inexpressibly irritating. Marco certainly did not understand it, but he had long come to the conclusion that Florence was beyond his depth—a mistake that men are very apt to make in the case of a pretty girl—and so he took what is always the wisest course in such cases, that is to say, he noticed nothing, and let things run their own course. By degrees the cloud began to pass, and the sun to shine again; and presently she looked up and said, *à propos* of nothing,—

"Do you remember our talking once about going to Italy?"

"I have some recollection of it," said Marco.

"Well, it seems that a part of the idea is likely to come to pass."

"You are not going, Miss Lindsay?"

"Why should I not? But I am not, as it happens."

"Who is, then? Certainly not I."

"I don't wonder that you don't know. It is Sir Herbert Weston."

"Sir Herbert Weston going to Italy? What for?"

"Who can tell? He has been doing all sorts of strange and unaccountable things lately. This is only the hundredth. I never knew him leave London before the season was over."

Marco certainly wondered that he had never heard of this plan of Weston's. "To what part of Italy is he going?" he asked.

"To Naples."

"Ah," said Marco, "I am indeed jealous of him."

"Do you also, then, wish to leave England so much?"

"I have every reason to like England, Miss Lindsay, but you see one is always wanting to do the impossible."

"And why cannot you go to Naples, if you wish to?"

"For the simple reason that I should either be shot, or have my head cut off, or be imprisoned for life." He half smiled as he spoke, but Florence gave a little start, and stared at him with all her eyes.

"What do you mean?" she asked. Certainly Marco did not look much like a criminal as he answered,—

"I am one of those who wish to make Italy free and happy."

"You are a refugee, then?"

"Yes. Have I lost your good opinion by saying so?" he added, seeing that her eyes were bent gravely on the ground.

"Oh no, indeed — you must not think that; but I am indeed sorry——"

"Why should you be sorry, Miss Lindsay? You are not likely to take much interest in Italian politics, and you see that I myself am forced to be out of them now."

"Do you not suppose that you will ever go back?"

"Never, as things stand. So you will not be able to have me for a guide to Pompeii and Capri," he said, with a smile. Florence remained silent. Then she looked up and put out her hand.

The simple gesture was plain enough to read. Slight as it was, it was the first expression of pure compassion and kindness that Marco

had experienced during his exile, and he was touched by it acutely. Of help and generous friendship he had found no want, and in Madame Olivieri he had always found an eager and affectionate listener; but then she was, professedly at least, in the cause, so that the taint of political sympathy lay upon their intercourse. But this sympathy of Florence was all pure womanly. She not only had no feeling in favour of the cause for which he was suffering, but if she knew or cared anything about it at all, would be prejudiced against it. Her feeling was merely that of a generous and tender woman for a man who was suffering for the sake of others; and if Marco just touched her hand with his lips before releasing it, so might Sir Gawain have kissed the hand of some fair foreign queen who had just bound the wounds that he had received in battle for the blameless king, and the knightly heart of Sir Alexander Lindsay would have been the first to approve the courtesy. Nevertheless, it was perhaps as well that it escaped his eyes.

Dante was rather neglected that morning. In place of the wonderful visions of that greatest in the long list of Italian exiles, Florence heard the story of the life of Marco Marcelli. It was an intense relief for him to tell that story to the ears of Florence, who was all rapt attention, and listened not so much to the narrative of the sorrows of Italy as to that of the dreams and thoughts and aspirations of the man. This kind of sympathy was quite new to Marco. When he talked to Madame Olivieri there was wanting the charm that the least vain among men finds in talking of himself to one who, without question, without impressions derived from other sources, simply receives his views and yet follows them with intelligence, and without the hateful monotony of passive assent. The wall of reserve between the two as to his past life and present circumstances having once fallen, Marco showed no reserve as to his opinions and hopes, and he spoke well and eloquently. He himself did not know, until this conversation, how much the condition of his country, the misfortunes of his friends, of whom he spoke as much as, or more than, of himself, had worked into his nature. For the first time he became really conscious of himself, of the influences that had made him what he was, and how little he had hitherto done beyond drifting over the sea of life, urged onward, it is true, by a strong and invigorating breeze, but with his eyes fixed too closely, upon the stars above and too little upon the rocks and quicksands below. For the first time he was talking of himself as of some other, whose moral and mental progress he had watched, but had never before judged. And Florence, too, learned that lesson which few women—very few—ever come to learn: that there are men in the world who, without being mad, or worse, look upon life as something more than a place for gaining social success—for eating, drinking, marrying and giving in marriage; and that to be comfortable, and even to be happy, is not the highest, far less the only, aim of higher natures. Difficult indeed is the lesson for any woman to learn; and when she does learn it, it always comes to her clothed as it were in something of the guise of the divine.

CHAPTER XII.

Marco left the house of General Lindsay that day the lover of his pupil. It seemed to himself something sudden, but, in reality, it was the consciousness of his love, not the love itself, that was new. It would be impossible to analyse its growth from the beginning, and

Marco certainly did not attempt to do so. But the growth, however it may have taken place, was healthy throughout, so that its discovery gave him a sensation of unmixed happiness, in which no element of self-reproach was present to lessen its perfection. He could not help feeling also, without vanity, that he held no small place in the regard of Florence. He was not formed by nature for a despairing lover, nor was his imagination of a morbid order. Of consequences and difficulties he thought little. As a nobleman by birth, and as one who till very lately had held a high position in society, he was not likely to remember the difference between the daughter of Sir Alexander Lindsay and her Italian master; as a foreigner, he had yet to learn the small account in which rank and title borne by a refugee are held in England; and as a professed believer in the natural equality of all men, he would have scouted the notion that, even were he as base in origin as he was poor in means there could be on that account a *mésalliance* were he to wed a princess of blood-royal. In all three characters, as noble, foreigner, and republican, he grievously misunderstood his real position; and knowing nothing of the engagement of Florence to Weston, he saw no reason whatever for thinking that to obtain her hand was an impossibility, supposing that he could secure her heart. But to all this he gave but little real thought: he was content to enjoy his new discovery without dwelling on its results, or remembering that his present manner of life could not now, so far as Florence was concerned, last for ever, or even for long.

On returning to his lodgings, however, he was awakened somewhat abruptly from the Arcadia in which his soul had been wandering while his body had been in the streets of London, by finding a letter which had been delivered by hand and bore no date. It was as follows:—

"Dear Brother,—I trust that at last your patience will be rewarded, and that you will have an opportunity of compensating for your last misfortune. I cannot enter into details now; you know I hate letter-writing on principle, and so I will only say what is absolutely necessary.

"Your friend Madame O., it seems, has been at work on your behalf, as well as on behalf of us all. In the first place, she has evidently, like a clever woman as she must be, thrown the net over the Baronet, and is sending him to N., as I hear. He will be a great gain, not only on account of his money, but also, being an Englishman of rank, he will be able to do what you or I could not venture on with safety. I myself heard this indirectly from the lady herself, and cannot, of course, let such a chance pass without working it. What you must do is this: go with W. as *courrier* or *valet* under any *Italian* name you please. He will manage the passports, &c. When you arrive I will contrive to communicate with you.

"Burn this instantly. I do not give you my address now, but you shall know how to communicate with me in proper time. To our next meeting *There!*—Your brother, A. B."

Marco read this extraordinary letter at least half-a-dozen times before destroying it. There was plainly enough some mystery about the conduct of Madame Olivieri to which Baroni, with all his penetration, had not found the right clue. Marco knew enough of men in general, and of Weston in particular, to feel sure that there was something more in this intended visit to Naples, which tallied singularly with what he had heard from Florence, than mere enthusiasm for the cause of Italy. Per-

haps his love for Florence had made him look on the cause, if not with less faithful, yet with colder eyes, since this journey to Naples must necessarily separate him from her, perhaps for ever, before he could hope to bring the new chapter of his life to a conclusion. There was, however, only one thing to do —to call on Weston at once; and so he set out immediately to find him.

The mystery, however, at which Marco was unable to guess, and which Baroni had obviously misunderstood, by reason of his looking, as usual, at all the events of life through the medium of his one idea, was clear enough to at least one person. At the very time at which Marco was reading Baroni's letter, Madame Olivieri was holding a conversation with — of all people in the world—Marco's late host, Signor Paolo Casca.

"So you left Baroni's letter at Signor Marcelli's?"

"I did so, Madame."

"Well, I suppose it could not be helped, though I wish it could have been managed without Marcelli's knowing anything of the matter. You have not had any other message from Baroni?"

"I was coming to that, Madame. Vestri, who brings me his letters for distribution in London, to-day brought me three. Here they are."

Madame Olivieri took them, and having opened them in a manner which showed that she was no novice in the art, read them. "I will take copies of these," she said, "and return them to you to-morrow. You may deliver them all; they are of no importance."

"May one venture to ask, Madame, if Signor Baroni thinks of doing anything?"

"Do not ask too much, Paolo; you will know in time. But, this time, I think we have baited the hook well, and things must go very crookedly if Signor Baroni is not in the hands of his Majesty before two months are past."

"Good, Madame. One need not ask Madame not to forget to mention the poor services of Paolo Casca in the affair."

"You will be remembered, of course. But you know the condition — three hundred pounds if Baroni is taken, but not a penny if any harm comes to Signor Marcelli."

"Madame is right. But how is one to keep harm from the young Signor if he goes?"

Madame Olivieri raised her shoulders. "Do you wish to give up the chance of three hundred pounds?"

"Madame has promised. But still——"

"Do you wish to give up the matter?"

"Madame may command me. But the risk——"

"Rest easy. I shall take care of Signor Marcelli."

"Was Madame prudent, then, to let him hear from Baroni?"

"You are a stupid fellow, Paolo. Letters must always be delivered, except in extreme necessity."

"No doubt Madame knows best, but——"

"No doubt," answered Madame Olivieri, coldly.

"There is one thing more, Madame. My rent is due to-morrow, and if Madame——"

"Well," she answered, taking a sovereign or two from her purse, "I daresay that will put you right, more particularly as I fancy that the public-house will receive more of it than your landlord. Signor Baroni pays you pretty well while you are waiting, I fancy."

"He pays with promises, Madame."

"Well, then, I shall follow his example for the present. But here are twenty pounds; that ought to keep you going, and I will give you not a penny more till the whole debt is due."

Casca pocketed the money with a profusion of bows and protestations.

Just then a knock was heard. Madame Olivieri glanced at the

small mirror outside the window, arranged in a way, very common in foreign houses, so as to reflect to the eyes of those inside the room the persons who passed in the street, or came to the house. "There is Signor Marcelli himself," she cried, hastily. "Go up-stairs, Paolo, until you hear me speak to him, and then go off quietly. Come to me at ten to-morrow morning, and I will return you the letters."

Casca left the room, and Marco entered immediately afterwards.

"Ah, Marco!" exclaimed Madame Olivieri, "I thought you had forsaken me altogether." She held out her hand as she spoke, and added, with a smile, "but you need not ask me to forgive you, though you do not deserve to be forgiven."

Marco was certainly rather touched in conscience, for it was true that the frequency of his visits to the Signora had decreased in exact proportion to the increase of his intimacy with Florence Lindsay. So he said,—

"You see, Madame, that I am no longer an idle person."

"Ah, well, I suppose I must submit to what must be. At all events, I am very glad to see you now."

"And I am glad to hear you say so. But I am afraid I must confess to a selfish motive in my visit."

"I am delighted to hear it. I am always fond of novelty."

"I heard to-day that Weston is going to Italy. Is that so? I have called at his Club and his lodgings, but not finding him, I thought I had better come to you."

"You have heard it, then? Yes, it is quite true. He has already said good-bye to me. Has he not told you?"

"I have not seen or heard from him for an age. I have almost thought that I must have offended him."

"How could you? And you have not, as I know."

"Do you know why he is going?"

There is nothing like a direct question for confusing one who is playing false, and this question was difficult enough for Madame Olivieri. Knowing as she did the contents of Baroni's letter, she could not safely say anything that would contradict the impression which she had led him to form of the proceeding, and, desiring as she did that Marco should not accompany Weston, she was unwilling to say what, at best, would have been a very dangerous falsehood—a thing that a good diplomatist always avoids, if possible — that he was gone with a view to help the cause. So, to gain time, she said only,—

"Not exactly; but I can guess."

"What is your guess? if I may ask."

"Perhaps it is a wrong one." She had now gained all the time she required to decide on a course of action. "And yet he said enough," she continued, "to make me think that I am right. If so, you will understand why it is you have not seen him for so long. But," she added, "I am doing wrong to tell you. I must really cure myself of being so horribly impulsive."

"But, Madame, surely there could be no harm in my knowing?"

"No—I must not tell you; I might spoil all. I should never forgive myself."

"Well, I will not be so rude as to ask further. When does he go?"

Madame Olivieri affected to hesitate. "Will you promise not to betray me if I tell you; for, after all, perhaps you ought to know."

"Pray do not tell me if you do not think it right."

"Well, I will tell you. I do think it right, especially as you seem to doubt Weston's friendship."

"But I do not doubt it."

"Well—Weston, who, as you know, has great influence——"

"Yes——"

"And who knows the English Minister at Naples personally, and so has many influential friends there—you know he has been a good deal in Naples?"

"He was there for some months, I think, two or three years following."

"Now cannot you guess?"

"No, indeed."

"You are not clever to-day. What should you have done had you been in his place and he in yours? Should you not have used all your influence, all the means in your power——"

"And is it on my account——"

"That is my guess."

"Then this is indeed friendship—this is indeed noble. Yes, Madame, you were right to let me know this. I will never again blame this English reserve that we all think so cold. An Italian would have boasted of what he was doing, but he——" Marco paused, and then went on, "Yes, he was right not to let me know what he was doing, for his own noble nature told him that I could have said only one word."

"And that word——"

"Is No!"

"Why?—what do you mean?"

"A thousand thanks for telling me. There is time yet."

"Time yet? For what? You cannot mean——"

"I am an Italian citizen, Madame. I will receive nothing, no, not even life, from Naples, until Italy is free. Where is Weston now?"

Madame Olivieri, it was clear, had not yet comprehended the character of Marco. The simple heart of Florence would have understood him far better than that subtle brain.

"You must not see him, Marco. I insist—would you be so ungrateful? Would you betray me?"

Marco paused. "I am not ungrateful, indeed; but I have but one course."

"But think at least of Italy——"

"It is of Italy that I do think."

"Forgive me," said Madame Olivieri, "but now you are selfish indeed. Can you serve Italy as an exile—in the position in which you are now? But, once in Naples, once restored to your own position, think of the opportunities you would have—think——"

Marco experienced the same revulsion of feeling at these words as when Baroni had suggested that he should work on the feelings of Florence. He was not prepared as yet to commit, even for Italy's sake, so great a piece of treachery as to desert his own friends in order to deliberately betray his enemies. Baroni, indeed, would have felt no scruple, but Marco was unhardened by the details of intrigue, and had not yet grown out of the romantic belief that noble ends ought not to be achieved save by noble means.

"Madame," he answered, "you do not understand these things. For me, to suffer for Italy is to serve her. I have only one thing to do, and I must do it, even though I seem ungrateful. Believe me when I say that this generosity of Weston's is no real kindness. For the last time, it must not be. When does he leave London?"

He spoke gravely, and even sternly; and the passionate womanly nature of Madame Olivieri—passionate and womanly still, through all its artificial distortion—submitted at once to these words of manly truth and courage. Moved by a hundred feelings—good and bad, all inextricably mingled—she was for a moment conscious of a wild wish to cast herself at this man's feet and to tell all—her treachery to Baroni, to Italy, to Marco himself; to pour out all her motives, her ignoble ambition, which could only be gratified by the death of the hated husband of her youth—in a word, all herself—before him, and to pray, not for absolution, but for protection against her own heart. Had one look of softness been visible on the

features of Marco, she would have yielded; but they expressed at the critical moment nothing but the full force of resolute will—they were so stern that her conscience read in them only the severity of one who would judge her even by the same strict measure as that whereby he judged himself. Marco, on his side, was too immersed in his own thoughts to observe her very closely. After a few instants, however, he held out his hand.

"Good-bye for the present, dear Signora," he said, "I thank you in spite of yourself. Will you forgive me for leaving you in this way?"

She was silent for a while, and then said only,—

"What do you mean to do, then?"

"The first thing is to write to Weston at once."

Madame Olivieri's ever-active brain, by the very force of habit, recovered its influence over her heart. She saw light.

"I shall see Weston this evening," she said; "can I give him any message?"

"Would you give him a note if I write it here?"

"Unwillingly enough—but, if I must——"

"Would you be so kind? Indeed, dear Madame Olivieri, this must be."

She brought him writing materials, and he wrote a short note to Weston, asking for an interview as soon as possible. "You, dear Signora, can explain," he said; "and now, good-bye. I will call without fail to-morrow."

"To-morrow I fear I shall be engaged; can you come the day after?"

"That will do nearly as well." He took her hand once more, and left her.

As soon as he was gone, Madame Olivieri read the note and threw it into the fire. Then she herself wrote the following:—

"Dear Herbert,—It is most important that you should leave for Naples *at once*. I will explain why when we meet. I myself shall follow as soon as I hear from you there, as we arranged. Forgive this short note, from your affectionate friend,

"Aurelia."

CLEVER WOMEN.

THERE is nothing so elastic as our estimate of time. In the mere act of reviewing them, fifty years may swell into a huge period, or contract into a moment—the mere twinkling of an eye. In many a retrospect a lifetime is nothing—memory making past existence all one present. It may be spanned in one grasp of thought as making no difference in a man's identity, leaving him absolutely the same to his own consciousness. In another mood, and looking out of and beyond self, he sees fifty years for what they are—a good slice not only of a long life but of the life of the world. This sum of years repeated comparatively few times and we are at the first year of our Lord; and from thence, by a series of half-centuries—leaps easy to the imagination, and which a child may remember—we are at the beginning of history, at its very opening chapter. We must then conclude by all analogy that if progress is a word meaning anything, fifty years must work material and recognisable changes, and a very little reflection convinces us that they have made them. A man who has observed to any purpose for fifty years knows that he has seen some things and felt some emotions which no future age will see or feel again under similar conditions. Some portion of the energy and intellect of the world has done its task, contributed to some result; and thought and action will never be linked to the same work and end again. There is a day for everything. However momentous a point has seemed, the fluctuations of thought have passed it by for good and all in the particular phase which stirred his sympathies. He leaves the world different from what he found it. The wonder grows that the working period of one life should witness changes so vital; and reflection forces fifty years into very impressive dimensions. There are times when the difference between then and now, both in the face of things and in the pervading tone of thought, strikes him as something prodigious.

We may realise this by considering what a perplexing, uncongenial, unfamiliar world our children would find the first twenty years of this century, if by any device of magic we could plunge them into that period; how, in the first place, they would shiver in a new sense of neglect and disregard, nobody putting them first or making all things bow to their pleasure and convenience; or indeed thinking it any great matter if a touch of life's real hardships embittered their prime. From this cold shade what would a world seem to them still hampered by difficult locomotion, bad roads, and post-chaises, horrible winter night-journeys outside stage-coaches—nights dim with the feeble illuminations of train-oil and snuffy tallow-candles; a world of intellectual trammels, where opinion was not ventilated in hall and lecture-rooms — where people thought in battalions, and the mind had its uniform to be assumed every field-day — where a man must be either Whig or Tory, Calvinist or Arminian, and compromise was contemptible—where people sat at home, and only country gentlemen amused themselves and wasted their time out of doors; a world with quite another class of absurdities, anomalies, and barbarisms from this present one—where every "respectable" powdered his head white, and every woman who would not be thought wildly eccentric hid away the first grey hair as a crime against society; a world of feeble accomplishments, where music was thought effeminate for men—a mere siren, betraying him

to his destruction—and art and science generally, misleaders from the main business of life: but, for all this, a good old world to those who can recall it, or through some gifted senior have felt its influence; a world with some sense of stability still lingering about its institutions, and yet a world of fancy and romance, of Wordsworth's poetry and Scott's novels, and where the art of good talking at least was a living accomplishment—an excellent world, in fact, in spite of what the young people might think of it, for prosperous well-to-do men and women. For this class we cannot see that progress has done much. They have lost a sense of monopoly in a good many things where monopoly, by constituting the distinction, constituted a good share of the happiness. We cannot wonder that long memories here are slow to recognise any change for the better, any progress that is not a mockery of the term, in the condition of society. The bustle and fever of competition, the struggle of the classes beneath them, the turmoil of opinion, are to them nothing but causes of inconvenience, or matter for honest protest. When they are the spokesmen they naturally make out a case for the old state of things, and a very plausible one, from their point of view. But, unfortunately, the majority of mankind belong not to the prosperous but to the struggling class.

However, these large questions only remotely concern our present subject. What the nineteenth century has done and has still to do for the masses, under the new political conditions to which they are about to be subject, we leave to more ambitious pens. What has impressed us lately, and what we would impress upon our readers, is the benign work of progress in a given period for one particular oppressed class—a class of persons for whom not even the Reform Bill of the future promises largely—who owe what they have, or hope to gain, to the more subtle insensible action of that mysterious onward movement which plays so great a part in human affairs—we mean the class of clever women. An unpopular class—a class, at least, whom no other class particularly likes or cares to take to its bosom—who have always a hard battle to fight, but who certainly fight it now under less disadvantage than they did fifty years ago. We do not here speak, we repeat, of prosperous clever women, who have never had any battle to fight any more than dull or commonplace ones—wealth and station support alike exceptional cleverness or exceptional stupidity—but the class of able women who are thrown upon their own resources.

But, before entering into our subject, some definition of what we mean by clever women seems to be needed. In the first place, all women who are not clever women are not to be distinguished from them by any disparaging epithet, or any expression of drawback whatever. On the contrary, especially attractive women are rarely clever in the common sense of the word; the conventional charming woman, never. With most people cleverness is applied to women as a term of veiled reproach, and not without show of reason, because it is a testimony to intellect at the expense of something distinctly feminine. The ideal woman does not reason; her processes of thought are intuitive so far, that she can give no account how she arrives at them: if she attempts to do so, her professed reasons are palpable after-thoughts, proving that logic is at least no obtrusive faculty. She is wiser not to pretend to it. We bow to conclusions formed on no conscious data, and with nothing like argument to back them, because in her own province, though she cannot reason, she is very apt to be right. Clever women, on the contrary, throw intuition over and aim at logic. They possess the

analytical faculty, and encourage it in themselves. They search into the why and the wherefore, they pursue a subject in all its bearings, they trace it to its cause, they study themselves, and, above all, they study character in others — not for a present purpose, not by the intuitive method, but as a habitual intellectual occupation. As reasoning beings they dispense with instinct, or subdue it to a subordinate capacity, which revenges itself in return by ceasing to serve their personal needs, leaving them to work out the details of conduct by the light of their boasted reason: a revenge indeed. We all perceive, who have any experience of self-consciousness, what a poor exchange must be a constant appeal to the will or the judgment in the minor action of life, for the promptings of habit and intuition in natures finely tuned, where the mind does not speculate but act, comprehending just as much of the persons and things encountered as is necessary for success, and no more. Knowing too much and thinking too much are alike fatal to charm.

When we would define a clever woman, we mean something almost as distinct from a sensible, a well-informed, or even an intelligent woman, as from the conventional charming woman. What a clever woman sees, hears, acquires in any way, assimilates itself, undergoes a certain transmutation, and can never be reproduced as a mere act of memory. Something of herself hangs about it. She puts it in a new point of sight. A process of classification is for ever going on. Whatever the mind receives is at once placed, and goes to the elucidation of a view, or is recognised as a new experience, and its relation to all received knowledge is traced out. It is this that dignifies the veriest gossip of the clever woman. Her philosophy may be fallacious, but news, chatter, scandal—whatever it is—goes through a process, under her handling, giving it an affinity with a history or study of human nature; so distinguishing it from the common gossip well defined by Monseigneur Dupanloup in his 'Studious Women,' where he says: "I cannot approve of all the impressions produced by material objects and the incidents of life being immediately expressed, and requiring an equally immediate answer. Minds thus are always laid bare to each other—they are never concentrated themselves, and they never allow others to be concentrated. One thinks aloud because one thinks little."

These habits of thought give to the clever woman an irrepressible independence, a fancy to play her own game. However much she desires the approval of men, which she may do very eagerly, her mode of obtaining it is not deferential. It is by showing what is in herself, not by an engaging conformity. The masculine mind is not felt a necessary complement to her own. She is no mistress of the flattery of unconscious submission. A woman's eyes are never so beautiful as when they look up; the eyes of *her* mind are not prone to assume this appealing grace. With unfeminine awkwardness, she probably does not see what she is about; even though she does, the distinctive qualities of her mind must have their way. But we may say that the intellectual exercises for which we give her credit are incompatible with tact in any exquisite degree—not inconsistent with appreciating tact, about which she may be able to say a great many clever things, but with this subtle power as an instrument for use. She aims at too much; her mind is too excursive. She does not accept a limited province as especially her own. The ideal woman confines herself to her circle, her family, her home, and herself as the centre of all. Within this restricted range the mind's touch is endued with an exquisite sensi-

bility, because it is restricted. In larger, remoter questions, tact and instinct go for nothing—they are consciously at fault; and therefore all that concerns art, literature, politics, religion, and all great public questions, are accepted by the "very woman," from lover, husband, or whatever man is selected as guide, with real implicitness and docility, however these submissive qualities may be veiled with a feint of choice and self-will. This graceful homage it is not in the power of the clever woman to offer. Whatever her judgment and her opinion is worth (and it is not necessarily worth much), the fatal gift of thinking is hers. Even if she were to feed on the air of blind trust it would not become her—her unlucky talents cut her off from the tenderest form of sympathy.

And yet these awkward, so-called unfeminine strivings after the intellectual, seen in every age since the revival of learning, should merit some sympathy if it were only for the obstacles they have successfully overcome. How have they been received? Now it is not reasonable in women to expect men to be so far attracted by exceptional ability in them as to consent to merge their own individuality in it. Superior intellect can scarcely be what is called attractive. A man is wise to desire to remain intellectual head of his own home, nor do things go quite as they should do where the disproportion of intellect is conspicuously on the wife's side. In the view of two making a complete whole, the woman is not a better complement to the man for being very much above, or for having an intellectual side apart from him, clamouring for expression. But where there is no danger of being swamped by feminine cleverness, how have intellectual men—men who know what it is to "make thinking part of their diversion,"—who despise their fellow-men who live on the alms-basket of borrowed opinion,—how have they treated the same diversion in women? If clever or learned women have ever hoped for the praise of men in reward for their trouble, the very simplicity of their vanity should have made men lenient; and instead, what brutality of contempt has assailed them, and from all points. Swift, who loathed the vacuity of the women of fashion of his time, thought nothing but bad of them, and talks of

"Seeds long unknown to womankind—
For manly bosoms worthy, fit—
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit;"

who complains that not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand could read or understand her own natural tongue, or be judge of the easiest book that could be written in it, or read it without mangling the sense, or acquire the art of spelling all her life long; and who resents the utter want of interest in the poor soul for any rational conversation, turning, as she would do, from the instructive talk of men—*his* talk, perhaps—to consult with the woman that sits next her on the last cargo of fans;—Swift, whose only receipt against the nonsense and frippery of women is to advise every woman he cared for to renounce the companionship of her sex—with what a sledge-hammer does he descend on the women who, tired of this frippery, take a line of their own, and, instead of being mere listeners, attempt to be wise on their own account! "I know very well," says he, to his fair correspondent, "that those who are commonly called learned women have lost all manner of credit by their impertinent talkativeness and conceit of themselves; but there is an easy remedy for this, if you come to consider that, after all the pains you may be at, you can never arrive in point of learning to the perfection of a schoolboy." But this is not so bad as the warning of sleeker moralists, who counselled women very seriously against any exercise of mind because men did not like it, and it stood in the way of their

getting married. Any stain for woman's pretty fingers but the stain of ink! was the cry of fifty years ago, and had been for a century at least. Clever women have had a sad time of it since literature was literature, and perhaps, for the reasons we have suggested, not without fault of their own. Singularity suits no one, and especially it does not suit women. Now we think progress has done this for them—cultivated cleverness no longer provokes to conceit or eccentricity. The whole sex has made intellectual advance. There must always be fools, but we know no *class* of simpletons to be addressed as "beauteous innocents," and openly cajoled into piety by Fordyce's argument, that never does a fine woman strike more deeply than when composed into pious recollection. At all times, by throwing off the reserve and retirement becoming their sex, women could both assert and prove their powers; but progress has relieved them from an enormous disadvantage. They can use them, and even turn them to account now, naturally, quietly, and as a matter of course, without exciting injurious notice, without instilling such a sense of oddity and singularity as to affect the manner, and often more than the manner, detrimentally; either through conceit, or shyness, or effrontery, or simple awkwardness, and contempt for the graces of the sex—a contempt which comes to no woman by nature, but which has often been assumed, in hopeless defiance.

Not that critics have given up the subject of the nature and limits of women's intellect. On the contrary, it sometimes would appear that Pope's aphorism is reversed, and that the proper study of mankind is *woman.* We counted no fewer than three articles in a late number of a popular journal devoted to this one theme, and penned with a caustic earnestness of purpose that suggests a division of the sexes beyond the pale of ritualism. Nor have women themselves ceased to damage their own cause. All the folly, in fact, of both sexes has exercised itself on the position of women. Lecturers, male and female, discuss woman, her nature and her mission, as though she were some abstract animal, instead of being half the human race; while not a few transcendentalists despise a partnership of rights to assert an aptitude for universal dominion, and would reduce man to the servitude of which Cuddie Headrigg was so sensible, who had all his life been trodden down by women. "There was first my mither, then there was Leddy Margaret, didna let me ca' my soul my ain; and now I hae gotten a wife, and she's like to tak' the guiding o' me a'thegither." Jenny only anticipates much feminine pretension of our age in her reply, "And amna I the best guide ever ye had in a' your life?"

It is wonderful, indeed, that the clamourers for women's rights, whether in America or at home, have not told more injuriously than they have upon the steady advance in power and position of rational feminine intellect; of clever women who accept their powers for what they are, and turn them to domestic, social, and marketable account, as they would rank, fortune, or any other providential gift, and with no more spirit of bravado or fear of outraging convention than men experience.

It is within fifty years that a woman of unusual parts has been able to give her intellect its fullest development in its most appropriate field, and yet live in society without having her occupations treated as a bar of separation. This is a step indeed; and a greater approach to the equality of the sexes, so much talked of by transcendental ladies, than anything yet arrived at. It is a late triumph of womanhood that a woman should write as an habitual occupation, and yet have no sense of being a star or a special object of

attention on that account. It is this class who form the real protection of their sex against the satire and cynicism which every attempt at intellectual advance has always awakened.

The world has never been without its authoresses; the impulse is too natural for absolute repression. But their position before this period was not an enviable one, unless backed by wealth and social position, which endorses everything; and they were so few in number, and so marked by circumstances—some which they could not help, and some of their own making—that quiet women, whatever their ability, shrank from connection with them. In his 'Family Pen,' Isaac Taylor notes it as an intellectual peculiarity of midland counties' Dissent that an authoress found an honourable and natural place among its members, and could retain her distinctly feminine character among them. Miss Austen so recoiled from the publicity which at her time was associated with authorship, that she rigidly declined using her success as an entrance to brilliant society, and refused to meet Madame de Staël, regarding such an encounter as a step out of the seclusion which she valued more than fame. Practically speaking, the only resource for intellectual and accomplished women driven to do something for their support was tuition; neither imagination nor experience had any other suggestion. The ordinary grievance attached to this solitary refuge is, that women are driven to it whose intellect is not equal to the demands of such a calling. These we pity very much; but it is so much in the nature of things that feebleness and incompetence should be at a nonplus when thrown upon their own resources, that we can hardly look forward to a state of society when it shall be otherwise: nor do we consider the suggestion of "S. G. O." to all poor and helpless ladies to turn ladies'-maids, however plausible, a practical solution of the difficulty, as there are probably more incompetent governesses than there are fine ladies open to their services. But our present business is with a much smaller and more select class—with ladies who are not too stupid but too clever and original for governesses. All that approaches to genius and originality cannot be imparted—not even the faculty of analysis; while these innate powers constantly interfere both with aptitude and inclination for teaching, which is necessarily slow in its processes. A good scholar makes good scholars, and in lesser feminine degree, all accuracy and definiteness of knowledge can communicate itself. All that we term acquirement can be passed on, but qualities ingrain and special are in a main degree incommunicable. In a general sense, of course, it is elevating to live with superior minds, and an immense advantage to have free intercourse with them—that is, if there are kindred qualities in the recipient; but the position of a governess, bound by her contract to impart specific instruction, interferes with this indirect accidental benefit. People must be absolutely free to choose their own methods, and they must be independent and master of the position, to influence others through their choicest, most individual gifts.

The master and mistress of a household ought to be the heads of it. A great deal of inevitable injustice follows where this is not the case, and clever subordinates find themselves kept down by inferior intelligences. In fact, the ideal governess ought not to be a student of character in any marked degree. None of us, if we knew it, would receive a stranger into our household to whom all our faults and weaknesses would soon be a printed book. Such misplaced discernment must be a source of suspicion and unhappiness to all parties. Nor should the governess occupy herself too sedulously with

the characters of the children under her charge. The habit of reading character often tends to a sort of fatalism, and is opposed to that passion for instilling and imparting and moulding which constitute the born teacher. Yet these inconvenient qualities, exercised in an appropriate field, constitute the great charm and chief power of many a successful authoress, who is likely also to be a much more amiable character when her gifts bring her credit and fortune, than when they keep her, according to her temperament, in perpetual hot water or anxious mistrust.

We have been led into this train of thought by the reperusal of a little book once familiar to us which chance brought again in our way. It is dated forty years back, and contains an experience of governess-life of fifty or sixty years since. It bears the expressive title of 'Dependence,' and consists of a series of genuine letters detailing the feelings and events of a course of anxious years. There is a graphic power and an unmistakable reality about these letters which constitute them a piece of autobiography of no common merit. The impression we get of the writer from the book itself is confirmed by the mention we find of her in a short record of travel written several years later by an American Professor, who became acquainted with the lady as wife of his uncle, the clergyman to whom most of the letters in 'Dependence' are addressed. He finds her the presiding genius of an English parsonage, every inmate of which charms him. Of her he says: "My aunt's powers of conversation were such as it has not been my good fortune to see surpassed. Her tender sympathy for suffering, her strong love of justice, her lofty scorn of oppression, at once flashed in her eye, glowed in her cheek, and trembled in her utterance. Though remarkable for that self-possession so common to all well-bred persons in England, the thrilling earnestness of her deeper tones reminded me of what I had read of the conversations of Mrs Siddons." This is a picture of a remarkable woman, but not one best fitted for the only work the time found her to do. The letters, in fact, would be too painful in some of their humiliating details, but for the novel-like consummation, marriage—which is imminent as we close the page. We venture to illustrate our subject by some extracts from the book in question, the more readily that it seems to have failed to excite attention at the time of its publication; though short extracts can never do justice to a flowing epistolary pen, especially when held by female hand. We learn that the writer is the daughter of a clergyman—a scholar, and with habits acquired by intercourse with persons of higher rank and wealth than his own—who, dying while his three daughters were scarcely more than children, left them wholly unprovided for, and without those accomplishments indispensable for the prizes of governess-life. We can all remember how Miss Austen's immortal Mrs Elton discusses these prizes. "With your superior talents," she says to Jane Fairfax, "you have a right to move in the first circles. Your musical knowledge alone would entitle you to name your own terms and have as many rooms as you like, and mix in the family as much as you choose; that is—I do not know—if you knew the harp you might do all that, I am very sure. But you sing as well as play. Yes, I really believe you might, even without the harp, stipulate for what you choose. Of all houses in the kingdom, Mrs Bragge's is the one I would most wish to see you in. Wax-candles in the schoolroom—you may imagine how desirable." It was the want of the harp, and the singing, and so forth, that condemned the lady before us to do without the wax-candles of governess-life. And we see it is inevit-

able. Her powers, such as they are, excite interest; but she could not supply a definite demand. Thus she writes of her first application, at the age, as we guess her at, of little more than twenty: "I could not honestly tell Mrs Danvers [we supply a body to initial letters, which confuse the reader of the book itself] that I was competent in any way to the instruction of girls so far advanced as she represents her eldest daughters; but my ignorance of music was the bar she could not get over. The correspondence that I had with Mrs Danvers prepossessed me very much in her favour. After writing her an account of myself, and all my wonderful perfections, she says,—'I have perused and reperused your letter, with increased regret that such a mind should be rejected merely for the sake of frivolous accomplishments.'" She is conscious of talent, but it never seems the right sort for the calling she is forced into. "What shall I do?" she asks. "Am I always destined to undertake things which I am incapable of performing? I am half inclined even now to write and tell Mrs Venn all I know of my incapabilities and deficiencies. I did not willingly deceive her, if I have done it. I am aware there is something about me which gives people a higher idea of my qualifications than they merit. I do, from the bottom of my heart, lament this; for I see no good in being able to impose upon people. It is a talent I possess in common with Miss Teach'em; there is only this difference—she does it from design; I never advance a syllable for the purpose."

The Miss Teach'em here mentioned is put before her as a model governess. Her able dissection of this character points out another vocation for the young aspirant, if such had been open to her.

"She spoke to me without reserve, and she seemed perfectly to understand the present state of things. 'Pretension is the order of the day,' she said, 'and those who cannot make any must not expect to succeed.' I am sure she is right. I need only look at that odious Miss Teach'em to be convinced of it. She is all pretension, and see how she succeeds in establishing her own importance! I see more of her than of anybody I think. I believe it is Burns who complains somewhere, that if he happens to like a few persons they are scattered all over the world directly; whereas, if there be a miscreant that he hates heartily, he is sure to be pushed against him in one way or other all through life. I hope I shall not be pushed against Miss Teach'em all through life. I could hardly help smiling the other day when Mrs Lane, in pure kindness, invited her here to bear me company in their absence. I found it quite impossible to convince her that I had much rather be alone. She told me I ought to derive so much benefit from the society of such a person, and so on.

"Well, I thought I would try to extract some good from her, as a sort of reward for the penance I was doomed to undergo in her society the whole day long. I thought she might perhaps be able to give me some hints on the best means of managing children. I would not learn her art of managing their parents if I could; and yet that, I believe, is the secret of her success. I tried in vain. She really can do nothing but talk; and all her talk is about herself and her plans, and what people have said of them, and how wonderfully she had succeeded wherever she had been, and how anxious all parents were to have her. I sat silently wondering that she should think it worth while to pretend even before me; but long habit has made it her nature. What a labour and toil it must have been to her at first to *make believe* all the day long! It is well for her that the parents of her pupils are more easily induced to believe in the wonderful merits she lays claim to than I am. Education with her consists in learning a certain number of lessons and languages. I said something of the cultivation of the mind and improvement of the character, but she gave me to understand that a governess had nothing to do with these. I said I had thought they were of the first consequence. 'Oh, certainly;' but she assured me, and perhaps too truly, that parents always inquired more particularly about what accomplishments you could teach their children than what principles you would implant in them."

Tutors and governesses cannot

help being unjust towards the parents. They assume, from the fact that principles are more important than accomplishments, that their own shortcomings should be excused on condition of implanting a higher tone of feeling; but parents naturally expect to infuse this through their own influence. It is in the technicalities of education that they want assistance. These technical deficiences seem to have thrown the lady out of the beaten track of governess-life, and sometimes brought her into circumstances more favourable to the cultivation of a remarkable letter-writing talent, than to present ease and comfort. She never falls into commonplace situations or among commonplace people. The first family she engages herself to is Irish; fashionable and even elegant in manner, but disorderly and Irish to a typical and, we believe, obsolete degree: where an appeal to the maid for a window-blind is most complacently answered by a petticoat; where her missing clothes for the wash are found, after long search, transmuted by the servants into a pillow; and

"where, from the drawing-room to the kitchen, nothing is in order—everything is done by chance; and for our daily food we are at the mercy of a dirty-looking old Irishwoman, who presides in the kitchen in the quality of cook—and she resembles nothing I ever saw before in human shape. She might do duty for one of the witches in Macbeth, without any dressing but her ordinary attire. Well, after two or three days, imagine me sitting at two o'clock waiting for the children's dinner to be sent up. The footman knows nothing about it, but calls to the kitchen. 'Sure, the mistress never ordered any!' 'Well, send up something.' 'But there is nothing.' At length, after a good deal of subterranean grumbling, the scraps of the day before are sent up. . . . But this is nothing to the want of fire. Twice in the first month of my being here we had no fire in the schoolroom, because the mistress had forgotten to order any coals, and there were not enough in the house to cook the dinner. Only imagine me wrapt up in shawls, and the poor children with benumbed fingers, and their mamma assuring them 'that being cold was all a fancy—young people ought to be warm;' and then asking if the carriage was ready; for somehow or other she never forgets to order *that*, however short her memory about other things."

And yet this mamma is so particular about the true Parisian accent that the children are not allowed to read French to their English governess. The book furnishes half-a-dozen effective openings for a lady's novel. There is the distinct portraiture of the central figures of the scene, set off by a felicitous choice of surrounding detail, never degenerating into that catalogue of inventory minuteness so often fatal to epistolary description: there is that fine confidence in the reading of a physiognomy so essential to the novelist, however undesirable as a practical guide; that eye for character, that passion for human nature under any trappings, that *aplomb* and decision of opinion, that general sharpness of definition and distinctness of view, whether into things or notions, which we see in the born author, and which contribute to make the pen a natural and at once familiar instrument to minds of this order, who can extract a flavour of romance and adventure out of the driest forms of life. However silent and solitary, the hours passed by this wasted novelist in the evening seclusion of her schoolroom, the day has generally furnished her with some subject for the evening letter which is to hold her in communion and sympathy with her kind. Here is an episode. An Irish apple-woman at a stall round the corner excites her attention. The old woman presents an apple to the children of her compatriots, and refuses payment, because it does her heart good to see the ladies step into their elegant carriage every day. This disinterestedness is enough to awaken our young friend's sympathy and curio-

sity. After a time she learns her history, which she amuses herself with reporting to her friend.

"I then asked her, what I had long wished to know, how she came to leave a country that she loved so much, and to take up her abode here? She told me she was a widow with one son, and he left her to seek his fortune in London. She heard from him sometimes, and she had reason to fear he had formed some bad connections; so she sold all that she had, and came over with a good bit of money to take care of him. She found her son on the point of marriage with a very worthless woman that he had found in the streets. She tried to break off the match, but she could not. 'Mother,' said he, 'I love her; I love her even better than I do you.' 'Hard words these were for a mother to hear; but I made up my mind not to leave my poor lad, for I saw that he was ensnared past help. So he married her, and I lived with them, and kept my own money in my purse at the bottom of my box; and sometimes his wife would be a bit kind to him, and then my heart was all open to her; and then she would keep out all night with her bad friends, and my poor lad, when he came home, would lay his head down upon the table for hours together, and when he looked up he would say, "Mother, don't look at me." Sometimes he would say, "I shall not bear this long," for he felt within him that it could not last. I was always there when he came home from his work, and he did not sicken for the want of anything; but he pined away — his heart was broken within him.

"'Just before he died his wife came in. She had been away for several days, for she never came home but when she wanted to get some money. She looked at him as he lay in bed, and she seemed to know how it was without asking, for she went to his clothes and felt in the pockets. He saw her, and he tried to speak, but the words died in his throat. She muttered a curse on my poor boy as he lay dying, because there was no money in his pockets, and she went out of the room. I did not heed where she went, nor could I, when the lad fixed his eyes on me, and grasped my hand and died. Well, I thought I would bury him decently, for I had still a bit of money in my purse; but when I came to look, neither purse nor money was there. She had gone to my box when she found no money in his pocket, and she had not left me a sixpence. For all that, he had a decent burial; and I sold all that I could, and with the help of my friends I got this sitting, which I had set my heart upon because it is so near to the churchyard where my boy lies; and every night, before I go home, I go down and look at his grave—it comforts my heart to see so much of him.'"

The old woman's story goes on to say that she might return to her own country, for lately she had recognised a gentleman compromised in the Irish rebellion, who, to get her out of London, had offered to pay her expenses back; but "I could not leave my boy. Where his bones lie, there shall mine lie."

"Now I hope," the warm-hearted narrator goes on to say—"now I hope this story will touch you more than it did Mrs O'Brien. I was quite full of it, and expected I should certainly do the poor creature some good by telling her. She heard me with listless apathy, and only 'wondered how I could stop to talk to an old apple-woman in the street.' 'She is just at the door—at least just at the corner.' 'Oh yes; I know where she is. I am surprised that these kind of persons are suffered to set up their stalls in the street. She cannot expect much custom for her apples in such a neighbourhood as this.' 'The churchyard is just at the bottom of the street, where her son——' 'Oh yes, I remember; and you are simple enough to believe her story.' I said not another word. I *looked*, for I felt, ashamed of myself; but it was at having made such a mistake as to tell my story to *her*. I could pledge my life on the truth of the old woman, and so would you if you had heard her tell the story herself."

The girl who could write this story would be sure to tell it well; so that she might well wonder at Mrs O'Brien's apathy; but still we see powers misapplied. Conversational gifts need an appropriate field. We have been told lately that nobody can tell a story well without the vantage-ground of position. We can hardly imagine eloquence of any kind more painfully deprived of its chances than in the position of an English governess. Not venturing across the seas with her Irish employer, we have further insight

into the experience so popular in fiction, so painful and often humiliating in real life, of seeking a new situation. A dependant's involuntary study of character imparts no courage, nor, in fact, any practical advantage. "I never see a cloud on any one's brow," she somewhere says, "that I do not expect it to burst on my head." This poor young thing trembles under the ordeal of interviews with cold unpitying strangers, and indemnifies herself for what she undergoes by the necessary relief of a narrative of looks, tones, and bargainings ending in disappointment. Her powers are recognised, but they only involve her in hard tasks. Relying upon them, a certain religious patroness betrays her into the family of a virago terrible to live with. The children are being brought up as heathens, though the father is a distinguished professor; and a religious profession with our young friend excites a reverence and admiration which often curiously clash with her irrepressible penetration. As she approaches her unknown sphere of action, oppressed with nervous fears, she exclaims, "Why should I tremble so much? Why should I have such a horror of the place? They are but human beings that I am about to encounter; and have I not been told on *very good authority* that the tone of my voice is sufficient to interest any one and subdue all things?" But her misgivings are prophetic. After a terrible journey by land and sea she arrives late before a dismal house—"painted black, I thought."

"The parlour-door was opened, and I saw my two pupils, who sat in mute amazement by the fire. Their mother then rose and pushed a chair towards me in a most awkward and ungracious manner. I had not been used to see such uncouthness; and not quite certain of her identity, I said, with a slight curtsy, 'I presume I have the pleasure of seeing Mrs Sowerby.' 'Yes,' she grumbled in an indistinct manner; but that was owing, perhaps, to the loss of her front teeth. I could not disguise from myself that my coming was very unwelcome to her, if I might interpret her most forbidding manner and looks. I sat for a few minutes in silence, most devoutly hoping that all my fancied skill in physiognomy might prove false; for if either I or Lavater have an atom of truth in our science, there never was a more unpropitious countenance for a poor dependant to contemplate.

"Finding she had taken up the poker to mend the fire, which wanted no such assistance, I fancied her silence might proceed from the mere awkwardness of a person unused to strangers; so I continued to hope Mr Sowerby was well. 'Yes, he is well enough. He ought to have been in the way, but he seldom is when he is wanted. He knew you were coming to-day, but he said the water would be so rough you could not cross.' This was delivered with effort, and in a most ungracious manner; but it opened a subject for me to speak upon, so I told the horrors of my journey, to all of which she made little or no reply. Almost in despair, I began to try my powers upon the children, but they were equally chilling and inaccessible. I had just settled it in my own mind that I had never seen such children before, and that both they and their mother were more disagreeable than anything I had ever imagined, when the door opened, and their father entered. He is a middle-aged man, of a most kind and benign aspect; his whole face was radiant with good-nature. Neither his mind nor his manners have had much cultivation. He has never, as he has since told me, been to any school; but he is well versed in the school of Christ. There he had learned to extend the hand of kindness and even welcome to a stranger. . . . I inquired about Mrs St Clair; and the only time that the lady of the house joined in the conversation was when she observed, with some eagerness, that she had been some days on the other side of the water, but *she* was afraid to cross in such weather—meaning evidently to infer that it was a most unfeminine thing in *me* to come; and she looked all manner of reproach at me. I could hardly help smiling, even in the very bitterness of my heart; but I said something of my inexperience of the water having made me courageous, perhaps from not knowing the danger. How shall I vegetate with such a woman? How came I here? Against her will, I must suppose; and how strange that seems! My position here is a most extraordinary one."

In fact, Mr Sowerby and Mrs St

Clair between them had smuggled a governess into the house; and she is instructed that it is her duty to stay so long as she feels she is doing good to the children. These children tell her that mamma says papa is a Methodist. "And what is a Methodist, my dear?" "I don't know," said the little creature; "but I think it is a naughty thing." "But you do not think your papa is naughty?" she repeated. "Mamma says he is a Methodist." I only answered, "Your papa is a good man."

Mr Sowerby has a miserable time of it. But we should pity him the more but for one fact that comes out. She sits and wonders at first how such a marriage ever came about, but supposes he married her at an age when

"Folly and innocence are so alike;
The difference, though essential, fails to strike."

But adds, before long—

"I must tell you I have heard it said that he deserves the bitter cup he is drinking, for he threw away an affection that would have made him happy. He met with this woman when there was some little difference between him and the other. She was a forsaken old maid, and her connections being higher than his own, he was pleased with the attentions they paid him. He was flattered by the advances she made, and her friends all helped to persuade him she was in love with him, for they had long found her a disagreeable burden upon their hands; so in an evil hour he married her. 'Oh what wretches [this to the lover] you men are, even the very best! I have thought a great deal of that faithful love which has induced the poor forsaken lady to remain single. I think if I could meet with her I should be tempted to let her know how amply she is avenged.'"

A fear of being thought changeable by her friends, and the horror of having to seek for a new home, induce her to remain while it is possible. She has friends in the neighbourhood, spends the day at Christhouse, and Lady Bertram and the rest are so kind and cordial that she feels quite at ease, and, "as you would call it," has great success in talking. Her patroness addressing the young ladies about her,—"Now you see the truth of what I have often told you, the great advantage of the society of clever and sensible men. Miss C. has had this advantage." And, in fact, Miss C. (our friend) owns to a liking for gentlemen's society. "Tell it not in the market-place," she writes to Miss Dash, "but I like the conversation of men better than that of women. Besides, men do not so much ask what you know as what you are; and then they are so conveniently blind to all the faults of our sex but those of pedantry and dogmatism—they fancy themselves so quick-sighted in judging of character, and it is so amusing to see how easily they are deceived." The redoubtable Mrs Sowerby in time becomes unbearable; so, greatly to the regret of the father of her pupils, she leaves. But her experience of the intolerable is to be further extended. Some very rich people living in a splendid house want a governess, she is recommended to them, and is invited to dine and to be looked at.

"About five o'clock on Monday I set out to walk through the snow to this splendid mansion. I was ushered into the drawing-room, where I found Mrs Tempest, a very pleasing woman. She received me with great kindness and cordiality. There was a timidity and nervous trepidation about her whole manner which surprised me till I had seen her husband. I sat with her for some time alone; at length dinner was announced, and as I rose to accompany her, she said, 'I *do* hope you will agree with Mr Tempest. I will do everything I can to make you comfortable.' I had begun to hope till I saw him, and then I soon understood that he was in very deed lord and master, and she was the very dust of the earth.

"He was already seated at the dinner-table, and desired us both to take our seats as quickly as possible, for he had waited long enough for his dinner. Now I thought that *we* had been waiting for *him*, and Mrs Tempest ventured to say that he was later than usual in returning

home, and she had been quite faint with staying so long. He was graciously pleased to wonder what business women who stayed at home and did nothing had to want any dinner! I thought I had never seen such a bear; however, I said to myself, 'Let me not judge hastily—he is hungry, and out of humour;' so, after eating voraciously, he began to be what he called agreeable. 'So, ma'am,' he said, addressing me, 'I hear you have determined to leave Mr Sowerby. He is a good sort of man enough, but I understand she is a terrible tigress.' This was a subject on which I did not choose to converse; and as he seemed to expect an answer, I said that I left Mrs Sowerby in about a month. 'So you don't choose to tell tales out of school. Well, I like you all the better for that; and, to tell you the truth, I don't want to hear them—quite enough to manage one's own wife; but this I *will* say, that if Mr Sowerby would take a leaf out of my book, I'll venture to say he would soon cure his wife of all her devilry.'

"He went on in this way with very little interruption from either his meek and timid wife or myself. The children came to my relief. He took occasion to observe that they would have been very well if they had not been spoiled by the folly of their mother—'but all that you will correct,' he said. 'I wish them to be well educated, for they will all have very handsome fortunes, and I wish them to make a figure in the world.' After going on some time in a very magnificent way, thinking, I suppose, that he had sufficiently astonished my weak mind, he proceeded to 'my business,' as he called it—the pounds, shillings, and pence.

"Oh! it is impossible to give you any idea of his grossness. If he had been driving a bargain at Smithfield he could not have been worse. 'I tell you what, ma'am, I think your terms very high; you must lower them down to mine, and then I shall give you twenty pounds more than I ever meant to give, or than you have any right to expect.' I was perfectly calm and self-possessed; and as I had been preparing to come away, I said, 'Then, sir, I believe I have no occasion to trouble you any further. I wish you good evening.' 'What! you won't come down? Now take my advice—take a week to consider. No *woman* is capable of coming to a right judgment under a week.' His wife pressed near and said, 'Only consider, Mr Tempest, how very little it is for your income.' I thought he would have knocked her down. 'Do you think I don't know what I am about, Mrs Tempest? Don't you know that I can have a governess sent from town for half or a quarter of what I propose—ay, many that would jump at such a chance? I am not going to be bamboozled, I promise you.' I made my parting curtsy, but he followed me into the hall, assuring me that I did not know what I was about, and repeating that he should expect to hear from me in a week, and 'then, if I am not mistaken, you will see your own interest, ma'am, too well to refuse.' I said 'I will have the pleasure of writing to Mrs Tempest on Monday next,' and came away."

These are trying encounters to have to report to a lover, longing, but as yet unable, to offer the independence of a home. But there are other themes for her correspondence. She has to give her views of young ladies—on their duties, and on feminine manner and sentiment generally—on which she has opinions as defined and mature as on everything else. We are allowed to gather that the young curate, to whom these letters are mainly addressed, is an attractive person to the ladies; and as it is thought expedient not to talk of an engagement which may be indefinite, our friend has evidently some uneasy moments, which lend a force to her contempt and abhorrence of all unfeminine display of interest in his direction. These were the days when defiance of propriety took the form of German sentiment instead of the fastness of modern manners. We are led to suppose, from the reflections we encounter here, that in the higher middle-class society of that day there was fully as much room for the strictures of thoughtful or severe judges of manner as now, though it is common among us to attribute an outpouring of giddy disregard to old-fashioned proprieties as a special token of modern degeneracy. Very much excellent sense is uttered in these pages, of which the following sentence, worthy of Miss Edgeworth, may be taken as a specimen. She is commending a sister "who has

very strong affections, but is quite free from that sort of passionate disposition which would make her 'fall in love,' as the common phrase is. If you observe the female characters that fall in your way, you will find that a woman of strong passions has always a cold heart. I do not know if the rule is the same with the other sex, but I have never seen an exception to it in my own. A woman of fiery passions is happily a monster, and she is invariably destitute of natural affection." Our friend in the solitude of her schoolroom might well be anxious on this score for a lover in the world. What that solitude was, and the failure of all intellectual resource, is sometimes told with a force which accounts to us for the unpleasing traits so often connected with the conventional governess. It is not a training to make woman amiable, especially where there is no way out of the life visible even to hope. "I may talk upon paper," she says, "but I am now many hours, I might almost say days, without hearing the sound of my own voice. Who would take me for the same Miss C., who at Bath was not expected to be silent for five minutes?" Again: "This has been a trying summer to me. I have not, it is true, had my usual anxiety of seeking where to be, but I have tasted all the horrors of complete solitude. We never go beyond the garden; and I have sometimes felt that I should be afraid to go beyond its walls. The children are seldom with me except in school hours, and there is not one single human being with whom I can exchange a word like conversation." At another time: "I sometimes see gay company, morning visitors or dinner company, walking below. I hear them talk and laugh, but I feel no wish to join them. I seem as if I had said, 'Of laughter, it is folly; and of mirth, what doeth it?' I remain still studying my book of arithmetic, and I close it sometimes, and cannot help sighing for a little society." The want of books oppresses her—a much more common ally to dulness then than now. "I declare," she writes at one time, "I have never seen anything in the shape of a modern publication since I have been in the house, except 'A Treatise on that very prevalent Disease, a Scald Head.' As famished people will prey on garbage, I seized it with avidity, and actually read it through." A good many people nowadays may not read much more than when Murray's Grammar, Meditations for the Aged, and Blair's Sermons, were the only books to be found in an elegant drawing-room; but they secure an atmosphere of books by subscribing to a library and taking in a few serials. And it is just this atmosphere that our poor friend in the days we live in would have found it her vocation to help in forming, instead of drearily conning her multiplication table.

Holding firm to her decision in spite of Mr Tempest's prophecies, she accepts a new situation in the country, frankly owning her regret that it *is* the country. "Yes, indeed, I do," she says to her romantic lover; "I am not sufficiently enamoured of the banks of this romantic stream to wish for nothing else. I like the human face divine infinitely better. I daresay you are all amazement—shocked and disgusted. I insist upon it that you believe, notwithstanding, that I have just as much taste for the sublime and beautiful, and just as high a relish for the beauties of nature, as you your very self; and if I were independent, I should be just as sublime a character, and sigh as much after green fields and shady groves and falling floods; but being, as I am, kneaded into the common mass, obliged to conform to the humours and habits and tastes and caprices of everybody that I come near, not suffered even to think my own thoughts, I do confess that I had much rather see a variety of men and women than all the trees and floods and hills in the country."

Here she finds a fairly happy refuge in a valley of Forges, but so far removed from the outer world and its interests that only the vicar and the curate furnish external excitement. But there is a relaxation of that rule of solitude which secludes the governess of society proper. She is received with honour and estimated as a godsend. Within doors, however, the old nurse is the only portrait drawn with any elaborateness. Outside there are all sorts of clerical foibles to analyse: first, the vicar, a good man, but whose vanity and jealousy of his curates is a pretty piece of human nature; then the curates, whom, in the security of pre-engaged affections, she can lift off the pedestals on which the rest of the valley placed them. It is curious to see how the veriest prig can make way, in spite of ridicule, into a position of importance where he is the only man. The letters have so much about this Mr Mann that her correspondent does not quite like it; for this prig can preach, and has his real side; and she is not awed by the sanctimonious horror he shows of anything but hymn-singing, but boldly laughs at him, till she believes he thinks her the veriest heathen that ever was born, and calls her lively; pronouncing *lively* as if it included every sin in the decalogue. And, in the meanwhile, one of the "most pious and excellent girls I ever met with—she scarcely reads anything but her Bible—is falling in love with this gentleman," and is read by our friend's formidable eyes. She uses her penetration, however, after a really friendly fashion.

"I have a very great objection to any one of my own sex falling very seriously in love, so I tried by all means to break the charm. She was not at all aware that I could see into the inner chamber of her heart; and I have been sometimes a little amused at her innocence, when she considered herself so very sly, and sure of her secret being undiscovered. She is naturally silent, and her secret consciousness kept her more so before the object of it; and I saw she thought I had a great advantage in the careless unembarrassed manner in which I could talk to the man. She wondered that Mr and Mrs Brown should propose my having the eldest boy to educate in conjunction with this same curate. 'It was so very odd—it was bringing us so much together—and——' 'And what?' I asked, as she made a pause. 'Do you really, now, think I can be in any danger from *him?* No, no: he may do very well for you young misses who have seen nothing better; but I have been beyond the blue hills yonder, and I do assure you I shall not pull caps for Mr Mann.'"

But illusions are not so easily dispelled; and, to her exasperation, our friend perceives that the gentleman is aware of the feeling he has excited, and takes it easily.

"He has already learned his power, and made her wretched several times, and I cannot for the life of me disturb him. I put all my powers forth the other night to make him believe that he had committed an unpardonable offence, and he went on eating his supper with all the composure in the world, only remarking, 'Well, Miss C., what a fuss you make about *nothing!* I shall settle it all in five minutes *when I have time.* Women have so many pretty fancies,' he said. 'Dear creatures! As if a man had nothing else to do but to dance after them.'"

We gather that in the end such happiness as is compatible with spending a life with Mr Mann is accorded to his fair admirer. The old nurse, who also has her say about curates, is more intelligent in her estimate of the race. This old woman's very relation to her employers is an old-world trait. Our friend finds her past active services, and admitted to the companionship of the family circle; full of the shrewd quaint humour which makes gossip attractive, and indulged in unlimited ill-humour when anything goes amiss.

"I have had no time to write, for in the midst of all our bustle and anxiety nurse was seized with the gout, and the task of nursing her was by common consent turned over to me. The servants had enough to do with the child and their mistress; besides, nurse was so exceedingly cross that nobody liked to go near her. I was alternately praised

and abused. If the pain abated, I was 'the sweetest lady that ever walked, that I should give up my time to wait on *her!* Was there ever such a thing heard of?' A paroxysm of pain would come, and then I suppose I heard the truth. She would rave and storm at me because I could not lift her very large person by myself. 'She should like to know what I was fit for. She would not give a halfpenny for a hundred such. The Lord help the poor man as did light on me!'"

The eloquent Mr Mann is dismissed. His successor is of a different stamp—a sleepy dull fellow. On returning from hearing his first sermon, somebody touched her arm. "It was nurse. 'A humming-bee in a pitcher,' she said, and passed on;" a judgment supplemented on longer experience by another oracular utterance,—"Depend upon it, miss, our parson got him *chep out o' Yorkshire.*" Yet nothing could keep curates under in this favoured region. "You never in your life heard such nonsense as he preaches; and would you believe that the first thing he does when he comes in is to ask us, with evident self-complacency, what we think of his sermon? Mrs Brown is the only person that attempts an answer; and he is not contented with a general one, but he goes on, 'And what did you think of such and such a passage?' 'I assure you, Miss,' he said, turning to me, 'I never preach anybody else's sermons; I always make them all myself.' 'I am sure, sir, I never doubted it,' was the only answer I gave him. Mr Brown turned to the window to laugh. Mrs Brown scolded me after the man was gone for looking contemptuous. She insisted upon it that she was the only one who behaved properly. 'As for you, Mr Brown, who talk so much about civility and kindness, I must say I admire you.' 'Yes, my dear, you always did,' he says, in his usual good-humoured way." Only once have we anything to call self-portraiture in this page of bygone life. Our friend is carried off to the sea for a holiday by the Vicar and his wife. A spiteful religious professor, a widow, is of the party, and extremely resentful of the attention "a person in a dependent situation" could gain by her amusing powers.

"She is a person of at least thirty-five, and then I have the advantage of better society than her birth entitles her to claim. You see at once that she is illiterate and vulgar. Now I have youth on my side, and I love literature, and, if I may believe the judgment of others, I have what the Vicar calls a 'marvellous gift of speech,' so my vanity placed me above supposing that I could annoy Mrs Smith by engrossing the few men that have come in my way. Yesterday at dinner the Vicar announced that he had accidentally met with a Cambridge man, Professor L., and that he would take tea with us. I made some little difference in my dress, which Mrs S. remarked upon. I laughed, and said, 'Yes, I have been ornamenting my person with great care; I intend to smite the Professor at once; I am determined to give him no chance of escape.' As I gave utterance to this nonsense, I was seated in the window, which is very low, mending my glove; and as I lifted up my eyes to see who had knocked, I encountered the gaze of a very handsome, elegant-looking man, with a certain arch expression of countenance which convinced me that he had heard my badinage. In another moment he was introduced to us as the Professor. Very great was my surprise, for I had really expected to see an old man in a great wig. After I had recovered from the little embarrassment which the fear of his having heard my foolish speech occasioned, I joined in the conversation, or rather I was led to join in it by the address of the Professor. . . . But I was hardly aware that he had talked more to me than to the rest till he was gone. He had hardly closed the door before Mrs Smith began. 'Well, ma'am, I hope you are satisfied.' 'By no means,' I said; 'I want the Professor to remain here as long as we do; only think of his going to-morrow.' . . . She sat swelling with rage, and at supper the Vicar asked her why she was so silent. Then she burst forth, 'Oh, sir, let those talk who are so fond of it, and that you are so fond of hearing; I am sure you don't wish to hear anything such a plain person as I have got to say.'"

Our aim in this delineation has

been to show some of the trials inseparable from the position of the clever woman of fifty years ago thrown upon her own resources. Unless a woman had an inexhaustible series of good novels in her head—unless, that is, she had genius of a high order—there was nothing for her but tuition,—a noble calling or the merest drudgery, according to the degree of fitness for the work. No one can read the facile, picturesque style of these familiar letters without perceiving that literature in some branch would have been a more appropriate field for the writer's talents, and also that such a field would have been open to her now. Reading, and readers, and books, and authors, all mean something different from what they once did; they have lost the weight that used to attach to the words. It is vain to regret this. The fact cannot be controverted that there is an immense demand now for a certain class of writers whose business it seems to be to supply reading for persons who did not read at all fifty years ago. People have grown too lazy or too restless to develop in themselves or others the good talk that used to be the world's best refreshment, and they ask from literature a substitute. Our lighter periodical literature is this substitute, and a very appropriate one for female talent. And let no one say that this lighter literature has not a very important part to play, though in humbler field than that literature which is properly an art, though its productions are ephemeral, and the day a short one, and though its writers do not even pretend to any of that infallibility which once was attributed to all printed matter.

We need not say that we do not now allude to the more remarkable efforts of female genius. Our age can boast of not a few works composed by women which are marked by such grasp of thought, subtle depth of observation, and original force and grace of expression, as not only rank them among the highest literature of the day, but must secure them a lasting reputation. But, short of this, wherever there is definiteness of aim, independence of thought, and freshness and accuracy of style — something to say, and the power of saying it attractively—a woman may find in these days employment for her pen. She may take her place and stand her chance among men similarly endowed. Especially does woman's naturally didactic turn find an appropriate field in the modern periodical literature designed for children and the poor, and for that vast mass of uncritical readers who do not range under either of these heads, but who yet require a literature adapted to an immature taste and judgment;—readers to whom well-worn truths in fact and morals are by no means trite or commonplace, who have no taste for the delicacies of criticism, and by whom the leaders of cultivated public opinion are neither appreciated nor understood. And this recognition of an unpretentious form of authorship as woman's work tells indirectly in another way on the position of women, as an influence for the diffusion and advance of female education, counteracting the long-standing family injustice of sacrificing daughters to sons. A boy's talents must be cultivated, because he can make something of them,—a girl marries just as well without any accuracy of knowledge as with; and the possibility of his daughters being dependent is too repugnant to English fathers to be provided against. Ever so modest a cheque from a publisher, or from the editor of a Society's periodical, produces a different impression. If women can receive them, their education may be worth some outlay. As a cheerful family event, coming, as a matter of course, with no publicity or parade, it is a marvellous reconciler to woman's work.

Our readers will understand that no part of our argument applies to

writers of the strong sensational school. Ladies who have earned their laurels in this field commonly derive their knowledge of life from anything but its domestic aspect, or from its play in general society. The clever women we have in view, whether they talk or write, are still mindful of their catechism, and hold by old insular proprieties; as little drawn towards transcendentalism on the one hand, as to French or German sentiment on the other.

In France we gather from Mgr. Dupanloup's plea for the right of women—first, to a liberal education, and then to use their intellect as inclination and genius shall prompt them—that the employment of the pen is discountenanced among Frenchwomen. He boasts of the good done to religion by such writers as Mrs Craven, Eugenie de Guerin, and others; but as to the modern Frenchwoman, he complains that she knows absolutely nothing. She can only talk about dress, fashions, and steeplechases. She knows all the famous actors and horses, and the best milliners and saddlers; but if you attempt to talk to her on the literature of her country, she is struck dumb; she can only entertain frivolous young men. Equally incapable of talking on business, art, politics, agriculture, or the sciences, she can neither converse with her father-in-law, her clergyman, or any man of serious mind; and yet *the first talent of a woman is to be able to converse.* The fatal prejudice which forbids women to do more than *listen* to serious and useful conversation has much to do with this frivolity. The bishop, while appreciating this listening power as the first of the liberal arts, justly adds, If you forbid women to write or to talk about things that interest them, how can they even listen well? How can you suppose that they will have the courage to study, if they may not talk and write about what they know? There is an intrinsic fallacy in the permission to listen flanked with strong prohibitions to make use of what is heard. We can only hope that the *cours* which are being adopted in so many of the leading towns in France, in place of education in *pensions*, which has hitherto been the prevalent system, may produce a change for the better. M. Dupanloup is said to be strongly opposed to them, as removing education out of the hands of the Church; but he has declared himself too strenuously on the results of things as they are to be a very formidable opponent to experiments in a new line.

Our subject has not been education, but how women may use and apply such education and powers as they have; and we are happy to note a relaxation of prejudice on our side of the Channel which remains in full force on the other. Quiet unpretending talent in women does not meet with the snubs here which it has to endure in France. Genius in women who disdain all restraints has made itself felt there even more emphatically than with us. But a body of intelligent women, quietly yet successfully employing their powers for the mutual benefit of their readers and themselves, are doing more for the intellectual advance of women than an erratic woman of genius can do by her most brilliant triumph. It has always been acknowledged that there are women of genius who do great things, but they are regarded as exceptions. The class we mean are not exceptions from the ordinary domestic type of woman, and have no desire or temptation to be. They use their pen with such skill as they have on subjects especially open to feminine treatment, as skilful women of old span gossamer thread, or made exquisite lace or embroidery, or exercised themselves in any other graceful art where delicate fingering, a soft touch, and quick perception found an appropriate field.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

NO. VII.—THE REFORMER.

It is difficult, either from the bare facts of history or from disjointed scenes in it, to arrive at any clear idea of the general state of feeling and thought at any special period. It is only, indeed, within recent days, that modern history has troubled itself with any endeavour to realise the spiritual fashion and wont of the age it painted. So many things happened—so many battles were fought—so many kings reigned,—its audience asked no more. The reigns of the first Georges were occupied with a struggle to establish their dynasty; to set the constitutional government of the country on sure foundations; to settle a great many questions on the Continent, with which England had not very much to do. Such is the record; and a very bare record it is, notwithstanding the depths of individual interest that are contained underneath. But, fortunately, the public mind has nowadays taken to a certain curiosity about how things came about; and there are few subjects which could more call for such a preliminary inquiry than the one on which we are about to enter. Such a figure as John Wesley does not arise in a country without urgent need, or without circumstances that account for most of the angles in it. To consider the apparition by itself, without considering these, is to lose half its significance, as well as to judge unjustly, in all probability, of the chief personage of the narrative—a man not rising vaguely out of society, without any call or necessity, but tragically demanded by a world ready to perish, and born out of the very hopelessness of its need.

The sketches which have preceded this, though attempting no analysis or even description of the period, must have failed altogether of their end if they have not indicated an age singularly devoid not only of religion, but of all spirituality of mind, or reference to things unseen. The noble natural qualities of Queen Caroline, and her high devotion to the view of duty, of which her mind was most capable—the patriotism (such as it was) of Walpole—the amazing paternal love of Chesterfield—are all as independent of any religious motive or meaning as if those princely personages had been as heathen in name as they were in reality. The wonderful wifely support and countenance which Caroline steadfastly gave, in spite of all the repugnance of nature, to her faithless and often contemptible husband, gave at the same time an unseemly countenance to vice. Walpole served his country and the devil together, and laughed at the very idea of goodness. Chesterfield, in devotion to one of the most blessed of natural pieties, did not blush to encourage his young son in shameless wickedness. Pope babbled loudly of the vice for which his weak frame incapacitated him, and held his hereditary faith for honour's sake, without the slightest appearance or pretence of any spiritual attachment to it. They had some pagan virtues amid their perpetual flutter of talk and dissipation: one was a good son, another a good father, a third a most loyal and tender wife; and yet, take them either together or apart, it is clear as daylight that thought of God, or even for religion, was not in them. They were not impious except by moments; but they were godless, earthly, worldly, without consciousness of anything more in heaven or earth than was dreamed of in their philosophy. It was one of the mo-

ments in which the world had fallen out of thought of God. Other ages may have been as wicked, but we doubt whether any age had learned so entirely to forget its connection with higher things, or the fact that a soul which did not die—an immortal being akin to other spheres—was within its clay. The good men were inoperative, the bad men were dauntless; the vast crowd between the two, which forms the bulk of humanity, felt no stimulus towards religion, and drowsed in comfortable content. It was the age when the chaplain married my lady's maid, and ate at the second table, and would even lend a hand to carry my lord to bed at night, after he had dropped under the table, and turn a deaf ear to the blasphemy with which his speech was adorned. It was the age when delicate young women, of the best blood and best manners in the land, talked with a coarseness which editors of the nineteenth century can represent only by asterisks; and in which the most polished and dainty verse, Pope's most melodious, correctest couplets, were interspersed with lines which would damn for ever and ever any modern poetaster. Personal satire, poor instrument of vengeance which stings without wounding, had such sway as it has never had before in England; but that sense of public honour which prevents open outrage upon decency was not in existence. The public liked the wicked story, and liked the scourge that came after; and laughed, not in its sleeve, but loudly, at blasphemy and indecency and profanity. Even the sentiment of cleanness, purity, and honour, was lost to the generation. Its soul was good for nothing but to point an oath. The name of God was still used in public documents as giving victories and confounding enemies, and suchlike; and in private very freely, as the most round syllable to clinch the perpetual curse; but was of no more spiritual significance than the name of George or James, and not half so much external weight. Such was the age: a period of confused fighting, here for Maria Theresa, there for Charles XII., again for the fallen, ever-falling Stuarts; with no principle in the strife, and little good coming out of it to any man or kingdom, except perhaps in the end the Prussian; and, so far as England was concerned, a gradual weaning of the popular mind from any belief or hope in excellence, or power of contrasting the good with the evil. So long as Excise-bills were held aloof, and tranquillity preserved, what did it matter whether light or darkness was uppermost? or, indeed, was not darkness the rule, and light, if not painful, at least indifferent, to the eye, —not a matter to make any fuss about? One of the most hopeless unexalted ages that ever benumbed the faculties of man.

"I have observed the clergy in all the places through which I have travelled," says Bishop Burnet in 1713, not a hard or difficult judge, —"Papists, Lutherans, Calvinists, and Dissenters; but of them all, our clergy is much the most remiss in their labours in private, and the least severe in their lives." "A due regard to religious persons, places, and things has scarce in any age been more wanting," says Atterbury in 1711. Twenty years later, the famous Nonconformist Calamy laments the "real decay of serious religion both in the Church and out of it." To this country and time, lying in ignorance, in that sneering and insolent profanity which is, of all others, the most hateful condition into which humanity can fall, John Wesley was born—and not a day too soon.

The Reformer, whose influence upon his generation was so extraordinary, is not one of those who concentrate the spectator's attention upon themselves, or move him to passionate sympathy, admira-

tion, and love, blotting out, to some extent, the meaner earth. His progress through life is rather that of a moving light which throws gleams upon the darkling mass around it. His very cradle illuminates a quaint family picture, opening up to us one of the still-pious households which broke with their quaint religiousness and formal order the level of reckless living. His father was vicar of Epworth in Lincolnshire, a good man, of Nonconformist lineage, but a zealous Churchman; his mother, the daughter of one of the ejected ministers. Mr Samuel Wesley had been driven out of the Dissenting body by the fierce sectarianism of the community; his wife, with more remarkable individuality, "had examined the controversy between the Dissenters and the Church of England with conscientious diligence, and satisfied herself that the schismatics were in the wrong." Such a pair at the head of a large family in the little parsonage among the fens developed various quaint features of religious opinionativeness which have worn out of fashion in our day. The husband had gained his benefice by a little book about the Revolution, which he dedicated to Queen Mary. Years after, it struck the good man that at prayers his wife did not say amen to his petition for Dutch William; and he found, on inquiry, that to her the King of the Revolution was still Prince of Orange, an unnatural usurper. She had said nothing about her dissent from his opinions on this subject, being impressed, as Southey says, by a deep sense of "the duty and wisdom of obedience." But in this case, as in most others, it is evident that the husband did not see the beauty of that much commended but highly unpleasant duty. He went off in a pet, as husbands when "obeyed" are too apt to do, and vowed never to see or communicate with the schismatic again till she had changed her mind. This humorous incident is not, however, turned into a moral lesson by any change of mind on the part of Mrs Susannah. The king died, which answered the purpose just as well, and the husband came back, somewhat sheepishly one cannot but think, leaving the victory in her hands. Another controversy of a less amusing character which arose between them shows that the duty of obedience, after all, was not the first in Mrs Wesley's mind. Her husband, evidently a self-willed and hot-headed man, though a good and true one, was in the habit of attending the sittings of Convocation, "at an expense of money which he could ill spare from the necessities of so large a family, and at a cost of time which was injurious to his parish." There was no afternoon service at the church at Epworth during his absences; and, with a curious foreshadowing of what was to come, the clergyman's wife took in hand a little domestic service on the Sunday evenings, praying and reading with her children and servants as a mother and mistress may. But by degrees a few neighbours dropped in, and Mrs Wesley did not think it proper "that their presence should interrupt the duty of the hour." The thing grew, so that at length thirty or forty people would be present at the domestic worship. Mr Wesley, busy with his Convocation squabbles, heard and took fright at this unusual proceeding. It does not seem to have moved him to the length of coming back and looking after his own business; but he made haste to write to her that her conduct "looked particular"—that, as the wife of a public person, it behoved her to exercise discretion—and that she ought to employ some one else to read for her. To this she answered at length, in a letter which most singularly anticipates many of the views afterwards proclaimed by her son:—

"As I am a woman," writes Mrs Wesley, "so I am also mistress of a

large family; and though the superior charge of the souls contained in it lies upon you, yet in your absence I cannot but look upon every soul you leave under my care as a talent committed to me under a trust by the great Lord of all the families both of heaven and earth. . . . As these and other suchlike thoughts made me at first take a more than ordinary care of the souls of my children and servants, so, knowing our religion required a strict observation of the Lord's day, and not thinking that we fully answered the end of the institution by going to church unless we filled up the intermediate spaces of time by other acts of piety and devotion, I thought it my duty to spend some part of the day in reading to and instructing my family. And such time I esteemed spent in a way more acceptable to God than if I had retired to my own private devotions. This was the beginning of my present practice: other people's coming in and joining with us was merely accidental. Our lad told his parents: they first desired to be admitted;—then others that heard of it begged leave also. So our company increased to about thirty; and it seldom exceeded forty last winter.

"But soon after you went to London last, I light on the account of the Danish missionaries. I was, I think, never more affected with anything. I could not forbear spending good part of that evening in praising and adoring the divine goodness for inspiring them with such ardent zeal for His glory. At last it came into my mind, though I am not a man nor a minister yet, I might do something more than I do. I thought I might pray more for them, and might speak to those with whom I converse with more warmth of affection. I resolved to begin with my own children, in which I observe the following method: I take such a proportion of time as I can spare each night to discourse with each child apart. On Monday I talk with Molly, on Tuesday with Hetty, Wednesday with Henry, Thursday with Jacky, Friday with Patty, Saturday with Charles, and with Emily and Sukey together on Sunday.

"With those few neighbours that then came to me I discoursed more freely and affectionately. I chose the best and most awakening sermons we have. And I spent somewhat more time with them in such exercises without being careful about the success of my undertaking. Since this our company increased every night; for I dare deny none that ask admittance. Last Sunday I believe we had above two hundred; and yet many went away for want of room to stand. . . .

"I cannot conceive why any should reflect on you because your wife endeavours to draw people to church, and to restrain them from profaning the Lord's day by reading to them, and other persuasions. For my part, I value no censure on this account. I have long since shook hands with the world; and I heartily wish I had never given them more occasion to speak against me. As to its looking particular, I grant it does. And so does almost everything that is serious, or that may any way advance the glory of God or the salvation of souls.

"As for your proposal of letting some other person read, alas! you don't consider what a people these are. I don't think one man among them could read a sermon without spelling a good part of it. Nor has any of our family a voice strong enough to be heard by such a number of people.

"But there is one thing about which I am much dissatisfied—that is, their being present at family prayers. I don't speak of any concern I am under barely because so many are present. For those who have the honour of speaking to the great and holy God need not be ashamed to speak before the whole world; but because of my sex I doubt if it is proper for me to present the prayers of the people to God. Last Sunday I would fain have dismissed them before prayers; but they begged so earnestly to stay I durst not deny them."

This letter throws a strange light upon the rude little village community, of which there was scarcely one who could read without spelling, and on the first throb of spiritual and intellectual life which thrilled, through means of an "awakening" sermon, into the dull and nameless mass. The brave, pious, warm-hearted woman, with her troop of little children about her knees—her husband wandering about, evidently for considerable periods, or such a story would be incomprehensible—her mind strong enough to pass conventional boundaries, but not too strong for religious scruples about her sex—makes a very quaint and at the same time a very attractive picture. Jacky, whom his

mother took apart on Thursday, was John Wesley, the prophet of his age; and there is little to wonder at in his future life when we trace it to such a beginning. Mrs Wesley, however, had not come to an end of the matter by this letter. The curate, enraged by such an invasion of his province, wrote complaining that a conventicle was held in the parsonage; and the absent husband replied, again in alarm, forbidding the meetings. Then Mrs Wesley availed herself of that weapon which law and virtue had put into her hand—she offered to *obey*. "Do not tell me that you *desire* me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience," she says, "but send me your *positive command*." "Wesley made no further objections," says Southey, who does not see any humour in it. He was "perhaps ashamed," the poet thinks. It is curious enough, considering how much we make in theory of the notion of conjugal obedience, that there is no such prompt mode of driving a husband wild as a meek proposal on his wife's part to obey him. When it comes to that fatal point the well-conditioned male creature has nothing left but to give in. So little has the prettiest theory to do with the actual necessities of life.

We are tempted to quote from another letter of this remarkable woman, concerning the mode in which Jacky and the rest were brought up. After the most detailed laws (evidently unalterable as Holy Writ) of their management from the cradle upwards in respect to external habits, she goes on to the discipline of the mind:—

"In order" (says Mrs Wesley) "to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must, with children, proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting the will is a thing which must be done at once, and the sooner the better. When the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of its parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertencies may be passed by. Some should be overlooked and taken no notice of, and others mildly reproved; but no wilful transgression ought ever to be forgiven children without chastisement, more or less, as the nature and circumstance of the offence require. . . . They were quickly made to understand they might have nothing they cried for, and instructed to speak handsomely for what they wanted; . . . nor were they ever permitted to *call each other by their proper names without the addition of brother or sister*. None of them were taught to read till five years old except Kezzy, in whose case I was overruled, and she was more years learning than any of the rest had been months. The way of teaching was this. The day before a child began to learn, the house was set in order, every one's work appointed them, and a charge given that none should come into the room from nine to twelve, or from two to five, which you know were our school-hours. One day was allowed the child wherein to learn its letters, and each of them did in that time learn all its letters, great and small, except Molly and Nancy, who were a day and a half before they knew them perfectly, for which I then thought them very dull; but since I have observed how long many children are learning the hornbook I have changed my opinion. . . . There were several by-laws observed among us. I mention them here, because I think them useful. 1. It had been observed that cowardice and fear of punishment often leads children into lying, till they get a custom of it which they cannot leave. To prevent this, a law was made that whoever was charged with a fault of which they were guilty, if they would ingenuously confess it and promise to amend, should not be beaten. This rule prevented a great deal of lying, and would have done more if one in the family would have observed it. But he could not be prevailed upon, and therefore was often imposed on. . . . 3. That no child should ever be chid or beaten twice for the same fault, and that if they amended they should never be upbraided with it afterwards. 4. That every signal act of obedience, especially when it crossed upon their own inclinations, should be always commended and frequently rewarded according to the merits of the cause. 5. That if ever any child performed an act of obedience, or

did anything with an intention to please, though the performance was not well, yet the obedience and intention should be kindly accepted. 6. That property be inviolably preserved, and none suffered to invade the property of another in the smallest matter, though it were but of the value of a farthing or a pin. . . . This rule can never be too much inculcated on the minds of children, and from the want of parents or governesses doing it as they ought proceeds that shameful neglect of justice which we may observe in the world. . . . 8. That no girl be taught to work till she can read very well. . . . This rule also is much to be observed; for the putting children to learn sewing before they can read perfectly is the very reason why so few women can read fit to be heard, and never to be well understood."

The reader will feel that he is gazing into an almost Dutch interior as he reads this code of domestic law. The solemnity of it, the minuteness, the sense of importance as of a great ruler, the softly disapproving regretful memory of Kezzy's mangled education in which the lawgiver was overruled; and of the more momentous regulation which "one of the family" could not be made to observe, strikes with a tender humour into the tale. Clear enough, "he" who "could not be prevailed upon" to carry out this perfect system was something of a thorn in Mrs Wesley's flesh. She had to bear with him by times, as well as to respect and honour him. Strange things happened at Epworth to derange, had that been possible, the minute method of the family. Wicked parishioners whom Mr Wesley admonished of their sins, behaved themselves with a violence characteristic of the age. Twice they tried to set his house on fire, and at last, on a third attempt, did so, burning out the too zealous parson, and all but sacrificing Jacky, then six years old, in the flames. But these external troubles were not all. Some tricksy spirit got possession of the house, uttering dismal groans, rumbling up and down stairs, sometimes with the step of a man, sometimes with heavier inarticulate sounds. Knocks were heard about the beds, and in various parts of the house, which nobody, alas! was then skilled to interpret. There were sounds of dancing in empty rooms, of bottles breaking, and a hundred other diabolical-ridiculous noises. The family at first were full of alarm, thinking the sounds were warnings of some approaching calamity, the parents characteristically apprehending danger to their eldest son. "If thou art the spirit of my son Sammy," said the perturbed father, "I pray, knock three knocks and no more;" but to the great relief of the household no answer was made to this appeal. In time, however, the devil ceased to alarm the cheerful house. The young people became used to him, and adventured little jokes on his character and propensities. The sisters gave each a different account to the absent Sammy as soon as he was ascertained to be safe and sound. Emily is indignant that her father should have imagined it "to be some of us young women that sat up late and made a noise. His incredulity, and especially his imputing it to us, or our lovers, made me, I own, desirous of its continuance till he was convinced," adds the candid girl. "I believe it to be witchcraft," she says, a little after. "About a year since there was a disturbance at a town near us, that was undoubtedly witches; and if so near, why may they not reach us? . . . I do so really believe it to be one (*i.e.*, a witch), that I would venture to fire a pistol at it." Sister Sukey, for her part, gets tired of the noisy visitor, whom the girls had nicknamed Jeffrey, their very fright evidently being unable to conquer fun. "Send me some news, for we are secluded from the sight or hearing of any versal thing, except Jeffrey," writes Susannah, although she has just described a new incident, how, "to my father's no small amazement, his trencher danced on the table a pretty while without anybody stir-

ring the table, when lo! an adventurous wretch took it up and spoiled the sport, for it remained still ever after." The whole story is recorded with a mingled seriousness and humour and perfect belief, which is very quaint and amusing. Mr Wesley loses his temper and calls the devil names, threatening it with a pistol on one occasion. Samuel at a distance gravely writes to ask, "Have you dug in the place where the money seemed poured at your feet?" although even he yields to a sense of humour when he is told that the fiend objects to the prayers for the King. "Were I the King myself, I should rather Old Nick was my enemy than my friend," he says. Southey, who gives full details of these marvellous occurrences without the least attempt (which indeed would have been folly) to assail the veracity of the united family, has no words strong enough at an after period to condemn Wesley's belief in the extraordinary effects which were produced by his preaching—the bodily agonies, cries, and convulsions, which, however little we may understand them, are phenomena too well established to be set aside as mere delusion. It does not seem to occur to him that the boy who had been familiar with "Jeffrey," and whose relations, all in full possession of a degree of intelligence and cultivation remarkable in their sphere, fully believed these pranks to be played by witches or spirits, was of all others least likely to forestall his age, and reject the idea of supernatural interference in the most important affairs of men.

It was from this kindly, cheerful, methodical, pious house, full of quaint formality and fixed rule, but yet not without the pleasant freedom of a large family, that the Reformer came. His life, as has been mentioned, was saved almost miraculously when the house was burned. He was educated at Charter-House under the distant inspection, it would appear, of his brother Samuel, then usher at Westminster, with whom was Charles, the youngest son of the house. "Jack is with me, and a brave boy, learning Hebrew as fast as he can," says the elder brother at some moment of holiday. The big Carthusian boys stole their meat from the little ones in that age, and Jack, for a great part of his school-time, lived on bread only, training himself, perhaps, by such means to some of the asceticisms of his after life. In the year 1720, when he was seventeen, he went to Christ Church, Oxford. Nothing can be more graceful or pleasant than the slight sketch which Southey gives of his early life at the university. There is a grace of natural piety in the young man's thoughtfulness, in his hesitations on the verge of life, in his constant recourse to father and mother for guidance, which is more pleasant to dwell upon than the passion of religious earnestness which soon swallowed up his life. When the time came at which it was necessary to decide upon his future career, he paused with natural reverence before the thought of taking orders, feeling the gravity of the decision. His father, with singular good sense, understood and appreciated his difficulties, and encouraged him to wait and work before taking any decisive step. His mother, on the other hand, with the practical sense which belongs to such women, thought the stimulus of a decided vocation would be of use to her boy. "Resolve to make religion the business of your life," she writes. "I heartily wish you would now enter upon a strict examination of yourself, that you may know whether you have a reasonable hope of salvation by Jesus Christ. If you have the satisfaction of knowing, it will abundantly reward your pains; if you have not, you will find a more reasonable occasion for tears than can be met with in any tragedy." Nor was it only on such important matters that he turned homeward for

advice. There is indeed in his life, as in that of most emphatically religious men, a certain want of perspective, if we may use the word—an absence of the ordinary variety of level which marks the more or less momentous incidents of life. His difficulties about Thomas A'Kempis seem to bulk as large in his mind as those about his ordination; and on the smaller difficulty as well as the greater he receives home counsel, once more varied according to the characteristic peculiarities of father and mother. He could not agree with A'Kempis, the young man lamented; he could not feel that mirth and pleasure were useless or sinful, as does the author of the 'Imitatione.' Mrs Wesley agrees with him in her reply, summing up her argument with a maxim which is both pious and wise, "Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure," she says, "take this rule: whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things—in short, whatever increases the strength or authority of the body over the mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself." The father, on the other hand, now growing old, takes a less cheerful view; he reminds his boy that "mortification is an indispensable Christian duty," and that a young man must be made to remember "that for all these things God will bring him into judgment." The book had been his own "great and old companion," and it was full of "heroic strains of humility, piety, and devotion." But he concludes by referring Jack to his mother, who "had leisure to boult the matter to the bran."

Such leisure was now wanting to her husband. "Time has shaken me by the hand, and Death is but a little way behind him," he says. "My eyes and heart are now almost all I have left, and I bless God for them." His advice in this last stage of his life is full of a softened tenderness. "If you love yourself or me, pray heartily," he says; and at a later period, when his son gained his fellowship, the old man's voice sounds pathetic in its exultation: "What will be my own fate before the summer be over, God knows; *sed passi graviora*—wherever I am my Jack is fellow of Lincoln." The two thus standing at either side of the new life, watching with equal tenderness, throwing in words of experience and love, and often of practical wisdom, to keep that young existence in the straight way, gives by far the most beautiful human aspect which it ever wears to Wesley's history. Their influence is so equal, yet so characteristically different in expression, so sensible, so full of that minute and detailed consideration of his feelings and thoughts which perhaps only the love of father and mother can give, that the heart of the spectator is moved, as it has but too little occasion to be in the after record. The father comforts his son about the Athanasian creed by a fine distinction which savours of the schools—the favourite distinction of the Church of Rome—between "wilful" and "involuntary" heresy; while the mother softly discourages too deep a consideration of those articles of the Church which support the doctrine of predestination, assuring him that "such studies tend more to confound than to inform the understanding." When the young man's religious convictions impel him to a severer life than usual, his father tells him it is callow virtue that cannot bear to be laughed at; while the mother, half indignant at even so mild a stigma on her son's fortitude, adds, "If it be a weak virtue that cannot bear being laughed at, I am sure it is a strong and well-confirmed virtue that can stand the test of a brisk buffoonery;" and counsels her boy, whom she at least cannot

bear to have ridiculed, "to shun the company of profane wits." Such is the mingled influence which colours the current of the young man's life. Happy the youth who has such counsellors, and understands his good fortune in having them! The only thing that casts a shadow on the picture is the extraordinary fact that Wesley, their son, lived to believe that this wise, tender, and most Christian pair were unenlightened, *unconverted* sinners at the very time when they were thus guiding his feet into every good and perfect way.

It was Jeremy Taylor, the most human and kindly of ascetics, who finally moved the wavering youthful soul into that entire self-consecration which decided his life. The 'Holy Living and Dying' worked upon him like a revelation. "Instantly I resolved to dedicate *all* my life to God," Wesley himself says, "being thoroughly convinced there was no medium; but that every part of my life (not *some* only) must either be a sacrifice to God or myself—that is, in effect, to the devil." This decision immediately made itself visible in his outward habits. Before his ordination in 1725, he had formed for himself a system of life in which many features of extreme High-Churchmanship are woven in with much of that minute self-inquiry and study of words and feelings which we have since learned to identify chiefly with the other extreme of religious opinion in England. He communicated every week; he withdrew from all society which was not distinctly religious, and plunged into all those anxious attempts at perfection which so often turn the eye inward instead of upward, and lose life itself, and such gleams of heaven as are possible on earth, for the hope of a fuller entry into blessedness hereafter. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, for a young man to take this step without acquiring more or less that appearance of conscious spiritual superiority which it is so hard to get rid of and so fatal to possess. "When it pleased God to give me a settled resolution to be, not a nominal but a real Christian (being then about twenty-two years of age)," he says, "my acquaintance were as ignorant of God as myself. But there was this difference: I knew my ignorance; they did not know theirs." His first step in active life was that of serving the little curacy of Wroote, which his father held in conjunction with Epworth, but which his age and weakness prevented him from himself attending to. Here he seems to have spent a year or two in profitable obscurity, receiving priest's orders, and completing his preparation for the stormy existence on the verge of which he stood. No doubt, while thus brought face to face with rural godlessness, and making practical acquaintance with the deep-rooted profanity of the time, Wesley found out how incapable was the comfortable piety in which he had been brought up of rousing and re-creating the immense dull hopeless mass of unbelief and wickedness. There seems little record of this time of retirement; but it could not be other than a turning-point in his life. That longing for seclusion which belongs to the phase of religious development he had now reached, had come upon him. Had he been a Roman Catholic, no doubt he would have betaken himself to some hermit's cave to consider all the momentous questions with which his brain was teeming. Before going to Wroote, indeed, he had entertained hopes of being appointed to a school in one of the Yorkshire dales, which was described to him as a retreat from the world, with "little company to be expected from without, and none within." The idea of retirement pleased his fancy so much that he breaks into verse when writing of it, and anticipates his own satisfaction in giving voice to the inarticulate harmonies of nature.

"These praise their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man,"

he says, with a certain youthful *élan* towards the novel existence; but has to content himself instead with the muddy ways and heavy souls of Wroote, and to fight his battle as he can, in the fervours and disgusts of youth, among the Lincolnshire boors, with whom he had been familiar all his life. On one occasion, it is recorded, he "travelled many miles" to see a "serious" person in the barren and careless countryside. "Sir," said this man to the young priest, "you wish to serve God and go to heaven. Remember you cannot serve him alone; you must therefore *find* companions or *make* them: the Bible knows nothing of solitary religion." These were pregnant words, and must have thrown a new light upon the world which had begun to struggle out of chaos in the young man's perceptions. There is no more talk of retirement or seclusion in his maturing life.

But it is curious enough to find that the first step towards making those companions, to whose society Wesley had thus been directed, was taken by his younger brother Charles, then an undergraduate at Christ Church, who had himself been awakened into deep religious earnestness, and had obeyed the promptings of his warmer social nature by drawing together a few fellow-students in the same circumstances as himself. These young men, moved by the first thrill of that tide of feeling which was soon to sweep all over England, had the courage to separate themselves from the mass of young bucks and bloods, the roystering "men" of their day, and to form themselves into an almost monastic brotherhood, to the amazement of the University. Times have changed wonderfully since then: we are not unaccustomed now to the severe youthful virtue of the tender Ritualist, or to that curious pagan pietism which distinguishes the sect of young philosophers; but even at the present time such a brotherhood could scarcely originate without some ridicule from the surrounding crowd. It was the object of ceaseless darts of wit and a storm of merrymaking in that irreligious age. "They were called in derision the Sacramentarians, Bible-bigots, Bible-moths, the Holy or the Godly Club." One of their critics, less virulent than the rest, applied to them an old name fallen into disuse, which, indeed, is far from describing the character of unregulated enthusiasm and emotional excess which was then and after attributed to the young Pietists. This name was that of Methodists—a title lightly given, with little perception of the importance it was to assume. To take it according to its etymology, it might as well have been applied to the followers of Benedict or Francis as to those of John Wesley; and, in fact, this movement, of which no one foresaw the importance, was at its beginning much more like the foundation of a monastic order than anything else. Had Wesley (we repeat) been a Roman Catholic, from his hermitage he would have come forth like Benedict to the formation of a great community. His country, his race, and birth were, however, too many for him. There are few notable lives in which one can trace so clearly the modifying influence of circumstances. A body more opposed to Rome could scarcely be than the religious society which acknowledges Wesley as its founder, and yet no society could be more evidently established on the very principles of Rome. When the young Reformer returned to Oxford to his university duties in 1728, he was received at once as the spiritual director of the little brotherhood, an office hitherto unknown among Protestants. Under his guidance the brethren fasted and prayed and devoted themselves to alms and charity; "they regularly visited the prisoners and the sick; communicated once a-week;

and fasted on Wednesdays and Fridays, the stationary days of the ancient Church, which were thus set apart because on these days our Saviour had been betrayed and crucified. They also drew up a scheme of self-examination, to assist themselves, by means of prayer and meditation, in attaining simplicity and the love of God." Their principle was to "live by rule, and to pick up the very fragments of time that not a moment might be lost." The Scheme of Self-Examination, which unfortunately we have not room to quote, was divided into two tables like the Decalogue itself—a searching self-inquisition into every passing thought and movement of both mind and body. Its rules are almost identical with those of the mystic codes of monastic piety, as indeed they are with the expression of all intense religious feeling, when driven, if we may say so, to a desperate stand against the world. It is impossible to doubt that the mind must be injured, and its grace and spontaneity destroyed, by such perpetual and minute self-inspection; but it must always be remembered that such rules originate in times of desperation, when the standard which has to be set up before the enemy must be painted in the boldest colours, and when human nature cannot refuse itself a certain exaggeration. Moderation and good sense are well in their way, and so is the natural involuntary grace of those sweet souls who sometimes seem from their cradles to share the tenderness and indulgence as well as the purity of their Divine Master. But such are not the fiery captains, the forlorn hope, of Christianity; and at this moment John Wesley's little band of young, extravagant, ascetic knights-errant was England's forlorn hope.

Not without certain picturesque circumstances, such as attend intense bravery and resolution at all times, did the brotherhood pursue its course. On the Sundays an eager-eyed boy, homeliest of poor students, a servitor of Pembroke, by name George Whitfield, hereafter to be one of their leaders, watched them wistfully as they made their way through the jeers of the crowd to St Mary's, to receive the communion, longing, poor lad, to follow, and not disinclined at the same moment to bestow a stray buffet on the foul mouths that laughed at the young saints. They were hailed by many an anxious prisoner as the only Christian faces that ever looked in pitifully upon the reeking squalor of an eighteenth-century gaol. The sick and the poor watched for them as they passed. They taught themselves in a nerveless age the disused art of walking, to save money for their pensioners; and went without powder, with long locks hanging on their young shoulders, with a delightful boyish folly, to have a few pence the more for the same blessed purpose. The father-confessor was but twenty-five, and still turned his face towards his home for continual counsel in his spiritual difficulties. It is with a smile and a tear that the spectator looks upon the lads in their excess of zeal. Why should it be less beautiful than other youthful enthusiasms because it was for the cause of all others most important? At such a white heat of devotion, no man, perhaps not even a monk, could remain and live. But while it lasts the young dream is sublime. To "recover the image of God"—that was their object; and to communicate the desire for this recovery and the means of attaining it to all the world. If there was something to pardon, certain it is that we forgive many extravagances for objects much less divine.

The first intention of these young ascetics was to pursue their legitimate studies steadily, while adding to them this strange new practice of piety; but in the heat of their self-communings new ques-

tions arose. They began to doubt whether carnal learning was a lawful pursuit, or whether they were justified in thus employing time on which there were more urgent calls. With a new anxiety in his mind, Wesley writes to his mother on this subject. He proposes the question to all who can understand it. He says—

"And why not to you rather than any? Shall I quite break off my pursuit of all learning but what immediately tends to practice? I once desired to make a fair show in languages and philosophy, but it is past. There is a more excellent way; and if I cannot attain to any progress in the one, without throwing up all thoughts of the other, why, fare it well! . . . I am to renounce the world, to draw off my affections from the world, and fix them on a better; but how? What is the surest and the shortest way? . . . In many things you have interceded for me and prevailed; who knows but in this too you may be successful? If you can spare me only that little part of Thursday evening which you formerly bestowed upon me in another manner, I doubt not but it would be as useful now for correcting my heart as it was then for forming my judgment."

The answer to this appeal does not seem to have been preserved; but as the fervour of mysticism grew, the old father, though full of pride and joy in the devotion of his son, interposes a warning note in the midst of his satisfaction. "Be not highminded," he says; "preserve an equal temper of mind under whatever treatment you meet with from a not very just or well-natured world. Bear no more sail than is necessary, but steer steady." Nothing could be more needful than this advice; but it was given at a time when the mind of the young man was inaccessible to any counsel but that which chimed in with his own desires. For a time he goes on in his perilous career, not with less but more sail, concentrating himself within the narrow limits he had chalked out. One of his little band before long, worn by voluntary privation, sickened unto death, and Wesley himself seemed in a fair way to follow. Constant fasting, not even diversified by generous fare on a festival; constant work, perpetual self-communion, scruples about this duty or that, watching, exhortation, the constant intense strain of body and mind—brought his vitality down to the lowest level. His mind, absorbed with the awful but narrow anxiety to secure personal salvation at any cost, his body worn and strained to its utmost, his soul full of a perpetual feverish excitement, it soon became apparent to his friends that a crisis was approaching. The movement in its first shape had gone as far as mortal powers would permit. His little brotherhood began to fail him, having come to the limit of their strength. One became afraid of the ever-growing singularity (a poor-spirited disciple this) of the position; one had been seduced into philosophy, and lost his reverence for the authority over him; "one had been converted from fasting by fever and a physician." Instead of seven-and-twenty devout and hollow-eyed brethren, the young ascetic found but five on his return after a short absence. The bitterness of this mortification but intensified his personal zeal. He clung with desperation to the post he held after it had ceased to be tenable. "For friends, they were either trifling or serious; if triflers, fare them well, a noble escape; if serious, those who are more serious are left," he says, evidently with the pang of disappointment in his heart. The brotherhood had broken down, but its head held the faster to his lost standing-ground. The mortification of a forsaken leader is in the tenacity with which he rejects all overtures to wholesome work elsewhere. His father, from his deathbed, pleads with him to take the living of Epworth, and carry out the work to which he himself had devoted forty years of his life. He asks pathetically

whether his son can look on with indifference, and see his long labour lost, the fences of God's vineyard broken down, and "a mighty Nimrod," a certain Mr M., brought in to complete the havoc; whether he can despise "the dear love and longing" of the people, the comfort of his mother, a hundred tender reasons. He might as well have prayed a beaten and embittered general to take the peaceful plough in hand, instead of trying another wild campaign to redeem his fortune. With a certain acerbity, from the seclusion of his college, Wesley replies to these affectionate entreaties. With curious spiritual egotism, which is evidently a cover for wounded feeling, he declares that his own salvation would be impossible at Epworth; that he could not stand his ground there for a month against intemperance in sleeping, eating, and drinking; and adds, with growing heat, that the company of ordinary good men would be fatal to him. "They undermine insensibly all my resolutions, and quite steal from me the little fervour I have. I never come from among those saints of the world (as John Valdesso calls them) faint, dissipated, and shorn of all my strength, but I say, God deliver me from a half Christian!" he cries, with a shrill of sharp and bitter feeling in his voice. The self-pity and the self-assertion of a wounded spirit are alike strong in these words. He will listen to no reasons, however cogent—he will save himself, though no man cares to be saved with him—he will hug contempt to his bosom, since he is born to be contemned—he will cling to Oxford though Oxford does not want him. As for the love of the people at Epworth, he cries, with the same perverse ingenuity of a mind set on edge, "How long will it last? Only till I come and tell them plainly that their deeds are evil, and to make a particular application of that general sentence, to say to each, *Thou art the man.*" Thus he resists with a kind of desperation the attempt to draw him into sober work, and the responsibilities of a social position. Whether any touch of more human selfishness lay below—whether he was reluctant to take upon himself the care of his mother and sisters, which was one of the inducements urged upon him to accept the cure of Epworth—the story says nothing. The tone of injury which runs through his self-defence might have been natural enough in the case of a young man asked to sacrifice his own affections in order to keep up the family home. But there is no whisper of disappointed love in the record. He fights against the fate he disliked with an acrid energy, probably drawn only from the disturbed state of his own mind, from the darkening of the sky over him, the desertion of his disciples, the sickening doubt in his own spirit as to what this course of mysticism could come to; and so, fiercely, throws away the calm domestic life, the moderate rural work, the comfort and quiet thus pressed upon him—giving bitter selfish reasons, half-consciously sophistical, not knowing what he is doing, following out unawares the thread of a destiny unforeseen.

Why Wesley should, not more than a year after this decision, have accepted the office of missionary to Georgia, it is very difficult to perceive. He resisted, we are told; but his resistance must have been feeble in comparison with the stand he made against his father. Perhaps the death of the old man, which had taken place in the mean time, had tuned him to a softer key; perhaps his wound had healed with time, and his self-will become less obstinate; or perhaps the romance of a mission to savages moved the excited soul, which felt itself unable to contend with the ordinary matters of life. It is comprehensible that such a man, absorbed in the ebbs and tides of his own

spiritual feeling, should have had no eye for the supreme difficulty of a missionary's work, or his own utter want of adaptation to such a mission. He thought he "would have the advantage of preaching to a people not yet beguiled by philosophy and vain deceit." "Our end," he says, "in leaving our native country was not to avoid want (God having given us plenty of temporal blessings), nor to gain the dung and dross of riches and honour, but simply this—to save our souls; to live wholly to the glory of God." Thus curiously does the apostle go forth putting the selfish motive first, by an amazing inadvertence of words, in which most modern apostles, but neither Peter nor Paul, join him. To save his soul!—not out of love to God or love to man—a strange example of the way in which good people insist on putting forward the meaner motive—not in their hearts, whatever they may say, but in their words.

This mission lasted a little more than two years, and it cannot be called in the smallest degree a successful one. So far as preaching to the Indians was concerned, Wesley never attempted it, for he did not even begin to learn their language. He became chaplain to the colonists, a very different office, and made his appearance among them in some such fashion as a flaming Ritualist of the present day might make his entry into an Evangelical parish. His austerities and High-Churchmanship seem to have done more to puzzle the not very fastidious society of the new colony than his devotion did to enlighten them. He insisted on immersing the baby Georgians who were brought to him for baptism. He refused to bury the dead who had not been baptised in the Church of England, and shut out from the communion-table the devoutest Christian who could not stand this test. With that curious want of discrimination which distinguished him, he mixed up paltry matters of detail with great Christian principles, preaching sermons one day against depravity and drunkenness, the next against the pretty dresses with which the colonial ladies came to church on Sunday. At first the novelty of such plain-speaking seems to have impressed his hearers. In the latter particular, for example, after he had "expounded the Scriptures which relate to dress, and pressed them freely on my audience in a plain and close application," the effect was such that "all the time that I afterwards ministered at Savannah I saw neither gold in the church nor costly apparel, but the congregation in general was almost constantly clothed in plain clean linen or woollen." At another time he had public prayers at church while a dance was going on, and emptied the ball-room. Such duels between the Church and the world, though sometimes momentarily successful, are neither discreet nor dignified, and Wesley went from step to step until he had alienated and disgusted the greater part of his flock. He preached *at* his parishioners, or so at least they thought, "making his sermons so many satires upon particular persons." He interfered in family quarrels and the broils of social life. He induced the Governor to make paltry and harassing laws touching Sabbath observance, and then vexed his soul with complaints against transgessors of them. Such are the sins alleged against him, and they are not at all out of keeping with his character on the one hand, and quite sufficient to account for his loss of reputation in the colony on the other. His brother Charles, who had accompanied him, had even a worse fate. Running a-tilt against everybody's prejudices, making mountains out of molehills, and with no toleration for the inevitable shortcomings of a newly-formed society, the two brothers armed everybody's hand against them. It was their first encounter with the practical difficulties of life,

and a more entire failure could not be conceived. They had come from their classic seclusion full of the conscious importance and solemnity of apostles, just heightened by that ineffable greatness which hedges in a college Don. And the colonists, blind wretches, did not see it, but treated the young priests like any other clergymen, growing impatient under their censures and angry with their interference. It must have been at once a surprise and a disappointment to the young Reformer. Instead of planting the faith among the Indians, and stirring the colonists into an austere life of prayer and fasting, he left the American shores, all but driven out, without a single reclaimed savage to witness his work, or grateful Georgian to cherish his name. It would be strange if a man of any candour of mind had kept faith in his own system after such a downfall.

His work in the colony, however, though unfruitful to his flock, was not unfruitful to Wesley himself. It was there he came in contact with the Moravian brotherhood, a community regulated by the rules of semi-monastic devotion which were so dear to his heart; but of a serenity and calm of faith, and consequent sweetness of spiritual temper, such as he had never been able to attain. All these years, while practising with an anxious heart the utmost rigours of self-discipline, he had been continually disturbed by doubts, which grew more dreadful when any danger threatened him, and paralysed his spirit in many an emergency without teaching him to be merciful to others in similar weakness. In his agitated state of mind the very sight of the Moravians was at once a comfort and a reproach to him—he could not understand their calm, their love of God in which no terror mingled—their genuine humbleness and meekness; while they in their turn looked with a mild surprise upon the excited feverish Englishman who subjected himself to such religious discipline, and had so little real peace. One of them, to whom he appealed for advice, asked him such plain and simple questions as made the ascetic, who hitherto had taught everybody round him, falter and tremble. "Do you know Jesus Christ? do you know He has saved you? do you know yourself?," asked the German; and Wesley answered with a hesitation he could not explain, feeling his heart rise within him in wild self-inquiry and discontent. His mind recurred to them when he was thrown again upon the world, and had once more to set in order and reconsider his life on leaving America—and it was their hands which gave the final form and perfection, both to his character and his work.

This period of his life must not, however, be passed over without a passing reference to the curious little romance, the only one in his life, which here weaves itself into the unexpanding story. Among the ladies of the colony was a certain Miss Sophy, who, either moved by genuine liking for the preacher, or by a coquette's desire to vanquish all, or, as Wesley's historians say, by a deep-laid scheme to tempt him out of his austerities, gave herself a great deal of trouble to reach the heart of the austere young saint. It is an office which some woman generally undertakes either for good or evil in the life of most confessors. She became his penitent, with religious difficulties to solve; and his pupil, with a pretty thirst for knowledge. She "dressed always in white, and with the utmost simplicity, to please his taste"—she nursed him through a fever. The young man fell a victim to these wiles. It seems very doubtful whether she had any intention in the whole matter but that of amusing herself, as wicked young women will. When they had a quarrel she threatened to return to England, and brought

the poor priest to his knees, half to heaven to move her to remain, half to her to stay. His heart was torn with love and doubts and much tribulation. On one occasion he records that "I advised Miss Sophy to sup earlier, and not immediately before she went to bed. She did so; and on this little circumstance," adds the lover, with quaint unconscious comicality, "what an inconceivable train of consequences depend." But though thus observant of his wishes in respect to supper, Miss Sophy was not fully satisfactory to himself, and much less to his friends. At last, with a strange exhibition of the utter want at once of passion and of delicacy in his nature, Wesley determined to submit the question, whether or not he should propose to marry her, *to the Moravian Church!* The elders sat upon it in solemn conclave, and advised him to proceed no further in the business. "The will of the Lord be done," said the pious suitor. And yet it cost him a pang. On "March 4," the day of this meeting, he says in his journal, "God commanded me to pull out my right eye, and by His grace I determined to do so; but being slack in the execution, March 12, God being very merciful to me, my friend performed what I could not." This latter ambiguous sentence means that Miss Sophy on that day put him out of pain by marrying another—a tolerably clear indication that her sport with the poor clerical mouse had been but a cruel play. It is evident that he felt this bitterly, being perhaps wounded in his self-love as well as his affections to find that while he was debating the possibility of giving her up as a religious duty, she was preparing for another union. "It was the day which completed the year from my first speaking to her," says Wesley; adding piteously, "What thou doest, O God, I know not now, but I shall know hereafter!" "The word of the Lord was come to me likewise," he adds with evident reality of feeling, "saying, Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke; yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down. The difficulty of obeying such a direction appeared to me now more than ever before," says the wounded and mournful lover. It is the only moment in which his heart shows itself, and the very simplicity of the plaint makes it more touching. The story has the strangest conclusion that ever wound up a tale of unrequited love. He could not be done with his false love though she had forsaken him. After a while we find him reproving her according to his ancient custom: but Mrs Williamson did not accept the reproof as the maiden Sophy had done, and the consequence was that he took the rash and unaccountable step of refusing her admittance to the communion-table. This was the immediate cause of his half-flight half-expulsion from Georgia. The story is characteristic throughout, and not more so in its beginning than in its close.

The voyage home was a very trying and troubled time for Wesley—perhaps there was still the thorn rankling in this wound, though he speaks of it no more; but there was, at least, the deep discomfiture of unsuccess, and a profound discontent with himself and his religious state. His mind was tossed upon a wild sea of doubt and uncertainty, while his outer man sustained all the stormy vicissitudes of the Atlantic. He utters his soul on his landing with pathetic sincerity:—

"It is now," he says, "two years and four months since I left my native country to teach the Georgian Indians the nature of Christianity. But what have I learnt myself meantime? Why, what I the least of all suspected, that I who went to America to convert others

was never myself converted to God. I am not mad though I thus speak, but I speak the words of truth and soberness; if haply some of those who still dream may awake and see that as I am so are they. Are they read in philosophy? so was I. In ancient or modern tongues? so was I also. Are they versed in the science of divinity? I, too, have studied it many years. Can they talk fluently upon spiritual things? the very same could I do. Are they plenteous in alms? behold, I gave all my goods to feed the poor. Do they give of their labour as well as their substance? I have laboured more abundantly than them all. Are they willing to suffer for their brethren? I have thrown up my friends, reputation, ease, country. I have put my life in my hand, wandering into strange lands. I have given my body to be devoured by the deep, parched up with heat, consumed by toil or weariness, or whatsoever God shall please to bring upon me. But does all this, be it more or less, make me acceptable to God? Does all I ever did or can know, say, give, do, or suffer, justify me in His sight? . . . This, then, I have learned in the ends of the earth."

Though there is a certain grandiloquence in the words, yet the boast was no vain one; he had intended all he asserts; and though no doubt his own self-will, imperious temper, and indiscriminating zeal had been at the bottom of his sufferings, there is something touching in the return of the self-disgusted missionary, half heart-broken, bowed down by failure, disappointment, and grief, painfully parting with his old hopes, painfully schooling himself to a humility more real than asceticism. "I have no hope but that of being justified freely through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus," he says, as if it were some new discovery. One would have supposed he had believed so all along, and yet he states the truth as but acquired now.

He came home in this broken condition to find, strangely enough, his true work begun. It is evident he had no thought or idea of any mission waiting for him in England when he landed disconsolate on the white cliffs once more. A general discouragement overwhelmed him. On his way into the port he passed an outward-bound vessel waiting a favourable wind, in which, he ascertained on landing, George Whitfield, his disciple and deputy, was on his way to Georgia, where Wesley himself had called him. The apostle who had been driven out of Georgia could not let his brother go without an effort to detain him. He went, as he would himself have said, to God with his burden, and, after much prayer, with the strangest mixture of childishness and solemnity, drew a lot which was to decide the matter. Immediately after a messenger was despatched to the ship with a letter to the outgoing preacher. "When I saw God by the wind which was carrying you out brought me in, I asked counsel of God. His answer you have enclosed." The enclosure was a slip of paper with this sentence, "Let him return to London." This strange command does not seem to have reached Whitfield until some months later, when he was settled in Georgia, conciliating with his softer temper and less arrogant manners the flock which Wesley had set by the ears. And he does not seem to have paid any attention to it; but it is a very singular instance of the arbitrary sway which the religious leader felt himself entitled to exercise, and the spark of vindictiveness which lingered in his pious bosom. Having sent forth this ordinance, he went on sadly to London, sore with his downfall, burdened with unsettled convictions. With an attempt to preach himself, if nobody else, into a clearer faith, he opened his lips once more in an English pulpit, taking as his subject the new birth which he yearned to have accomplished in himself. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature," was his text; and it is not difficult to imagine the heaviness of spirit with which the weary traveller, the unsuccessful missionary, the trembling and un-

certain believer, uttered those uncompromising words. It was on the second day after his arrival in London; and he would seem to have been all but hopeless, wounded in heart and broken in spirit. But unconsciously he was taking up with a stronger grasp than that of a mere orator the thread of Whitfield's fervent and eloquent addresses. Whether it was his doctrine, which was strange to the contented moralists of the day; or whether there was in the earnestness of the preacher himself straining after the way of salvation an indecorous reality which shocked his calmer brethren, the result of this first sermon was that the pulpit in which it was preached was henceforward closed to Wesley. In the next which he entered, St Andrew's, Holborn, he met the same fate. No doubt he was a highly uncomfortable interlocutor in the satisfied circles of the slumbering church; and in all likelihood this prohibition helped to cheer and encourage the doubting preacher, by proving to him that he was still Christian enough and dangerous enough to provoke the enmity of "the world."

Ere long, however, Wesley began to recover himself, to take courage, and perceive that a great mission was before him. At no time had he been inclined to underrate the importance of his own person and work; and when the horizon began to clear over him, all his characteristic energies awoke. By degrees, while steadily persisting in preaching to others, he found for himself the prize which he had long sought in vain. Another Moravian, Peter Boehler by name, seems to have completed the work which his community had begun; and half consciously, while stumbling along these doubtful paths, painfully finding out the way for himself, the predestined Reformer began again to collect a company of the faithful round him. Still less consciously he began to yield to the new influences by which he was surrounded; his thoughts ceased to move in the groove of High-Churchmanship; his heart "became so full that he could not confine himself to the forms of prayer" which were customarily used; and at an early period the instinct of a mind formed to organise and administer moved him into the formation of a little Church within the Church as it were, an innovation without warrant or precedent. Not content with the ordinary framework of a congregation, he classed his little band of converts in groups, and gave to them a certain novel shape and cohesion. The company thus organised amounted to forty or fifty people, including a few stray Moravians. Their bond of union was a strange but very loyal allegiance to Wesley as their leader, and a rule drawn out for them "in obedience to the commands of God by St James, and by the advice of Peter Boehler." "They were to be divided into several bands or little companies, none consisting of fewer than five or more than ten persons; in these bands every one in order engaged to speak as plainly, freely, and concisely as he could the real state of his heart, with his several temptations and deliverances since the last meeting. . . . Any person who desired admission into this society was to be asked what were his motives, whether he would be entirely open, using no kind of reserve, and whether he objected to any of the rules. The last article provided that no member should be allowed to act in anything contrary to any order of the society, and that any person who did not conform to those orders after being thrice admonished should no longer be esteemed a member." Thus the germ of the great Society of Methodists, the largest dissenting community in existence, and the most orderly and symmetrical, came into being. Its constitution was modelled on that of the Moravians, from whom, however, it gradually diverged in its after-development. The

little nucleus of these forty pious companions had within a few years thrown branches into every corner of England, and taken root in America and all the British colonies; and yet no intention of separate existence, no sense of the formation of an individual corporation, was in their minds. They did it with the unconsciousness of humanity, seeking edification and advance in godliness alone. "Oh, what a work," cried Wesley, "has God begun! Such a one as shall never come to an end till heaven and earth pass away." Nothing less than the revivification of the English Church and people was in his thoughts. And though it did not come about in the way he dreamed, there can be no doubt that the life which now swells and quickens in the English Establishment, a more vigorous life than that possessed by any other so-called Protestant Church, has received its great modern impulse from the rising tide of new vitality which warmed those little bands, and set up this curious, fervent, intolerable, righteous brotherhood in face of the world.

It was only after the formation of the "bands," the first beginnings of the body afterwards distinguished by his name, that Wesley declared himself at last *converted*. The event took place on Wednesday, May 28, 1738, about a quarter before nine in the evening (so minute is the record), when one of the humble brotherhood of the society in Aldersgate Street was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ. "I felt my heart strangely warmed," says Wesley; "I felt I did trust Christ—Christ alone for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death. . . . I then testified openly to all them what I now first felt in my heart." The announcement of this certainty perhaps does not strike the reader with the interest which a great event deserves. It rather startles and shakes than arouses his faith in the hero of the story; but then the reader has not felt all the violent vicissitudes of light and darkness through which Wesley's soul had passed; he has not been in alarm about the salvation of a man so manifestly labouring hard to serve God, however mistaken he may have been by times. It is evident that to Wesley himself the event was of the highest importance; but the news did nothing but vex and annoy everybody connected with him. We share the feelings of surprise and partial irritation with which the Huttons, good people, with whom he was living at the time, received the announcement. The master of the house had been calmly reading a sermon to his family on the Sunday evening, in the half-cloistered quiet of Dean's Yard at Westminster, when John Wesley suddenly stood up and announced to the confounded household that he had never been a Christian till within the last five days. Mr Hutton, stupefied by the intimation, called out with the alarm of a respectable Churchman, "Have a care, Mr Wesley, how you despise the benefits received by the two sacraments!" His wife, more ready-witted, answered with epigrammatic sharpness, "If you were not a Christian ever since I knew you, you were a great hypocrite, for you made us all believe you were one"—a response which sums up what will be the feeling of most spectators on this difficult subject.

Sharper and warmer was the feeling of Samuel Wesley, the elder brother. He thinks it likely that Jack must be mad after such a statement: "Perpetual intenseness of thought and want of sleep may have disordered my brother," he says in his trouble. And good Mrs Hutton, anxious for an enthusiastic son of her own, who was being led astray, suggests that Wesley should be confined if not converted from this mad notion, "in

charity to many honest, well-meaning, simple souls." Such was the effect upon the anxious friends; for the new convert, not content with proclaiming his own deliverance, had cast a firebrand among his companions by declaring that only in such a way—by personal revelation—conviction, *assurance*—could any man be saved. No wonder the good folks who walked humbly with their God, but had no revelations from heaven, should have been moved out of all patience. Wesley, however, left the domestic storm to rage itself out, and went away at this critical moment with his heart lightened of its load, and the glow of an assured and perfect faith warming his heart, to Saxony, to visit the house and sanctuary of his Moravian fathers in the faith.

Our space does not permit us to enter into his visit to Herrnhut, interesting and quaint as is the society he found there, the spotless, monotonous, serene little church of the Moravians, the only example of family monasticism in the world. He learned much from them, and he learned that he could not be of them, or affiliate himself to their strange little hierarchy, having no mind to acknowledge any Pope but John Wesley in the world. And the Moravians had already their Pope in the person of Zinzendorf. When he returned he found his bands, though watched over by his brother Charles in his absence, had already got into trouble. They had begun to quarrel among themselves; and, to mend matters, had fallen foul of that doctrine of predestination which has driven so many good Christians frantic. His presence quelled the uproar almost as if by magic, and he soon found time to write a letter to his late hosts, taking them soundly to task for various matters which he disapproved of—a letter, however, which he had the discretion not to send. Nothing could be more singular than Wesley's position at this moment. He was the acknowledged head of a body of fervent Christians, their spiritual director and guide, holding an authority almost absolute over them: yet, while thus exercising something very like a spiritual episcopacy, he was a clergyman without regular duty, with no pulpit of his own, no cure of souls, no right to interfere in the instruction of the people. From this curious platform of unofficial authority he admonished everybody who came in his way, from the stone-breaker on a country roadside to the Bishop of London, whom he not only endeavoured to convert to his new views, but whom he took upon himself to make suggestions to, urging upon him, for example (of all things in the world), the duty of re-baptising Dissenters! It does not seem to have occurred to him to seek a settled position of any kind. A clergyman without a cure, a preacher without a pulpit, a spiritual father supreme over his numerous penitents in what was then the most Protestant of Churches—could any position be more anomalous? And the society over which he ruled ripened in natural development from day to day; its members increased; its meetings became daily more agitated and exciting; a society which had seen, as it were, its Founder converted in its very midst; seen the Holy Ghost descend upon him, and heard the outcry of his confession that only in that moment did he know God—who can wonder if every new-comer there, hoped, like Wesley, to be seized by some rushing fiery impulse—some divine flash of enlightenment, doing such a work as ages of mere duty could not accomplish? They told each other strange tales, such as he had told them, of the power of God in their souls. The very first rule of their system was that each individual should narrate weekly the secret story of his heart. Thus the fire burned, the excitement grew, and Wesley stood by watching it, throwing oil on the flames—his own position as excep-

tional, as unauthorised and unprecedented as theirs—a leader with no lawful commission — a churchman under no legitimate authority —a man out of all order of nature, born for the time.

For it is clear that all this unintentional lawlessness, this wild vindication of the spirit against the letter, in its very extravagance was the impulse needed to disturb the settled composure of the age. What men had to be taught was—a lesson never unnecessary, but at some times urgent above all other needs —that the outside was not all, nor even the most important part, of the life of man; that to be made a Christian by "the two Sacraments" was not enough; nor to go to church of Sundays, nor even to read a sermon to your family on the evening of that heavy, slumberous, idle day. It was Wesley's mission to proclaim, with such trumpet as came to his hand, that all this and a world more, even personal goodness of a higher cast, even highest ritualism, asceticism, external self-denial, giving goods to the poor and body to be burnt, was not enough; that nothing but a man's heart and soul were fit offerings to God; that the invisible, the impalpable, the great world of mystery above and behind and around this speck of visible existence, was not less but more real than that existence itself. Such was the lesson he had to teach to a materialist age. He did it not with the wisdom of a sage, but with all the force, the energy, the foolishness, and high devotion of a true man. We are not called upon to admire or to adopt his rhapsodies, the visions of his disciples, the peculiarities of his doctrine, any more than we are required to approve the arrogance and the imperiousness which were the natural defects of his character. We can only say such was his work in the world. He did it imperfectly and wildly; —he might have chosen a better way—he might have been less rude, less extravagant, more shapely and gracious in the letters of fire he had to write for us upon the wall. But the handwriting he traced with faltering finger was the message of God most needful to the world. He did it half unawares, involuntarily, not knowing what was to come of it; but with all his faults upon his head, he did it thoroughly and well.

The height of excitement to which the new inspiration of the brotherhood rose may be indicated by a brief account given by Wesley of one of their meetings just after the return of Whitfield to England :—

"On the first night of the New Year," he says, "Mr Hall, Kinchine, Ingham, Whitfield, Hutchins, and my brother Charles, were present at a love-feast, with about sixty of our brethren. About three in the morning, as we were continuing instant in prayer, the power of God came mightily upon us, insomuch that many cried out for exceeding joy, and many fell to the ground. As soon as we were recovered a little from that awe and amazement at the presence of His Majesty, we broke out with one voice, '*We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.*'"

The names quoted here are almost all those of clergymen. Such a passion of religious earnestness could not be shut up within the narrow limits of the bands. The Church, as a whole, looked coldly on, shutting its pulpit-doors—at the best, sneering with the world at the Methodists, monasticists, men of the Rule who stood up in its midst in such wild raptures, proclaiming their fellowship with God. They should have but little fellowship with man, said the phalanx of orderly clergymen standing close and shutting their ranks. The Bishops, though very mild and tolerant, could not be supposed to be specially inclined towards the insubordinate priests who were ready at a moment's notice to convert them, or "deal faithfully" with their souls. And it was not possible that so many educated men, trained to

active work—not to speak of the still less restrainable fervour of the humbler brethren who thus felt themselves raised to the rank of prophets and made a special people in the midst of a darkened world—could content themselves long with the monotonous existence of love-feasts and watchnights in one obscure and limited circle. It was Whitfield who first broke through the charmed circle. Less bound by the punctilios of professional etiquette, with less standing to lose, and free by his lowly birth and breeding from many of the traditions of clerical respectability which bound the Wesleys, Whitfield followed the warm impulse within him without thought of policy or fear of results. The colliers of Kingswood, near Bristol, were proverbial for their savage character and brutality. They had no place of worship near them, and nobody so much as dreamt of inquiring whether by chance they too might have souls to be saved. The wandering Evangelist saw, and with that instinct or inspiration which in a great crisis often seems to direct the instrument of Providence, saw his opportunity at a glance. On the afternoon of Saturday, February 17, 1739, breaking the iron decorum of the Church, but not a single thread of the allegiance which bound him to her, he took his stand on a little summit in the benighted heathen district, and proclaimed to the gaping, amazed populace the message they had never heard before. Ere long, thousands gathered round him, eager to see so new a thing, to hear so strange a communication. Under the spring sunshine they gathered "in an awful manner, in the profoundest silence," says the preacher, moved to the heart by the unhoped-for magnitude of his own work. The rude miners stood still as death, turning their dark countenances towards him, weeping white tears down their grimy, coal-stained cheeks. Never since barefooted friars had wandered that way, with the wide and elastic commission of Rome, had preachers stood in England by field and hedgerows, calling the lost sheep to the fold. The eighteenth-century preacher, in his curled wig and comely bands, is no such picturesque figure as the Franciscan; but yet nothing could have been more impressive than the scenes he describes with an evident awe upon his own mind. "The trees and hedges were full," he says. "All was hushed when I began." Sometimes as many as twenty thousand collected around the little hill—at times a thrill of emotion ran through the crowd. They wept aloud together over their sins; they sang together with that wonderful voice of a multitude which has something in it more impressive than any music. The sun fell aslant over the sea of heads, the "solemnity of approaching evening" stole over the strange scene. Through the preacher's minute, monotonous diary, there throbs a sudden fulness of human feeling as he records it. It was sometimes "almost too much" for him. And as he tells us the story at this long distance, we are still touched by the tears in his voice.

This was the first outburst of the new light upon the outer world. Hitherto it had been limited, shining as it were underground, in obscure corners, where a pulpit could be found, or a few faithful persons gathered together. It is very difficult to disentangle the thread of Wesley's life at this moment from that of the simpler, humbler, sweeter, less conventional soul which acted as his pioneer, and began with a kind of splendid inadvertence his greatest efforts. Whitfield went forth in quaint evangelical simplicity, and did what his hand found to do, rather hoping to be persecuted for it, caring no more for his character or standing than had he possessed neither; and when the rough work

was done, sent for his leader with a loyalty little to be expected under the circumstances, yet such as Wesley seemed to have some innate faculty of winning. When the work at Kingswood had reached the vast proportions just described, the preacher wrote urgent letters, begging his Pope and brother to come down and enter on his labours. Then there ensued a curious scene. No doubt Wesley's soul thirsted to enter upon this new mode of work, which would open all England to him, and unloose in a moment the conventional bonds in which he was still tied. But ought he to do it? At this grand crisis, the most important in his life, Wesley took the strangest way of deciding his fate. He consulted the Bible—that is, he used it as an oracle, as he had done in former cases, resolved to be guided by the texts he should light upon. The texts were of the most uncomfortable character. They seem to warn him of a fatal issue to his mission. "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake," was one, and the most intelligible. At last, after many determined efforts to make the sacred pages second his own wishes, he took refuge in direct drawing of lots, and by this trustworthy method was instructed to go. The members of the society, however, who appear to have from a very early period exacted payment from Wesley for their obedience to him, by unlimited babble about his affairs, took to the oracle again; and eliciting the fact from their Bibles that "Ahaz slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the city, even in Jerusalem," took leave of their leader mournfully, believing him doomed to death. Such was also his own conviction. He set out in unfaltering obedience to the lot, but with the feeling of a doomed man, leaving his blessing behind him; and so brought himself into contact with the freer air again, and once more carried his Gospel, such as it had warmed, and changed, and developed into, to the world.

His feelings on getting down to the field of action were of a curious, complicated kind. "I could scarce reconcile myself at first to this strange way," he says, "having been all my life, till very lately, so timorous of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church." His heart stirred in him more and more as he sat by and saw the great assembly gather, and dauntless Whitfield, not concerned about such punctilios, preach to them with his usual fervour. The mind of Wesley goes on working through it all with that curious power of modification in opinion, following the tenor of his wishes, which is common to humanity. Next day he remarks to himself, having evidently travelled a long way in the mean time, that our Lord's Sermon on the Mount was "one pretty remarkable precedent of field-preaching; and I suppose there were churches at that time also," he adds, meeting his own scruples as they arise. On the third day he had mastered the controversy and took the decisive step. "I submitted to be more vile," he says, "and proclaimed in the highways the glad tidings of salvation." Such was the issue—a result easily to be foreseen; for it is amazing how texts and doctrines and opinions, however apparently hostile, all fuse and melt into arguments for the step which a man in his secret heart all the time desires to take.

As soon as Wesley began to preach thus in Bristol and its neighbourhood, a great outbreak of the strange phenomena which generally attend the beginning of every great religious movement took place. People were seized upon whilst listening to his preaching by paroxysms of nervous emotion,

often reaching the length of positive convulsion fits. They "cried out and shouted as in the agonies of death." They fell on their faces on the ground; they poured forth sometimes wild blasphemies, sometimes as wild confessions of sin. They "roared for the disquietness of their heart," says the preacher, describing the extraordinary scene which daily took place around him. Such scenes have not yet vanished from among us. The present writer witnessed many years ago with the wonder, half-consternation, half-belief of youth, a band of devout Methodists kneeling round a groaning prostrate figure, adjuring God, by every kind of wild argument, to save the sinner *now*. "Now, Lord!" shouted these grandchildren of the disciples of Wesley, with an excitement of eagerness which no doubt was chiefly traditionary, an inheritance from the period when Wesley and his brethren threw themselves on their knees around the convulsionist just struck down in their midst, and "ceased not calling upon God till He raised him up full of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Southey is very hard upon his hero for these singular manifestations. The poet takes it for granted they were impositions, not reflecting how rare a successful imposition is; or attributes the strange effect to fanaticism or enthusiasm, not perceiving that this throws no light whatever on the mystery, but simply shifts its ground. Since his day we have made at least the advance, if advance it is, of looking upon even such exciting matters with unprejudiced eyes, not to condemn, but to see what is in them. And though they are still unexplained, and like to remain so, it is very clear that they were no impositions. From the days of John the Baptist till now, such incidents have made themselves visible, wherever a new voice like that of him in the wilderness has come, rousing the world into a revival of religious life. They were new in England, and no doubt were perniciously fostered by the very principles of the society, which encouraged, and indeed commanded, every man to lay bare his personal experience. But how John Wesley, himself (as he believed) converted in an instant by a flash of light from heaven, could reject the evidence of men to whom the same light came, only with a more violent illumination, producing effects more startling in appearance, but not more momentous, it would be hard to say. On the contrary, he was bound to believe them, and he did believe. His preachings were thus made the occasion of wild and wonderful scenes, exhibitions of the strangest and most indecorous emotion. We stand at our ease and blame him for his ready belief and adoption of all these wonders; but for a man bred in that age, and holding the principles he did, we do not see what else he could have done. His brother Samuel, evidently a most well-meaning, sober-minded man, but with no special call or mission to the world, vexed the soul of the Reformer at this period with long-winded letters upon these phenomena. In the very midst of his exciting and laborious life this correspondence comes in, full of an anxious and not unkindly or unthoughtful endeavour to make him believe that his work is foolishness, and his followers impostors or madmen. We cannot but feel that Wesley has the best of the controversy, however impressed we may be by the good sense and moderation of his brother. He says, with natural warmth, that these effects were not outward only, or he would not believe in them, but that they were followed by entire and undeniable reformation of life, the strongest argument that could be adduced in their favour. It was the same Samuel Wesley who suggested that his mother should dig in the spot where the Epworth ghost had seemed to pour money at her feet, who made this opposition, a man consequently not in the least

sceptical as to supernatural interference in the affairs of men; and surely if such influence were possible, no motive could be given for its exercise half so powerful as that of saving a soul and reforming a life. The "manifestations," to borrow a modern cant expression, in which the good man did believe, were altogether fantastic and meaningless: the phenomena he assailed were connected with the greatest of spiritual events. Surely it was the preacher who had the best of the argument.

At Bristol another great step was made towards the organisation of Methodism; but, again, in an unconscious and almost accidental way. Their first meeting-house came into being, not with any idea of making a church of it, but solely for the convenience of the "bands" which could find no rooms to meet in. For this building money, of course, was required; and while Wesley was considering and consulting with his friends how to raise it, one of the members of the society proposed that every person in it should contribute a penny a-week till the whole was paid. When it was objected that many of them were poor, the proposer of the scheme continued, "Put eleven of the poorest with me, and if they can give anything, well. I will call on them weekly; and if they can give nothing, I will give for them as well as for myself." This scheme, by which a princely income has since been secured, unfolded further capabilities as it was put into practice. "The persons who had undertaken for a class, as their divisions were called, discovered some irregularities among those for whose contributions they were responsible and reported it to Wesley." With the clear eye of a born administrator he perceived at once the wonderful instrument of power on which he had unwittingly laid his hand; and in a moment, it may be said, the discipline of the community was established. The class-leaders became not only the collectors but the inspectors of the rising community. They were "to see every person in their division at least once a-week, in order to inquire how their souls prospered; to advise, reprove, comfort, and exhort as occasion might require, and to receive what they were willing to give towards the expenses of the society and the relief of the poor. They were also to meet the minister and the stewards of the society, that they might inform the minister of any that were sick and any that were disorderly." Each leader was, in short, a kind of authorised and solemn Spy with a half-sacred character—commissioned to pry into the souls, the characters, and the actions of the flock in their most private moments. It is a most curious fact that the yoke of such a system as this, perhaps the most frightful kind of inquisition ever established, was voluntarily and joyfully taken up by a mass of persons who, by the very act of entering the society, had made a vow of obedience as complete as ever bound a religious order; and that Wesley, himself a man not endowed with that overflowing human sympathy which attaches all who come within its sphere—a man, on the contrary, not over warm in his affections, imperious in character, full of natural arrogance and severity, should have placed himself at the head of so extraordinary a hierarchy, more absolute than any Pope, is more extraordinary still. Had this rule of Methodism been enforced by any Government, lay or ecclesiastical, it would have roused the whole energy of human nature in a struggle against the intolerable tyranny. Yet thousands of people submitted to it joyfully at the mere will of Wesley and his ecclesiastics! We do not know any more extraordinary fact in the history of religion.

The only change made from this first beginning was, that the classes soon began to meet weekly in some settled place instead of the visita-

tion from house to house—a considerable relaxation of the system. And such at the present moment continues to be the constitution and government of the Methodist Society.

The community thus brought into being grew, as every created thing must grow, developing principles and details unthought of by its founders; for an institution of any popular kind is like Frankenstein's monster in the story, and pledges its maker to many a mode of provision for its gigantic wants, from which he would have shrunk at the beginning. When he had surmounted his dislike to the first steps, Wesley found that another and another remained to take, all inevitable, and most of them distasteful. Field-preaching, lay-preaching, gradual separation from the Church of which he still prided himself on being a priest and member, came upon him unawares. He found himself committed to one step after another before he perceived what he was doing, and defended himself with curious sophistry as soon as he had yielded to the claims of each separate crisis. "Being ordained as Fellow of a College, I was not limited to any particular cure, but have an indeterminate commission to preach the Word of God in any part of the Church of England," he said to the Bishop of Bristol when requested to leave that prelate's diocese. "Of all men living," he said at a later period, "those clergymen ought not to complain who believe I preach the Gospel. If they do not ask me to preach in their churches, they are accountable for my preaching in the fields." In the same strain he asked, when circumstances drove him unwillingly into the acceptance of lay-preaching, "What was to be done in a case of so extreme necessity when so many souls were at stake?" He went on thus from step to step, battling nobly with the necessities of his position, and artfully persuading himself of their wisdom as soon as his decision was made and the act beyond recall. Thus the elaborate financial and inquisitorial system of the new community arose out of the fact that a humble barn had to be built to shelter them at their prayers, and the system of itinerary and lay-preaching had both their origin in the sudden extent and multiplication of the members of the Society. Serious intention or purpose there was none in these extraordinary innovations. They were expedients demanded by the necessities of the moment—expedients which, being once established, commended themselves as full of use and adaptation to the great want which existed before they did. The work of Wesley in his age and country was to create that want, and the very strangeness of the means he was obliged to take to supply it, proved how entirely he had fulfilled his mission.

We need not pause, having already exceeded our space, to follow him through his controversy and separation from the Moravians, or breach with Whitfield. The latter disagreement was on the vexed point of predestination, which Whitfield held strongly, and Wesley from his youth had abhorred. The controversy waxed very hot, and much pain and confusion was wrought, as usual, by that "madness in the brain" which comes upon men when they are wroth with one they love. It is hard to tell who has the better in such a disputation, for it is the luck of such disputations to bring out the worse side of both arguments. We owe to Wesley, however, a trenchant definition of his opponent's doctrine, which shows the practical greatness of his mind and style. By the dogma of election, he says, the elect are saved, do what they will; and the rest of the world damned, do what they can. While thus strong against the favourite doctrines of Calvinism, he was firmly set upon the peculiarities belonging to himself. He demanded of every Christian that he should possess an

assurance that his soul was saved, and at the same time a belief that his soul, even when thus enlightened, might fall away and be lost; and he enforced upon his converts the still more extraordinary dogma of perfectibility, requiring them to believe that in their flesh they might become entirely holy, perfect, free from evil deed or thought. Without this, and especially the first, no one could, according to the Reformer, be a Christian at all. His mother at seventy, in some moment of pious exaltation, had, while receiving the communion, been touched by a thrill of higher feeling than usual, and told it to her son, as, no doubt, a revelation from the Holy Spirit, giving the assurance he held so necessary. When this good woman died, not long after—the mother from whom nearly twenty years before he had received such Christian guidance as few are qualified to give—Wesley was so far warped by his opinions as to put this incident on record on her tombstone as the chief feature in her history, describing her virtuous and pious life as "a legal night of seventy years." Nothing could be more characteristic of the man. His certainty that he himself was and must be right, and that everybody else was naturally prone to error, is as clear in his life as is the wonderful clearsightedness and faculty of seeing what good there was in any suggestion which gives to his otherwise narrow personality a certain appearance of candour and frankness. As for those who differed with him in his own Society, he made sharp work of them. One of these objectors, who held by Whitfield, and had permitted somebody to speak disrespectfully of Wesley at a class-meeting, found himself, to his intense astonishment, solemnly excommunicated ere he knew what was coming. Wesley brooked no rivals, no jar of conflicting claims. He was the universal Court of Appeal, the one man living whose judgment was final. Even in later times, when the Methodists had set up their Conference or Parliament, it was still "Mr Wesley and the Conference,"—as who should say, King, Lords, and Commons. No committee full of talking and circumlocution disturbed the unity and promptitude of his action. He saw a thing was good and expedient to be done, and did it, without even a pretence of taking constitutional counsel. True, his people interfered with him, drew lots for him, poked themselves bodily into his affairs with a sense that he belonged to them body and soul; but this is the primitive price of popularity, the natural lot of every benevolent despot. He softened much in his insistance upon special points of doctrine towards the end of his life; but he never ceased, within the community he had created, to be Pope and King.

It is scarcely necessary to our purpose to trace the after details of a life which was no life at all in the ordinary sense of the word, but only a mere string of preachings, journeys, meditations, narratives of interesting cases, and awakening meetings. His journals bear a good deal of resemblance to the notebooks of a physician: wild records of agitation and excitement subdued, if not by the laying on of his hands, at least by the prayers poured forth over the writhing patient; sometimes broken by gleams of miracle—actual disease healed and devils put to flight — sermons preached in field and churchyard, on his father's tomb by Epworth Church, where he was refused admittance to the communion—everywhere, where men could be got together to listen—fill up the curious, monotonous, wonderful narrative. He rode all over the country—in the course of his life, it is said, "above a hundred thousand miles" —for the most part leaving the reins on his horse's neck, and reading whilst he rode, blocking out the too ready entrance of thought in a way which it is perhaps good for a man to do when he has found his work in the world, and has no

more time left in which to assail and defend his own purpose of being. "In seventy years I never lost one night's sleep," he was able to say at the close of his life. After the troublous morning, with all its delusive storms and lights, a severe, much-occupied existence, full of a great work, and of that power which was the passion of his soul, fell to his share. Outside, trouble surrounded him by times; more than once he was seized upon by a mob, whom he confronted with the cool courage which seldom fails in such an emergency, and which naturally, after a short interval, changed his pursuers into his champions and protectors. He had the care of the Church upon his head, but no personal cares to speak of. He married in middle age, for no particular reason, it would appear. Charles Wesley had married, and Whitfield had married, and the Reformer seems to have thought it was inconsistent with his dignity that he should appear incapable of forming the same tie. His wife was a thorn in his flesh, persecuting him with (of all things in the world) her jealousy of the female correspondents, who are the almost invariable solace of such a man. He had bargained with her that he was not to preach a sermon or travel a mile the less for their union; and probably Mrs Wesley did not see much good of a husband who was always abroad in the world, jogging all over England, and even Scotland, no companion or help to her. The foolish woman did what she could to make his life a burden to him for twenty years, and then withdrew finally, for no better reason than had dictated her former vagaries. No doubt his placid life was ruffled by this disturbance, but there is no appearance that any profound love existed in him to give a sting to the irritation. He expresses himself well rid of her (though the Latin is not so plump) in his journal; yet confesses to himself that perhaps he had better not have written *that* letter which she had found and read—probably a most pious, harmless epistle. Thus, and thus only, was the thread fretted, which ran on in a strength most unusual to man to a very advanced age. At seventy-two he declared himself to possess "the same strength as I did thirty years ago," while he attributes this to "my constantly rising at four for about fifty years, my generally preaching at five in the morning—*one of the most healthy exercises in the world*—my never travelling less, by land and sea, than four thousand five hundred miles in a year." At seventy-eight he was still, by the blessing of God, just the same as when twenty-eight. A life full of active exercise, occupation of mind and body, uninterrupted and often extensive, yet unembittered by pricks of care, or those wounds to the heart and affections which waste the energies of men more than work, preserved him thus to extreme old age. He would seem to have had no passions to wear him out: his deepest emotions could be brought before the brethren to be talked over and settled. His natural heat of temper softened down as soon as he came to have things his own way,—a pleasant manner of subduing that weakness. His intolerance was only shown towards those who troubled him with their differences of opinion. "I have no more right to differ with a man for holding a different opinion from me, than I have to differ with a man because he wears a wig," he says; "but if he takes his wig off and begins to shake the powder about my eyes, I shall consider it my duty to get rid of him as soon as possible." This he did summarily, and without hesitation, preserving the peace of the Society by quick execution of heretics. In short, he was not a man of dogmatic genius, or commissioned to impress new opinions on his race. His business was to convince the country it had a soul, and to drive it, with violence if necessary, by

any means that man may use, to save that soul alive.

He was trained for this work by the trouble he had about his own, "making" it, as the Irish say, in the first half of his existence, and with natural heat insisting that everybody around him should join in the operation. His own spiritual history is the chart by which he guided the great ship of which he was made pilot. In the early part of his life he insisted that every man should be an ascetic; in the latter, that every man should be converted by conscious movement of Heaven, illumination from the Holy Ghost. His determination and tenacity prevailed when a lighter purpose would have come to nothing. To have brought together and constituted such a community as that of the Methodists, is almost as great a work, taken in a merely external political point of view, as that of founding a kingdom; and in right royal guise he organised and legislated for his spiritual empire. Not on constitutional principles, or with any weak view of representing the people, but as a royal act of grace, he created the Conference, describing it as composed of "preachers and expounders of God's holy word, under the care of and in connection with the said John Wesley." At the time of his death, in 1791, 313 preachers and about 77,000 people in England, and at least two-thirds of the number in America, owned his spiritual sway. And yet the founding of this kingdom was not his greatest work. Silent, good men then, as at all times, were sadly moving about the world, keeping their little lamps alight, giving of their oil to none. Wesley threw his, kindled and glowing, into the wide country. He awoke the Church and the race — he made religion a fact too visible to be denied, and changed the spiritual complexion and tenor of his age. How much effect his work may have had in arresting in England that horrible course of national corruption which ended two generations later on the other side of the Channel in the wildest national explosion and conflagration which has ever startled mankind, is an inquiry into which we have neither time nor call to enter. His figure stands out from the confused background of his time, not in any halo of tenderness or human attraction, not in any overwhelming light of genius, but fixed for ever on the unalterable foundation of a great work. Never has man laboured more hardly, more constantly, with greater devotion or steadiness. With such a pioneer as Whitfield, and such a henchman as his brother Charles, it is still John Wesley who occupies this supreme place—not always wise, often self-willed, immoderate, much-exciting, but yet the Prophet and Reformer of his age.

Had he been in the Church of Rome (and there can be no doubt that there was his fittest sphere), Wesley would have been splendidly utilised, would have taken his place with Dominic and Francis, founder of a vast community. The Church of England, less wise, let the man and his followers slip through her fingers, but, moved by the influence he had thrown abroad into the air, roused herself, as Englishmen use, when the hour was past, to make up as best she could for that inadvertence. Wesley died as he had lived, no schismatic, but a true son of the Church, which was too sleepy even to eject him for his innovations. But her sleep ended with the generation which laughed horse-laughs at the Methodists, and shut their pulpits against their leader. The work of Wesley lived after him, like every great work. Long as his life was, it was not long enough to see the full effect of his influence. And there can be no doubt that, had he lived to see it, the awakening of the Church of England would have been to him a more joyful event than even the increase of the great Society which for nearly a hundred years has borne his name.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

WILL IT COME OFF? AND WHERE?

I REMEMBER that when I was a boy there was an old bath-keeper in the neighbourhood of Dublin—his name occurs to me as I write—it was Pat Shalloway—who to this hour revisits me in any slight feverish attack in the shape of a terrible nightmare. He taught me to swim; and I shall carry to the end of my days a fresh recollection of all the sufferings and horrors of the process: the oblong tank, with its dull glass skylight; the cold green water, motionless, save by the little ripple of the supply-pipe that trickled in unceasingly; the solemn echoes of the footsteps of the servants as they moved about; and, not least of all in its significance, a green rope that hung from the ceiling over the bath, for the aid of those who liked to swing themselves into the water,—a process which I once essayed, but being unable to encounter the cold shock that awaited me, I clung to the cord till I fell from downright weariness. There is not a stage of suspended animation in the Humane Society's little tract of advice I have not passed through; and from the age of seven to eight and a half, I was drowned, on an average, about four times a-week—being restored by the use of coarse towels and shaking, and a general administration of such stimulants as can be applied by the open hand on parts not deemed vital. It is not, however, to revive memories of pain and sorrow that I write this: the first slight cold I shall catch will bring back old Pat to me more forcibly and palpably than I care to record. It is that a story of the old man occurred to me as I read the 'Independance Belge' this morning, which is not without its application.

Long before the years of my swimming education, two gentlemen—one of whom, I remember, was John Claudius Beresford—repaired to Shalloway's Baths at an early hour of the morning to fight a duel. Whether that the place was deemed one safe from intrusion in the grey dawn, or that an inclement season suggested indoor enjoyments, I know not, but this was the spot of their selection. No sooner had old Pat, however, caught word of their intention than he rushed up to them and cried out, "Not here, gentlemen, for the love of heaven! don't do anything murderous here. You'll be the ruin of me! Go down to the foot of the garden and amuse yourselves as long as you like." Mr Shalloway was moved to the appeal by the fact that a large stock of his properties lay in crockery ware, and his mind's eye had a vision of smash and destruction too horrible to endure.

Now, in the newspaper before me there is an entreaty almost in the same words—certainly in the same sense—addressed to France and Prussia that they will graciously condescend to settle their differences anywhere but on the soil of Belgium. Like Pat Shalloway, the King of Belgium is a man of peace; he does not fight duels himself, or urge others to fight them. He has a considerable amount of damageable property in his dominions, which he is fully aware would be little respected in a conflict, and he needs no experience to know that neither from conqueror nor conquered would he receive a stiver of compensation when the struggle was over. What wonder, then, if he exclaims, "For any sake, gentlemen, not here!"

I am well aware that you gentlemen of England will not admit

that a war is imminent; and as the newspapers preach up this opinion, and declare there is nothing to fight about, you are fully persuaded that it is out of a mere love of "bloated armaments" France maintains her hundreds of thousands under arms, and that M. Bismark does the same to repress the over-exuberant resources of the North German treasury.

It is precisely, however, because there is so little to fight about that the fight is inevitable. There is no reconciliation possible in a quarrel where the question is not of an injury to be redressed, but of persistent and personal hate, which neither will either acknowledge or disown.

France is indignant that Prussia has become great, and Prussia refuses to return to insignificance to please her. This is the contention, and I should like any one to tell me how such an issue admits of other arbitrament than that of arms. France has for years back played the Bully of Europe, and is outraged to find another performer in her own line of character. There is a secret society in Naples called the Camorra, whose members exact a black-mail from every one who succeeds in business, from the merchant on the Exchange to the porter on the Mole; and this tax is punctiliously paid by all who prefer security at a certain cost to the certainty of the stiletto. Not secretly or covertly, but openly, palpably, in the full face of day, France pursues the same system on the Continent. Whenever any State of Europe, by arms or by the action of diplomacy, acquires increase of territory, France immediately steps forward and exclaims, "And *my* share, what is it to be?" Italy paid for the Duchies by Nice and Savoy, and Prussia is told that for her having beaten Austria she must surrender the Rhine.

We, who beat nobody, may smile at these exactions; but if in our last memorable campaign we had been so ill-advised as to appropriate a strip of Abyssinian territory, France was quite prepared to submit a claim for indemnification in Egypt. M. Lesseps had told the Government what he wanted, and the demand was ready for presentation. We were, fortunately I must say, so satisfied with ourselves for what we had done, and the way in which we had done it—so delighted with our sense of conquest, and the prospect of cutting off that twopence in the income-tax—that the thought of annexation never occurred to us, and we came back well content with the barbarous spoil of a regalia that Drury Lane would not have stooped to purchase. Prussia, who had certainly tougher work to do, was less moderate. She helped herself handsomely. She took whatever she pleased, and if she left anything, it was only to be devoured later on. She asked no permission of France, but went steadily about her work, as little mindful of the great man of the Tuileries as though he had been living in King Street, St James's. This was an offensive proceeding—an outrage not to be endured or forgiven. What! in the face of that declaration not many years old, that "without the consent of France no cannon-shot could be fired in Europe," dare to pour down in countless legions through the very heart of the Continent, and in fourteen days tear up the map of Europe, and construct a new one from the fragments! And this without even consulting that Emperor who had constituted himself the arbiter of the Continent.

Here was an insult that could not be pardoned. Not that we in England can well understand the poignant suffering the success of a rival inflicts on a people sensitive and vainglorious as the French. The nation, however, was not ready for war, and had to wait till the troops could be armed with the breech-loader and trained to its

use. Very probably nothing short of the activity of preparation could have held within bounds the whole-hearted enthusiasm of the army and their eagerness for conflict. They are now armed and drilled. Of their perfect readiness to open a campaign, they who can speak with authority have pronounced in terms of unqualified praise. They have everything but allies, and though the Emperor has exhausted all the resources of his state-craft, and all the wiles of his diplomacy, he has gained no adherent to his cause but Spain. Not even with Italy has he been successful. With Rome Italy will join him; but Rome he will not, indeed he cannot, give. Nor is Italy worth a heavy sacrifice, for what could she give him but a beaten army and a bankrupt treasury? Nothing, however, more clearly shows the exigent condition of France than the importance she has attached to an alliance so devoid of all solid advantage. When a man asks a pauper to endorse his bill, it is evident that his credit is at zero. Holland, it is said, hesitates; she would like to back the winner, but who can tell which is to be the winner? The poor King of Hanover is an example of bad book-making that might well suggest caution. Such is the condition of France, at the very moment, too, when Prussia is listening to the suggestions of Russia, and, if report speak truly, to offers which would make the chances on her side like three to two. Prussia has no Eastern policy, nor has she need of any. It is, then, not improbable that she would contribute to the intentions of Russia in a question she is herself indifferent to, for the sake of material advantages in a cause that vitally concerns her. Austria, without an army and without money, is little solicited by either party, and would be less still if it were not a matter of rivalry to secure her. As for England—well, I don't wish to say anything unpleasant. We still play "Rule, Britannia," and we lately decorated a drummer with the V. C.; besides, a very high authority has said, We are not a European but an Oriental power. When Johnnie M'Cree believed that his talents must lie in comedy, because Garrick had told him they certainly did not lie in tragedy, he took a too hopeful view of his powers; and I more than suspect that it was in the utter downfall of our Western influence that we sought to console ourselves by this delusive magniloquence,—We are Eastern because we are not Western.

The Belgians, at all events, may well feel uneasy at the present posture of affairs. They know, all the world knows, what a sweet country for fighting in theirs is—resources without limit, and glorious plains, every one of which has its tradition of battle. It is always pleasant to fight in a neutral territory, since you have not a hostile peasantry on your flank; and when the war is over, it is more graceful to conclude a peace where neither has a stronger right to be than his neighbour. In fact, except from the Belgian point of view, there are a great many reasons for deciding questions of honour in that country; and as France and Prussia are approaching the present struggle in all the etiquette of the duel, it is highly probable that they will agree "on the ground," and settle by a convention where the meeting will take place. If I dare to utter a wish on the subject, it would be, that "I might be there to see."

That people in England will consent to believe that such a war is imminent, any more than they believed in the late struggle in Germany, of course I do not expect. Some say war is immoral; others that it is useless. All agree that it is costly; and therefore, why nations should fight each other being difficult to explain, a step further renders the problem very hard to credit. The fact is, we are under a permanent delusion as to the

amount of influence we extend over mankind, and we are always telling the world "what *we* do." So was it when we gave up duelling. We fancied that we had given a death-blow to the practice throughout Europe, and yet I believe it was scarcely ever more rife than at the hour I write in.

There was a time, indeed, when English opinions preponderated, and the mind and tone of England had weight and power abroad; but it was the time when we made ourselves felt and feared, and when the side taken by England in a conflict was almost enough to decide the issue before the trial began.

We may, then, decry war to our utmost — we may rail against it from the platform and the pulpit; but I only hope we may not believe its coming impossible, or be unprepared for it when it comes.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

Mrs O'Dowd writes to ask my opinion on the Women's Rights question, and naïvely informs me at the end of her letter that she has signed the petition to Parliament in favour of that object: a course, I am free to admit, which saves a deal of trouble to each of us. Not that I affect to say that I would offer anything like resistance, or even remonstrance, on the subject. I would as soon think, if I had a seat in the House, of moving a repeal of the new Reform Act. It is always our fate in England to have some measure carried outside the Legislature by a general yell, and when to this wild shout of acclamation we can add the shrill voices of our wives and mothers-in-law, the effect is as grand as one of those discords in Roberto il Diavolo.

The ladies have examined the matter ethnologically, æsthetically, morally, analytically, and, I believe, anatomically, and have arrived at the firm conclusion that they are our equals, and something more. Far be it from me to offer a word of dissent to the doctrine. I have been—out of regard to Mrs O'D.'s feelings I won't say how many—years married, and I am ready to declare that it no more occurred to me to dispute supremacy with my wife, to move an amendment to a Bill with her name on it, or offer even faint opposition to an opinion declared by her, than I should think of wresting the tiller out of a steersman's hand in a rocky channel, and assume all the responsibilities of pilotage in a difficult roadstead. I am in nowise ashamed of this confession. I speak for self and fellows. So say we all of us!—at least all of us who put any value on truth.

Use and custom, stronger than all law, have decided this point. We occasionally try to make sorry jests on it, or to laugh at the unhappy *confrère* who has been made a more conspicuous victim of the system, and we call him hen-pecked; but in our heart of hearts we know that we have felt the beak ourselves, and that in the matter of top-feathers there is not much to boast of. I am not going to protest against an ancient and honoured practice. On the whole, I believe that, like a great many other seeming anomalies, the system has worked well. Many of us carry home from our intercourse with our fellow-men a sort of bumptious plethora that needs depletion. We have been successful in this or that conflict; we have won a curt notice from the 'Saturday Review,' or we have carried a motion against Gladstone, or we have out-talked Sergeant Anybody—and these things call for moral bloodletting, and they get it!

It is only fair to admit that the ladies have used power, on the whole, with a marvellous moderation, and with a skill that shows

what amount of study they have given to the perfection of a system that almost raises it to the rank of a science.

What an intolerant, self-asserting, confident, and pretentious set of beings we should have become but for it I dare not stop to consider! What moral congestions might have occurred but for the use of the alterative of matrimony there is really no saying; and now, seeing these things, admitting these things, and accepting these things, I would ask, Is it wise in the women to surrender an unassailable position for a possible and a very doubtful advantage? Do they believe that if once we admit them to an equality in the wide arena of life we shall go back to accept the mild despotism of their rule at home? I think in this they reckon without their host. It is mainly in the fact that women's lives are not our lives—that their motives, their instincts, their modes of thought and modes of judgment, are not ours, that lies this influence over us. We have no sense of humiliation in yielding to reasons which one of ourselves could not have employed against us. Their quicker susceptibilities, their finer instincts, their greater plasticity, and that subtlety that leaves them in a measure independent of logic, are wonderful weapons for home-rule, but would be sorry arms in the coarse conflict of out-of-door life. They say they want to be lawyers, and doctors, and civil engineers, and members of Parliament; and I have only to reply that a man cannot hold office under the Crown and present himself for admission to the House. A woman cannot preserve that peculiar position she holds amongst us, with all its admitted claims to deference and protection, and yet become our competitor and our rival. Her sway is now undisputed, and it might satisfy even very high ambitions. We accept the rough work of life very willingly in her behalf, and for nothing more willingly than that it shelters her from those galling accidents, those coarse collisions, and those jarring trials to temper which the rough-and-tumble existence of a man is filled by. It is, however, into this arena she now wants to come down. I will not deny her capacity for the encounter. We live in an age where there are too many and striking proofs of feminine ability abroad to risk such rash assertion. What I demur to is, that women want to come into an overstocked market, while they neglect, as they cannot but do, a natural field of industry. I doubt greatly if the greediest money-maker amongst us wishes to find his wife, on his return home, deep in the share list, brimful of the price of consols, or speculating for a rise or fall; and I am equally hard of belief that our eagerest politician wants to have the Test Act with his tea, or cares for the compound householder at the domestic hearth-rug.

I could thoroughly well understand this movement if it were to redress the anomalous condition of women in the humblest ranks of life, whose condition of drudgery is the reproach and the shame of our civilisation. Any one who has seen the poor peasant women in the west or north of Ireland, labouring at the severest of all the toils of husbandry—gathering the sea-weed on a storm-lashed shore, and carrying baskets full of it up rocky cliffs, which a Cockney would not face for the bribe of empire—must have felt that here was a case that cried aloud for reform,—here was a woman's right question that could appeal to a larger and wider humanity than fills the chairs of a scientific congress with pale-faced philosophers.

What think those ladies who correspond with Stuart Mill and read lectures at British Associations of their sisters who work as hodmen, and carry bricks and mortar up steep ladders to the top of lofty

buildings? What say they of one I lately saw harnessed to a plough, with a donkey for her 'near-sider'? Methinks there are women's rights to be thought of here far more imminent, far more pressing, and more touching too, than the privileges of old maids to sit in Parliament, or discuss conic sections with Cambridge dons.

I believe that the squaws in North America are better off, better treated, their comforts more regarded, and their lives made easier to them, than those of a large number of our poor labouring countrywomen; and if there was to-morrow a woman's right movement to better their condition, to shield them from hardships from which sex alone should secure them, I am quite ready to join it, even though it should not include the member for Westminster amongst the patrons.

I have heard very crafty politicians say, when speaking of Greece, "Give them all they ask, and you'll see how soon they'll be sick of it." I have no doubt that this was a true measure of the Hellenes; and I am half disposed to think that there is a great element in the woman's nature which would arrive at very similar results in the present case. It might be a somewhat costly way to resolve the question, I admit, but it would resolve it, and quickly too—to admit women to the competition they aspire to, making them pay the price in all that they should surrender. If I know anything of my fellow-men, I can declare that they would not look for their wives amongst these prim practitioners, or *materia medica* women. Ladies may say that they have higher ambitions than to be our partners and helpmates, that their real mission is to be legislators, or judges, or physicians, or at least to share these charges with us. I can only reply that, for my own part, I'd rather not marry a Chancellor of the Exchequer, nor share the domestic hearth with a Bachelor in medicine. If the women's right question is simply to be the question of unmarried females—of those who will not, or cannot, marry—let them declare it so. Call it "The Old Maids' Reform Association," "The Spinsters' Union," or anything else that would imply that the rights to be acquired, and privileges to be obtained, should not rob us of a wife or a mother, or that in making a Professor the more in our community, we had not a true Woman the less.

A WHOLESOME CHANGE.

We are all of us somewhat given to take a rather gloomy view of this Old England of ours—to say that we are declining in every way. We are not only not as honest, as straightforward, and as truthful as our forefathers, but we are their inferiors in pluck and daring. There are no more Nelsons, or Collingwoods, or Wellingtons amongst us, while, intellectually, we are, like our manufacturers, only working up shoddy, without one particle of originality to redeem the mass. We are so fond of this theme, and grown such adepts in our treatment of it, that, whenever news is scarce or the season dull, we fall back on depreciation with the certainty of always finding a public ready to read and approve us.

It has been quite unintentionally, certainly, but I am really afraid I have, now and then, added my small voice to this chorus. I say unintentionally, for I am naturally sanguine; I like to take the cheeriest view of all things, and am so disposed to be hopeful that it is only within the last year or two that I have despaired of even myself. There have been, there is no doubt of it, some very fine things in our recent history. The

glorious bearing of that regiment on the deck of the Birkenhead is, to my thinking, unequalled in all history. The Light Brigade at Balaclava, some of the episodes of the Indian Mutiny, show how the boldest traits of personal daring survive amongst us; and one such man as the late Rajah Brooke attests that the best blood of an English worthy beat in a heart of the present century. On the whole, then, we are not so bad as we seem.

We are changed in many ways: our freer intercourse with Continental nations has served and disserved us; we are more conciliatory, more liberal-minded, less enclosed in insular prejudices: in a word, we are more tolerant than were our forefathers, and fairer to those who differ with us; but, in return, we are less trustful, scarcely so hospitable, and not at all so loyal—I mean in that personal loyalty that forms the bond of close friendship.

After all, it is not quite fair to speak of a man's strength when we only see him in his early days of convalescence after a long illness. We have had a long spell of Whig government, with all its lowering influences of mock sympathy for the labouring classes, shabby economies, and petty spites towards its opponents; and we have had a powerful press telling us that all these are commendable and good for us, so that, on the whole, we might have been worse than we are and little blame attach to us.

There is one trait of the nation that essentially distinguishes us from all other peoples I know of, whether it be from the industrial spirit that pervades us, a sort of national thrift, or the influence of that manufacturing energy that forms the staple of our prosperity—from whatever the cause, we are the only people I ever heard of that worked up their defects into something profitable, just as skilful smelters turn dross to use and actually convert refuse into wealth. Our hypocrisy makes us eminently respectable, and a very considerable amount of our courtesy and general amiability is nothing but a highly-cultivated snobbery.

But it was not to say ill-natured things I have sat down to this paper. It was rather to record a fact which, small though it may seem to some, there are others will deem significant of much good, and pleasant to dwell on. There was a time, not so very long ago that it is a strain on memory to recall it, when the advent of a British fleet, in all peacefulness, to a foreign port, called up precautions not unlike those against a bombardment. Men alone were seen in the streets—women kept within doors—shops were closed and the shutters stoutly barricaded; the police force was doubled; patrols paraded the thoroughfares, and every detail that could insure safety to life and property was canvassed with care and skill, showing how the inhabitants regarded their blue-shirted visitors.

From my window where I sit I can now see a British squadron at anchor. Two of England's proudest iron-clads are "sleeping on their shadows" in the first line, and beyond these lie frigates which combine the finest lines of the yacht with the grand proportions of the liner. The glorious flag that ever grows dearer to us as we grow older, is waving softly in the summer wind, and flashing many a crimson and blue tint in the tideless water below; and as I look I like to lapse into a dreamy reverie over all the glories England has won at sea; how her great name first came, borne over the wide ocean, and what a humble and obscure part ours would have been amongst nations but for these "tall admirals" that visit every sea, and proclaim us in every tideway. But from these high musings I am diverted by a small, a very small, slip of paper which has just been laid before me, and tells

that though for eight days several hundred men—British sailors, mind you—have been on liberty through the town and its neighbourhood, there have been no riots, no outrages; not even a passing rudeness has been committed. From the authorities of every kind there is but one testimony to the peaceful behaviour of our blue-jackets—their genuine good-humour, their cordial pleasantry, and their racy enjoyment of shore-life, never for a moment degenerating into orgy or excess. The Beer-gardens—that paradise of German life—have been filled with our people, who have imbibed much good music and a considerable quantity of very tolerable beer, testifying to the love of both heartily—noisily, too, but never offensively—never once to shock the good feeling or invade the comfort of others less enthusiastically given than themselves. If their hoarse cheer has made the oak-leaves tremble, it has not been in anger; and their hearty voices have been loudest when "Rule, Britannia" has swelled up amidst the *lieder* of the Vaterland.

Are not these things to be proud of? Was there any other quality of our service we had more to blush for before foreigners than the drunkenness of our men, and their consequent insubordination and recklessness? And if this exist no longer, or only to such an extent as may seem venial or half excusable, what may we not expect from our navy thus reformed?

Kinglake has beautifully told us how the nature of the sailor wins upon the landsman's heart by traits of almost childlike simplicity and gentleness; and when we remember how these are the gifts of men whose lion-like courage seeks out danger as if by an instinct, the whole makes a combination intensely interesting.

For my own part I have, I grieve to say, survived most enthusiasms, and have come to the age when men dwell longest on their disappointments, and linger least over their successes, if they ever had such; but I am full of hope and courage when I see this glorious change in our people, and am convinced that to a service thus constituted the honour of England can be confided in all safety and in all pride.

AT PEACE.

'Tis twilight! the murmurous voices
Of maidens that stroll with their lovers
Beneath the dark ilexes' shadows
Come faint to my ear.

No cloud in the faint azure heaven
Is floating—the moon in its fulness
Looks down with a mild face of pity,
And night holds its breath.

Innumerous under the grasses
The crickets are ceaselessly chirping,
Above them the luccioli lighten,
And all is at peace!

At peace! ay, the peace of the desert—
The silence, the deep desolation,
That comes when the blast has swept o'er us
And buried our hopes.

At peace! when the music that thrilled us,
The hand that its harmonies wakened,
The voice that was soul to the singing,
Alike are at rest.

At peace! ay, the peace of the ocean,
When past is the storm where we foundered,
And eager and breathless the morning
Looks over the waste.

W. W. S.

RELIGIOUS EQUALITY AND UNLIMITED FORMULAS.

THERE are features in the general political state of England at this day which furnish matter for grave if not anxious reflection. Times occur in the history of all nations when they seem suddenly, as it were, to turn round a sharp corner in their onward path. Revolution is by no means the ordinary form which such changes assume. There are phenomena which indicate a radical conversion of the political spirit far more decisively than revolution or an outbreak of abnormal force. The Revolution of 1688, though it constituted a real national epoch, made no violent breach with the past. The ideas on which William of Orange stepped to the throne were not new; his accession was only the settlement of an old controversy which had raged on for ages. The great Reform Bill of last year is an event of the same general nature. It may be that a real revolution has been accomplished: we are far from asserting that such is the character of the deed which has been done; but assuredly if there has been revolution it will not be found in the enlarged constituencies which have been brought into play, but much rather in the ideas and feelings which are likely to govern their political action. It is not a question of the numbers of the electors, but of the spirit and the feelings which are likely to animate them. There will be many more voters at political elections, no doubt; but the vital matter is, whether they will or will not march on the lines of the Constitution? This is the true problem to study. The body is of small significance compared with the force of the spirit within. The true point of interest—and an interest of greater magnitude cannot well be conceived—lies in the ideas which are at work in society, in the modes of thought which give impulse and direction to its mind, in the way of looking at things which prevails amongst all classes, especially the educated ones, in the cast of the intellectual element in all the classes combined. It is not to the framework of the political structure that we must look for the power which is to determine what men individually and the nation collectively shall be in the future, but to the constitution of men's minds, their primary principles, their proneness to one or other intellectual habit, their tendency to mix religious or anti-religious ideas with their political judgments and aspirations. These are the things on which the state of civilisation hangs in every country—these the characteristics which distinguish one age from another—which make societies, on every question which comes before them, act in one way rather than in another. If we desire to draw a horoscope of the future, and to conjecture the form which human life will assume a century hence, these are the forces which we must review and appreciate; and if we seek to avert evil or promote good in the coming period, it is by acting on these powers alone that we can hope to exercise any control over the kind of social existence which we may wish to prepare.

The most marked symptom of the last few years has been velocity of pace combined with great irregularity of movement. Change is more and more becoming less continuous, less the orderly development of public wants successively felt and acknowledged, and then steadily and regularly satisfied. Such a uniform movement is possible only when there is no vehement conflict about first principles, when men are agreed on fundamental points, when the ideas on which the changes are urged or

resisted are shared by both parties in the struggle. Quite different is the spectacle we now behold. The character of the movement is accumulated stoppage, and then a swift overwhelming *débacle.* Resistance triumphs for a while, and then short and sharp comes the catastrophe. The thought and energy of the innovators are spent in overcoming the resistance and asserting their own mastery; that effected, all sense of responsibility is flung away to the winds, all prudent thought is cast aside, and statesmanship is discarded as if it were no better than astrology. In past days the defenders of constitutions yielded only after protracted sieges; in our time the defences are carried by a sudden assault, and the victorious hordes break up into a reckless and destructive rabble. This is a change very much for the worse in the course of political progress. The ancient method was to demand the redressing of specified evils—practical remedies were proposed for practical sufferings. The old edifice was put under repair—decayed parts were cut out. The nation pursued reform as opposed to reorganisation and reconstruction. Speculative ideas had very little, if any, part in these transformations. It was the practical sense which guided the improvements introduced, and that sense was set in motion by the perception of positive harm rather than by broad generalisations of principle. But, as already remarked, the nation has turned a corner; and a new force is now applied to political action. The speculative intelligence now asserts itself on every side. The world reads and thinks more than it was wont to do: not that there is better and deeper thinking—very far from it indeed; but intellectual activity, such as it is, is more widely diffused over the people. This movement of the intellect is more deeply impregnated with general formulas. There is a more direct and a more constant recurrence to first principles. Logic has acquired a stronger hold on the public mind. The necessity of a major premise is more clearly recognised, and it is more distinctly put forward, in all arguments.

If this is a correct description of the mental state into which we are plunging more deeply every day, it becomes a matter of immense importance to study the tendencies and political action of this new application of the force of intelligence. One effect we have already mentioned—the swiftness of its operation, and the suddenness with which it accomplishes the mightiest changes. We have fallen upon days when Sadowas are found in Parliament as well as in armies, and when institutions, like States, are overthrown in a few hours. Men now deliver united and concentrated blows; for there is nothing which combines them into a single force so readily as a common state of intelligence. It is the existence of the same idea in a multitude of minds, not yet moving together, but prepared to combine, which enables such strange surprises, so sudden and so all-pervading, as Mr Gladstone's proposal to disestablish the Irish Church to come to pass. The spell lies in the completeness, the absoluteness, the unlimited generality of the idea. No definite plan about the Church, however well-constructed, would have exercised any charm; the fascination comes from the breadth and unlimited sweep of the idea. Intermediate positions are scouted, prudence and moderation are despised, as the puny attempts of an incapable and cowardly intellect. The attraction of a general principle is irresistible; it wields a disintegrating power which saps the foundation of the strongest organisations, and pronounces decrees of which Mr Gladstone's utterance of the word Disestablishment is so striking an example. Not that Mr Gladstone

proposed something original which had never been mooted before in political discussion. On the contrary, it is obvious that Mr Gladstone had neither the desire nor the will in this matter to conceive distinctly and to propound accurately a new proposition of public policy. He manifestly attached no definite meaning to the word Disestablishment. But he saw that it had a vague unlimited sound, likely to captivate the ear of men who wished something to be done, without exactly knowing what; and his political conscience was not sufficiently active to remind him of the duty of considering what effect his use of undefined words might produce. In that very recklessness of consequences lies the extreme dangerousness of Mr Gladstone's nature. He is always eager, above all when in Opposition, to seize on some idea calculated to win support among the masses; but whether the accomplishment of that idea is likely to destroy the Constitution, and permanently injure his country, he never tarries to inquire. With all his appearance of grave consideration, history speaks of few men more destitute of the sense of political responsibility.

A general idea, then, is the instrument which speculative and unpractical intelligence now employs for the accomplishment of its ends. The national mind works with ideas; these are the levers with which it levels down and raises up. The signs of its power abound on every side. Besides the conspicuous instances of the Reform Bill and the Irish Church, we perceive the same type in the demand for the entire abolition of religious tests at the Universities, for the secularisation of education, for the rejection of the religious element from the schools of the State. These things are clamoured for with a vehemence, nay, with a ferocity, which tells of the tumult of passion which a general idea can excite in a modern soul. The existence of a State Church is found to be in collision with the perfect idea of religious equality, and sectarian bodies of every class assail it in the name of an unerring logic. Sounds have been heard which give warning of the whirlpool which is drawing hereditary authorities into the vortex of general ideas; and men of eloquence have been found to utter the broadest conceivable form of political simplicity—a single Republican assembly elected by universal suffrage. All these lights reveal the orbit in which the mind of the nation is now beginning to revolve; and what will be the end?

The distinguishing character of this new power is its absolute and unlimited nature. The idea is conceived in its fullest expanse, and a relentless logic enforces its decrees. One has but to talk with the advanced Liberals in order to perceive the impatience with which any restriction of the idea is received; any suggestion of moderation, any trace of compromise, is repelled as illogical, unreal, and false. Any proposal to leave the Irish Anglicans any portion of their endowments is resented as an offence against the principle of equality: equality must be asserted at all hazards, without the slightest thought of consequences. The faintest shadow of religious teaching in State schools is denounced as violating the unity of secular education. The slightest reservation of Christianity in our Universities is spoken of as the narrow bigotry of men who cannot see the light that shines out of the dogma that all religions must fare alike. At some future time it will be proposed to dismiss a hereditary peerage and a hereditary monarch as spoiling the unity of speculative thought, as defacing symmetry, as indignities to the formula of a people one and indivisible. Then these modes of reasoning are so delightfully easy

and intellectual: the sense of gratified logic is in the highest degree pleasant. It saves a world of trouble: its knocking down power renders it the most agreeable of weapons. Modifications, compromises, partial satisfactions embarrass; they require sagacity; they demand the skill to predict future working; they force the weighing of means with ends; they call for a science most difficult of attainment, statesmanship. But a child can kill with a universal formula. No institution can survive the stab of a general principle; and whatever may be the form which society may assume, a formula can always be extemporised for its destruction.

The strength, then, of this intellectual instrument is undeniable, the pleasure of wielding it great, and its destructive energy is the strongest that can be conceived. Its application to the field of pure mathematics is natural, for here the universal formula is as legitimate as it is powerful; but the subject-matter of politics is separated by a world-wide chasm from the subject-matter of geometry. Is there such a thing as a single universal truth in politics? Where is the political principle which is true at all times, under all circumstances, and of all men? Even the rights of liberty are not absolute: there are times when society requires a saviour, though he appear in the form of a dictator. So even the French Republic thought in 1852; with what permanent result let history tell. Who will pretend that absolute despotism, or constitutional rule, or a republic, are forms of pure truth, as certain, as imperative, as the propositions of Euclid? And if there is no such thing as pure political truth, what are we to say of the absolute and unlimited form now given to political opinions and dogmas? On what evidence does this all-absorbing authority rest? What confidence ought to be felt in the wisdom of those who eradicate and destroy whatever is inconsistent with the formulas of their affection? What guarantee can they give to themselves, political or intellectual, that all which they pull up is pure evil, and all that they construct in the name of their principle is pure truth? These are considerations of the utmost possible moment when general doctrines, unlimited assertions, are applied without restriction to the government and institutions of nations. A roundly-framed proposition has a most captivating air; it looks so true, so comprehensive, so full of authority, so mighty to cure evil and establish good.

But there are set-offs on the other side which seem to be fast passing into oblivion. These unlimited principles wear a grand appearance of profound science. In discovering them men fancy that they have reached the very essence of things. When limitations are pared away, science seems to come forth in its divinest majesty. But, alas! the weakness of humanity besets our intellectual quite as much as our moral and animal natures. Who can give the slightest assurance that the intelligence of any single age, however acute and far-seeing, has embraced the whole truth? To sum up a number of intellectual perceptions into a universal formula furnishes of itself no proof that everything has been observed which ought to have been observed. The form of the abstract principle is very apt to mislead. Universality of statement is anything but identical with universality of vision. He must be indeed a great thinker who can set before his mind every political truth. Who can cite such a man? In ancient times perhaps Aristotle approached the nearest to this standard; yet Aristotle knew nothing of representative institutions, and of all the facts and truths connected with them. Are we to imagine that in this our day we can frame a complete political science one whit bet-

ter than Aristotle? Our experience has been larger than his, no doubt; but we may be quite sure that our intelligence has not explored the remotest boundaries of political knowledge, and that, with all our sweep of intellect and breadth of generalisation, other ages will discern many things which we do not perceive. And yet we do not hesitate to destroy, such is our unbounded confidence in what we think to be grand authoritative utterances of the pure reason. What exists obtains no respect from the fact that it has worked and works on still: it offends against the passions and interests of the hour; and organisations by which men have lived for half-a-dozen centuries are swept away with the same indifference as a mushroom law of yesterday.

These are not mere words of wailing poured out in fond and foolish affection for once-loved but worn-out forms. What has happened once may happen again. The world has witnessed a grand and terrible illustration of the power and consequences of universal formulas. The great French Revolution was carried out in the name of ideas. It was the child of intelligence—of intelligence justly incensed at cruel wrongs inflicted on a trodden-down nation. Never did genius and intellect rise in more righteous rebellion than in the fearful struggle against the selfishness and the ignorance of the latter days of the *ancien régime;* but observe the course which they took, and the legacy which they bequeathed to France. The banner of abstract principles and unlimited doctrines was raised; pure reason was at its culminating point—it revised and corrected everything. The whole of society, its institutions, its social relations, its religion, civilisation itself—all went into the crucible; and philosophy shaped the mould into which the new life was cast. The work was done thoroughly. France was stripped bare of all the machinery by which she had existed as a nation; the lading of the ship of the State was thrown overboard bodily: and what were the results? Much evil was killed off—let that be fairly stated, for it is true. Good, too, was sown and reaped—and let due credit be taken for it in the account. Still, when every allowance has been fairly made, what has been the new France that came forth from the transformation made by unlimited principles? Old landmarks have been lost, the links of the old organisation have been destroyed, and up to this very hour France has been restless, unsteady, the prey of incessant oscillations—barren of all stable security for orderly government, and at times even for life and property. And what has been the remedy to which French society has been driven for escape from anarchy? To force—brute, high-handed force; to dictatorship under one form or other; to physical strength, deliberately preferred as the sole trustworthy guarantee for existence. This has been no chance result, no creature of unlucky accident. Absolute formulas standing amidst the ruin of all preceding organisations can end in nothing else but this.

We trust we shall not be misunderstood. We do not cite the example of France in order to fling obloquy on the great political earthquake which then shook her foundations, or to deny its necessity, or to disparage the good fruit it has borne, or, least of all, to nurse in ourselves any sense of superiority. Nor do we seek to lay the blame on the intelligence which drove the people of France to shake off an oppression, a political suffocation, which was unendurable. The heaviest part of the sin undoubtedly lies on those who had neither the sense nor the capacity to reform. Our object, rather, is to draw attention to the mode in which that intelligence unfortunately worked. *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,* are invaluable prin-

ciples, but woe to their unrestricted, unlimited, absolute application. That application stripped the nation bare, and it has never had good clothing since. This is the specific lesson which the French Revolution has for us Englishmen at the present hour. The tendency to march along the same road is too visible amongst us. We are impelled onwards by ideas, and these ideas assume every day a more absolute form. We are learning to destroy in the same spirit as stirred the keen and philosophical intellects who turned France aside from reform into revolution; we bow daily more meekly to unlimited doctrine; we despise more contemptuously all that savours of compromise. We are ready, very often eager, to break with England's past, not because we have persuaded ourselves that it is worthless, but simply because we have learned to love general principles, and intellectually delight to push them to their extreme consequences. We are fast striving to make the English people a different people from what they have hitherto been in history.

One characteristic has distinguished the English amongst the other nations of the world. It has been emphatically a continuous people. Even such mighty changes as the Norman Conquest and the Reformation left a great deal of what they found standing. Neither William the Conqueror nor Henry VIII. worked with abstract ideas. M. Guizot has powerfully described the incompleteness of the Revolution directed against Charles and James by the side of its great French successor. Cromwell was no Napoleon, either of the older or the younger type. The actual House of Commons is still—but for how long?—the child of Simon de Montfort's. Whether under the Plantagenets, the Tudors, the Cromwells, or the Nassaus, the English people have always hitherto eschewed unlimited principles. Its instruments of working have never been the forms of the pure reason. Its one great method at all times and under all circumstances has been compromise. That is the true English process—an imperfect one, doubtless; it produces workmanship of inferior intellectual beauty. Criticism may discover in it innumerable flaws. It has rendered the English an illogical people. Most of their institutions, when analysed, bring out varied and not seldom contradictory principles. No philosophical thinker can find in them the symmetry which he loves; the product is only the resultant of many conflicting interests and passions. The English nation, so far, has never been governed by an idea; for the broadest and grandest of its ideas—religious liberty—was politically a negative rather than a positive principle—a protest against penalty, and not a systematic development of religious equality. But, then, if the English have been an illogical, they have also been a permanent people: considering the number and the strength of the dissolving forces to which their history has exposed them, they are the most permanent of civilised nations. It is difficult not to connect together these two very characteristic ideas of illogicalness and permanence. Not that illogicalness is itself a virtue, but the illogicalness of which we speak is not simply bad reasoning. It means here only that more than one principle is found to assert itself in every English social work. But these principles are fused into a higher unity. The illogicalness is not the cause of the permanence, but rather both are joint products of a common cause—respect, namely, for the living forces which exist in human nature and in society. Compromise is a healing, a life-giving process, because it takes into account actual realities, and does not crush them. Compromise ought not to, and cannot, save what is worn out and gone; but compromise does not

say to an existing force, "There is something more philosophical than you; you must vanish into nothingness." This is the language held by the preachers of absolute ideas: very different is that spoken by compromise. The superiority of compromise lies in this, that actual existence, the proof of real work given by experience and duration, is, as Bacon long ago remarked, a better guarantee for truth and efficiency than any idea, however grandly and philosophically conceived. A given idea may be the wiser and the truer theory, but there always remains the fatal uncertainty whether its actual application will show it to be so. And this is the reason why reform is better than revolution; because reform strengthens what is known to possess value, whilst ideas, till tried, can never furnish a safe test of trustworthiness. A complete breach with the past is for a nation to embark on an unknown ocean. Reform retains the old landmarks, and their power to guide the ship has been proved.

Nor are the soothing qualities of compromise of small account in the management of nations. The Reign of Terror was not wholly unconnected with the dominion of general ideas. It is the nature of compromise to reduce friction, to prepare minds for the reception of improved methods, to keep aloof alarm and its spasmodic violence, to diminish the risks which must inevitably attend every considerable change. England has been an improving quite as much as she has been a permanent nation; and compromise can enter a large claim for the merit of the result. Compromise retains the general type of an existing civilisation; and we have no faith in radical transformations of the civilisation of any people, least of all when imposed by force. Neither ruler nor philosopher can know all the elements of human nature, any more than the poets or the painters of any age can exhaust all the forms of beauty, or can settle, once for all, what pictures or what poems mankind shall have in perpetuity. Changes made in the name of a general idea are sure to provoke reaction in the future under the authority of its contradictory; and if each idea is to be free to work its will without restraint, the history of a nation can only be a chronicle of extreme oscillations. The pendulum will come back to its old altitudes on each side.

One of these broad principles is playing at this moment a very prominent part in this country, and will afford an excellent illustration of the disintegrating action of unlimited doctrines. Religious equality is proclaimed by thousands of tongues as an ultimate principle of human nature, as a right inherited by every freeman at his birth, as the governing rule for the regulation of the relations between social life and religion, as one of the most sacred and fundamental truths of political philosophy. We are thus brought into the presence of a great idea. By its aid the intelligence of the nineteenth century proposes to settle the bitter and never-ending controversies which have tormented mankind for more than a thousand years. It is reserved to this generation to solve the problem which Constantine created when he declared the Empire to be Christian. The light of an ultimate idea will extinguish the conflict; but whether it will solve or destroy the problem remains to be considered. Religious equality is the wonder-working charm which is to pacify Ireland and to heal the wounds of ages: with religious equality every Irishman will become an affectionate brother of Englishmen, every Fenian will be converted into a loyal subject of our Queen. Religious equality is to appease Dissenting animosities. Religious equality, Mr Winterbotham assures us, the Dissenters are resolved to have—they will take nothing less. Religious equality is to pene-

trate into our Universities, to raise education to the dignity of pure secularism, to give Christians and atheists an equal start in running this world's race, to remove every obstacle which confines the glorious freedom of thinking, and the still more glorious liberty of preaching. Equality is to be the touchstone by which every institution, every social arrangement which connects itself with religion, shall be tested; no favour which falls upon one opinion above another shall be endured henceforth. The idea shall know no bounds; it shall be as infinite as the universe. No tradition, no prescription, no long and unbroken usage—no, not even the law of a majority of the people—shall stay its majestic action for an instant; for is it not pure truth, and is there any power on earth which shall measure itself against pure truth? The Irish Church offends against religious equality: it shall perish. Every combination of Church with State must include some violation of religious equality; the State shall know nothing of Church or religion. The once vaunted Toleration Act falls short of equality: toleration shall be accounted an insult. Nonconformists shall not suffer themselves to be tolerated. The belief in a God has hitherto enjoyed advantages sanctioned by law; Atheism, in all places belonging to the State, shall henceforward stand on the most absolute level of equality with Christianity. If the State educates, it shall ignore religion; for otherwise the grand idea would require that it should teach Atheism as well as Deism. No official person of any kind shall in any assignable way be the better or the worse on account of any religious opinion whatever which he may hold; for the central idea of religious equality teaches the incontestable proposition, that religious opinion is invested with this inherent peculiarity, that it is offended whenever any form of it possesses anything which every other form does not possess as well.

Such is a general description of the idea which is announced with so much pomp, and which is so fearlessly applied to every object within its reach. The assertions are overwhelming. They take one's breath away, so awful is their universality, so tremendous their range. That those who conceive this idea in all its amplitude are still few, we believe; but that these propositions are involved in the language now held on all sides about religious equality is certain. Still worse, many who speak in the name of this principle would shrink from not a few of these consequences: but unconsciously they are effectively promoting their accomplishment. A large idea far transcends the understandings of the many from whose lips it drops; and it is impossible to make them comprehend their responsibility in scattering about seed whose foliage and fruit are to them unknown. It is for the sake of these persons, the unreflecting propagators of doctrines which they have not yet discerned, that it is desirable to linger a little on this idea of religious equality, and to consider what it really does contain.

We are far from saying that all the assertions which we have quoted are entirely false: some of the objects which they are brought forward to support will receive the approbation of most thinking men. But the really important point is the character of the intellectual apparatus by which they are sustained, the nature of the idea whose authority is invoked. Many things demanded in the name of religious equality may be sound and expedient, and yet the conception of the idea itself of religious equality may be most false and most mischievous. Let us examine, then, a little this idea: and it is possible that we may succeed in showing that what is asked for in its name may often be granted most wisely, and yet

the propagation of the unlimited doctrine may at the same time be full of disaster.

What, then, is demanded under the principle of religious equality? Absolutely equal terms in all public matters for every religious opinion. We ask at once, Is it intended that it should be allowed to the Sovereign of England to be a Mormon? Mormonism is a body of religious opinions; and if all religious opinions are to stand on the same level of equality, Mormonism has as good a right to sit on the throne as any other religion. The idea of religious equality must be able to obtain this for Mormonism, or else the idea falls from its high estate: it is no unlimited principle at all; it becomes subordinate to other laws, and its authority can be admitted only where other considerations show it to be expedient. Oh, but Mormonism is an immoral religion, we shall be told; the State has a right to forbid immorality. True, but the Mormon replies that his religion teaches him that the polygamy which we call immoral is prescribed by his religion, and he can cite in his support vast masses of the human race. The idealist may still maintain that religious opinion is one thing and morality another; and he may claim to exclude the Mormon, not because he has a religious opinion, but because that religious opinion is combined with an immoral practice. But by his reply he imposes upon himself the burden of stating the distinction between religion on the one side, and morality, as conceived independently of all religion, on the other. We fear that his task will not be an easy one. It is not very obvious, how to prove that for an atheist, who believes in neither God nor future state, morality can be anything more than a matter of taste, and moral and immoral actions be other than agreeable or disagreeable ones; and if this is so, the exclusion of Mormonism becomes religious persecution, and religious equality disappears.

Or again: is it proposed that the sovereign of any European State should be suffered to be a Mohammedan, or a Buddhist, or a plain professor of pure atheism? If his idea is true, the advocate of religious equality has no choice but to demand such freedom as a right for the sovereign as for every other man. It will not do for him to say that the constitution of mind of such a prince would be in too violent discord with that of his subjects, for this is a consideration of expediency, and if it is made to override the authority of religious equality, religious equality in State matters is thereby reduced to a secondary and inferior position. We may be told that we are putting extreme cases. We do so designedly; for it is our clear right to put an extreme but very possible case, when the object is to test the absolute character of a principle. It is preposterous nonsense to imagine that religious equality is a rigorous and absolute truth, capable of unrestricted application. It is ridiculous even to suppose that in a Christian country it would be possible to place all religions on a footing of strict equality. It is not religious equality to allow a man to shut himself up for life in a cloister, and to forbid another from saving his soul hereafter by throwing himself under the wheels of Juggernaut. Upon such a principle why should not a man be able to throw away his life to secure, as he believes, an enormous gain? It is pure persecution to prevent him. We praise a man who dies for his country—that is, who gives away his life for our benefit; but we forbid him to do it for his own, even when his religion calls upon him to make the sacrifice. The matter will not bear a moment's investigation. The simple fact is, that religious equality is simply impossible. There are religions so shocking to our feelings that we will not consent to

live with those who practise them; and thus religious equality comes to an end.

The absurdity of this extraordinary pretension will be still more transparent, if we compare the equality claimed in religion with the equality practised in civil matters. In the secular world perfect equality is found nowhere: it does not exist. All opinions do not stand in any country in the world on the same absolute level: some are always at a disadvantage relatively to others. In the purest republic the opinion of the majority prevails, and acts. It rules for the time being: it regulates the course of public affairs: it places those who hold it in positions of power and emolument: it ejects others from offices from which they derived their daily bread: it scatters inequality broadcast all round. Yet men do not cry out against such a system as a gross breach of civil or republican equality. They do not exclaim that one man shall not have one single political or social advantage above another, because civil equality would then be violated. The Free-traders of the West do not vociferate about inequality, because their economical opinions are overridden, and the Protectionist doctrines of the Atlantic States prevail. Civil equality is considered as established when equal chances are given to all opinions, when each is allowed to assert itself freely, and encounters no obstacle in winning converts; but when, also, the opinion that proves the strongest obtains a most real mastery in the enactment of laws and the administration of government. But obviously this is a limited and restricted equality: as a fact, in the practical positions of men there is inequality, for law favours and acts upon one set of opinions, and places the others at a material and positive disadvantage. The claim set up for religious equality is something quite different from this. It will not suffer any opinion adopted by a majority, however strong, to prevail. It demands from every body of religionists, whether few or many—for perfect equality knows nothing of numbers—a veto on the action of others; and where is such a thing heard of in the civil world? It enables a man to say: "Since my religious opinion is not acted upon by the State, neither shall yours; since it is not the religion of the State, neither shall yours be; since the State does nothing for my religion, neither shall it for yours. You may count as many millions as I reckon units among my fellow-religionists; your majority goes for nothing, for the principle of religious equality prohibits every form of support to you which is not equally accorded to me. And since you will not adopt my religion and think with me, and carry out my opinions, neither shall you carry out yours, because then you would get something from the State which I do not, and the immortal principle of religious equality would be destroyed." Does not every one instantly feel that this is pure and undeniable nonsense? and yet if religious equality is an absolute truth, it can take, as Mr Winterbotham assures us, nothing less than this. "There shall be no State Church," exclaim the Idealists, "because a State Church must necessarily favour some religious opinions above others. As a body of men living together in the world, you shall not give effect to some of your strongest convictions and feelings, to the most powerful impulses of your being, to the most binding and profoundly interesting of all relations, because we call these feelings religious, and a fundamental law of human nature declares that religious impulses and convictions shall never enter into national organisation, because whilst in all civil matters there may be inequality, in religious there shall be none." A great distinction must be drawn between such reasonings and the arguments which are levelled against any form of State Church, on

grounds whether of political expediency or of the interests themselves of the Christian faith. Whether well founded or not, such arguments are perfectly legitimate. They are not tainted with the absurdity which attaches to the absolute doctrine of religious equality. It is fair to maintain that an Establishment is an injury to Christianity, and that religion would thrive better under the agency of Voluntary Churches. Or again, it is strictly reasonable to argue against any actual State Church, that the condition of the nation is altered, and that Nonconformists have acquired a weight and importance which ought not to be disregarded, on the score either of reason or safety. It is as legitimate to urge the modification or the abolition of a State Church on such principles, as to advocate the reform of the House of Commons, or the abolition of the House of Lords. No bar can be placed on the utterance of such an argument, but its basis is certainly not the abstract principle of religious equality. It is one thing to say that an actually existing inequality has become incapable of justification, and that altered circumstances authorise a demand for revision; and it is another thing to say that there must be no inequality, no State action whatever, in matters of religion. Voluntary Churches may be the expedient and the right system, but the assertion that a large majority of a people who think otherwise are forbidden to carry out their opinion by a constituent law of the human mind, requires a principle of a very different quality from that which we have recognised in abstract religious equality. Some better philosophy must be produced before we can admit the existence of such an ultimate fact in the nature of man.

It is very easy to give a grand philosophical air to these pretended absolute rights, but they are pure fictions. There is no absolute political or social right, and there never has been in the history of the human race. That an individual, in the name of any so-called principle, can dictate to others any terms on which they shall live with him, is a glaring absurdity. The greatest of rights, the right to live, no man possesses absolutely; he has no right to be saved from starving. How many nations, of the many which have peopled the world, have had a poor-law? What right would be violated if the north of England said to the south that it disliked the southern men, and would not live with them? Is not the principle of nationality but a specimen of this feeling? Abstract political rights have long been recognised to be nonsense. No man has a right to be governed by an emperor or a king or a constitutional government or a republic. It is very possible to prefer a republic, and it may be very reasonable; but the whole history of human beings demonstrates overwhelmingly that an abstract right to be a member of a republic is not a primary instinct, much less an indefeasible right, implanted in the human breast. But has not a man and a nation a right to justice? They have, most indisputably; but justice is not a collection of abstract formulas, a code of positive natural enactments. The application of justice presupposes relations already pre-existing: it judges them, it learns their spirit, and inquires whether each man has his legitimate portion under these relations, whether in a given arrangement partialities have been committed, and an unequal or disproportionate distribution of advantages has been sanctioned. Justice is an idea, but an idea is not made up of Act of Parliament clauses. The application of the idea of justice is not the same in different countries. The suppression of a free press would be accounted an injustice and a breach of political right in England; it does not follow that

it would be wrong or unjust in Russia.

But if in the civil world these things are well understood, how comes it to pass that in religious matters the same clearness of perception has not been reached? How is it that vague notions of indefeasible right, of right which claims recognition from every human being, which refuses to be controlled or limited, and which places a man with a religious opinion, as it were, in the very centre of society, and declares that not only shall he be freely allowed to hold it, but that every other human being shall be forbidden to carry into action any other religious opinion that is opposed to it? The history and nature of Christianity will explain this marvellous fact. Christianity is a religion of belief—of opinion—and it alleges that mankind are saved by belief. The tremendous stake of happiness or misery in a future world thus invests belief—opinion—with immeasurable importance. Right belief produces infinitely blessed consequences; wrong belief might be destructive to its holder, and its propagation involve indescribable injury to those who might be persuaded to adopt it. Hence grew up the fatal plant of persecution, the determination to suppress misbelief as a civil and social as well as a religious crime. The professors of the beliefs condemned were compelled, by the very nature of Christianity, to maintain their opinions at all hazards: conscience prompted unyielding resistance, and thus began a struggle of which the bitter fruits have lasted to the present hour. The duty and morality of persecution were gradually overthrown, and a triumphant stand was made on the grand principle that each human conscience is responsible to God alone for its beliefs, and that every penalty imposed on any opinion, as such, simply because it was erroneous, was a violation of religion and social polity alike. Toleration was first successfully achieved, but the heat engendered by the strife has not suffered the winning party to content themselves with a victory of such inestimable value to civilisation and to religion. Religious opinion has been invested with an excessive and irrational prerogative. It was demanded with reason that the State should punish no form of belief as erroneous; but when the respect claimed for the personal belief of every man was pushed to the extent that not only should he be entitled to practise his own belief freely, but further, that the State—that is, the collective aggregate of individual men—should abstain from all religious action, because to act on any one belief was to grant favour and privilege above others, reason and political philosophy were scattered to the winds. The proposition that opinion ought not to be persecuted, contains no proof that no opinion ought to be acted upon. The disapproval of a religious opinion by a portion of the people is no more an argument—in an absolute sense, in a sense distinct from expediency—against its adoption by the State, than the condemnation by certain persons of hanging for murder, or of the wickedness of war, amounts to a necessary prohibition of hanging or fighting. It is perfectly impossible for any body of religionists to produce a principle which can warrant such a monstrous claim to a right of veto on all action. The Quakers are made to pay war-taxes, though they think war to be wicked; how is it possible, then, to pretend that the State shall not support any religious organisation, simply because there are some who think that the belief implied in that organisation is erroneous, or who demand that no opinion shall have a particle of public action accorded to it which is not granted to every other?

We are now in a condition to deal with the much-vaunted principle of religious equality. As an

absolute right, as a principle requiring that the State shall abjure all action whatever in matters of religion, because it is impossible that the State should so act without bestowing a relative advantage of some kind on a particular religious opinion, religious equality is a philosophical and social absurdity. But as a practical principle falling into the general domain of justice and expediency, as a measure and rule for the State's conduct in its relations to religious matters, religious equality rises to the highest dignity and authority. So understood, it may enjoin many regulations which would deserve no respect whatever if demanded on the score of redressing mere preference. Let us take, for instance, the vexed question of a State Church. To say that there must be no State Church, because Comptists do not believe in a God, or Mohammedans do not recognise Christ, would be to stand on a doctrine so philosophically false, that if fairly and consistently carried out it would be destructive of society altogether. But to say of an existing State Church that it is disliked by such extensive masses of the community that it requires adjustment and modification, or that it demands assent to dogmas which can fairly be shown to be unnecessary, as peremptory conditions of communion, or that its vitality is worn out, or that its general structure is unsuited to the ideas of our day, —these, and all similar assertions, have a perfect right to be heard and weighed, and into this discussion it is most fitting that the idea of what is due to Nonconformists should enter as a principle to be respected. Or again: the yet broader question can most legitimately be raised, whether the cause of religion and the welfare of the State might not be practically benefited by the substitution of Voluntary for State Churches, and whether such voluntary associations ought or ought not to receive pecuniary support from the funds of the State? Or again: the rule of religious equality may rightly receive yet more attentive consideration in relation to so complicated a social difficulty as presents itself in Ireland. The history of the Protestant Church, its rise and its continuance, the numbers of the Catholic population, the national peculiarities of the race, the organisation of the Roman Catholic Church, its probable position after the disestablishment of the Anglican Church, the weight to be assigned to the demand for disestablishment under the actual circumstances of the case,—these are considerations of the highest moment, entitled to the most careful examination, and assuredly they proclaim with one voice that the thought of religious equality, an equality fairly balanced between both sides, should not be absent for an instant from the investigation. To weigh with care and justice and true appreciation these various and conflicting elements of this weighty problem, is the province of a great statesman, is a mission which none but a great statesman can fulfil. To vociferate about religious equality; to thrust aside the estimation of all these matters as superfluous labour wasted on a question already determined by one paramount principle; to take no circumstances into account; to declare that nations are by the very idea of their nature societies which forbid a single social act from being done out of a religious belief or principle; to shut out the motives and influences most determinative of human life from the joint action of men collected into combined peoples, on the miserable ground that not one single thing shall be done in behalf of one religious opinion which is not equally done in behalf of every other, however contemptible, pagan, and degrading it may be,—to utter such ignorant trash is the task of violent bigots or ignorant charlatans.

A ROMAN LAWYER IN JERUSALEM—FIRST CENTURY.

MARCUS, abiding in Jerusalem,
Greeting to Caius, his best friend, in Rome!
Salve! these presents will be borne to you
By Lucius, who is wearied with this place,
Sated with travel, looks upon the East
As simply hateful—blazing, barren, bleak—
And longs again to find himself in Rome.
~~After~~ the tumult of its streets, its trains
Of slaves and clients, and its villas cool
With marble porticoes beside the sea,
And friends and banquets,—more than all, its games,—
This life seems blank and flat. He pants to stand
In its vast circus all alive with heads
And quivering arms and floating robes,—the air
Thrilled by the roaring *fremitus* of men,—
The sunlit awning heaving overhead,
Swollen and strained against its corded veins,
And flapping out its hem with loud report,—
The wild beasts roaring from the pit below,—
The wilder crowd responding from above
With one long yell that sends the startled blood
With thrill and sudden flush into the cheeks,—
A hundred trumpets screaming,—the dull thump
Of horses galloping across the sand,—
The clang of scabbards, the sharp clash of steel,—
Live swords, that whirl a circle of grey fire,—
Brass helmets flashing 'neath their streaming hair,—
A universal tumult,—then a hush
Worse than the tumult—all eyes straining down
To the arena's pit—all lips set close—
All muscles strained,—and then that sudden yell,
Habet!—That's Rome, says Lucius: so it is!
That is, 'tis *his* Rome—'tis not yours and mine.

And yet, great Jupiter, here at my side
He stands with face aside as if he saw
The games he thus describes, and says, "That's life!
"Life! life! my friend, and this is simply death!
"Ah! for my Rome!" I jot his very words
Just as he utters them. I hate these games,
And Lucius knows it, yet he will go on,
And all against my will he stirs my blood—
So I suspend my letter for a while.

A walk has calmed me—I begin again—
Letting this last page, since it is written, stand.
Lucius is going: you will see him soon
In our great Forum, there with him will walk,
And hear him rail and rave against the East.
I stay behind,—for these bare silences,
These hills that in the sunset melt and burn,
This proud stern people, these dead seas and lakes,
These sombre cedars, this intense still sky,

To me, o'erwearied with Life's din and strain,
Are grateful as the solemn blank of night
After the fierce day's irritant excess;
Besides, a deep absorbing interest
Detains me here, fills up my mind, and sways
My inmost thoughts,—has got as 'twere a gripe
Upon my very life, as strange as new.
I scarcely know how well to speak of this,
Fearing your raillery at best,—at worst
Even your contempt; yet, spite of all, I speak.

First, do not deem me to have lost my head,
Sun-struck, as that man Paulus was at Rome.
No, I am sane as ever, and my pulse
Beats even, with no fever in my blood.
And yet I half incline to think his words,
Wild as they were, were not entirely wild.
Nay, shall I dare avow it? I half tend,
Here in this place, surrounded by these men,—
Despite the jeering natural at first,
And then the pressure of my life-long thought
Trained up against it,—to excuse his faith,
And half admit the Christus he thinks God
Is, at the least, a most mysterious man.
Bear with me if I now avow so much:
When next we meet I will expose my mind,
But now the subject I must scarcely touch.

How many a time, while sauntering up and down
The Forum's space, or pausing 'neath the shade
Of some grand temple, arch, or portico,
Have we discussed some knotty point of law,
Some curious case, whose contradicting facts
Looked Janus-faced to innocence and guilt.
I see you now arresting me, to note
With quiet fervour and uplifted hand
Some subtle view or fact by me o'erlooked,
And urging me, who always strain my point
(Being too much, I know, a partisan),
To pause, and press not to the issue so,
But more apart, with less impetuous zeal,
Survey as from an upper floor the facts.

I need you now to rein me in, too quick
To ride a whim beyond the term of Truth,
For here a case comes up to which in vain
I seek the clue: you could clear up my mind,
But you are absent—so I send these notes.

The case is of one Judas, Simon's son,
Iscariot called—a Jew—and one of those
Who followed Christus, held by some a god,
But deemed by others to have preached and taught
A superstition vile, of which one point
Was worship of an ass; but this is false!
Judas, his follower, all the sect declare,

Bought by a bribe of thirty silver coins,
Basely betrayed his master unto death.
The question is,—Did Judas, doing this,
Act from base motives and commit a crime?
Or, all things taken carefully in view,
Can he be justified in what he did?

Here on the spot, surrounded by the men
Who acted in the drama, I have sought
To study out this strange and tragic case.
Many are dead,—as Herod, Caiaphas,
And also Pilate—a most worthy man,
Under whose rule, but all without his fault,
And, as I fancy, all against his will,
Christus was crucified. This I regret:
His words with me would have the greatest weight;
But Lysias still is living, an old man,
The chief of the Centurions, whose report
Is to be trusted, as he saw and heard,
Not once, but many a time and oft, this man.
His look and bearing, Lysias thus describes:—

"Tall, slender, not erect, a little bent;
"Brows arched and dark; a high-ridged lofty head;
"Thin temples, veined and delicate; large eyes,
"Sad, very serious, seeming as it were
"To look beyond you, and whene'er he spoke
"Illumined by an inner lamping light,—
"At times, too, gleaming with a strange wild fire
"When taunted by the rabble in the streets;
"A Jewish face, complexion pale but dark;
"Thin, high-art nostrils, quivering constantly;
"Long nose, full lips, hands tapering, full of veins;
"His movements nervous: as he walked he seemed
"Scarcely to heed the persons whom he passed,
"And for the most part gazed upon the ground.

"As for his followers, I knew them all—
"A strange mad set and full of fancies wild,—
"John, Peter, James—and Judas best of all—
"All seemed to me good men without offence,—
"A little crazed,—but who is wholly sane?
"They went about and cured the sick and halt,
"And gave away their money to the poor,
"And all their talk was charity and peace.
"If Christus thought and said he was a god,
"'Twas harmless madness, not deserving death.
"What most aroused the wealthy Rabbis' rage
"Was that he set the poor against the rich,
"And cried that rich men all would go to hell,
"And, worst of all, roundly denounced the priests,
"With all their rich phylacteries and robes,—
"Said they were hypocrites who made long prayers,
"And robbed poor widows and devoured their means,
"And were at best but whited sepulchres:
"And this it was that brought him to the Cross.

"Those who went with him and believed in him
"Were mostly dull, uneducated men,
"Simple and honest, dazed by what he did,
"And misconceiving every word he said.
"He led them with him in a spell-bound awe,
"And all his cures they called miraculous.
"They followed him like sheep where'er he went,
"With feelings mixed of wonder, fear, and love.
"Yes! I suppose they loved him, though they fled
"Stricken with fear when we arrested him."

"What! all—all fled?" I asked. "Did none remain?"

"Not one," he said—"all left him to his fate.
"Not one dared own he was a follower—
"Not one gave witness for him of them all.
"Stop! When I say not one of them, I mean
"No one but Judas—Judas whom they call
"The traitor—who betrayed him to his death.
"He rushed into the council-hall and cried,
"'"Tis I have sinned—Christus is innocent.'"

And here I come to what of all I've heard
Most touched me,—I for this my letter write.
Paulus, you know, had only for this man,
This Judas, words of scorn and bitter hate.
Mark now the different view that Lysias took!
When, urged by me, his story thus he told:—

"Some say that Judas was a base, vile man,
"Who sold his master for the meanest bribe;
"Others again insist he was most right,
"Giving to justice one who merely sought
"To overthrow the Church, subvert the law,
"And on its ruins build himself a throne.
"I, knowing Judas—and none better knew—
"I, caring nought for Christus more than him,
"But hating lies, the simple truth will tell.
"No man can say I ever told a lie—
"I am too old now to begin. Besides,
"The truth is truth, and let the truth be told.
"Judas, I say, alone of all the men
"Who followed Christus, thought that he was God.
"Some feared him for his power of miracles;
"Some were attracted by a sort of spell;
"Some followed him to hear his sweet clear voice
"And gentle speaking, hearing with their ears,
"And knowing not the sense of what he said,—
"But one alone believed he was the Lord,
"The true Messiah of the Jews. That one
"Was Judas—he alone of all the crowd.

"He to betray his master for a bribe!
"He last of all. I say this friend of mine
"Was brave when all the rest were cowards there.

" His was a noble nature : frank and bold,
" Almost to rashness bold, yet sensitive,
" Who took his dreams for firm realities—
" Who once believing, all in all believed—
" Rushing at obstacles and scorning risk,
" Ready to venture all to gain his end,
" No compromise or subterfuge for him,
" His act went from his thought straight to the butt ;
" Yet with this ardent and impatient mood
" Was joined a visionary mind that took
" Impressions quick and fine, yet deep as life.
" Therefore it was that in this subtle soil
" The master's words took root and grew and flowered.
" He heard and followed and obeyed; his faith
" Was serious, earnest, real—winged to fly ;
" He doubted not, like some who walked with him—
" Desired no first place, as did James and John—
" Denied him not with Peter: not to him
" His master said, 'Away ! thou'rt an offence ;
" 'Get thee behind me, Satan !'—not to him,
" 'Am I so long with ye who know me not ?'
" Fixed as a rock, untempted by desires
" To gain the post of honour when his Lord
" Should come to rule—chosen from out the midst
" Of six-score men as his apostle—then
" Again selected to the place of trust,
" Unselfish, honest, he among them walked.

" That he was honest, and was so esteemed,
" Is plain from this,—they chose him out of all
" To bear the common purse, and take and pay.
" John says he was a thief, because he grudged
" The price that for some ointment once was paid,
" And urged 'twere better given to the poor.
" But did not Christus ever for the poor
" Lift up his voice,—'Give all things to the poor !
" 'Sell everything and give all to the poor !'
" And Judas, who believed, not made believe,
" Used his own words, and Christus, who excused
" The gift because of love, rebuked him not.
" Thief ! ay, he 'twas, this very thief, they chose
" To bear the purse and give alms to the poor.
" I, for my part, see nothing wrong in this."

" But why, if Judas was a man like this,
" Frank, noble, honest"—here I interposed—
" Why was it that he thus betrayed his Lord ? "

" This question oft did I revolve," said he,
" When all the facts were fresh, and oft revolved
" In later days, and with no change of mind ;
" And this is my solution of the case :—

" Daily he heard his master's voice proclaim,
" 'I am the Lord ! the Father lives in me !
" 'Who knoweth me knows the Eternal God !
" 'He who believes in me shall never die !

" ' No ! he shall see me with my angels come
" ' With power and glory here upon the earth
" ' To judge the quick and dead ! Among you here
" ' Some shall not taste of death before I come
" ' God's kingdom to establish on the earth ! '

" What meant these words ? They seethed in Judas' soul.
" ' Here is my God—Messias, King of kings,
" ' Christus, the Lord—the Saviour of us all.
" ' How long shall he be taunted and reviled,
" ' And threatened by this crawling scum of men ?
" ' Oh, who shall urge the coming of that day
" ' When he in majesty shall clothe himself
" ' And stand before the astounded world its King ? '
" Long brooding over this inflamed his soul.
" And, ever rash in schemes as wild in thought,
" At last he said, ' No longer will I bear
" ' This ignominy heaped upon my Lord.
" ' No man hath power to harm the Almighty One.
" ' Ay, let men's hand be lifted, then at once,
" ' Effulgent like the sun, swift like the sword,
" ' The jagged lightning flashes from the cloud,
" ' Shall he be manifest—the living God—
" ' And prostrate all shall on the earth adore ! '

" Such was his thought when at the passover
" The Lord with his disciples met and supped :
" And Christus saw the trouble in his mind,
" And said, ' Behold among you here is one
" ' That shall betray me—he to whom I give
" ' This sop,'—and he the sop to Judas gave ;
" And added—' That thou doest, quickly do ; '
" And Judas left him, hearing these last words—
" ' Now shall the Son of man be glorified.'

" Ah yes ! his master had divined his thought—
" His master should be glorified through him.

" Straight unto me and the high priests he came,
" Filled with this hope, and said, ' Behold me here,
" ' Judas, a follower of Christus !—Come !
" ' I will point out my master whom you seek ! '
" And out at once they sent me with my band ;
" And as we went, I said, rebuking him,
" ' How, Judas, is it you who thus betray
" ' The lord and master whom you love, to death ? '
" And, smiling, then he answered, ' Fear you not ;
" ' Do you your duty ; take no heed of me.'
" ' Is not this vile ? ' I said ; ' I had not deemed
" ' Such baseness in you.' ' Though it seem so now,'
" Still smiling, he replied, ' wait till the end.'
" Then turning round as to himself he said,
" ' Now comes the hour that I have prayed to see—
" ' The hour of joy to all who know the truth.'

" ' Is this man mad ? ' I thought, and looked at him ;

" And, in the darkness creeping swiftly on,
" His face was glowing, almost shone with light;
" And rapt as if in visionary thought
" He walked beside me, gazing at the sky.

" Passing at last beyond the Cedron brook
" We reached a garden on whose open gate
" Dark vines were loosely swinging. Here we paused,
" And lifted up our torches, and beheld
" Against the blank white wall a shadowy group,
" There waiting motionless, without a word:
" A moment, and with rapid nervous step
" Judas alone advanced, and, as he reached
" The tallest figure, lifted quick his head;
" And crying, 'Master! Master!' kissed his cheek.
" We, knowing it was Christus, forward pressed.
" Malchus was at my side, when suddenly
" A sword flashed out from one among them there,
" And sheared his ear. At once our swords flashed out,
" But Christus, lifting up his hand, said, 'Peace,
" 'Sheathe thy sword, Peter—I must drink the cup.'
" And I cried also, 'Peace, and sheathe your swords.'
" Then on his arm I placed my hand, and said,
" 'In the law's name.' He nothing said, but reached
" His arms out, and we bound his hands with cords.
" This done I turned, but all the rest had fled,
" And he alone was left to meet his fate.

" My men I ordered then to take and bear
" Their prisoner to the city; and at once
" They moved away. I, seeing not our guide,
" Cried, 'Judas!'—but no answer; then a groan
" So sad and deep it startled me. I turned,
" And there, against the wall, with ghastly face,
" And eyeballs starting in a frenzied glare,
" As in a fit, lay Judas; his weak arms
" Hung lifeless down, his mouth half-open twitched,
" His hands were clutched and clenched into his robes,
" And now and then his breast heaved with a gasp.
" Frightened, I dashed some water in his face,
" Spoke to him, lifted him, and rubbed his hands.
" At last the sense came back into his eyes,
" Then with a sudden spasm fled again,
" And to the ground he dropped. I searched him o'er,
" Fearing some mortal wound, yet none I found.
" Then with a gasp again the life returned,
" And stayed, but still with strong convulsion twitched.
" 'Speak, Judas! speak!' I cried. 'What does this mean?'
" No answer! 'Speak, man!' Then at last he groaned.
" 'Go, leave me! leave me, Lysias. Oh, my God!
" 'What have I done? Oh, Christus! Master, Lord,
" 'Forgive me, oh, forgive me!' Then a cry
" Of agony that pierced me to the heart,
" As grovelling on the ground he turned away
" And hid his face, and shuddered in his robes.
' Was this the man whose face an hour ago

" Shone with a joy so strange? What means it all?
" Is this a sudden madness? 'Speak!' I cried.
" 'What means this, Judas? Be a man and speak!'
" Yet there he lay, and neither moved nor spoke.
" I thought that he had fainted, till at last
" Sudden he turned, and grasped my arm, and cried,
" 'Say, Lysias, is this true, or am I mad?'
" 'What true?' I said. 'True that you seized the Lord!
" 'You could not seize him—he is God the Lord!
" 'I thought I saw you seize him. Yet I know
" 'That was impossible, for he is God!
" 'And yet you live—you live. He spared you, then.
" 'Where am I? what has happened? A black cloud
" 'Came o'er me when you laid your hands on him.
" 'Where are they all? Where is he? Lysias, speak!'

" 'Judas,' I said, 'what folly is all this?
" 'Christus my men have bound and borne away;
" 'The rest have fled. Rouse now and come with me!
" 'My men await me, rouse yourself, and come!'

" Throwing his arms up, in a fit he fell,
" With a loud shriek that pierced the silent night.
" I could not stay, but, calling instant aid,
" We bore him quick to the adjacent house,
" And placing him in kindly charge, I left,
" Joining my men who stayed for me below.

" Straight to the high priest's house we hurried on,
" And Christus in an inner room we placed,
" Set at his door a guard, and then came out.
" After a time there crept into the hall,
" Where round the blazing coals we sat, a man,
" Who in the corner crouched. 'What man are you?'
" Cried some one; and I, turning, looked at him.
" 'Twas Peter. ''Tis a fellow of that band
" 'That followed Christus, and believed in him.'
" ''Tis false!' cried Peter;—and he cursed and swore.
" 'I know him not—I never saw the man.'
" But I said nothing. Soon he went away.

" That night I saw not Judas. The next day,
" Ghastly, clay-white, a shadow of a man,
" With robes all soiled and torn, and tangled beard,
" Into the chamber where the council sat
" Came feebly staggering: scarce should I have known
" 'Twas Judas, with that haggard, blasted face:
" So had that night's great horror altered him.
" As one all blindly walking in a dream
" He to the table came—against it leaned—
" Glared wildly round a while;—then, stretching forth
" From his torn robes a trembling hand, flung down,
" As if a snake had stung him, a small purse,
" That broke and scattered its white coins about,—
" And, with a shrill voice, cried, 'Take back the purse!
" ''Twas not for that foul dross I did the deed—

" ' 'Twas not for that—oh, horror! not for that!
" ' But that I did believe he was the Lord;
" ' And that he is the Lord I still believe.
" ' But oh, the sin!—the sin! I have betrayed
" ' The innocent blood, and I am lost!—am lost!'
" So crying, round his face his robes he threw,
" And blindly rushed away; and we, aghast,
" Looked round,—and no one for a moment spoke.

" Seeing that face, I could but fear the end;
" For death was in it, looking through his eyes.
" Nor could I follow to arrest the fate
" That drove him madly on with scorpion whip.

" At last the duty of the day was done,
" And night came on. Forth from the gates I went,
" Anxious and pained by many a dubious thought,
" To seek for Judas, and to comfort him.
" The sky was dark with heavy lowering clouds;
" A lifeless, stifling air weighed on the world;
" A dreadful silence like a nightmare lay
" Crouched on its bosom, waiting, grim and grey,
" In horrible suspense of some dread thing.
" A creeping sense of death, a sickening smell,
" Infected the dull breathing of the wind.
" A thrill of ghosts went by me now and then,
" And made my flesh creep as I wandered on.
" At last I came to where a cedar stretched
" Its black arms out beneath a dusky rock,
" And, passing through its shadow, all at once
" I started; for against the dubious light
" A dark and heavy mass that to and fro
" Slung slowly with its weight, before me grew.
" A sick dread sense came over me; I stopped—
" I could not stir. A cold and clammy sweat
" Oozed out all over me; and all my limbs,
" Bending with tremulous weakness like a child's,
" Gave way beneath me. Then a sense of shame
" Aroused me. I advanced, stretched forth my hand
" And pushed the shapeless mass; and at my touch
" It yielding swung—the branch above it creaked—
" And back returning struck against my face.
" A human body! Was it dead or not?
" Swiftly my sword I drew and cut it down,
" And on the sand all heavily it dropped.
" I plucked the robes away, exposed the face—
" 'Twas Judas, as I feared, cold, stiff, and dead:
" That suffering heart of his had ceased to beat."

Thus Lysias spoke, and ended. I confess
This story of poor Judas touched me much.
What horrible revulsions must have passed
Across that spirit in those few last hours!
What storms, that tore up life even to its roots!
Say what you will—grant all the guilt—and still
What pangs of dread remorse—what agonies

Of desperate repentance, all too late,
In that wild interval between the crime
And its last sad atonement!—life, the while,
Laden with horror all too great to bear,
And pressing madly on to death's abyss:
This was no common mind that thus could feel—
No vulgar villain sinning for reward!

Was he a villain lost to sense of shame?
Ay, so say John and Peter and the rest;
And yet—and yet this tale that Lysias tells
Weighs with me more the more I ponder it;
For thus I put it: Either Judas was,
As John affirms, a villain and a thief,
A creature lost to shame and base at heart,—
Or else, which is the view that Lysias takes,
He was a rash and visionary man
Whose faith was firm, who had no thought of crime,
But whom a terrible mistake drove mad.

Take but John's view, and all to me is blind.
Call him a villain who, with greed of gain,
For thirty silver pieces sold his Lord.
Does not the bribe seem all too small and mean?
He held the common purse, and, were he thief,
Had daily power to steal, and lay aside
A secret and accumulating fund;
So doing, he had nothing risked of fame,
While here he braved the scorn of all the world.
Besides, why chose they for their almoner
A man so lost to shame, so foul with greed?
Or why, from some five-score of trusted men,
Choose him as one apostle among twelve?
Or why, if he were known to be so vile,
(And who can hide his baseness at all times?)
Keep him in close communion to the last?
Naught in his previous life, or acts, or words,
Shows this consummate villain that, full-grown,
Leaps all at once to such a height of crime.

Again, how comes it that this wretch, whose heart
Is cased to shame, flings back the paltry bribe?
And, when he knows his master is condemned,
Rushes in horror out to seek his death?
Whose fingers pointed at him in the crowd?
Did all men flee his presence till he found
Life too intolerable? Nay; not so!
Death came too close upon the heels of crime.
He had but done what all his tribe deemed just:
All the great mass—I mean the upper class—
The Rabbis, all the Pharisees and Priests—
Ay, and the lower mob as well who cried,
"Give us Barabbas! Christus to the cross!"—
These men were all of them on Judas' side,
And Judas had done naught against the law.

Were he this villain, he had but to say,
"I followed Christus till I found at last
" He aimed at power to overthrow the State.
" I did the duty of an honest man.
" I traitor!—you are traitors who reprove."
Besides, such villains scorn the world's reproof.

Or he might say—" You call this act a crime?
" What crime was it to say I know this man?
" I said no ill of him. If crime there be,
" 'Twas yours who doomed him unto death, not mine."

A villain was he? So Barabbas was!
But did Barabbas go and hang himself,
Weary of life—the murderer and thief?
This coarse and vulgar way will never do.
Grant him a villain, all his acts must be
Acts of a villain; if you once admit
Remorse so bitter that it leads to death,
And death so instant on the heels of crime,
You grant a spirit sensitive to shame,
So sensitive that life can yield no joys
To counterbalance one bad act;—but then
A nature such as this, though led astray,
When greatly tempted, is no thorough wretch.
Was the temptation great? could such a bribe
Tempt such a nature to a crime like this?
I say, to me it simply seems absurd.

Peter at least was not so sensitive.
He cursed and swore, denying that he knew
Who the man Christus was; but after all
He only wept—he never hanged himself.

But take the other view that Lysias takes,
All is at once consistent, clear, complete.
Firm in the faith that Christus was his God,
The great Messiah sent to save the world,
He, seeking for a sign—not for himself,
But to show proof to all that he was God—
Conceived this plan, rash if you will, but grand.
" Thinking him man," he said, " mere mortal man,
" They seek to seize him—I will make pretence
" To take the public bribe and point him out,
" And they shall go, all armed with swords and staves,
" Strong with the power of law, to seize on him,—
" And at their touch he, God himself, shall stand
" Revealed before them, and their swords shall drop,
" And prostrate all before him shall adore,
" And cry, 'Behold the Lord and King of all!'"
But when the soldiers laid their hands on him
And bound him as they would a prisoner vile,
With taunts, and mockery, and threats of death—
He all the while submitting—then his dream
Burst into fragments with a crash; aghast
The whole world reeled before him; the dread truth

Swooped like a sea upon him, bearing down
His thoughts in wild confusion. He who dreamed
To open the gates of glory to his Lord
Opened in their stead the prison's jarring door,
And saw above him his dim dream of Love
Change to a Fury stained with blood and crime.
And then a madness seized him, and remorse
With pangs of torture drove him down to death.

Conceive with me that sad and suffering heart
If this be true that Lysias says—Conceive!
Alas! Orestes, not so sad thy fate,
For thee Apollo pardoned, purified,—
Thy Furies were appeased, thy peace returned;
But Judas perished tortured unto death,
Unpardoned, unappeased, unpurified.
And long as Christus shall be known of men
His name shall bear the brand of infamy,
The curse of generations still unborn.

Thus much of him: I leave the question here,
Touching on naught beyond, for Lucius waits—
I hear him fuming in the courts below,
Cursing his servants and Jerusalem,
And giving them to the infernal gods.
The sun is sinking—all the sky's afire—
And vale and mountain glow like molten ore
In the intense full splendour of its rays.
A half-hour hence all will be dull and grey;
And Lucius only waits until the shade
Sweeps down the plain, then mounts and makes his way
On through the blinding desert to the sea,
And thence his galley bears him on to Rome.

Salve et vale!—may good fortune wait
On you and all your household! Greet for me
Titus and Livia—in a word, all friends.

W. W. S.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN DISRAELI.—NO. III.

SUCH was the condition of public affairs in England—the responsibilities of office resting with the Whigs, the Peelites keeping the Whigs in place, and the Tories gradually closing their broken ranks—when there occurred that outbreak in Paris, which overthrew the constitutional French Monarchy, and set up, for a brief space, a Republic in its room. The rebound of the movement made itself felt in every corner of Europe, and an era of revolutions seemed to be again setting in. Germany shook from its centre to its extremities; in Italy the Pope put himself at the head of a great movement; Hungary rose against Austria and a monarchical government; and Poland made ready to strike another blow for independence. It would be instructive to look back upon the manner in which the English Government dealt with the circumstances, were the present the fit occasion on which to do so. Not only was there no expression of regret or alarm in Downing Street, but every fresh outburst of popular discontent elsewhere seemed to confirm the confidence and add to the tranquillity of our Whig rulers. The dread of sudden war, which had constrained them early in the session to call for an increase to the income-tax, entirely disappeared. The dynasty which threatened us with invasion was swept aside; and the French had quite enough upon their hands in settling what their own condition should be, to prevent their seeking a quarrel needlessly with any foreign power. Besides, had not all the peoples on the Continent become worshippers of liberty? and against the worshippers of liberty was it at all probable that England would be forced to draw the sword? There was some truth in all this. Any policy which had for its object the maintenance of peace for England, was so far a sound policy. But there is a wrong as well as a right way of arriving at even a praiseworthy object, and probably few thoughtful persons, not themselves parties to what then occurred, will say that the English Government took the right way twenty years ago of keeping the public peace. The stain cast upon the English scutcheon by the proceedings of the British fleet off Sicily, and by the deeds and words of Lord Minto in Florence, is not yet wiped out, nor is likely ever to be. We cannot ourselves look back upon it without shame.

The upheavings of the Continent produced little or no apparent effect upon the state of parties at home. Questions of internal administration—such as the corn question, reform in the constituencies, and the fiscal management of the colonies—seemed to engross the attention both of the Government and the Opposition. How Mr Disraeli bore himself in these has elsewhere been stated. He was not indeed a member of the committee on sugar and coffee planting, which sat from the 7th of February up to the 22d of May in that year, and over which his friend Lord George Bentinck presided. Yet that committee and its results exercised immense influence upon his future fortunes. Lord George threw himself body and soul into the work. Not unfrequently that he might master his subject, keeping abreast at the same time of other topics, he would give up eighteen out of the twenty-four hours to labour, sustaining life all the while upon one wretched meal of tea and dry toast when he rose, and another scarcely more substantial just before going to bed. The most robust of human constitutions would have been sorely tried by such exercise. That of

Lord George Bentinck was not robust, and it gave way under the pressure. He retired into the country after the session came to an end, avowedly to recruit, but the vital energies had sunk beyond the power of recovery. He was found dead on the 21st of September, a mile or so from Thoresby, to which place he had set out on foot from Welbeck about four in the afternoon. He died of sheer exhaustion, a martyr to high principle and the disinterested love of his country.

The death of Lord George Bentinck cast a deep gloom over the whole Tory party. Though scarcely at one in regard to his proper position among them, the country gentlemen reposed the most perfect confidence in his integrity; and about his ability as a financier, and his unwearied industry as a business man, there could not be two opinions. Yet it may be questioned whether, so far as party interests are concerned, the removal of Lord George from the troubled arena did not on the whole prove advantageous to the Tories. After his demise their allegiance ceased to be divided even in thought. They looked henceforth to Lord Derby as their legitimate and sole leader. They were prepared to render to him as much of implicit obedience as it is in the nature of English gentlemen to render to any political chief. They accepted him as the future and undoubted head of a Tory Government, should such a Government ever be formed again. On Mr Disraeli the effect of this change was not so immediately apparent. As the friend and confidential adviser of Lord George Bentinck, he already possessed great weight with his party; but there was a section of the Tories which scarcely recognised the fact, or did so with reluctance. Hot-headed Orangemen went about, even in Lord George's lifetime, proclaiming that England would never submit to be governed by a Black-leg and a Jew; and the Black-leg being taken from them, their disinclination to concede the leadership of their party in the House of Commons to the Jew seemed only to grow more bitter. Happily for England, these men were neither very numerous nor very influential. They succeeded in retarding, but could not possibly obstruct, the natural course of events. They did their best to push to the front, now Mr Bankes, now Mr Henley, now Lord Granby; but none of these gentlemen, or others whom they tried, answered to the call. Hence, throughout the session of 1849 there was no recognised head to the Tory party in the House of Commons. The Government, it is true, treated Mr Disraeli as if Lord George's mantle had descended upon him, and between him and Lord Derby there was entire confidence. But his position towards the party itself, unanimous as it professed to be in its fealty to Lord Derby, was such as only a man of imperturbable temper and great forethought could have endured. He was their spokesman and chief adviser on almost all occasions;—he made no open pretence to guide their policy. He never sought, far less intrigued for, the leadership of the party. The party learned ere long that it could not do without him, and events took their natural course. The leadership, after a few abortive gyrations, fell, so to speak, of its own accord, into his hands, and in spite of more than one ill-arranged and worse-executed attempt to transfer it to another, it has continued with him up to the present hour.

In February 1849 Parliament reassembled, amid wars abroad and some disquiet at home;—for Ireland seemed to be on the eve of a rebellion. The Speech from the Throne made comparatively light of the former incident, but asked for power to deal promptly and vigorously with the latter. Mr Disraeli, aware of the necessity of the case,

supported the Government in its measure for suspending the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland. He was less complacent in the notice which he took of the foreign policy of the country, which he denounced as unjust towards others, and humiliating to ourselves. And his strictures on the depressed state of trade, and especially of agriculture, and of all the industries dependent upon it, were as severe as they were just. But neither the time nor the occasion was such as offered any inducement to put the strength of parties to the test. The Government were allowed to carry their Address without a division; and the House of Commons settled down to the ordinary work of the session.

The Tory party gained strength, but gained it very slowly, in the course of 1849. There were men of sanguine temperament belonging to it, who overestimated this gain; and divisions were in consequence forced on, all of which went against them. To most of these Mr Disraeli was adverse; but being unable to restrain, he would not desert his friends, and went on each occasion into the gallery with them. He even spoke at times in favour of measures which he felt to be premature. Such was Mr Henry Drummond's motion in June of this year, to inquire into the causes of agricultural distress—a proposition to which, on the score of abstract fitness, no objection could be raised. But Mr Disraeli, than whom there never lived a closer or more careful student of the House of Commons, saw that the House would not entertain it, and did his best to stifle it. His advice was not followed; a division ensued; he went with his party in supporting the motion, and was soundly beaten. The case was different a few days subsequently, when he himself opened a question of still wider compass. He moved for a committee of the whole House to consider the state of the nation, and made no secret of his intention, if the House would support him, to turn out the Government upon it. His speech—a very able and comprehensive one—ranged over the entire subject of the foreign and domestic policy of the last three years. This he utterly condemned; and referring to the purpose which he had in view, made use of the memorable expression, "We will turn out the Government if we can. We may not succeed this time, but we shall some day." There cannot be a doubt that we would have succeeded that time, had Peel and his friends been true to their own principles. No speaker in the course of the debate passed more severe censure on the general policy of the Administration than Sir Robert Peel. Yet Peel and his followers, still in point of numbers a considerable party, divided with the Ministers. The consequence was, that Mr Disraeli's motion was defeated by 296 against 156.

Another ministerial triumph in the course of this session is worth adverting to, though it was achieved not only without opposition on the part of the Tories, but partly through their support. In the month of July, Mr Bernal Osborne moved for a committee to inquire into the state of the Established Church in Ireland. His speech, on making the motion, set forth all the arguments, not in substance only, but wellnigh in terms, to which in the course of the bygone session the country was treated. The Church in Ireland was a standing insult to the Irish people; it was a badge of conquest; it had failed to accomplish the purpose for which it was established. The only just course to pursue would be to sweep it away; but to that course the obstacles were, he acknowledged, insurmountable, and he did not intend to aim at impossibilities. Grant him the committee, and he undertook, in bringing up the report, to move "that any surplus remaining after full

provision for the spiritual instruction of the Protestants, should be applied to the general education of the people." We do not find that Mr Disraeli took part in this debate. From the lists of the division to which it led his name is absent, yet the motion was rejected by a large majority—Lord John Russell and Mr Gladstone equally voting against it. "The question of the Irish Church," exclaimed Mr Osborne, smarting under his defeat, "the grave of so many successive Administrations, must eventually be the grave of Her Majesty's present Ministers." He little thought, when uttering this prediction, that they who, as Her Majesty's Ministers, protested against any interference with the property of the Church, would, ere twenty years went by, demand, being in opposition, that the Church as an Establishment should cease to exist. He little thought that the individual to raise this cry, and to force its acceptance on a reluctant party, would be the very man who then withstood him, with an eloquence more impassioned, and arguments founded more apparently on conviction, than any other speaker in the course of the debate.

So passed the session of 1849, with small credit to the Government, but without any decided advantages obtained by the Tory opposition. The Peelites, affecting to maintain an attitude of neutrality, came, on every occasion when danger threatened, to the support of the Whigs; and the Whigs were thus enabled to keep possession of the Treasury benches, though on terms which were from time to time but little flattering to their self-esteem. In 1850 the Tories made up their minds to accept Mr Disraeli as their leader in the House of Commons. He put himself without hesitation at their head, and introduced a marked and immediate change into their tactics. There was great suffering at the time among the agriculturists both in England and Ireland. The smaller farmers almost universally, of the occupiers of more extensive holdings not a few, became bankrupt, and subsided into the condition of labourers. Large breadths of land went out of cultivation, and the pressure of rates and taxes on the owners of the soil, and upon the more substantial of the tenantry under them, grew to be intolerable. A year or two previously there would have been a demand, under such circumstances, for a reversal in some shape of the policy of 1846. The necessity of protecting domestic agriculture, by the imposition of a moderate fixed duty on grain imported from abroad, was even then talked about. Mr Disrael gave no ear to the proposal. He felt, as did the more thoughtful members of his party, that a return—be it in ever so slight a degree—to a policy of protection was out of the question. But there was no reason why the land should not be relieved in part from burdens which had been imposed upon it in times when it represented almost exclusively the property of the nation, and which it continued to bear, without complaint or remonstrance, so long as the owners and occupiers were by law entitled to compete advantageously in the home market with the growers of foreign corn. To effect this great object all his efforts were henceforth directed. Denying that there was on his part any intention whatever to go back to a state of things which had passed away, he moved for committees to inquire—now into the state and prospects of agriculture in general, now into the operation of the poor-laws in particular, and now with a view to devise some means of more equitably distributing the burdens upon the general property of the country. We cannot look back without as much of surprise as of indignation at the manner in which these motions were met and defeated, mainly by the Peelites. Whether

the leader of the Opposition exposed and censured some gross blunder in the foreign policy of the Government, or suggested plans for relaxing the springs of one suffering industry without acting unjustly towards others, Peel and his followers invariably withstood him. They withstood him, too, on the unjust and often-refuted plea that his object was to carry his party into power, and being in power, to undo all that had been done towards the establishment of free trade. His reply to these baseless and uncandid insinuations, delivered on the 21st of February in this year, is one of the most effective speeches which he ever made in Parliament. It produced a deep impression on the House; so much so indeed, that in spite of the support rendered to Ministers by the Peelites, they were saved from defeat by a bare majority of twenty-one. It is worthy of note that on this occasion Mr Gladstone went into the same gallery with Mr Disraeli, Sir Robert himself voting with the Whigs.

The next occasion on which we find Mr Disraeli in collision with the Government was, when Mr Milner Gibson moved to reduce by one-half the excise duty on paper. The motion, brought forward in April, was resisted with all the weight of numbers which Ministers could command. Mr Disraeli voted and spoke in favour of Mr Gibson's proposition, but on grounds which he took good care to explain. In itself the duty upon paper was no more objectionable than any other excise duty. He himself would be glad to see all excise duties repealed, and to compensate for what might thereby be lost to the revenue by a well-arranged system of customs. And if it were left to him to make a beginning in this direction, he should select the duty upon malt—because the repeal of the malt-duty, in whole or in part, would benefit a far wider circle of society than the proposed diminution of the duty upon paper. But forasmuch as the Government had refused to listen to this proposal, or in any other way to help the agriculturists in their distress, he would rather accept the boon which Mr Gibson offered than leave a large surplus in the hands of Ministers, in whom he had no confidence. Mr Gibson's measure was, in spite of this support, thrown out, Peel voting for the Government, as usual, while Mr Gladstone was content not to vote at all.

Time passed, and an incident occurred to which Mr Disraeli was justified in referring as more than justifying the course which he and his friends had taken. Mr Grantley Berkely moved for a committee to consider the general effect produced upon the country by the free importation of foreign grain, with a view to correct such mistakes as might appear to be specially injurious to domestic agriculture. Now, Mr Grantley Berkely, though not a leader in the move, had been an active and zealous supporter of the repeal of the corn-laws. Of that fact Mr Disraeli did not fail to remind him when speaking in favour of his motion. Nor did he fail to guard himself and his party from being supposed to be friendly to a reversal of the decision at which Parliament had arrived in 1846. It was enough for him that he was able to prove the wisdom of his own views by the change which, in the short space of four years, had occurred in the views of others. They who, in 1846, had swelled the majority before which protection to domestic agriculture gave way, were now coming forward to demand that such protection should be renewed. He could be no party to any such arrangement; nevertheless, believing that good must arise from inquiry impartially conducted, he should vote for the committee; which, however, was refused in a full house by a majority of 114—Peel and Gladstone, as might be

expected, helping with their followers to create that majority.

We come now to the two most remarkable events of this year—the great debate on the Pacefico question and the death of Sir Robert Peel. The debate on the Pacefico question bears upon the proper object of these papers only so far as that there occurred during its progress one or two incidents, which the more sanguine both of the Tories and of the Peelites accepted as indicative of a disposition on the part of their respective leaders to compose their differences. We confess that, as we hardly ventured to take this view of the matter at the moment, so, in looking back upon what actually came to pass, we are at a loss to conceive how others should have shot so far ahead of us. All that stands on record amounts to this: Lord Palmerston, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, was charged with behaving with uncalled-for harshness towards the little kingdom of Greece. A Jew merchant, a native of Gibraltar, had got into difficulties with the Athenian authorities, who cast him into prison and seized his effects. He was at once set at liberty on the remonstrance of the English Minister, and forthwith brought some enormous claim of compensation for damage sustained against the Greek Government. The claim being refused, Lord Palmerston sent a fleet to enforce it, and, under durance, it was of course admitted. But when the case came to be sifted, Don Pacefico proved to be, as the Greek Government all along said that he was, a rogue and a swindler. His claims for compensation were cut down to the merest trifle, and England appeared before the world in the light of a great Power which had wrongfully outraged a small Power, towards which, moreover, she stood in the relationship of the protector towards the protected. It was a sorry business altogether; and a motion was made which amounted to a vote of censure on the Foreign Minister, and, as a necessary consequence, on the Cabinet of which he was a leading member.

Mr Disraeli, with the greater number of his party, joined, as was to be expected, in this attack upon the Government. How Sir Robert Peel intended to act was kept a profound secret, and when at length he rose to speak there was an expression of marked eagerness on every countenance. He never spoke better in his life; and when he referred, in a tone of unmistakable sorrow, to old friendships interrupted, but not, as he professed to hope, beyond the possibility of renewal, there rose from the Opposition benches a cheer which quite overcame him. That cold proud man was obliged to hide his face in his hat, and to remain silent for some moments after the cheering had ceased;—indeed till, having been resumed in order to reassure him, it again subsided. This it was, we believe, which created the impression that on his part at least the barrier which stood between him and his old associates was broken down. What truth there may have been in the assumption it is impossible to say, because the opportunity of testing its soundness never occurred. Peel spoke his great speech early in the evening of the 28th June. Lord Palmerston replied, beginning about midnight, and ending his defence long after sunrise on the 29th. The same day, about three in the afternoon, Sir Robert was thrown from his horse, and on the 3d July he died. The mourning that ensued was as sincere as it was universal. All his shortcomings seemed to be forgotten; all his excellences came out into clearer light, now that he and they were alike lost to the country. The stoutest of Protectionists could not but acknowledge that a great political star was removed from its sphere. Many of the Tories did more: they believed that he was taken from them

just as he was preparing to make amends, as far as circumstances would allow, for past wrongs, and to become again one of themselves, perhaps at no distant date once more their leader. What the Whigs felt is well known. Upon them the catastrophe broke as it broke upon the public at large—painfully; but the first shock over, there followed a sense of indescribable relief. They were delivered from the humiliating patronage of one whom they believed capable at any moment of throwing them over, and of whose settled purpose to overthrow them, sooner or later, not one member of that respectable party entertained the slightest doubt.

The House of Commons is not a sentimental body. It paid its tribute of respect to the honoured dead, and then resumed its business as if no such death had occurred. On the 9th July Mr Locke King moved, as he had previously given notice that he would do, "That leave be given to bring in a Bill to make the franchise in counties in England and Wales the same as that in boroughs, by giving the right of voting to all occupiers of tenements of the value of ten pounds." The proposition was supported by Mr Hume, by Sir De Lacy Evans, by Lord Dudley Stuart, and Mr Bright; it was opposed by Mr Newdegate and Lord John Russell. The mover made his reply, after which Mr Grattan addressed the House. It is not usual for members to speak after the proposer of a measure has replied. They reserve the expression either of their approval or disapproval to some future stage in the progress of the measure. But Mr Grattan broke through the custom, and matter was introduced into the debate which took it, so to speak, out of the common category of Parliamentary discussion. Mr Disraeli was thus provoked to interfere; and he did so in terms which cannot at this moment be too often quoted, or too carefully considered. His speech began thus :—

"Sir, I ought to apologise to this House for rising after the honourable member has made his reply. But as another honourable gentleman has spoken, and as the question has assumed a new aspect, I hope these circumstances may plead that apology. What I have noticed during the debate is, that English members, on the one side, have found fault with the Reform Act for England; and an Irish member, on the other hand, has found fault with the Reform Act for Ireland. On this side of the House we are not responsible for those acts; the noble lord opposite has a deeper personal interest in them than we have. In listening to this debate, the circumstance which has particularly struck me has been the erroneous apprehension on the part of honourable members of what our constitution is. Sir, I always believed and supposed that every gentleman, whatever his opinion may be on the proper franchise for England or Ireland, considered that the Constitution of England was a monarchy, modified by estates of the realm—that is, by privileged classes, who are invested with those privileges for the advantage of the community. We have a throne—we have a body of peers and a body of commoners, who are in possession of certain privileges, which privileges you may increase or enlarge, restrict or diminish, but still those privileges have always been and must remain the privileges of particular orders, and enjoyed by only a limited portion of the community. We know what is the result, whatever may have been the original intention of such a Constitution. It has established the aristocratic principle in the widest and noblest sense of the term. But it has permitted all classes to aspire; and, however society might be divided in olden days, there was no class which could not say it did not possess the privilege of electing representatives to the House of Commons, from the proudest manorial lord to the humblest artisan. Less than a quarter of a century ago this was the acknowledged state of things. *You thought proper to terminate that scheme.* It was terminated by the noble lord in his official capacity, enthusiastically supported by many members of this House. There is no member opposite who has not acquired his seat in this House by

adopting the views of the Government, and the privileges of the Reform party. They are responsible for, and they ought to be grateful to, the Reform Act. But now a great many gentlemen opposite seem to be discontented with the settlement of 1832, who at that time were ready to vote black was white in its behalf*—who went to the country for the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill—who had so profoundly and so maturely investigated the question, that they resolved that the perfect scheme which they had adopted should not be altered or modified—and who gave their deliberate consent to a change which they determined should be permanent. But now, since the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, has been gained, the result appears to give only partial satisfaction. We constantly hear questions and complaints of this law from honourable gentlemen opposite, who were sent to this House by the operation of this law, and who represent what are called Liberal opinions in this House. These honourable gentlemen, we find, are constantly quarrelling with the political arrangements which sent them to this House.

"I speak not only my own feelings, but the feelings of many of my friends, when I say we have no superstitious reverence for the Reform Act. I will admit I should have opposed it had I been in the House at the time, brought forward as it was by a party in opposition to whom, from historical conviction, I ever acted. But it was carried by a large majority. It may have been carried by agitation out of the House as well as in the House; it may have been carried by popular pressure; but unquestionably it was ultimately secured as the settlement of a great public question—not a great party question. No doubt in that settlement the interests of the party who carried the measure were duly considered. Had we introduced the measure, and had we carried it, no doubt we, too, should have considered the interests of our party. I willingly give the noble lord credit that his first consideration was his country, his next his party. All I will say is, that though the settlement of the question was hostile to us, the promise that our adherence to the law would be sincere has been respected and fulfilled. And now, though we have no superstitious reverence for the Bill, we cannot be blind to the great public inconvenience and injury likely to arise from the proceedings of honourable gentlemen opposite, who, in a retail manner are sapping that settlement which they accepted at the time with such wholesale enthusiasm. *I do not think it was a settlement that might not have been improved. I regret that, when the privileges of the working classes were abrogated, no equivalent was devised. I regret that in the Reform Act the rights of the working classes were not more respected.* But who voted against them? Who voted against the freemen? The Liberal members—the clamourers for 'the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill.' And who since has been a more active opponent of this class of voters than the honourable member for Montrose? Though corruption might, in some instances, be proved against them, as it has been proved against other classes, this was not sufficient to invalidate their privileges—their rights ought not to have been destroyed unless an equivalent had been proposed. I think, so far as we are concerned, when we see these perpetual quarrels about the operation of the Reform Act on the other side we might be silent; but I deem it more respectful to the House and to the Government to express our opinions on this question."

Mr Disraeli fulfilled the assurance given in this last sentence with extraordinary clearness and veracity. He resisted Mr Locke King's motion because it was an uncandid motion, seeking for more than was avowed. "I respect," he said, in conclusion, "the verdict of the nation upon this subject; notwithstanding the pettier details and arrangements of the Reform Act may have been intended to consolidate Whig power and gratify the passion for Whig patronage, I think it yet a settlement accepted by the great body of the people; and in a country which has attained to so much political power and national prosperity, we ought not idly, for the gratification of any personal or factious feeling, to disturb it. *You disturb it.* But

* The reference is to Mr Hume, who, while the Duke of Wellington was endeavouring to form a Government in 1832, said that "the Liberal party ought to be ready to vote black is white to keep out the Tories."

what is the real secret of all those July motions for Parliamentary Reform? You know very well that, if an appeal to the privileges of the commons of England was made, as they have been enlarged by the Reform Act, not one in ten of you would be returned to this House; and you think that, by some patching up of the constituency—some altering, and botching, and varnishing, and veneering—you may still remain members of Parliament. There is not the slightest chance of it. Have universal suffrage tomorrow—do, what none of you dare — propose that every full-grown man shall have a vote, and I believe most sincerely you would be swept from the House. I do not believe that the artisans of this country—I do not believe that constituencies, however qualified or however constituted—would support you, but on the contrary that, under such circumstances, the great interests of the country would have the influence they ought to have—that the great body of the people would be faithful to the traditionary interests of Englishmen, and declare that, whatever the political form, whatever the franchise, whatever the system you adopt, they would be for the monarchy and the empire—for that polity which has made England eminent; and that they would give a national verdict against the scheme of national degradation of which you are the friends."

So spoke, eighteen years ago, one whom it has become the business of more than rabid Liberals to describe as an apostate from his principles, the profession of which raised him to influence in his party —as a political reformer for the nonce, just as for the nonce he is prepared to become a Church reformer, more thorough, if that be possible, than Mr Gladstone himself. But do we not find in the speech from which we have just quoted the most complete refutation of these calumnies? Mr Disraeli eighteen years ago felt as all rational men did, that however unsatisfactory the settlement of 1832 might be, it was not his business, so long as the nation should appear satisfied, to destroy it, or to support the party which made it the object of their attacks. He saw both where its defects lay and how they might be remedied, but he saw likewise that such a remedy could not be then applied either safely or effectively; and therefore, while letting no opportunity escape him of speaking the truth, he summed up invariably by choosing the lesser of two evils. He voted for keeping things as they were, because the times were not ripe for change. But we defy any one to lay a finger upon a solitary phrase or expression in all his speeches which indicates either perfect satisfaction with the settlement in general, or a fixed purpose to maintain it under all changes of circumstance. Unlike Lord John Russell, he abstains from deprecating more than one revolution in thirty years; he gives no advice to the people of England to "rest and be thankful." On the contrary, his opinion is never kept back that the settlement of 1832 was an unjust settlement, not because it changed by a juggle the balance of influence against the Tories in favour of the Whigs, but because it excluded the working classes from that share in the franchise which the old constitution in not a few of the boroughs had assigned to them. We shall see by-and-by, as our narrative proceeds, how steadily he kept this fact in view, and how untiringly he strove to promote in every way the substantial interests of those classes whom it has been the policy of the Liberals, and more especially of the Whigs, to treat till now as if they had no part whatever in the constitution of the country.

Besides this attempt to interfere with the settlement of 1832, there occurred, during the session of 1850,

two incidents to which, because of the light which his manner of dealing with them throws over Mr Disraeli's general character as a politician, it is necessary to advert. Sir William Clay proposed his measure for creating "the irrepressible compound householder, and Lord John Russell made an attempt to bring Baron Rothschild into Parliament by a mere vote of the House of Commons. In the former of these proceedings Mr Disraeli took no part. The device had in his eyes neither political importance nor the reverse. It might operate as a convenience both to the owners and occupiers of a particular class of houses, but it could not in any way affect the franchise as it then existed. Had he seen his way at that time to the changes which it was his fortune in after years to bring about, his course would have doubtless been different. As matters then stood, the Government, and, as it appeared, the country, being alike opposed to change, he gave no heed to contingencies which might never and probably never would occur. They did occur in 1857, and he dealt with them rather as the force of circumstances constrained him to do, than according to the dictates of his own better judgment. To Lord John Russell's insidious scheme he offered a determined resistance. He opposed it, making no concealment of his own desire to throw open the doors of Parliament to gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion. But neither because of his own personal conviction that to exclude Jews from Parliament was a political mistake, nor on account of the terms of private friendship on which he lived with Baron Rothschild, would he consent to do by unconstitutional means what had failed to be done by means that were constitutional. Yet this is the man of whom it delights his many enemies to assert that the Constitution and its requirements are as nothing to him; that whether through ignorance of what these requirements really are, or perfect indifference to the whole subject, he is prepared at any moment to destroy the very framework which holds society together, rather than forego the objects of his own personal ambition.

The session of 1851 was in many respects more stirring than that which had preceded it. It hastened forward, likewise, at an accelerated pace, the issue to which men had begun to look forward. Lord John Russell did himself no good by coquetting in 1850 with Mr Locke King and Baron Rothschild. He began the Parliamentary campaign of 1851 with as false a move as politician ever made. It was then that he brought forward his Bill against Papal Aggression. Our readers have not, we may fairly assume, forgotten either that celebrated measure or the proceedings which led up to it. Cardinal Wiseman's publication of the Papal Bull had a purpose in it; and, looked at from his point of view, a wise purpose. Lord John's Durham letter, with the legislation which followed thereon, were simply contemptible. Had the Prime Minister been in earnest, he would have put the law at once in force, not only against Dr Wiseman, but against all who abetted him in an illegal proceeding. Not being in earnest, he wrote a silly letter, calculated only to stir bad blood in the country; and he followed up the proceeding by asking Parliament to insult the whole body of the Queen's Roman Catholic subjects while solemnly enunciating a truism. Mr Disraeli considered himself bound, as leader of the Opposition, to support a measure which, though not unjust in itself, was merely ridiculous; but he did not fail, when speaking on the subject, to express the deepest scorn both for the Bill and its author. "According to our authoritative record," he observed—"thus spoke Lord John Russell in the month of July 1845"—"he saw no

reason for retaining on the statute-book clauses which served no purpose except to insult and offend a considerable portion of her Majesty's subjects. He believed they might safely repeal those disallowing clauses which prevented a Roman Catholic bishop assuming a title held by a bishop of the Established Church." "The noble lord saw no objection whatever, a few years ago, to a Roman Catholic bishop assuming a title held by a bishop of the Established Church. He had no objection then to Dr Wiseman coming to this country and styling himself Archbishop of Canterbury. But so very sensitive of the rights of the Crown and the just claims of the Protestant Church was he now become, that he would not permit the Roman Catholic bishops to assume any territorial title whatever." He followed up the blow by exposing and denouncing the proceedings of Lord Minto in Italy during the revolution of 1848. He gave his vote, however, in support of the Minister; who carried his measure, and placed upon the statute-book a law which became at once, and has ever since remained, a mere dead letter.

The Papal Aggression Bill shook the Government. The Peelites generally voted against it; and when Mr Disraeli, not long afterwards, moved again for a committee to inquire into the causes of the depressed condition of the agriculturists, he was defeated in a full House by a majority of not more than fourteen. It was then that, feeling the ground begin to shake beneath his feet, Lord John Russell, with characteristic hardihood, effected a change in his own position. Hitherto he had withstood, upon principle, every attempt to interfere with the political settlement of 1832. It was a national compact, from which he was not at liberty to depart, and which could not be departed from except with danger to the State. Now, on Mr Locke King again bringing forward his motion, Lord John abandoned at once and for ever his doctrine of Finality. The particular measure proposed by Mr King he was not prepared to support. It was crude in conception and defective in details. But the principle of electoral change was a wise principle, and he should no longer take his place in antagonism to it. In the debate which followed, Mr Disraeli took no part; indeed it was agreed among the Tories that the Government should be left to fight the battle as they best could with the extreme section of their own party. But at the second reading, which was supported by Mr Bright and Mr Hume, and opposed by Lord John Russell and Mr Fox Maule, the latter went out of his way to charge Mr Disraeli and his followers with being banded together against Reform in every shape. This called up Mr Disraeli, who spoke as follows:—

"The Secretary at War, with an almost convulsive effort to reconstruct a Reform party, has described those who sit on this side of the House as being banded against every species of Parliamentary Reform. But I must remind the right honourable gentleman—who, though he did not use the words which I have ascribed to him, unfortunately made an impression to the same effect—that when last year a measure for increasing the franchise in Ireland was introduced, honourable members on this side of the House adopted the principle without even the slightest objection. The right honourable gentleman, with remarkable consistency, advocates the principle of the measure of the honourable member for East Surrey, on the ground that it will tend to increase the franchise which is now enjoyed by the £50 tenants in the country. But the right honourable gentleman may probably remember that it was not from himself or his friends that that clause in the Reform Bill emanated. I feel bound to say that, when I hear the £50 tenants in counties described as a class not worthy of the franchise, and yet that those who so describe them are disposed to extend the franchise to others

possessing a far lower qualification—that, in my opinion, those who belong to that respectable class have exercised the franchise in a manner creditable to themselves and advantageous to the country.

"When the Reform Bill was proposed, those who proposed and supported it were in the habit of saying that no sincere adhesion would ever be given to the Reform Bill by those who sat on the Opposition side of the House; and it was in vain for them to say when it became law that they would give it their sincere and complete adhesion. But they have done so; they have proved their sincerity, and have supported that settlement of the franchise ever since. The authors of the Reform Bill declared that the qualification of men for official employment depended upon an adhesion to that measure. No man was ever to hold office, or to have a seat in Parliament, who was not a sincere reformer—that is to say, who did not support the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill. I appeal to every gentleman who knows anything of the matter, whether, though not a formal, it was not a virtual, understanding, that the Bill, when once passed, was to be regarded for a considerable period of time as the settlement of the great question of Parliamentary Reform. So long as the political party who introduced that settlement upheld it, I doubt very much whether it would have been wise or politic to sanction any alteration. It would have led to discussions, probably very fruitless of results, and only encouraging agitations prejudicial to the general interests of the community. But when not only the political party which introduced the Reform Bill, but the very statesman who framed, modelled, and ushered it into the House, gives up his own handiwork, we hold ourselves to be perfectly free to consider the question, without reference to any antecedents, as to whether we were opposed to the Bill in 1830 or not, without, in fact, any reference to the past, but with reference only to those considerations which concern the public welfare.

"For my own part, sir, I entirely protest against what is popularly understood as the principle of Finality. All that I will pledge myself to do is to oppose any measure of Parliamentary Reform which has for its object merely the retaining and confirming in power some political section. I have that confidence in the sense and spirit of the country, that if a measure were now to be brought forward which had that limited and partial object, I believe it would be universally scouted, instead of creating that enthusiasm which the honourable gentlemen sitting on the Treasury benches seem at the eleventh hour to contemplate. Upon that ground I will oppose any measure which seems intended merely to displace the constitutional influence of that territorial preponderance which the honourable gentleman has referred to, and which I believe to be the best security for our liberties, and the best means of retaining that confirmed and permanent character which the institutions in the history of the country present."

Among the Liberal members who attacked Mr Disraeli on the score of inconsistency and want of principle, Sir Benjamin Hall, afterwards Lord Llanover, made himself conspicuous. He repeated the old story of support applied for and received from Daniel O'Connell when Mr Disraeli paid his addresses to the constituency of High Wycombe; and was rash enough to affirm that Mr Disraeli's object in seeking election at that time was, that he might support the Whig Reform Bill, of which he had begun to speak slightingly. These calumnies on the part of the honourable member for Marylebone afford a fair specimen of the sort of rhetoric which is continually made use of to blacken the public character of the present Prime Minister of England. He shall himself refute them in these pages, as he refuted them on the floor of the House of Commons some eighteen years ago:—

"The honourable baronet is entirely wrong in his statement in saying that I was a candidate for any place when the merits of the Reform Bill were in question, because it was then passed. I have expressed my opinion on that measure at all times openly; and whatever eccentricities of opinion I may have exhibited, I have always been in opposition, and from no interested motives, to the Whigs. I have maintained the real historical traditionary Tory policy of the country; and when I saw a great political movement made by the party to which I am attached—right or wrong—I felt it my duty, manfully and independently, I hope, to express my opinion. When the

Reform Bill passed, although I opposed the Whig settlement of that question, yet I accepted it, because it had been accepted by the country. But the honourable Baronet is mistaken if he supposes that I accepted the finality of that measure. I beg to deny it. I deny that I ever said anything in this House or out of it, upon any occasion, which could authorise such a statement."

From the division on the second reading of Mr Locke King's Bill, the Tories, for the most part, kept away, and the Government was beaten in consequence by not less a majority than 48.

It will be in the recollection of our readers that in consequence of this defeat Lord John resigned; that Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, was sent for; that, distrusting the strength of his own party to maintain a Tory Government in office, he made overtures to the leading Peelites, which were rejected; and that declining, thereupon, to propose a Cabinet for the Queen's acceptance, Lord John resumed office. Having thus brought Lord John back to Downing Street, the Tories felt themselves bound, if possible, to keep him there. They joined him in resisting Mr King's motion at a future stage, which was rejected by a majority of 216. They did so, however, in the person of their leader, with greater caution than before; Mr Disraeli going out of his way to explain that, though adverse to this particular mode of extending the franchise, he was not adverse to extension itself. But neither their triumph, if such it may be called, in this instance, nor the support rendered to them by Mr Disraeli in modifying the Jew Bill, could avail to breathe new vigour into their fading energies. Their refusal to inquire into the condition of Ireland was sustained by a miserable majority of nine. They carried the grant to Maynooth by two votes only, Mr Disraeli declining to vote at all on this latter occasion, as he likewise did when the future of the Scottish Universities came under discussion. It was a principle with him, while leading the Opposition, to remain neutral when he could not support his party. But he did his party excellent service by the speech which he delivered when the House was in committee on the subject of the inhabited-house duty. We regret that our limits will not permit the transference to these pages of more than the merest outline of the principle advocated in that speech, because we hold it to be the only one on which an equitable system of taxation can be rested. His theory is this—that whatever anomalies may be allowable in temporary expedients, such as the income-tax when first proposed confessedly was, permanent taxation, whether it be direct or indirect, must, to be equitable, reach all classes. Our readers who may be desirous of giving further consideration to the subject will find the address to which we allude at page 1411 of the fourth vol. of 'Hansard' for 1851. And such of them as profess to be followers of Mr Gladstone will doubtless read it with the more attention when they learn that, whether convinced by it or otherwise, Mr Gladstone went, when the division was taken, into the same gallery with the author of the argument.

From debates so damaging and divisions so little satisfactory, the recess set the Government free, though not, as it soon appeared, from disunion and strife among themselves. Members were in full swing with their autumnal sports when the astounding announcement came upon them that Lord John had given Lord Palmerston his dismissal. The reasons assigned for the proceeding, besides being vague in themselves, tended only to produce the persuasion that something more was meant than met the ear. And so it was felt to be when, on the reassembling of Parliament in February 1852, Lord John and Lord Palmerston each favoured the House with his explanation. The statement

of the Minister and ex-Minister amounted to this — that they could not agree as to the manner in which the relations of the country with foreign powers ought to be maintained, and that, their strife growing bitter, the weakest of the combatants, as is usual in such cases, went to the wall. Enough, however, was said to afford to Mr Disraeli the opportunity, of which he took advantage, to expose and condemn the wretched principle on which the foreign affairs of the country were managed, which, conciliating neither of the great parties on the Continent, left England without an ally among the friends either of revolution or of absolutism.

Ever since Lord John recanted in the matter of finality, a conviction took possession of the public mind, that sooner or later he would make a desperate effort to regain his ascendancy in the House and in the country, by himself proposing a measure of Parliamentary reform. The justice of that conviction was made manifest with the least possible delay; for on the 9th of February, as soon indeed as the routine business of Parliament would allow, he asked leave to bring in a bill to extend the right of voting for members of Parliament. The bill was not then ready to be laid upon the table, but the Minister gave a detailed description of the chief provisions to be included in it, which were these:—"The franchise was to be reduced in counties to £20 rated value, in boroughs to £5 rated value. The franchise was to be extended to all persons, whether in counties or boroughs, who paid direct taxes to the amount of 40s. a-year; and all boroughs having less than 500 electors were to be grouped with neighbouring towns — the number of such boroughs being estimated at 67."

We particularly request our readers to bear in mind the provisions of this Reform Bill—the first since 1831 that was proposed on the responsibility of the Ministers of the Crown—and to take notice of the terms in which Mr Disraeli expressed himself concerning it. Justice will not be done to either party in the State if these incidents be overlooked, or, which is still more likely to follow, if the studied misrepresentations of the Liberal press be allowed to obscure them. Lord John's scheme of 1852 resembles the measure which the present Government succeeded in carrying last year far more closely, in more points than one, than it resembles that proposed in 1866 by Mr Gladstone and Mr Bright. The grouping of small boroughs with neighbouring towns is common to both. They equally connect the exercise of the franchise with the discharge of certain duties to the State. They differ only in this, that Mr Disraeli's measure enables all ratepayers in boroughs to exercise the franchise whatever be the value of the premises which they occupy, whereas Lord John drew a hard-and-fast line below which the franchise should be refused to householders. The lowering of the county franchise from a £50 to a £20, to a £12 or £10 rating, we regard as quite unimportant. The principle of rating is observed in each case; and the restriction of the franchise within certain limits in the value of occupancy is an arrangement founded on the principle established in 1832. How far it would have been possible to work honestly and fairly the 40s. direct taxation franchise we cannot pretend to say; but the principle is certainly as little objectionable as that of the lodger franchise, for which we are indebted not more to her Majesty's present Ministers than to her Majesty's present Opposition.

It will be well to consider next the line which Mr Disraeli took in dealing with the ministerial proposal. He objected, first to the time allowed for considering the

scheme, only fourteen days—to be dated, too, not from the introduction of the measure, because the bill, as we have just explained, was not yet in the hands of members, but from the evening of the 9th of February, when Lord John Russell explained its probable contents. He next took exception to the provisions of the bill itself, though guardedly. "I confess," he said, "so far as I can form an opinion,—but indeed I do not feel authorised, until the bill is in my hands, to give an opinion, but my impression is that the bill is one of very questionable propriety. The noble Lord has on several occasions dilated on the propriety of settling great questions in moments of comparative calm and tranquillity. I agree with him. I think it is wise in a statesman, if he has a subject of great importance to grapple with, that he should attempt it in moments of tranquillity; but he is bound to deal with it, so that the settlement may be—I will not say final, for that is not an epithet suitable to human legislation—but permanent. So far as I can now form an opinion, I do not think the measure brought forward by the noble Lord in that sense a very statesmanlike measure. What is the great object of the £5 franchise? That we should admit the working classes to the exercise of the suffrage. I have always been the advocate of an industrial franchise; but I am not satisfied that this £5 franchise will act in this way. I am not by any means clear that there was no measure better fitted for this purpose, no arrangement more appropriate and more calculated to effect this end, than merely lowering the amount on which the suffrage depends." Then, after glancing at the opportunities afforded of jobbing intentionally, or otherwise, in the process of grouping, he goes on:—"I have thus expressed what I really feel in this matter. I feel, so far as the said conditions referred to go, that I am not prepared on those grounds to interpose any obstruction to the bill of the noble Lord. On the greater ground I shall reserve my opinion. I have much hesitation as to the propriety of introducing any measure at all on the present occasion. I have my doubts, too, whether the measure introduced is of that deep and comprehensive character required. I think the noble Lord ought to bear in mind that it is of the utmost importance that a question of this kind should be maturely considered before it is decided upon, and that all measures for the adjustment of the franchise should be of a permanent character. Indeed, the noble Lord himself ought to be the last to doubt of the correctness of this principle. I do not think that it is to the credit of the House or the country, or the noble Lord himself, as a statesman, that every year he should be altering the franchise in Ireland. I think, too, if the noble Lord had only sufficiently considered that subject, he would not be in the singular position of having twelve months ago brought forward a Reform Bill for Ireland, which he now acknowledges is incapable of carrying out its object." Can any man, with a judgment not blinded by prejudice, read these sentences, and others like them, which we shall yet have occasion to quote, without being satisfied that, from the hour when the conviction took possession of his mind that a new Reform Bill was inevitable, Mr Disraeli never contemplated any other settlement of that question, than that which it has been his privilege to effect? In his view of the case, it was not the ownership of property but the discharge of public duties, and especially the contribution to the burdens of the State, which could alone entitle, morally as well as politically, the individual so contributing to the privileges of the franchise. This was the practical application of the old principle, that there should be no taxation without re-

presentation; nor, by an obviously just conversion of the terms, any representation without taxation. And inasmuch as the oldest and most constitutional of all taxations is that which goes to the maintenance of the poor and the protection of person and property, so to all ratepayers the right or privilege of the franchise ought in the spirit of the constitution to be extended. Men trained in the school of modern legislation are not brought to this conclusion either easily or soon. It took the leader of the Tories many years to make even his own followers understand that such is the real Tory view of this constitutional question; and if the lesson was thus hardly learned by friends, it is no wonder that enemies were slow to receive and prompt to misrepresent it. Through good report and evil, however, Mr Disraeli held his course, accepting as much as time or circumstances brought within his reach, and slowly but surely working up to the issue which has at length been attained. That the democracy, headed by Mr Gladstone and Mr Bright, may succeed, sooner or later, in breaking down this wall of defence for the constitution, we are far from pretending to deny; but if they do succeed, they will succeed at the expense of everything which we have learned to regard as worth fighting for. We may in this case say farewell to the good old English monarchy, and to a state of society which, with some defects, confers a larger share of happiness on all who live under it than any which the world has yet seen. That aristocracy of which Mr Disraeli speaks, those estates of the realm which keep the realm itself on a solid foundation, will all be swept away, and England, in its Americanised condition, must become a thousand times more intolerable as the home of enlightened men than America itself, because America possesses an unlimited extent of territory, into which the discontented among her inhabitants may retire, whereas England is of limited extent, and must therefore become, when law and order have lost their authority, a mere scene of strife and confiscation repeated over and over again.

Lord John Russell's attempt to carry a second Reform Bill came, as we need hardly say, to nothing. In dismissing Lord Palmerston from the Queen's Councils he had cast out the very pith and marrow of his own Administration. He felt this so strongly that, being defeated on a point in his Militia Bill which, under any other circumstances, might have been treated, and would have been fairly treated, as unimportant, he at once resigned, declaring at the same time that he would not, as a private member of Parliament, endeavour to carry his great measure to a second reading. Lord Derby was, upon this, sent for. He undertook to form a Cabinet, and succeeded; whereupon Mr Disraeli received the just reward of his services, being appointed *per saltum* Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons.

It soon became apparent that to the new Ministry little consideration would be shown, and that each section of the Liberal Opposition was determined to press upon the Government its own crotchets. On the 25th of March Mr Hume renewed his motion for the extension of the franchise, to which he desired to admit "every man of full age, and not subject to any mental or legal disability, who shall have been the resident occupier of a house, or of part of a house, as a lodger, for twelve months, and shall have been duly rated to the poor of the parish for that time." Mr Hume marred his own work by cumbering it with provisions for taking the vote by ballot, for limiting the duration of parliaments to three years, and rendering the proportion of representatives more consistent with the amount of population and property. It was impossible for the

Government to accede to the three latter of these propositions; and to the former Mr Disraeli objected, because the data on which it rested were erroneous. He showed, indeed, by quotations from public documents and private correspondence, that the ballot afforded no protection in the State of New York against bribery and intimidation, and proved to demonstration that, except where universal suffrage prevails, the ballot can only create an oligarchy of the most obnoxious kind. "But I will not," he continued, "do them (Mr Hume and his supporters) the injustice of believing that they sincerely desire to invest what they style the present limited constituencies of the kingdom with the irresponsibility conferred by voting by ballot. They have always argued that the extension of the franchise is a preliminary to the adoption of the ballot, and I am sure they do not intend to gainsay that opinion now. But the line must be drawn somewhere, unless that extension of the franchise be universal. Where shall it be drawn? If you say I do not want to draw a line anywhere; if you tell us, as my honourable friend the member for Montrose told the House he did last session, namely, submitted to modify his own views in deference to those of other persons, with the purpose of obtaining their assistance; if you adopt what is called in common parlance universal suffrage, without which, so far as political justice is concerned, I do not see how you can establish the ballot, because, if you have the ballot with a limited constituency, you commit a greater injustice upon the unenfranchised classes; but if you have universal suffrage you come to a new constitution — a constitution commonly called the sovereignty of the people; you come to that constitution, in short, so much spoken of, so often panegyrised by the reforming and Liberal members of this House—the constitution of America. But the sovereignty of the people is not the constitution of England; for, wisely modified as that monarchy may be, the constitution of England is the sovereignty of Queen Victoria."

Again the speaker guarded himself, as on all similar occasions he took care to do, against being supposed to be hostile, either as an individual or a party leader, to change of every kind. "I will tell the honourable gentleman what we are opposed to. We are adverse to all crude and unnecessary proposals, founded on such erroneous calculations as the present. . . . What we are opposed to is, tampering with the depository of political power — constant changing and shifting of the depository of political power—as the most injurious thing to a country that can be conceived. You may talk of tampering with the currency, and there are few worse things; but that which is worse is, tampering with the constituency of England. If there is to be a change, let it be a change called for by clear necessity, and one which is calculated to give general—I will not say final, but general and permanent satisfaction."

Still more explicit were his declarations in resisting Mr Locke King's renewed effort to bring down the franchise in counties to the same level with the franchise in boroughs.

"Sir, I think that the question must be viewed on a much larger scale than that which is suggested by the proposition of the honourable gentleman the member for East Surrey. But I have also another objection to this bill. I have often said to this House—I repeat it now, as it is the expression of a deep and sincere conviction on my part — that I think in the construction of that memorable law, the Reform Act of 1832, there was a very great deficiency, which consisted in a want of due consideration of the rights of the working-classes to the franchise; and I own that I was

very glad, on a recent occasion, to hear the noble Lord, the author of that same Reform Act, acknowledge that my observations had induced him to hold the same opinion — an opinion which he certainly did not at the time consider with much favour. And if there be that great deficiency in our system of representation, I assuredly cannot understand how this measure, or the other measures on the same subject which have been so frequently proposed, are at all to meet the deficiencies. Under our old system — by the suffrages of the freemen—the political rights of the labourer were acknowledged by the constitution. We virtually destroyed those rights."

Successful on the subject of parliamentary reform, Mr Disraeli, in bringing forward his Budget, exposed himself to an attack from Mr Milner Gibson, which, however, he found no great difficulty in repelling. The Budget was, indeed, of the most unpretending kind. It could not well be otherwise; because he who had never before served the Crown, even in a subordinate capacity, found himself all at once overladen with the responsibilities of finance minister. He took office, too, in the very height of the parliamentary session, when time and leisure carefully to consider both the wants of the country and the best means of supplying them were wanting. What could he do? Only that which he did. He adopted as his own the general policy of his predecessor, and as a temporary arrangement renewed the income-tax for the year. He became at once, as might be expected, the object of vituperation and affected scorn to the Liberals. Among others, Mr Milner Gibson assailed him for not proposing a reduction of the paper duty, and, making the proposition himself, put the new Chancellor of the Exchequer on his defence. The defence was candid and able. He had voted on a former occasion for the reduction now demanded, but for reasons which no longer operated. The Whig Government, though making reference in the Speech from the Throne to the distress which prevailed among agriculturists, had refused, when called upon, to inquire into the causes of such distress. He had pressed them to apply a portion of the surplus revenue to its relief, and been defeated. He therefore joined Mr Milner Gibson in his attack upon the paper duty, because he was unwilling to leave so large a sum to be disposed of at their own pleasure by an Administration in which he had no confidence. But circumstances were changed; and with a change of circumstances he claimed the right to change his mode of action. Mr Disraeli retained the paper duty by a majority of 88, Mr Gladstone speaking in favour of the Government, but absenting himself from the division.

It is not worth while to pursue any further the details of the session. The Government passed a militia law—the same which still continues in force—obtained the necessary supplies, and in due time dissolved. What followed upon the dissolution will be given in a future paper.

THE TRUE IRISH GRIEVANCE.

Down, down with the Church that in Ireland is planted!
Such a leafless old trunk isn't wished for or wanted:
Yes, down with the Church; but perhaps you may find
That a grievance much greater is looming behind;
'Tis that Irishmen deem it a deep degradation
To be counted a part of a Protestant Nation.

A Protestant Nation? a heretic crew!
Who will not give the Pope or the Devil his due:
Who profess an allegiance that never shall falter
To a Protestant Throne, and a Protestant Altar:
'Tis an infamous badge of a base subjugation
To be counted a part of this Protestant Nation.

The Church is no burden, these Protestants say;
It don't press on the poor, 'tis the landlords that pay:
'Tis maintained by a tithe out of Protestants' lands;—
But then what brought the soil into Protestant hands?
Ay, there is the rub! *that*'s the true botheration,
To be born on the soil of a Protestant Nation.

How blest was our Isle when entirely our own,
In the days before Luther and Calvin were known!
Oh! if Thomas-à-Becket had had his own way,
And the Eighth of their Harrys had never held sway;
If King James at the Boyne hadn't come to vexation,
We might ne'er have been part of a Protestant Nation.

But the Hour is at hand, and we've hit on the Man
Who will finish the job that St Patrick began:
When the nests are dismantled, the birds will soon flit,
And even Ulster herself will have notice to quit:
The Queen—in our hearts may her virtues enthrone her—
But we fain would get rid of each Protestant Owner.

The Money,—though nothing is fixed on at present,—
Will do good to the Priest, if it don't to the Peasant:
'Twill be easily spent upon Catholic schools,
Where the Priest both the school, and the Schoolmaster, rules;
While the churches and glebes, without much hesitation,
Will enrich, as they ought, the True Church of the Nation.

Then join all good Paddies, harmonious and hearty,
In three cheers for the Pope and the Liberal Party;
And if any false Liberals drive him from Rome,
May his Holiness here find a refuge and home;
Where with Cardinals round him in full Convocation,
He may sit and defy every Protestant Nation.

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DOUBLES AND QUITS: A COMEDY OF ERRORS.—PART I.

"Gaudeo edepol, si quid propter me tibi evenit boni.
Nam illa cum te ad se vocabat, me esse credidit."

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

Is it not an accepted article of the popular creed, that no two objects in nature exactly resemble one another?

I am not going to investigate the origin of that belief; I am not going to inquire what laborious wielder of the 'Novum Organon' undertook to establish it; I only ask if we do not regard it as an irrefragable axiom, that Nature, in all her efforts of creative power, from the highest to the lowest, does not repeat herself?

I started in life with this impression. I rejoiced in it. I detest monotony, and here was a high enough sanction for the indulgence of my dislike. I now beg to inform the nobility, gentry, and public in general, that this axiom is a humbug. I denounce it as a fallacy—as a dream dreamed in a fool's paradise (from which I have been wakened)—as a swindle, a snare, and a delusion, in at least one most important instance. It will be conceded, I presume, that any given man is, to himself at all events, a most important natural object; and therefore, without offending against the laws of modesty, I may say that I myself am the eminent instance in which Nature appears to have deviated from her rule.

If she were to be arraigned on a charge of inconsistency, she might plead that her scheme would fall to the ground if she became monotonous or uniform in any respect.

Let it be granted, for the sake of avoiding argument; but then, why select *me* as the exception? I yield to none in my devotion to her and all her works. She has no fonder or more dutiful son; was it well, was it fitting, then, to make a stepchild of me? to exempt me from the privileges common to all her other offspring, and even largely to curtail the value of my personal identity by giving me a "double"?

Some one is sure to say, "What is a "double"? Some people

have a nagging and unappeasable thirst for definitions; so, to prevent delay *in limine*, let me at once define him as "a second edition, exact copy, or co-existing counterpart of another man."

The above-mentioned dogma has hitherto regarded his existence as fabulous—as the myth of the bard or the playful fancy of the dramatist—like the Menæchmi of Plautus, the Dromios and the Antipholi of Shakespeare, the Dioscuri of the ancient classics, *passim*, and the Corsican Brothers of our own Dion Boucicault. But my "double" individually is an entity in very truth—a solid, prosaic captain of the Heaviest Dragoons, standing six feet and one inch in his stockings, decidedly "inclined to *embonpoint*," with a florid complexion and Judas-coloured hair, boisterous red whiskers, pale eyes, a gigantic imperial, pump-handle nose, a mouth like to a Gothic gurgoyle, and a facial angle instantly suggestive of "the companion and the friend of man."

That is what my "double" is. Confound him!

Malevolent reader, you are not likely to lose this chance of making "a very palpable hit." I can hear you say (Oh! "petulanti splene cachinno")—I can hear you say, "Here, then, you have also presented us with your own portrait!"

And I suppose I must sorrowfully admit it. I used to read myself differently, as on this wise—

"A Captain"—not, O ye gods! a "Heavy"—"a Captain of Fusileers, standing six feet and one inch in my stockings; of a grand, full, military figure; warm, manly complexion; auburn hair; luxuriant ditto whiskers; cold, grey, intellectual eyes; nose large, indeed, but commanding; mouth wide, but gracious; and a forehead expressing a character full of bland and Christian attributes."

An inner emotion of my soul tells me that the latter is my true description, but the concurrent evidence of many men leads me to believe that, to the grosser vision of the rest of my species, I appear in the former likeness. Perhaps the truth lies somewhere between the two portraits; it is possible that personal enmity may have imparted to the former some dash of caricature, and that a well-grounded self-esteem may have limned the latter more favourably than is quite consistent with facts; it is possible, I say, but let it pass.

Robert Burns breathed an infamous aspiration, on behalf of all mankind, that the Powers above might endow them with the faculty of seeing themselves as others see them.

"Evertere domos totas, optantibus ipsis,
Dî faciles."

True, but I never commissioned Burns or any one else to prefer such an absurd request. I would that he had left it alone, or spoken for himself.

The gods, however, with a facility which I cannot but deplore, have heard his prayer in my case, so a pleasant dream is dissolved, and I awake a humbled, miserable man.

But keen though the pain of such a disenchantment may be, the possession of a "double" supplies me with a heavier grievance still.

What I do complain of, and declare to be too intolerably burdensome for human patience, are the perpetual mistakes as to the identity of this man and myself which are made by my most intimate friends and relatives — mistakes that have already landed me in most compromising situations, and involved me in not a few social and domestic imbroglios.

How would you—how would any one of a respectable walk and conversation, with a stake in the country and a character to lose, like things of this sort?

One day last season, in a London drawing-room where a party was assembled before dinner, seeing a man enter whom I knew very

well, and was in the habit of meeting everywhere, I tried to shake hands with him; whereupon he (he was an ass, of course) placed his hands ostentatiously behind his back, and elevating his voice so as to attract every one's attention, bawled out,—

"No, sir! certainly not; you shan't know me one day and cut me the next; my name is Baxter" (a slightly irrelevant statement), "and no man shall patronise me."

"My dear Baxter——" I began.

"Don't 'dear Baxter' me, sir;" and seeing the idiot was going to make a scene of it before the ladies, I suggested the possibility of a mistake, and the propriety of deferring explanations. During dinner the flaming eyes of Baxter scorched me with looks of scorn and indignation; and afterwards, when explanations came off, I found I was accused of having brutally cut him in the Park that day, and of having sworn with ferocious expletives that I had never seen him before. Here I proved an *alibi*, and told the sad tale of my "double"; but a man can't spend the whole of his London season proving *alibis* and telling long yarns about his "double." Can he?

There is also a slight inconvenience in such a scene as the following—it ruffles the temper and acts injuriously on the digestive organs:—One day last week I was sauntering up Pall Mall with a couple of friends, quiet and refined men like myself, when we were startled by a loud human bellow from behind, and immediately after I sustained a shock between the shoulders which nearly upset me. Turning round, I found a bearded and perfectly colonial-looking person standing with outstretched paw, and a face full of affectionate recognition, and glowing with tropical if not alcoholic tints. My face was vacant.

"What, Dolly!" the monster roared, clutching my hand. "My own old Dolly-Wallah! It does my heart good to see you—how are all the other jolly old Patagonians?" and with his other paw he began to hammer me about the region of the liver, which with me is a tender organ. "Oh! d-d-d-don't," I cried, doubled up with pain.

"Yes, I will, plumed warrior of Attock! Yes, I will, wild bird of the Moffussil," and he did, heartily.

"D—n it, sir, you must be mad," I gasped.

"As a dancing dervish, mad with joy at seeing old Dolly again. Do you remember the Grampus?" and he went on hammering me.

"No, sir, I don't remember Grampus, or Dolly, or Wolly, or Patagonia, or any of your cursed low friends. It's not my line. You're evidently from India—I never was there. You've got sunstroke, I suppose, or something; but, by Jove, if you don't let my liver alone, I'll call the police."

There was quite a little crowd by this time, and my quiet and refined friends might be observed in the distance walking rapidly off on the other side of the street.

"Oh! I see," said my assailant, suddenly assuming an air of dignified hauteur, "we're too fine to recognise an indigo-planter in Pall Mall, although we knew the way to his bungalow pretty well in Rohilcund, and didn't mind punishing his brandy-pawnee and cheroots, or borrowing his horses, or calling him 'Jack'; that was in the north-west provinces, but here it's another thing—here we must be discreet; we're in London now and swells, and we must forget. Oh yes! we must forget."

"Upon my life, sir, this is too intolerable" (he was gesticulating and talking at the pitch of his voice.) "It's quite evident *you* forget yourself. If you're mad, why the deuce don't you go to Hanwell? If you're drunk, why don't you go and sleep it off? You've hurt my back and my liver, and you're making a scene in the street with

a total stranger; but, if you don't leave off, I'll give you in charge. I swear I will!"

"Total stranger! I like that. I suppose you'll tell me next that you're not Captain Burridge, of the — Dragoon Guards, you puppy!"

"Yes, I will, you ruffian!" for I was nettled by this time. "I'm not Captain Burridge, and I'm glad of it, if you're a specimen of his friends. But there, see for yourself—there's my card! For heaven's sake don't follow me!" and I dashed into the Army and Navy Club, and told the porter to give him in charge if he came bothering. From an upper window of the Club I saw the man of indigo leaning for some minutes against the railings of the War Office, and regarding my card with a look of stupefaction.

These two cases may be sufficient to establish the fact that a remarkably strong likeness does exist between this man and me; but I will add one other, for the truth of which I solemnly vouch, one which will show the reader that the word "double" is strictly appropriate, and enable him to grasp some conception of the abominable inconveniences a man so afflicted is likely, nay, certain, to undergo. The first intimation I had of the existence of my "double" was conveyed to me the year before last, in a letter from a brother of mine who was then serving with his regiment in India. My own regiment had been for some time under orders to proceed to the same favoured clime; and my brother, on his return from a six months' expedition in Thibet, during which he had been cut off from all news, expected to find we had arrived. On his way down country the first civilised place he reached was one of the sanatoriums—Nynee Tal, or Simla, or Mussoorie, I forget which; but whichever it was, its leading hotel possessed a *table d'hôte* to which my brother went for dinner on the day of his arrival.

He had not been long seated when an individual entered the room and took a chair opposite him. This individual (who was no other than the accursed Burridge) my brother at once conceived to be me, whom he had not seen for five years—he had no doubt whatsoever on the subject—but as Burridge merely gave him a glance of perfect non-recognition, he said nothing.

The fact is, my brother and I were both *farceurs* in a small way, and he immediately imagined that I was feigning ignorance of him by way of a joke; and delighted with the idea of foregoing all other human emotion in the cause of mirth, he fell heartily into the humour of the thing; and though fraternal yearnings turned his gaze now and then in the direction of Burridge, he contrived to make his expression as indifferent and unconscious as possible. At the same time he could not sufficiently admire my supposed *nonchalance;* for Burridge, being hungry and a plunger, after satisfying his curiosity with one bovine glance round the table, thereafter devoted himself exclusively to his victuals.

Dinner being ended, the company dropped one by one from the room, till at last my brother was left alone with Burridge, who continued to work conscientiously through the dessert. When the door closed on the last person, my brother clapped his hands and loudly shouted, "Bravo! bravo! bravissimo!" Burridge on this put up his eyeglass and stared at him for a second or two with a perfectly stolid countenance, then, dropping his glass, proceeded to attack a fresh mango.

"Bravissimo! bravissimo!" shouted my brother, doubly pleased; "capital! capital! couldn't be better!"

Again Burridge inserted his glass, and slowly remarked, "If it's the dinner you're so pleased with, I can't say much for your taste; in

my opinion it's the foulest thing I ever ate in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America."

Again my brother was in ecstasies, but, checking his mirth, he remarked, "Well, but come—enough's as good as a feast; you've carried that game quite far enough; don't you think you had better stop it now?"

Again the eyeglass was inserted, and the plunger spoke—

"Oh! the proprietor, I suppose; well, it would take a good deal of this kind of *enough* to make a feast. But look here, if I pay you your contract price, I've a right to eat as much as ever I please; and I'll tell you what it is, I'll just serve you out. I'll eat your whole dessert, if I have cholera for it; and I'll ring for more if I'm alive when this is done."

"Come, come," said my brother, "no more humbug. How's the governor?"

"What governor?" said Burridge, in great astonishment.

"My governor, of course."

"Don't believe you ever had one," was the scornful reply; and he ate on.

"Tut, tut, man! how's the old lady?"

"I sincerely hope she's dead," said Burridge, sucking away imperturbably.

"Oh, Donald, you parricidal ruffian! where are your natural affections?" and he playfully threw an over-ripe mango at the dragoon, which took effect upon his chin and burst over his white waistcoat. Thereupon a terrible scene ensued; the phlegm of the plunger gave way to ungovernable fury, and he overwhelmed my brother with handfuls of fruit, plates, glasses, knives, and whatever came to hand. The row alarmed the whole establishment, and Burridge was with difficulty overpowered. Eventually an explanation took place, and my brother was, though with some difficulty, convinced. They immediately became great friends (I fear my brother's tastes are rather low), and he afterwards saved Burridge from falling over a "cud." I don't know whether that is the right spelling, and I'm not quite sure that I know what a "cud" is, but I believe it to be a kind of precipice in the Himalayas over which picnic parties appear to have an unfortunate habit of losing their lives. Be that as it may, my brother somehow saved his life in connection with a "cud," and I, for my part, can't say I think the better of him for it.

I have now mentioned three of these cases of mistaken identity, and I think they are sufficient, though, if necessary, instead of three I could adduce three hundred; and every day at this present writing brings large additions to the list.

Burridge has a large acquaintance apparently, and on an average day in the height of the season I should say I cut about a dozen of them who insist on bowing to me. I too have a large acquaintance, so it may be presumed that Burridge's average daily bag approaches the same dimensions as my own. Our respective lists, therefore, must be rapidly diminishing, owing to the impracticability of establishing an *alibi* to every one who is cut by one's double. I find that Burridge (who is excessively indignant at the mistakes, on the ground, I understand, that his personal beauty and *ton* are superior to mine—ha! ha!), in cutting my acquaintances, contrives, by the way he does so, to leave behind very rancorous feelings—so much so that many are too angry to entertain the idea of an *alibi* or any other basis of explanation; so I now make a point of cutting his people as offensively as possible, mowing them down with a trenchant sneer, or blighting them with the incredulous astonishment of a wintry eye. It is war to the knife between us now—a war of reprisals, and, I suspect, of extermination, as far as our visiting lists are concerned. At the beginning

of the season, when Burridge returned from Patagonia or the Mofussil, or whencesoever he did return, and when, consequently, the distressing inconvenience I have, I fear, been too long dwelling upon, began first to be felt, I sent an envoy to him to see if we could not come to some arrangement to obviate the inconvenience of these mistakes. My representative (who was filled with zeal rather than with discretion, and who was, moreover, of a bullying and autocratic turn of mind) pointed out to Burridge that, as he was the latest comer, in a Park-going point of view, I was clearly entitled to consider myself the aggrieved party, and to call upon him to make any sacrifice that might be necessary to restore our respective identities to a proper footing. He then suggested that Burridge should shave his whiskers off, which was declined: that he should adopt blue spectacles; no, he wouldn't. Well, then, a blue eyeglass; certainly not. That he should wear perpetual mourning, or a white hat with a black band, or become notorious by walking about with an alpenstock, or carrying a kitten or a squirrel on his shoulder wherever he went. No, he would agree to nothing of the sort. "Well then," said my envoy, "there's only one thing for it—we can't have you in town at all during the season; you must go and cricket or fish somewhere—say Cornwall or Norway—during May, June, and July. I daresay we can spare you the last week in July, provided you avoid the Park and the Opera." Burridge, who is evidently unreasonable, hereupon drove my envoy from his presence with language unfit for publication; and from that day Burridge eyes me and I eye Burridge as Saul eyed David.

CHAPTER II.

The preceding pages were written a good many years ago, and the events therein related are separated by an interval of five years from those which belong to the narrative I now propose to lay before the public. They were written, it will be seen, at a time when I was smarting under the annoyance of feeling that my identity was almost shared by another man. Why I wrote them has now escaped my recollection. It may have been that they were intended as the introduction to a series of papers, wherein were to be duly chronicled the various *contretemps* and untoward events which seemed likely to arise from the startling resemblance between Burridge and myself; perhaps with the wild hope of a vain youth who wished the eyes of all London to be upon him, of advertising the public thoroughly of the existence of the double identity, and thereby of that half of the identity which belonged to himself; thus salving his *amour propre* wounded by the previous mistakes, by making himself notable in this somewhat ignoble way. It may be so; we know how sweet the "monstrari digito" is to many minds, and what devices are resorted to to procure the feeblest little tootle upon the smallest of Fame's penny trumpets; but it is now immaterial why they were written. Suffice it that here they are, ready to my hand, and that I am going to prefix them as an explanatory introduction to the narrative of the remarkable chain of circumstances to which, after being lost sight of and forgotten for a good many years, this singular resemblance has more recently given rise, influencing in a manner as singular as the likeness itself the destinies of my "double" and myself. Little did I think when I used to pass Captain Burridge in the Park, or encounter him in the "Zoologicals," with a fixed eye and erected crest—little

did I think that one day I should be——, but pshaw! I must not anticipate.

I accompanied my rich aunt (widow of a rich city maternal uncle,—for though a Scotchman I will be moderate enough to own that I have *some* city blood) one evening, two or three seasons ago, to the opera, and having established her and myself in the stalls which she had selected at Mitchell's, after half an hour's deliberation and discussion with that long-suffering man, I proceeded to take the usual survey of the house, in quest of friends or notables worthy of observation. My aunt, I must explain, was in the habit of visiting the opera once annually, but these annual occasions were for her grand festas and gala nights, and she entered upon each with the avowed intention of "getting her pennyworth." In this expression was implied not so much a full swing of musical enjoyment; to this, I fear, she was indifferent, except when her ear recognised some air with which the interpreting organ-grinder had familiarised her in making hideous the Bromptonian day and night. "Getting her pennyworth" implied the largest possible gratification of her social rather than of her musical tastes; it implied the earliest possible arrival and the latest possible departure; it implied the selection of a night when there was likely to be a full and brilliant house, with its fine toilettes and diamonds, grandees, lions, heroes and heroines of burning scandals, ministers, foreign princes, and other pomps and vanities which need not be recounted. But another essential element in her pennyworth was a good-natured cicerone, who either knew or pretended to know about everybody and everything in the house, and who, proof against the indignant "Hush! hush!" of the audience, didn't mind administering, in the midst of the most thrilling passages, honeyed potions of fashionable intelligence to the worthy old soul. If she had a predominating weakness (and who has not?) it was for the upper ten thousand. It was rapture to her to gaze upon them, their finery and their equipages; their titles of distinction were music in her ears; and stray anecdotes of what went on in their charmed circle were to her sacred and awful as revelations from an unapproachable paradise. Foolish of the old creature; but was she not a matron of the British middle class? Can the leopard change his spots? From my position as her nephew, I was pretty often in charge on these occasions; and as I found that my advance in her good graces was in a direct ratio with the number of people I could explain to her, the number of spicy bits of gossip I could *apropos* retail, and the number of swells with whom I appeared to be on a footing of acquaintance, I took care that my relative should in this respect get her pennyworth, even at some sacrifice of veracity on my part. I fear, indeed, I must confess that I took a mischievous pleasure in playing upon her huge faculty of wonder and reverence for the aristocracy, and in making her simple honest eyes distend in delighted astonishment.

On this occasion the good lady was in great force. "Donald! Donald!" she exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, shortly after we were seated, "who is that young lady in green, with red hair, flirting with the disgusting painted old reprobate up there? don't you see?—second tier."

"Where?—ah, yes, of course; don't *you* know them?" (surprisedly).

"No, I don't."

"Ah, odd you don't; why that's old Colonel Whistlebones, you know, and that's *the* fair one; you know what I mean *now*, of course;" and I looked at my aunt with a certain look which silenced her,

partly because she was ashamed to be behind the fast scandal of the day, and partly because she was satisfied with the knowledge that there *was* a bad story which she would get out of me at another time.

"I don't see many acquaintances here," went on the old lady, sweeping her telescopes round the grand tier; "it's very odd."

Considering the part of the house she was focussing, in connection with her name and place of abode (Blogg and a shady part of Brompton), I own I did not share her surprise.

"Come, Donald," she continued, "tell me about the people up there—the grand folks, I mean. Ah! who was that you bowed to just now?" I had executed a very correct salaam to the pillar which divided the two most brilliant boxes in the house.

"Oh! I bowed to the whole party," I replied, carelessly; "know them all."

"Do you?" screamed the old lady, in deep delight; "and pray who is the old dowager with the hawk's beak and false teeth?"

"Hush! my dear aunt, for heaven's sake! that's the great Scotch Duchess—the arbitress of fashion. I'm astonished" (rather disgustedly) "*you* don't know her!"

"Oh! that's *her*," cried my aunt, as if my answer had conveyed a world of intelligence; "and *you* know *her?*"

"Yes, of course" (pettishly); "why not, pray?"

"Oh! don't be cross, Donald; "I'm very glad, I'm sure," and the poor old creature looked it.

"These girls are—at least that one who shook her fan at me, is her daughter."

"Shook her fan at you! I never saw it. You must be very intimate."

"Tut, tut, aunt; how serious you are about trifles! That's Bismarck just come into the box opposite, wearing the eagle; he's been dining at Rothschild's, I know;" and I fixed my eyes on a saturnine and stock-jobbing-looking person who entered at the moment, wearing a huge red camellia in his buttonhole.

"Bismarck! Rothschild! eagle!" shrieked my aunt, half rising. "Where are they?"

I felt that I had evoked a rather unmanageable demon, and amidst quite a hum of laughter I induced my aunt to sit down, and the overture began.

The performance proceeded, and I became engrossed in the music, and lost to everything else, except a vaguely-irritated consciousness that my aunt's head was in a state of perpetual oscillation, and that her glasses were being worked with as many changes of position as a battery of horse-artillery in a general action. She was quiet, however, which was a mercy.

The moment the first act ended, she burst out,—"Now, Donald, do tell me who that pretty creature is—close by there; she's evidently a friend of yours, and a very particular one, judging by the way she's been looking at you, and trying to catch your eye. Who is she? She's bowing."

Still engrossed with musical thoughts, I answered at random, and looking straight before me, but with the instinct of my office as cicerone,—"Oh! that's Lady Eva Tressilian—a very nice girl."

"Lady Eva Tressilian! upon my word, Mr Donald, you seem to be getting on in the world; nothing but lords and ladies. How pleased your dear uncle would have been! But I always said your proper sphere was in high society. Why don't you look at her? She's ogling you again."

I woke from my reverie, and turned my head in the direction of my aunt's gaze, and there, sure enough, in the second row from us, and almost in front, was a young lady, to all appearance, as my aunt said, ogling me tremendously. As

my eyes met hers, her expression became something more than one of mere friendly recognition, and with an ineffable smile she slowly bowed her beautiful head. No doubt of it! Great heavens! what was this? Perhaps she had a cast in her eye, and was bowing to some one behind; perhaps she was a juvenile acquaintance suddenly grown into womanhood; perhaps—horror of horrors—perhaps she was a "horse-breaker!" These thoughts flitted like lightning through my mind as I felt that her face (and a very beautiful face it was) was unknown to me. But here was my aunt, to whom I had inadvertently announced her as the Lady Eva Tressilian, sitting by my side, panting to see the impressive salutation (which was now repeated) of a female aristocrat returned by her nephew. There was nothing for it, then, but to return the greeting with as much impressiveness as I dared. I did so, my face blazing with guilt and shame. These symptoms were observed and misinterpreted by my aunt. She emitted a low chuckle, and nudged me with her elbow (the vulgar old harridan!) Already her active mind was, doubtless, weaving a little romance, ending with a marriage in high life—a Gothic chapel—a corpulent archbishop, and a medieval duke handing over to her nephew—the nephew of Mrs Blogg of Brompton—this beautiful fragment of the upper crust.

The next act proceeded. I tried to rivet my attention on the stage, and on the music; that failing, I endeavoured to interest myself in all sorts of calculations and speculations—the exact spot at which the first tenor's false calf began; what it was made of, where it was made, what it cost; whether false calves are made to suit different parts,—for instance, whether there is a lover's calf and a villain's calf and a warrior's calf; then, why that part of the human body should be called a calf at all. Pshaw! it was of no use. A magnetic attraction would draw my eyes in the direction of "Lady Eva," and as surely as I looked towards her, so surely did she, sitting half *en profile*, inform herself of the circumstance, with the tail of her eye apparently, and gently, quietly, half turn her head, and favour me with one of those wistful ineffable glances which I cannot describe, but which would, I daresay, have been very pleasant if I had not felt that somehow or other I was defrauding her out of them. They were stolen waters, yet not sweet. My aunt kept registering each glance with a nudge and a chuckle; her head ceased to oscillate; her eyes were glued to the chignon of the "Lady Eva." At the end of the last act but one, to free myself from the spell, I fairly rose up, and, to the disgust of my aunt, turning my back on the stage and on the enchantress, affected to survey the audience with interest. My aunt rose too; and although conscious that her previous eccentricities and somewhat wild appearance were making her the cynosure of eyes, I preferred this to remaining under fire from the front, and to possible discovery and exposure as an impostor, or something worse, by "Lady Eva's" friends.

It was indeed a very probable and likely explanation of her first bow that she mistook me for some one else; but it was beyond any kind of probability that the subsequent and continuous battery of glances could be intended for any one about whose identity she could make any mistake. They were intended for me—*me ipsum*—in *propriâ personâ* therefore; and what then? While I was thus meditating, my sleeve was touched by a gentleman in front, and he handed me a little three-cornered note. "Passed to me from the row in front," he said; and as I turned to thank him, my eyes met those of "Lady Eva," which told me two things—that the note came from her, and that it was

to be treated clandestinely. The transaction, for a wonder, escaped the lynx eyes of aunt Blogg, and I was able when we sat down, by placing the billet in the bottom of my hat, to read it undetected. It was addressed—

"CAPTAIN B——"

So! there was no mistake. (I believe I have forgotten to introduce myself as Captain Donald Bruce.) It ran thus:—

"At Aldershot? My uncle has invited you for Thursday. If you can trust yourself to come *as a stranger*, come, for this death in life of never never meeting kills me. Give me a little confidential nod if you *are* at Aldershot, and try not to be angry at this indiscretion of, dear angel, your

"PARROQUET."

Now, what the deuce did all this mean? Was this young person a practical joker—a Theodore Hook in petticoats? or was the aviary from which this parroquet had escaped a lunatic asylum, or what?

She knew me, evidently—knew my movements—Aldershot, and so on; but how? And how in the name of wonder did I come to be her "angel"?—I who, to the best of my belief, had never set eyes on her before? And then the idea of my being any one's angel!—there was some fun in that—ha! ha! for I was not a lady's man—in fact, ladies detested me. Odd, perhaps, but they did. In Montreal they called me the "Caledonian bore," and in Plymouth, "Ursa Major." I was too sincere and dignified for them, I used to think, and couldn't condescend to small talk, and they didn't appreciate me; but I didn't mind—rather liked it, in fact—and I was left alone and allowed to follow my own tastes, which induced me to prefer the society of Blackstock of ours (widower, and from the ranks), and to pass my evening in talking shop with him over a sensible pipe of cavendish and a quiet glass of grog, rather than to go dressing up in mufti after mess, and dangling about in the ball-rooms of garrison towns, with the off-chance of enjoying one thirty-sixth share in the society of the one (for there never is more than one) passable girl of the place. No; that sort of nonsense didn't suit me. I wasn't a marrying man—never had been in love in my life, and never meant to be. I was wedded to my sword, had laid my heart on the altar of my country, and that sort of thing; so the idea of my being the private angel of this or any other young female was a trifle too good—ha! ha! How old Blackstock would laugh, to be sure! And her uncle, whose hospitable intentions were here announced — who was he? And "if I could *trust myself* to meet her as a stranger." Well, without an overweening self-confidence, that appeared to be a matter of no great difficulty—ha! ha! At these thoughts grimly smiling, I raised my head, and there was her ladyship at it again — "on the ogle," as Artemus Ward would have said. She elevated her eyebrows interrogatively; and I—what else could I do?—gave her the "confidential little nod," thereby admitting that at present I did hail from Aldershot. Two elderly ladies were with her, and a young lad—a most unexceptionably respectable-looking party; and the pretty girl herself, despite her eyeing manœuvres, was an artless, innocent-looking creature, to all appearance sane and incapable of practical joking.

Perhaps in some previous state of existence the Parroquet and I had known and loved each other, and it was given to her alone to preserve the memory of our passion; perhaps I was asleep and dreaming. I would pinch myself and try; and I was just going to do so when the husky voice of my aunt hissed into my ear, in ac-

cents of consternation, "Donald, *did* you hear me order a lobster?" and saved me the trouble. At this moment the Parroquet and party rose and left the house, my aunt digging away at my ribs with all her might to call attention to the fact. I kept my eyes on the stage, however, drawing from my relative the angry remark, that "she wondered her ladyship" (ha! ha!) "would trouble to look at such a mannerless goose." She was in a flutter of delight, though, and I felt that if I had been placed in a compromising position with regard to "Lady Eva," I was in a much more favourable one with my aunt (testamentarily speaking) than when the evening began. After all, then, it was over. I could make nothing of it, so what was the good of puzzling? Some fellows would have understood it, no doubt, but I didn't. I didn't understand women, nor they me; so, hang it, I would think no more of the matter, and I dismissed the subject,—although, by the way, I had to draw awfully on my imagination to satisfy my aunt as we struggled *tête-à-tête* with the lobster, which had *not* been forgotten.

The duties of my profession took me back to Aldershot, where my regiment was then quartered, next evening. Now the great majority of fellows—I mean average military fellows — would no doubt have wasted many succeeding days in prowling about Farnham, Farnborough, Sandhurst, Tongham, and their dependencies, in search of that mysterious bird the Parroquet, hunting, as Milton did, for the errant damosel who found him asleep under the greenwood tree, and who (stopping short, it is to be hoped, of the freedom which Diana took with Endymion under similar circumstances) placed on his breast a sonnet laudatory of his veiled eyes, and inspired him, as the story goes, when all his huntings were in vain, with some shadowy idea of a lost Paradise; but I did nothing of the sort. Blackstock and I guffawed discreetly over the adventure on the night of my return, but very shortly dismissed it in favour of a capital new theory which he had started about the true position of the left heels of rear-rank men in the act of loading, which we agreed might probably lead to his professional advancement; and so I thought no more about the matter, life being, in my opinion, too short to bother one's self about mysteries that cannot be solved by twenty minutes' good close thinking, which I had already squandered on the subject. Wedded to my profession as I then was, and taking an absorbed interest even in its minutest details, Aldershot was to me an Elysium. I fear it is not so to the present race of officers; but there is a good time coming; and now that men of the large military experience of Mr Trevelyan have taken the army in hand, a great regeneration is to be looked for. But to me, even in that pre-Trevelyan era, Aldershot was Elysium, the Long Valley as delectable as Tempe's pleasant vale; and Eelmoor Common, like Rosherville Gardens, "the only place to spend a happy day." It had one immense advantage for a man who, like me, wished to immerse himself in professional avocations, that there he was free from the social interruptions which belong to most other country quarters. At Aldershot soldiers are a drug in the market, an eyesore and a nuisance to the neighbourhood; and besides, any one who took to the promiscuous entertainment of such a host would find his time pretty well occupied, and his banker's balance somewhat impaired by the process.

"Yes, here," I used to think, exultingly, "one is at last free from the perpetual nuisance of civilian society."

But an officious friend of mine—the vicar of our parish—on hearing that I was going to sojourn at the camp, had insisted on sending a

letter of introduction on my behalf to a friend of his who had a villa on the outskirts of F——, only a few miles off. The result was an unsuccessful attempt, both on the friend's part and on mine, to meet, by exchanging calls; and eventually Mr Lewis (the friend) invited me to dine with him at his residence, Carysfort Villa. The day of the dinner-party was in the end of the week succeeding that in which befell my romantic adventure at the opera; and though I hated and detested alien and promiscuous feeding, I had felt bound, out of respect for my clerical friend, to accept the invitation. When the day arrived, Jack Leslie, my subaltern—the privileged wag, cool hand, and odd fish of the regiment—offered to drive me over to F—— in his dog-cart, and bring me back at night. Jack was a fellow cursed with a paradoxical sort of laziness, which induced him to take any amount of trouble to avoid an act of routine. He liked nothing so much as shirking mess; but as the authorities regarded this proclivity of his with disfavour, he was always glad to get an excuse of some sort for indulging in it. On this occasion, when he said, "Hang it, it's too hot to be bothered dressing for mess to-night, and sitting a hot hour and a half in the mess-tent. I'll tool you over to F——, drop you at your eating-place, go on to the inn, dine quietly, and pick you up when the feast is over; and I'll take my key-bugle with me, and have a jolly good practice in the inn garden, where no one can object." When he said this, it was clearly not my part to throw stones at Jack's little peculiarities (I having no conveyance of my own); so I gladly accepted his offer, and in due time we were *en route*.

"Where does the old bloke live?" inquired Jack, as we entered the outskirts of the place.

"Oh! somewhere hereabouts—one of these villas we're coming to; the name is sure to be painted on the gate in big letters: drive slow, and we'll hit it off."

St John Villa, Palmerston House, Derby Vale, Cambridge Cottage, were all passed successively, the names duly blazoned, as I had surmised. "Go on, Jack; that's Carlisle Villa—I want Carysfort," said I, as he pulled up at the first-named house.

Driving slowly along, and scanning all the gate-posts, we arrived at last opposite a house of much more imposing size than its neighbours. It stood back from the road only a very short distance, however; and its pleasaunce, laid out in flower-beds and studded with rare shrubs, was separated from the public way by a low iron ornamental fence, clustered with creepers. A party of gentlemen in evening dress and without hats were lounging round the door; and as we came in sight, a stout elderly party, bald, rubicund, and white-waistcoated, came quickly to the gate, waving his hand, and inviting our approach.

"This way, Captain," he cried, in a rich port-winy voice—"this way. Glad to see you—come in—mind that post, and keep off the turf—there!"

We pulled up in front of the door, and I, descending, was warmly shaken hands with by the host, who rattled on with extraordinary volubility—"Warm weather, awful! aint it? so we're receiving *al fresco*, as the Italians say, you see; and I did suggest to Jemima that we should dine *al fresco* too, under that big walnut-tree; couldn't be more comfortable, could we? but women are obstinate! She wouldn't have it—afraid of insects and the public gaze. Public gaze, forsooth! damme! I aint ashamed of my guests or my dinner, I said. But, bless me! it's dinner-time—how about your trap? you can put up here, and your man can have his dinner, and all that. Take," (to Jack) "the trap round to the back, my man, by the left there, past the dog-

kennel, and tell the coachman to make you all right."

This was a dig for Jack, whose excessively horsy attire not unnaturally led to the mistake. I explained, however, that I had a message for the town, and that "my fellow" would go on and stable at the inn.

"Very well, very well—do as you please; plenty of stabling, if you like; but—ah! walk in, gentlemen—walk in. You know your way—walk in, and walk up to the drawing-room. I knew you at once, Captain, although I'm sure I don't know when I saw you before. It was only once, I think—at old what-d'ye-call-'em's; but you handsome dogs, you see, you make an impression—hey? ha! ha!—and when I saw you looking about at the gates, I said to myself, 'Here he is, and no mistake.' You've been all over the world since we met, I've no doubt, fighting the battles of your Queen and—eh? here's the drawing-room. Jemima, here's the Captain—my friend the Captain; you never saw him before, I think."

A correspondingly stout and benign lady answered to the name of Jemima, and came forward to welcome me.

"I'm delighted to see you," she said; "our good friends told us you *were* to be at Aldershot, and without being actually certain that you were there now, we wrote on chance to ask you to join our little party, and I'm so glad we've been so fortunate."

There was a large party in the room of ladies and gentlemen, to several of whom I was introduced, and specially to a lovely creature, to whom the host presented me, styling her "My niece, Lady Rose O'Shea." He had evidently forgotten my name, and was hazy about my antecedents, and introduced me in a very general way as "My friend the Captain from Aldershot." I could not be surprised at this. His bee-like manner of fluttering from subject to subject made it unlikely that he should remember anything, except in a general way. Probably it was a triumph that he had grasped the idea that I *was* a captain, and from Aldershot, for he insisted a good deal upon it.

"Well, well, well!" he said, "time and tide wait for no man, no more should dinner, eh? ha! ha! and dinner's ready these ten minutes, but there's somebody wanting, I know; there are only twenty-four here, and we dine twenty-five: who's amissing? I say, Jemima, who is it? Ah! I see; as usual, it's that cat Polly. But talk of the devil—eh? here she is; the late Miss Polly; ha! ha! Now come away, my Lady Rose, take your old uncle's arm; and Jemima, you and the Captain from Aldershot will form up the parade, and march on the commissariat department—come away, my Lady—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" and he went braying and guffawing out of the room.

The "cat Polly's" entrance may have been a subject of mere gastronomic interest to the rest of the party; to me it was somewhat more, being, in fact, as tremendous and startling as if a bomb-shell had descended through the roof into the drawing-room of Carysfort Villa. The "cat Polly," in a word, was no other than the Lady Eva Tressilian—the Parroquet of my opera-house adventure. There was the same look as her eyes met mine for an instant,—not a look of surprise—she evidently expected me—but a look of—well, I'll call it fond but furtive interest. I was not presented to her, and had no time for reflection or astonishment, for the hostess began to make her dispositions of the march.

"Dear me, dear me!" said the vulgar but hearty old soul, "who's to take who? I don't know. Mr King, will you take Mrs Hicks? No, that won't do. Mr Thomson, will *you* take Mrs Hicks? Dear, dear! that's not it either. Captain, will you take my niece, Miss Rich-

mond? But ah! you're to take me—I remember *that*. Oh! do somebody take somebody. Badger will be furious!"

The old lady appeared to be in a regular muddle, and not foreseeing much prospect of a move, I suggested laughingly that the ladies should go out first, unescorted, and the gentlemen after—an idea which was gratefully received and acted upon, the honour of conducting the hostess, however, continuing to me.

"It's a good plan that of yours," she said.

"Yes, it saves trouble; *we* always do it at Court—borrowed it originally from Constantinople, I believe," said I, dropping instinctively from the style of the woman into the vein which had such a potent effect on aunt Blogg.

"Indeed! and very sensible—quite what I would expect of her Majesty. You see my husband is a great stickler for what he calls precedence. It wasn't always the way with him, but ever since his sister married into high life he's taken to it—says it's the right thing, and must be done; and he is very troublesome, I assure you. Whenever we have a dinner-party he gives me so many lectures and instructions and directions that my head gets quite addled, that it does, just like it was now, and I can remember nothing—whether an alderman goes before a rector, or a sheriff before a lawyer, or what not; but he can't be angry when he hears it's Court fashion." And so we entered the room, the lady screaming out, apologetically, "It's the Court fashion, Badger; the Captain's always there, and he says it's their rule: and what's good for the goose is good for the gander, so don't you scold me."

"Tut, tut, tut, Jemima! who ever heard me scold? But find your places, ladies and gentlemen—shake together somehow; there's turtle, mind, and it don't eat well iced, although we drink iced punch with it, eh? ha! ha!

The process of shaking together was a matter of some time. Ladies plumped down together in coveys, and gentlemen followed suit; wives got next husbands, and brothers next sisters; guests mistook portly waiters for honoured guests, and politely offered them the *pas*, and so on. On the whole, the system as practised at the Courts of London and Stamboul was not on this occasion a success; but at last we got seated. Half-way down the table, on the opposite side, sat the "cat Polly."

Consuming my turtle, I reviewed the situation. It was baffling. Who the deuce was the cat Polly? She knew I was coming here—this must be the occasion to which she had alluded in her note, on which I was to make an effort to conduct myself like a stranger. My host, Mr Lewis, then, must be her uncle. It was surely quite impossible that I could once have known her, and —— pshaw! impossible. I was rather surprised, too, at the style of people who were my entertainers. They were not what I had expected from the description of my introducer, the old vicar at home, who had spoken of them as "his dear and early quiet friends, who would be happy to give me at least a warm welcome in their frugal home." Mrs Lewis, too, had invited me in a half-apologetic way; said there would be "no party, no inducements, and hoped that a hearty welcome might compensate for 'simple fare and other deficiencies.'" But this was not my idea of a frugal home; a table blazing with plate—turtle soup—half a score of servants—more than a score of guests—all this could scarcely be described as "no party, simple fare, and other deficiencies;" and as for quietness, that rollicking, blatant, babbling old party at the foot of the table, how could he be called a quiet man? or his wife, could she? and Badger, what the deuce did that mean when the man's name was Lewis? a term of endearment probably, but an odd-

ish one to be shouted down a forty-feet room by a quiet woman to her quiet husband. Thus puzzling, I consumed my turtle and sipped my punch; but when these were disposed of and I found myself still in the dark, I dismissed speculation. I acted on my usual principle, which said, "If you ever do stumble on a moment or two worth living for, give yourself all to them while they last—'cras ingens iterabimus æquor.'" Here were some moments worth living for—gastronomically at least—so I yielded myself to the joys of the Sybarite, wreathed me a garland of the vine, decked the bald front of Father Time with roses—that is, dipped boldly into the very dry champagne of Badger-Lewis, toyed with undeniable *entreés*, grappled with the inevitable haunch, conversed slightly with Mrs Badger, and from time to time, emboldened by that which maketh glad the heart of man, contrary to my usual custom, let my eyes go roving down the table, till they rested on a face and a pair of eyes which—which—the like of which—tut, tut!—which appeared to me to have more attractive power than any I had previously encountered. "Ah, the Parroquet!" I hear you say. Shrewdly put, but incorrect. True it is that my roving glances were perpetually intercepted—"fielded," as it were, by that "pervigil ales"—but their real destination was the Lady Rose O'Shea who sat beyond.

Dinner went on, and a good dinner it was all through. The company was by no means so *recherché* as the viands were: it was in some instances nondescript, but the prevailing flavour was certainly of the Stock Exchange. There was indeed not a little vulgarity, but it was a hearty, joyous vulgarity, suggestive of exuberant animal spirits and much physical power. The champagne was in rivers. The bottles were invariably opened in the dining-room, and the sound of their explosions mingled with the roar of ever-increasing talk, with the crash of teeth, with the jingling of knives, with the clink of glasses; their corks ricochetted from the cornices and played fitfully on the features of the guests. Everywhere the improvised waiter lurched dangerously about on his mission of destruction, bumping occiputs with sharp-cornered dishes, and embellishing silk, satin, and broadcloth with buttery cauliflower and glutinous sauce. The "hall was filled with steam of flesh," and the guests fed "like horses when you hear them feed." As for the laughter, it was that unquenched laughter of the immortals when they lie beside their nectar and shake their ambrosial curls. It was an Olympus of revelling city gods, over whom Badger-Lewis beamed presidential—Jupiter Opt. Max.

Somewhat incongruously placed in this scene of unsophisticated delights were the graceful forms of the two ladies to whom my attention had been especially directed—the two ladyships—the real Lady Rose and the spurious Lady Eva. No doubt beauty and grace could scarcely have found better foils for their attractions than this festive board afforded, surrounded as it was with the distending forms and gulose features of these gormandising men of scrip. But their beauty required no foil, no softening medium of an atmosphere misty with the spray of sparkling wine. Gems of purest water are independent of adventitious enhancement, and each of these girls was a gem in her own way. Mrs Badger-Lewis was hungry, and I may add thirsty, and the preoccupation of ministering to these wants, combined with a slight poverty in conversational topics, kept her silent, and left me leisure to observe the humours of the scene. I have said before that I was not a lady's man; but here, to-day, whether from a subtle pleasure in contemplating incongruities, or that my art-nature (for I am a bit of an artist) was mysteriously

worked upon by some proportional harmony in the facial lines of the girl, I could not then decide, but certain it is that I stared horribly at Lady Rose. It assuredly was not strange (under the circumstances) that the Lady Eva should attract my regards, as she did from time to time; but the other fascination—that was beyond the region of my experiences. And there was something else that puzzled me; it was that in the occasional return glances of Lady Rose I could not but observe a certain intelligence, by no means like that of the Parroquet,—a look in which curiosity, disapprobation, and amusement struggled for the mastery. I think it is an extremely difficult matter to delineate by word-painting the niceties of female beauty, and I approach the task of describing these two ladies with a humble consciousness of my own inadequacy to do them justice. I am sadly destitute of the technical jargon which is part of the stock-in-trade of those who unfold tales bearing upon matters erotic. Pathetic eyelashes, Madonna mouths, married brows, swimming eyes, impossible combinations of non-existing tints, and the mysterious terms of physiognomical architecture—these are machineries I know not how to work. I suppose the reader would not be satisfied if I was simply to say that they were both "ineffably beautiful" in their respective styles of dark and fair? Very well, then, I will give my own "outsider's" view of the two nymphs as they sat at meat among the satyrs.

The Parroquet was what I have heard ladies call a "professed beauty"—by which they appear to mean, not that the lady to whom the term is applied merely thinks herself or "sets up" for a beauty, but that her charms are of that undeniable stamp which it baffles even envy to explain away. Her figure was tall and graceful, her head small, beautifully set on and carried; her lovely face devoid of the coldness and insipidity which so often belong to features of what I believe to be called the Grecian type. What face could be wanting in expression when adorned with such eyes? dark blue as the sky on a summer night, and brilliant as its stars, and with that look of slumbering fire (as if they *could* look *such* things) that is hardly ever seen combined with a fair complexion; and Polly's skin was beautifully fair, and her hair bright as a golden harvest-field. Is that enough? No—her dress. Ah! her dress. I can say nothing more about it than that it was pink, and that her head was crowned with a chaplet of large white daisies; and so much for the Parroquet.

The Lady Rose I can much less easily describe. Somehow my gaze seemed to lose itself so hopelessly in the pellucid depths of a pair of soft brown eyes, that I could scarcely get it back to observe anything else. Soft brown eyes! does that describe them? is that enough? No, they were something more; the rays of light seemed to fall lovingly upon them, and form over them a sort of lustrous veil—a softening medium through which a pure spirit within might gaze upon the world and see but half its deformity. These eyes monopolised my attention so much on this occasion, that I only carried away, besides, an impression of a sweet and merry smile, frequently displaying the finest teeth in the world; of two mischievous dimples in cheeks that bloomed like her namesakes the roses; of a great wealth of dark auburn hair, and of a figure not tall, but light and airy as Titania's. And now for that confounded millinery! Well, make the most of a white muslin dress and a wreath of green oak-leaves. "Sapienti sit satis."

The fixing on my mind of these impressions, such as they were, was not to be achieved by a slight inspection; and the rage of her

hunger and her thirst being appeased at length, my hostess, glad probably to find a topic on which she was at home, began to rally me with elephantine badinage on my continued scrutiny of the two young ladies.

"I wish you had made a better dinner," she began. "I'm quite cross with you for not trying that *vol au vent*, and I don't believe you even knew there were truffles in the *pâté;* you took none, I saw that. But you'll take some ice-pudding? You know what cold pudding's a cure for? ha, ha! and if you go on as you're doing you'll soon require it. I've watched you; I've seen you; Ah! you military men! you military men! you're all the same—can't keep your eyes off a pretty girl. Not that I blame you for it here, I'm sure; for, I must say it that shouldn't say it, there are few prettier girls than my two nieces."

"May I ask which two ladies have the honour of enjoying that relationship?" I inquired, as innocently as possible.

"Oh, how sly we are! as if you didn't know, when they've come between you and your dinner, and your duty to me too, sir; not that I mind that, for, between ourselves, I like to eat my dinner without chattering; and I know I'm old and fat, and military men don't like what's old and fat—you needn't interrupt me with your nonsense; and my nieces (since you pretend not to know) are, that one in pink, with the yellow hair and the daisies—that's my niece Mary; and the other in white, with the oak-leaves, that's Rose—Lady Rose—my darling and her uncle's darling; and she ought to be the darling of the whole world, for she's the best and sweetest and—but, bless me! how I run on! You see it's her simplicity and unstuckupness that takes us all. We're not fine people—not the company she's used to at home—but she comes among us and never seems to notice any difference in our ways, or to be put out by things that put out Mary there, for instance—not but she's a dear nice good girl too, with a kind heart of her own—but Rose is my pet. Her mother, Badger's" (Badger's!) "sister Susan, you see, had a good fortune of her own; and her father, the Earl of Belturbet, was a poor Irish lord, with a large family by a former countess—which accounts for our having to do with the aristocracy. But Susan has a family too, and the Earl's an expensive man, and gets through the money I fear, if he hasn't got through it already; and, altogether, poor Rose isn't an heiress, like her cousin Mary, who is an only child. Her mother, another sister of Badger's, had a fortune too, and her father was a poor dragoon captain—which accounts for our connection with the army. He's a General now, and a 'Sir'—Sir Roland Richmond—a stuck-up padded old toad, with a head like a cockatoo—that is, when he's in full dress on the Queen's birthday at a review in Hyde Park, which is the only time I ever saw him, for he's too great for us, and not like poor Belturbet, who has no pride about him, and will borrow a hundred pounds from Badger just as if he wasn't a lord and descended from the emperors of Kerry. And it's seldom the General allows Mary to come here, and it's only because Rose comes that she's allowed, I know that; but I snap my fingers at the old fool, and he knows it, and—but, oh dear me! what a one you must think me, running on about what's nothing to nobody but ourselves, and there's Badger looking towards you."

The good lady had certainly contrived to make her statement pretty exhaustive of her subject. Her style of delivery suggested the idea that she had been wound up (and so perhaps she had—by the champagne) to the speaking-point like a machine, and was bound to fire off a string of jerky sentences, and then come to an abrupt end with a

metallic click. I cannot say, however, that I found her statement uninteresting. But at this point her husband interposed, bawling down the table to me, "I've been trying to catch your eye for the last half-hour, Captain; an awful talker is Mrs B. Once let her button-hole you and you're done. Be thankful to me for saving you from her long tongue for a minute. Have a glass of wine with me? Hock? champagne? sherry? what shall it be?"

"Champagne, please."

"Ah! you like my champagne? show your taste—import it myself. Drinking wine with each other's out of fashion, they tell me; I don't care, I like it; the wine don't taste worse for a nod and smile; but I suppose you gay dragoons are too fashionable to hang on to old ways?"

Blinking the question of "dragoon," which might be only Badger's way of expressing his ideal of a very haughty and *recherché* class of officer, I replied, "On the contrary, my dear sir, at our mess we do hang on to the custom very much; and when a stranger dines with us he sometimes finds it difficult to meet his engagements in this way and preserve his equilibrium."

Good heavens! what had I said? As I finished my sentence I swept my glance in the direction of the Parroquet, and was thunderstruck to behold on her face a look of horror and surprise; her eyes were dilated, her face deadly pale, and she stared at me with a fixity that was quite unnerving. What had I said? Had the nectar of the gods been too much for me? Were all these immortals round the table there tipsy, and had I, unconsciously advancing with the common standard, also become as the beasts that perish? and, being in my cups, had I sworn, or in some other way misconducted myself?

"Polly!" cried her uncle, who was undeniably a little flustered with the grape. "Polly is quite shocked, Captain, at the idea of you fashionable dragoons" (dragoons again!) "being so unfashionable. See how the girl's staring! Oh Lord! this bangs Banagher altogether! ha, ha, ha!" All regards being turned on Polly, the colour flushed back to her cheeks, her eyes dropped, and with a semi-hysterical laugh she muttered something about "thinking she saw a wasp." This subterfuge might pass with the rest, but it didn't deceive me. I was undoubtedly the wasp she had been staring at—but why with this expression? Perhaps a servant had upset large quantities of custard and cream over my shoulders, or some other such *contretemps* of the table had made me a ridiculous or loathly sight. I reassured myself on this head; but, after all, nothing of the sort could have agitated a young lady as this young lady seemed to be agitated. Confound these mysteries! they were beginning to be too much of a good thing. After a short interval Badger again addressed me: "I suppose you Aldershot gentlemen are pretty much on the road between London and the camp?"

"Some are," I said.

"Ah! a gay life," continued Badger, "but a hard one; work all day and pleasure all night; drill and parade, ball and opera—burning the candle at both ends; killing work, eh?

"Well," I said, "I can't accuse myself of much dissipation; I was at the opera" (and I turned my eyes full on the Parroquet) "for the first time this season last Saturday night."

The effect was unpleasantly beyond what I had anticipated. The poor girl gave a sort of sob, half rose from her seat, and would have fallen but for one of the immortals who supported her. Her aunt charged down upon her, and she was hustled out of the room in a fainting condition, escorted by all the ladies. Houses of the sort are badly deafened; and in about three minutes we were made aware that Polly was celebrating her return to

consciousness by a good strong fit of hysterics: unmelodious cawings and weird fits of laughter shook the halls of Badger. The worthy fellow looked distressed. "Poor thing, poor thing!" he said; "it's the infernal heat. She's not such a goose as to be annoyed at my little fun; no, no, it's the heat. Peters, take up a large glass of brandy to Miss Richmond, and hot water and nutmeg, d'ye hear? Nothing like strong brandy-punch for quieting the nerves; tell her to toss it off; poor thing, poor thing! it's the thunder in the air that's upset her, no doubt of it. Captain, help yourself and pass the claret, and we'll drink her better health, poor thing!"

I did as I was bid; I drank to her better health with all my heart, for a solution of the mysteries dawned upon me suddenly. The girl must be a maniac, out for a lucid interval which had abruptly concluded.

"And how is my worthy old friend?" inquired Badger of me when tranquillity had been restored.

I replied that the old gentleman (alluding to our vicar, in virtue of whose introduction I believed myself to be there) was hale and hearty, and doing his duty like a man.

"That he always did, and always will do, honest old Jack," rejoined Badger.

There is no great resemblance between "Jack" and "Ephraim"—the vicar's real name; but "Jack" was probably an old school sobriquet.

"Does he ever sing 'Spankadillo' now?" continued my host.

"I certainly never heard him," I replied; and indeed it was just as likely that the Pope, in full canonicals, should sing 'Spankadillo' (which I took to be a comic song) as that our revered pastor should indulge in such an eccentricity.

"Ah! you should have heard him sing it, and seen him do the dancing with his face blacked; it was a great sight; and when old Jack was a little tight, it was quite glorious—quite."

"It must have been," I heartily assented, as a vision of the vicar, with his rusty black coat and gaiters, and solemn lantern jaws, performing in a state of inebriety the alleged act of buffoonery, rose to my mind.

"He's getting old now," continued Badger, "but he's as game as a chicken; it would have done your heart good to see him lick the 'welsher' the Derby before last. He's told you about *that*, of course?"

I shook my head with a look of inquiring puzzlement.

"Oh! come, I must tell you about that—but, I say, it's getting late, we ought to join the ladies; and here's coffee."

The conversation then dropped. "If the mysterious conduct of Polly is caused by lunacy," I thought "this nonsense of Mr Badger-Lewis may be fairly ascribed to intoxication. Yes, the Badger is certainly tipsy." But I rose from the table in a haze.

"I think," cried the host, when we got out of the dining-room, "the ladies will be in the garden. My wife lives in it, this hot weather: let us join them."

"'Come into the garden, Maud,'" he sang, dancing up and laying hands on one of the guests, with whom he whirled round several times, ending by nearly falling down a flight of steps which led from the hall into the garden.

This was the Rev. Ephraim Rasper's rather quiet and early friend!

The garden in its arrangements was as odd and rambling as the mind of its proprietor seemed to be; if there were no flowers—and they were conspicuous by their absence—this want was compensated for, after a fashion, by an amount of garniture due rather to art than to nature. There were indeed plenty of trees and shrubs of a sort—cedars, cactuses, aloes, araucarias, and suchlike; but these passed unnoticed in the presence of a Chinese joss-house in bamboo, a Grecian temple of heath and moss, and the model of a Gothic cathedral woven from the flexible

branches of the willow. Then there was a fountain and a bowling-green, an archery-ground and a croquet-lawn, a rookery and an aquarium. Everywhere the surrounding scene was reflected in those globular mirrors which delight the taste of our Continental neighbours. On the whole, it was like a paddock in which had been collected, for auctioneering purposes, the "plant" of several *al fresco* places of amusement.

"Yes," said my host, in answer to some complimentary expressions of mine—"yes, we *do* think it is rather a success. There's a dash of the —of the mediæval about it, eh? Lord Byron would have been at home here, sir: eastern climes and starry skies—that sort of thing, eh? My wife says it's like a scene out of Lalla Rookh—perhaps it is. I'm sure it was the other night when the Aldermen were dining with us, and we had fireworks, 'Elysian bouquets,' 'Arctic messengers,' and 'Chains of the gods.' Making it look like Lalla Rookh costs a pretty pennyworth, I can tell you, and I'm a prudent man; but it don't do to let mule twist and grey shirtings imagine that everything else is as flat as ditch-water. Do you play bowls? we've light for half an hour, I think. Hi! hi! Simpson, Bree, Dobson. Hi! you fellows! bowls, bowls, bowls! Come along, Captain."

"I don't play, thanks. I would rather walk about and look at the wonders of your fairy-land."

"Well, well, Liberty Hall; as you please. Here are some of the ladies — Jemima and Rose, well met. We're going to have half an hour's bowls, and the Captain here wants to look about him and admire all your nonsense."

"My nonsense, forsooth!"

"Yes, ma'am, so you and Rose must take him and show him your greatest triumph, the waterfall. Is it playing to-night?"

"Of course it is. I ordered it to be turned on at six o'clock."

"It's like your band, Captain, you see: it plays on guest-nights."

"I must go in myself," said Mrs Badger-Lewis, "to look after poor Mary; but Rose, darling, you'll take the Captain to the fall, won't you?"

"Oh! I shall be very happy. But where are the other ladies?"

"I suspect they will be anxious to stay beside the bowlers, but they ought to see the fall too; send them on to it, Badger."

"All right."

The worthy couple then left us, and Lady Rose and I were alone together.

CHAPTER III.

Lady Rose and I were alone together! I don't think I had ever been *tête-à-tête* with a lady before (except, perhaps, with my aunt on boxing-day) without wishing myself somewhere else. At present, however, I had no such feelings. I felt drawn towards my fair companion by a mysterious attraction which I could not define; and, moreover, I had a strong practical purpose in view, that of unriddling the mystery of her cousin's mania, and of discovering, if possible, in what way I was connected with it. On the whole, therefore, I had no inclination to run away, but felt so easy and fluent that I thought to myself, with some triumph, "If I select the weather as an initial topic, I do so out of respect to conventionalities, and not from necessity, by any means;" and thus advertising myself, I began the conversation as we strolled in the direction of the waterfall.

"What a heavenly evening! and how pleasant this coolness is, after the dreadful heat we have had all day!"

"It is a pleasant evening," she remarked, briefly.

"You can't fancy," I continued, "how delightful it is to escape

from the dusty camp into a scene like this!"

"Ah! it is very dusty in the camp, I suppose."

"Oh! dreadfully dusty. I suppose you've never been to the Sahara?"

"No, never."

"Well, I have" (a fiction, but she seemed so cool, it was necessary to rouse her a little).

"Really!"

"I have, and Aldershot strongly reminds me of it."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, particularly in a dust-storm."

"Oh!"

"Yes, particularly."

"Ah!"

Somehow the Sahara didn't seem to take.

"But here," continued I, gracefully waving my hand, and changing the subject, "here we are in an oasis."

"Did you ever see one?" she inquired.

"Oh! hundreds and thousands of them." How one falsehood does lead to another!

"I should have thought this was not the least like one," she continued.

"Well, it isn't, you know," I agreed.

"I thought you just said it was."

"Well, it is to a certain extent." Hang it! I was beginning to wander, and she was looking so cool and surprised. "To a certain extent," I explained; "that is, there is a moral resemblance, but no physical or technical likeness."

I very painfully knew I was talking nonsense, and worse still, I knew that she knew it. She gave me a rapid glance (perhaps she too was speculating as to the effect of the Badgerian goblets), and then quietly remarked,—

"Oh dear! don't you think we are getting a little deep?"

There was something about the girl's manner I didn't make out; something snubbing about it. I felt snubbed, and that my self-possession was oozing away. I rallied myself, however, and tried to laugh off her last remark.

"Ha, ha! No, I don't think it is very deep. If we look at it philosophically, an oasis is—as I was saying, an oasis is analogically——"

"Really, really, the weather is too hot for metaphysics; suppose we try something else?"

Ah! there was no mistake about that—the snub direct. But with some grace, as I flattered myself, I pounced upon another subject which suggested itself, and went on. "Yes, certainly, and I ought to be ashamed of myself for not having thought of something else sooner; and that is, to ask if your cousin is better."

"She is a little better," very icily.

"Ah! I am delighted to hear it; a thundery headache is a distressing thing."

"It must be, but I'm not aware that she has one. I haven't. Have you?"

"Oh no! certainly not—not the least."

"Dear me! I thought you said some one had."

"N-n-no."

What an odd girl! Her manner made me feel exceedingly foolish, and, feeling foolish, I know not why I should adhere to my theme of a thundery headache, but I did, advancing, with no relation to the truth, the statement that our quartermaster (Blackstock, who was as healthy as an elephant in the prime of life) was a sad martyr to affections of the sort. "Really!" she replied, evidently appreciating the statement at its true value. "Poor man; I'm so sorry!"

Her voice was as musical as I expected it to be—I may say as I knew it would be—and her accent had that slight suspicion of the Irish which is sometimes noticeable in the accents of even high-bred Irish ladies, and which conveys such a charming expression of freshness and *naïveté*. Sweet as her voice was, however, I could by no means say the same of her manner

or tone towards me; indeed it was pretty evident that, for some reason or another, she had the greatest difficulty in being commonly civil. But why? and then I remembered her peculiar expression at dinner. Was I for ever to be surrounded with these mists and mysteries? What had I done? Perhaps she had found out about my operatic passages; but what then? Supposing a lady bows to a man, is he to refuse to return it? Supposing she writes him a note, is he to fling it in her face? Supposing she does both, is he at once to know that she is a maniac? And why on earth did they bring her to the opera if she was insane? After all, was I her cousin's keeper? Nonsense; I wasn't going to stand it—I would probe this mystery; and so I returned to the charge.

"It is a pity your cousin is unable to be out this evening; it would have done her a world of good, I am sure."

Lady Rose turned upon me with a sudden animation. "Knowing, as you must do, sir, the cause of her indisposition, I think you might have withheld that remark."

Now thoroughly possessed with the idea of her cousin's insanity, I blundered on: "I really beg a thousand pardons, but as far as any *knowledge* of her malady goes, I assure you I have none. A surmise I certainly had formed, which I grieve to find is not without foundation, but I trust it is not a hopeless case; there are so many successful systems of treatment now, provided the affliction has not been allowed to become chronic. May I ask if it is of long standing?"

"You may certainly ask, sir, but it can scarcely be with a view to obtaining information; the question would be more properly addressed to yourself."

By heavens! was this girl mad too? Perhaps I had got into a private asylum by mistake. The host was a fair average lunatic, certainly, and the other guests and the whole entertainment were quite out of my experience. For reply I only stared at her.

"I must say, sir," continued the lady, "that you astonish me."

"I must say, Lady Rose, that I myself *never* felt more astonished in my life."

"This feigned innocence, this insulting unconsciousness," flashed out the lady, with increasing vehemence, "is more than I can endure. I did not expect to have to thank *you* for anything, certainly, but I *do* feel sincerely obliged to you for making me so angry that I *must* throw off all considerations of civility to my uncle's guest, and tell you how I loathe and detest your base unmanly character. Yes, and your vile conduct in winning the affections of a dear, pure-minded, loving girl, only for the gratification of your selfish vanity, and then treating her as your mood suits—*your* mood, forsooth!—smiles one day and coldness the next. My cousin, it is true, withholds her confidence; says little—almost nothing; but I can see with my eyes, and I can form conclusions for myself. This has gone on too long, sir! You shall not kill my cousin. Her health is breaking, her sprits are broken; but you shall be called to account—to account, sir. I have but to denounce you—and denounce you I will—to secure a reckoning for these accumulated insults."

"Lady Rose," I said, "there is some extraordinary mistake which I cannot explain, but——"

"There is no mistake—there can be no mistake. You came here deliberately on her uncle's invitation, did you not?"

"I believe I did," I replied.

"Ah! you are cautious, and slow to make admissions, I see; nevertheless you came here deliberately, knowing you would meet my cousin."

"I deny that," I said.

"You will deny perhaps that you received a note from her in the opera-house last week?"

"No, I won't; but, for heaven's sake, listen to me!"

"It is quite unnecessary. As I have said, Mary is reticent. I know, however, that you received a note from her, and I do not think I can be wrong in judging that it stipulated that if you came here to-night she was to accept it as a token that you meant to put your relations with her on a proper footing immediately. It would be ridiculous to suppose anything else. And now, from her sudden indisposition, I can only surmise that you have contrived (for oh! you gay 'mangeurs de cœurs,' as you call yourselves, have your deep well-practised arts of persecution) to communicate to her somehow that you have been graciously pleased to change your mind. The consequence is, she is violently ill. But this must stop, sir; it *must* and *shall* stop, Captain BURRIDGE!"

"Burridge, did you say? Can I believe my ears? Burridge? What! the old old story come to life again! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" and I laughed long and loud. Vulgar perhaps, but quite hysterical, yet not the less displeasing to Lady Rose, who, remarking, "As you have thrown off even the outward semblance of a gentleman, I shall leave you, but do not suppose that all this shall pass with impunity," began to walk rapidly away.

I came to myself at once. "Lady Rose," I cried, "stop—for pity's sake, for your own sake, for your cousin's sake especially—stop and listen. I told you there was a mistake somewhere; I see it now. I am not Captain Burridge."

"What!" she exclaimed, "not Captain Burridge? Why, I saw you once myself at Mrs Stainton's ball, and I recognise you perfectly."

"Nevertheless I am not the man; there is an extraordinary likeness between him and me which has produced many a *contretemps*, but never a painful one such as this before."

"How—how can I believe this?" faltered Lady Rose, looking aghast and faint.

"Madam, you must believe it; the situation is as painful to me as it is to you, but you may consider, I assure you, all that has passed as if it had not taken place."

"This is all very well," said Lady Rose, recovering herself, "but, pray, how do you come to personate Captain Burridge as my uncle's guest?"

"I don't personate him. I dine with your uncle in my own character as Captain Bruce of the — Fusileers; there, this is your aunt's invitation," and I handed her the note.

"'Mrs Lewis presents her compliments——' Why, what is this?" said Lady Rose. "Mrs Lewis! she is not my aunt."

"Not your aunt?—why, who is your aunt?"

"Mrs Badger, of course."

"Badger-Lewis, though, or Lewis-Badger?"

"Neither the one nor the other; and I know she thinks you are Captain Burridge, for a Manchester friend asked them to be civil to Captain Burridge when he came down here; and we heard a fortnight ago that his regiment was on the way, and so he was asked for this party; and, indeed, I thought my uncle had some sort of acquaintance with him."

"Well, I was asked to dine with a friend of our parish clergyman, a Mr Lewis, at Carysfort Villa here. I knew nothing of him, but accepted, and as I was looking for the house your uncle saw me, apparently recognised me, called me in, and in I came, not doubting that he was Mr Lewis, and hence this horrible imbroglio. Now I understand all the rest." Then I told her about the opera and the state of mystification I had been in, and added: "I see now the cause of your cousin's sudden agitation at dinner. It was when I spoke for the first time (now I think of it) that her expression changed and became one of real dismay. She must then have discovered her mistake, and it was very shortly after that she fainted; and I candidly confess to you, Lady Rose, that, un-

der all the circumstances, I believed her to be insane. I beg you to assure her how deeply grieved I am to have been unwittingly the cause of distress to her. Pray say that I saw it was a case of mistaken identity from the first. Tell her that there is nothing uncommon in it, and that similar things have often before happened to me. As for the painful part of her secret which you have indicated, she need not know that I have become possessed of it. If I have the happiness of again meeting you, which I hope I may, I may perhaps have an opportunity of telling you of many laughable cases that have arisen from the mistaken identity of Captain Bruce and Captain Burridge; but, meantime, I must not forget that I am in an awkward position here, and should at once take my departure, after explaining to your uncle that I am here as an impostor, though an involuntary one."

"It is very kind of you, Captain Bruce, to take such a view of the matter," said Lady Rose, "and to show such an interest in saving dear Mary's feelings; but I feel I do owe you a thousand apologies for my violence and rudeness; and then the way I abused you! Oh! I shall never be able to bear the thought of it. What can I do? What can I say?"

"Pray, Lady Rose, do *not* think of it; and as for your violence, as you call it, you know it was not directed against me really, but against one who apparently deserves stronger treatment. For the rest, as I am certain your uncle is too good-natured to feel anything but simple amusement at this comedy of errors, I can assure you that if it had not been for the pain I have seen you and your cousin suffer, I should look upon the whole episode as simply absurd and farcical."

"I am sure you are very kind and forgiving," said Lady Rose. "Perhaps, then, we had better go back to the house."

Nothing could be kinder or gentler than her manner had now become. In her generous wish to make the *amende* for the rating she had given me, she was evidently trying to let me feel that I was the person to be commiserated under the circumstances. She seemed to feel that the rights of hospitality had somehow been violated in my person; and thus, from being a villain of the deepest dye, I now occupied the position of a rather high-minded martyr.

The shades of night had fallen upon our singular interview, and as we passed back through the garden (never, by the by, having reached the celebrated cascade) we found that it was deserted by the revellers. Rejoining the company after such a prolonged *tête-à-tête* would have been rather awkward under ordinary circumstances, but I knew the announcement I had to make to uncle Badger was a *coup de théâtre* which would cast everything into the shade.

We ascended to the drawing-room and entered. A lady had just finished singing a song at the piano, and our host and some of the guests were bustling about, arranging several tables for whist. Our entrance evoked a general exclamation.

"Well, my Lady Rose! well, my gallant Captain!" cried old Badger, "I thought you had lost yourselves in my extensive domain. Did you tumble over Niagara, or what? Give an account of yourselves—ha, ha, ha!"

"Dear Rose," chorussed the aunt, "how very imprudent of you to stay out all this time in the dew. Where ever have you been?"

"It is entirely my fault, Mrs Badger," said I—"entirely; and I have another confession to make, which I hope will not offend you. I am sure it will take you all very much by surprise."

Mr and Mrs Badger looked puzzled. The spinsters pricked up their ears, half anticipating some new version of "the story without an end;" and the immortals fumbled their watch-chains and looked yearningly at the cards.

"Mr Badger," I said, "do you know who I am?"

"Know who you are, my dear sir! What an idea! What d'ye mean?"

"I mean what I say. Do you know my name?"

"Why, of course I do; you're Captain—tut, tut—of course I do—Captain Blundell—no, hang me!—Blewit—Bodger. Yes, you're Captain Bodger from Aldershot."

"No, I'm not."

"Well, well, I have a treacherous memory for names. What does it signify? You needn't be laughing, Jemima. Anyhow, you're old Timbrel's friend, and you're a Dragoon Guard, and a right good fellow into the bargain," he added, giving me a hearty apologetic slap on the shoulder.

"My dear sir," I replied, "I never heard of old Timbrel in my life before, and I'm not a Dragoon Guard; I'm a Fusileer."

Badger looked fairly bamboozled.

"Eh? what? Nonsense! Damme! it *was* old Timbrel, and I saw you at his house with my own blessed eyes. I did. Eh, Jemima?"

"Certainly," said Mrs Badger, "it was Mr Timbrel who asked us to pay any little civility we could to Captain Burridge."

"Exactly; but I'm not Captain Burridge—I'm a Scotch impostor."

There was a momentary silence, and then a shout of laughter, in which I myself joined.

"Well, well, well," continued Badger, "what does it all mean? If he's a Scotch impostor, Jemima, you had better count the spoons," and again Badger was overcome with mirth.

Seeing that the humour of the thing tickled the company, I continued plying our host in a serio-comic way, and at last told him how the matter really stood. Whereupon the mirth was redoubled, and, when it subsided, old Badger heartily gave me his hand, and clapped me on the back, saying,—

"Well, it's been my very good luck, I'm sure, to make your acquaintance, and I hope you'll consider it all the same as a regular introduction, and come and see us often again, if our bad dinner hasn't frightened you; but, Lord bless us! when I think of it, it nearly kills me. There was I talking away about old Timbrel's tomfooleries, and you never saying a word, looking as grave as a judge — oh Lord! oh Lord!" and the old gentleman was off again. "And it was Lewis you were to have dined with? Well, I've swindled him out of your good company; but it oughtn't to be lost what a neighbour gets. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll call on Lewis to-morrow morning; I've never called on him yet—not from not wishing to be neighbourly, but somehow one puts these things off—and now this will be a rare excuse. I'll call on him to-morrow morning and make your apologies and tell him the fun; and I'll tell you what, we'll have some more fun: I'll ask Lewis to come and dine, and you must come, and we'll get this other Captain to come the same day, and we'll compare notes. What a lark! and you're really so like; but I see it myself, bless me! ha, ha, ha! capital! We'll have to ticket you, by Jove! like port and sherry. You'll cut in for a rubber, won't you? you're not afraid of being arrested as an impostor, eh?"

"Oh no!" I replied; "I would have no fears in such a hospitable house, even if I were one; but it is late, and I must be getting back to the camp. My trap has been here for some time;" for a servant had twice announced its arrival, and, on the second occasion, appeared to be struggling with a strong inclination to laugh, which I had no doubt was inspired by some vagaries on the part of Jack Leslie, whom it would be prudent to get off the premises as soon as possible.

"God bless me! what's that?" exclaimed Badger, as the tones of a key-bugle, sounding "the alarm," "the assembly," "the advance," and "the double," burst through the window in rapid succession.

"What can it be?" said every one.

I knew very well what it was. Jack was intensely practising the instrument in question at that time, and was used, when he went off for an afternoon's "out," as he called it, to take the bugle with him for undisturbed practice in solitary places. Now the graceless wretch, being impatient, was undoubtedly using it as a fulcrum for my removal from the festive scene.

"I know what it is," I said; but after so many extraordinary things I daren't tell the naked truth. "It's my fellow; the scoundrel has got tipsy at the inn, no doubt, and he's musically inclined, and constantly carries that key-bugle about with him, and he is making the noise, I am afraid; so I will get him away as quickly as I can. Good-night, Mrs Badger; good-night, Lady Rose; I hope I shall—I hope I shall have the—the—good-night;" and I dashed on to the staircase, followed by my host.

"Drunk, did you say?" he inquired.

"I'm afraid so," I replied.

"God bless me! I hope he hasn't been over my borders with his wheels."

"Oh no! he's pretty steady, even when he's much in liquor."

"Well, that is a thing I never could stand—a drunken groom. Take my advice and send him to the lock-up at once."

By this time we had reached the hall-door, and were saluted with a cry from the outer darkness,—

"Now then, stoopid, air you coming?"

This was too much for Mr Badger, and he bawled out,—

"Yes, we're coming, you scoundrel; and I've just been advising your master to send you to the lock-up."

"Lock up your jaw, old Calipash," responded Jack.

"Silence, John!" I thundered.

"Oh! you really ought to have him locked up," implored Mr Badger. "James and William can run him down in a twinkling; say the word and it's done."

"Clear your throat, you old bloater!" cried Jack; and indeed the old gentleman was husky with excitement.

"Oh, this is monstrous!" cried Badger. "At all events, let me beseech you not to let him drive."

"Oh, that I won't," I said, springing on to the step.

"No man drives my mare but myself," said Jack, showing fight, and clutching the reins.

"We'll see about that," I said; and wresting the reins from him after a short tussle, I drove off at a canter.

"Mind the Araucaria!" This was the Badger's last good-night.

Jack was, as I expected, decidedly tipsy, and not a little savage at my usurpation of the ribbons.

"You're a nice fellow," he said, "to oblige—running off with a fellow's mare and trap like that."

"And you're a nice sort of fellow," I rejoined, "to come disgracing me, and yourself, and the regiment, at a stranger's house, with your blackguardly conduct."

"I'll shoot that old soap-boiling friend of yours," blustered Jack; "lock-up, forsooth!"

"It would have served you right if I had let his fellows trot you down there for the night."

"Yes; and I like your swaggering me—me, a commissioned ens—officer, I mean—as your private servant. Confounded cheek!"

"You'd better shut up, Mr Jack. I should certainly have been ashamed to pass you off as an officer in a regiment I belonged to."

Jack hereupon relapsed into heavy sulks, and, after a silent drive home, parted from me at my quarters without saying "Good-night."

LEWES'S HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.

Mr Lewes's 'History of Philosophy' is so well known, and its merit so generally recognised, that any commendation of it from us, at this late hour, must be quite superfluous. Lucid, succinct, and as animated as a book dealing with abstractions could possibly be, it may be confidently said that there is no work in our language from which a student may gather so much metaphysics with so little fatigue. Written to show the hopelessness of what is pre-eminently called *metaphysics* by those who draw a line of distinction between it and *psychology*, it is still precisely the book best fitted to introduce us into the labyrinth of discussions which passes under that formidable name. His love of clearness must help to preserve young students from that fascination of the vague and the mysterious which overhangs this subject. Nor do we think that his scepticism as to the results attainable by metaphysical studies will deter those who have a real vocation for them from pursuing them further. The born metaphysician is an incurable thinker; and whether you tell him to believe or tell him to disbelieve, it will alike end in setting him to think. It matters little what doctrine he begins with, he will run through the whole circle before he closes his career.

In this third edition of his work Mr Lewes has enlarged his plan—we have two large volumes instead of one; and he has availed himself of the latest publications—as, for instance, of Mr Grote's elaborate work on Plato — to improve or modify what had already been written. But that which especially distinguishes the present edition from its predecessors is the fuller statement it contains of the author's own philosophy. Mr Lewes from the first wrote with a purpose—he wrote the history of metaphysics to demonstrate the futility of metaphysics; it was not his only task to tell us what Plato, or Descartes, or Kant, or Hegel had taught, but he entered on a survey of the doctrines of these and other philosophers in order to lead us to certain conclusions on philosophy itself. A history in form, it was in purpose polemic. Nor was it a worse history on this account. The author's bias—if such it is to be called—told equally against *all* the metaphysicians, and was less likely to betray him into misinterpretations than a favouritism for any one of them. In the present edition this polemical character stands out with still greater distinctness. A Prolegomena has been added, which gives a careful and explicit statement of the author's views; and several of the briefer chapters of the work itself—as those on Condillac, Cabanis, and Darwin—derive their chief and almost entire interest from being made the vehicle of his own psychological and physiological opinions. For Mr Lewes is as much distinguished as a physiologist as a metaphysician, or writer on philosophical and critical topics. If he himself is not a discoverer in the science of physiology (of which our own knowledge does not enable us to judge), the reader may, at all events, be sure that he receives from him the latest discoveries, or the latest theories, of the most advanced physiologists, whether of England or France or Germany. A thorough knowledge of that department of physiology where vital and psychical phenomena encounter, enables him to do justice to Gall,

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'The History of Philosophy, from Thales to Comte.' By George Henry Lewes. Third edition. Longman.

and to others who approach the study of mind through our physical organisation. Kant and Gall might be selected as typical writers, illustrative of very opposite methods of study; and Mr Lewes has been equally successful—so we presume to think—in his account of the philosopher of Königsberg and of the founder of phrenology.

It is not, however, our intention to follow Mr Lewes as the historian of philosophy; we are induced to notice this third edition of his work by the appearance of the Prolegomena, and of those other portions to which we have just alluded as containing expositions of his own views. Mr Lewes, we need hardly say, is a Comtist—he is one of the most prominent supporters in England of the Positive philosophy. With him science comprehends, or ought to comprehend, all attainable truth: to enlarge the arena of science, to complete every department of it, to mould the whole into one great harmony—this is the only legitimate aim of the human intellect. He would build up the hierarchy of the sciences into one great science, which should embrace the inorganic and the organic, nature and man, the phenomena of form and movement, of life, of feeling, and of thought. It is a grand design. All things are seen linked together—we rise through mechanical, through chemical, through vital phenomena, up to mind, or the manifestations of feeling and thought. Mind is best studied, it is presumed, under the head of physiology or biology. Under physiology we study the individual man; then social man, and that progressive development which society exhibits from age to age, can be handed over to the historian, and a new branch of science called sociology will complete and crown the hierarchy.

The design, we repeat, is grand; but, if accomplished, would it indeed involve all our knowledge, and all our just aspirations after knowledge? No one would venture to contradict Mr Lewes in the contrast he draws between Science and Metaphysics.

"Metaphysical philosophy," he says, "has been ever in movement, but the movement has been circular; and this fact is thrown into stronger relief by contrast with the linear progress of science. Instead of perpetually finding itself, after years of gigantic endeavour, returned to the precise point from which it started, science finds itself, year by year, and almost day by day, advancing step by step, each accumulation of power adding to the momentum of its progress—each evolution, like the evolutions of organic development, bringing with it a new functional superiority, which, in its turn, becomes the agent of higher developments. Not a fact is discovered but has its bearing on the whole body of doctrine—not a mechanical improvement in the construction of instruments but opens fresh sources of discovery. While the first principles of metaphysical philosophy are to this day as much a matter of dispute as they were two thousand years ago, the first principles of science are securely established, and form the guiding lights of European progress. Precisely the same questions are agitated in Germany at the present moment that were agitated in ancient Greece; and with no more certain methods of solving them, with no nearer hopes of ultimate success. The history of philosophy presents the spectacle of thousands of intellects—some the greatest that have made our race illustrious — steadily concentrated on problems believed to be of vital importance, yet producing no other result than a conviction of the extreme facility of error, and the remoteness of any probability that truth can be reached."

All this seems undeniable. Science marches on triumphantly, as in the broad, open plain, not without sound of trumpet; philosophy has wound through her silent labyrinth, returning again and again upon her own footsteps. And yet, are we henceforth to have no more speculations on Power and Being, on the First Cause, on the Sole Being, and on the nature of knowledge itself? Must we subscribe to the sentence which follows immediate-

ly after the passage we have just quoted? Must we accept the words which we shall mark in italics as containing the final decree against philosophy?

"Perilous as it must ever be to set absolute limits to the future of human capacity, there can be no peril in averring that metaphysics never will achieve its aims, because these aims lie beyond all scope. The difficulty is impossibility. No progress can be made, because no basis of certainty is possible. *To aspire to the knowledge of more than phenomena—their resemblances, co-existences, and successions—is to aspire to transcend the inexorable limits of human faculty.* To *know* more we must *be* more."

Do we indeed aspire to transcend the inexorable limits of human faculty the moment we seek to know more than the relations of resemblance, of co-existence, and succession? It is here that very many, perhaps the greater number, of Mr Lewes's readers will join issue with him. They will deny—some vehemently, some timidly—that science, as thus understood, embraces all human cognition. Some "timidly," we say, because there are minds, and not minds of a sluggish character—minds that have our respect and fellow-feeling—in which a discouragement has been wrought by their own fruitless attempts at philosophic thinking. These acknowledge their difficulty in finding answers to questions which, nevertheless, they persist in asking. These would deny Mr Lewes's doctrines with a somewhat subdued voice; they do not relinquish their aspirations while they confess they have little but their aspirations to retain.

But at this point we are not a little embarrassed by what ought to have been an assistance to us. Mr Lewes has commenced his Prolegomena with a formal definition of philosophy—of philosophy as he recognises it; and if we enter into any discussion of his sentence or decree against philosophy, we ought surely to proceed on the basis of this his own deliberate definition. Unfortunately this definition is the most obscure, perhaps the only really obscure, passage in Mr Lewes's book. Many other passages and the general tenor of his writings give us safer or more intelligible guidance; and yet we feel that we cannot pass it over without notice or examination.

What is philosophy? asks Mr Lewes. We will first give our own reply, a reply which shall be in strict accordance with that contrast between it and science which Mr Lewes teaches us to make. Science founds itself on the knowledge which the senses supply. If it contradicts the first impression of the senses, it does this by knowledge still derived from the senses; it gathers this knowledge from innumerable observations and experiments, and, bringing the fragments together, forms, or endeavours to form, a harmonious conception of the universe. It aims to see *with the mind's eye* that whole of things which the senses reveal partially and unconnectedly. But beyond this mental vision of the world there are questions which men have asked themselves, from the beginning of time, which science cannot answer, and which she now refuses to entertain. Men have asked themselves, for instance, what grounds they had for believing the senses; they have perplexed themselves as to the nature of human knowledge, as to the nature of mind, and whether it has not intuitions of its own, which, though intimately mingled with impressions of sense, are yet capable, in our reflective moments, of being eliminated from them. Then, again, they have asked themselves whether that invariable order in the succession of events, which science proclaims as a fundamental truth, is some necessity in the nature of things, or whether it is the result of a divine power and intellect; or whether, in fact, it is to be regarded merely as a temporary or accidental

adjustment—an order which may change, as it arose, without the possibility of our assigning any cause for its change any more than we can assign any cause for its present existence. Questions like these science hands over to philosophy. Philosophy is our attempt to answer them. The history of philosophy is the history of the various and contradictory attempts to frame some final answer.

The discussion of such topics as these forms a region of inquiry perhaps as distinctly marked out as other regions of inquiry; for all topics contrive to interlace and ramify to that extent that it is extremely difficult to draw the line between any one department and another. Now, it is perfectly intelligible that an individual should pass his opinion upon this whole region of inquiry; he may have convinced himself that no answer can possibly be given to the questions asked, and that even the questions themselves have often arisen from some mere delusion of language, men thinking that the words they used had a meaning when they really had none. It would not be incorrect for such a person to say, My philosophy is that I have no philosophy. The region of thought to which you give this sounding name I too have surveyed, and the only use that I can make of my survey is, that it enables me the better to defend and understand that really profitable field of inquiry which I call science. Just as the idea of order could not have been arrived at without its contrast of disorder, so I suppose that an appreciation of the method of science could not have been arrived at but through the contrast with these torturing imaginations you call philosophy. So far I recognise its utility or necessity in the development of mind. No otherwise. My philosophy, and it is a very valuable acquisition, is to have no philosophy.

Such is the position which, judging from the tenor of his work, we should have assigned to Mr Lewes. But such position is by no means clearly expressed in the definition he places at the commencement of his work. On the contrary, he appears anxious to give to philosophy some permanent active office, even now, in the discovery of truth. He complains of being misunderstood, of having been falsely reported to have broken with philosophy altogether. Philosophy in one of its pretensions only, in one of its phases only, as synonymous with metaphysics or ontology, had he denounced. But philosophy we hold to be inseparable from metaphysics. If it is proclaimed that philosophy has no distinct province of knowledge, no especial field of inquiry, no truths of her own to teach, we cannot understand what function she has to perform, unless it be to present that contrast to which we have just alluded between herself and science. All that remains to philosophy is to be represented by her own past errors and futilities, and to stand there as a contrast to the structure which science has reared for us. That last complete view of the whole, which embraces our past *errors* as well as present truths in one inevitable series, would in fact belong to science, if science, and especially the science of sociology, were ideally complete. Our past errors, whether called by the name of theology or philosophy, would take their place in the ordered progressive development of humanity, parts of the scientific whole.

We must, however, although the quotation is rather long, bring before our readers the definition itself. Perhaps they may detect a meaning and a purpose in it we have not been able to discover; they may, in particular, be able to unravel what seems to us an inextricable confusion in the relative positions here assigned to theology and philosophy.

"What is philosophy?

"Theology, philosophy, and science constitute our spiritual triumvirate. The limits of their several dominions have been insensibly shifting, so that at various epochs of history they have been of very varied importance. For centuries the predominance of theology was absolute and undisputed. Philosophy meanwhile grew apace, till at last it was enabled to assert an independent position; and while these two rivals struggled for supremacy, science was also quietly and obscurely feeling its way to independence.

"The office of theology is now generally recognised as distinct from that of philosophy and from that of science. Its ancient claim to authority over all regions of inquiry has long been felt to be untenable, and has been frankly relinquished. Although claiming to hold the keys of the highest truth, it nevertheless no longer pretends to decide upon the lower, but confesses its inability to furnish research with effective methods, or knowledge with available data. *It restricts itself to the region of faith, and leaves to philosophy and science the region of inquiry.* Its main province is the province of feeling; its office is *the systematisation of our religious conceptions.*

"This is the office not of one theology but of all. No matter what other functions the various theologies may assume, they invariably assume this, and give it pre-eminence. It is thus not only their common characteristic, but also their highest characteristic; and now that the course of human evolution has detached both philosophy and science from theology, this systematisation remains its sole function.

"The office of science is distinct. It may be defined as the *systematisation of our knowledge of the order of phenomena considered as phenomena.* It co-ordinates common knowledge. It explains the order of phenomena, by bringing them under their respective laws of co-existence and succession, classing particular facts under general conceptions.

"The office of philosophy is, again, distinct from these. It is the *systematisation of the conceptions furnished by theology and science.* It is ἐπιστήμη ἐπιστημῶν. As science is the systematisation of the various generalities reached through the particulars, so philosophy is the systematisation of the generalities of generalities. In other words, science furnishes the knowledge and philosophy the doctrine."

What doctrine? what kind of doctrine? If it is something other than science itself has taught, then we have our old friend metaphysics reinstalled; and if not, the last systematisation possible of our knowledge has been performed by science.

Philosophy is the systematisation of the conceptions "furnished by theology and science." But theology, we thought, had been altogether dismissed from the region of our knowledge. It restricts itself, we are told, "to the region of faith," and deals mainly "with the province of feeling," which, in philosophical language, means that it is a creature of the imagination and the passions. What are we to understand, then, by a systematisation of the conceptions of theology and science?

"Each distinct science," continues Mr Lewes, "embraces a distinct province of knowledge. Mathematics treats of magnitudes, and disregards all other relations; physics and chemistry concern themselves with the changes of inorganic bodies, leaving all vital relations to biology; sociology concerns itself with the relations of human beings among each other, and with the relations of human beings in the past and in the future. *But philosophy has no distinct province of knowledge;* it embraces the whole world of thought; it stands in the same relation to the various sciences as geography stands to topography. All the sciences subserve its purpose, furnish its life-blood. It systematises their results, co-ordinating their truths into a body of doctrine.

"Thus, while theology claims to furnish a system of religious conceptions, and science to furnish conceptions of the order of the world, philosophy, detaching their widest conceptions from both, furnishes a doctrine which contains *an explanation of the world and of human destiny.*"

In the Positivism of M. Comte and Mr Lewes, theology is a mode of thinking destined to pass away—an imagination, a dream. How can the co-ordination of the dreams of theology with the truths of science furnish an explanation of the world? It can explain only

the past course of human thinking.

To deny to philosophy any distinct province of knowledge, is to deny its right to existence. If the truths of metaphysics and the fundamental truths of theology do not belong to philosophy, philosophy is naught, and should retire altogether before science.

We are merely perplexed by this definition. In the case of another writer we should suspect a want of candour, or a certain *patent hypocrisy*. When we are told that theology restricts herself to the region of faith, this is only a very disagreeable way of being told that it is a mere dream. When we are told that theology is to systematise her own conceptions, this is only saying that she is to dream her own dreams. Then philosophy is to take the last dreams of theology and combine them with the last conceptions of science. It seems like an effort to do outward homage to theology and philosophy, while, in fact, both are threatened to be absorbed in science, and indeed are already catalogued as modes of thought of the infancy and childhood of the human race. But in the case of Mr Lewes this is not an admissible explanation, for one of the charms of his writings is the candour and honesty that pervade them.

To us philosophy has her own legitimate field of inquiry; what she has accomplished in it is another question. But if you will assign to her no province of knowledge or of hopeful inquiry, then she can be described only as some transitional mode of thought, destined to conduct to others of a more permanent character. She thus becomes part of the history of humanity. Science surveys her as she surveys all else in the past or the present. To science must belong the last and only "explanation of the universe." Theology and philosophy will live only in history, and must be treated as the geologist or palæontologist treats those forms of life of a past era, to which he attributes (as yet in some obscure manner) the more perfect forms of life which at present exist.

As a historian of philosophy, Mr Lewes might have contented himself with defining the class of subjects the various opinions upon which he had to record. He might have defined philosophy by the questions it asks, by the quest it makes, leaving the rationality of its questions, or the success of its inquiry, to be determined thereafter. We admit, however, that it was in perfect consistency with the polemical attitude which he had assumed from the beginning, that Mr Lewes should in his definition describe philosophy as he recognises it—should define, in short, his own philosophy, his own doctrine. In doing this, it appears to us that he fell into confusion from a desire not to break entirely with philosophy, although essentially he had pronounced her to be a futility. After having displaced her as presiding over certain lofty speculations on God, on mind, on matter, he seeks to retain the name by ascribing it to certain generalisations, which, on examination, will prove to be generalisations of science, if they have any distinct existence whatever. The co-ordination of the truths of science into "a body of doctrine" can mean nothing else than the survey of the sciences themselves — that whole which science aims at presenting. It may mean something else if you co-ordinate the truths of science under other truths (theological or metaphysical) belonging to philosophy. But these *other truths* are just what Mr Lewes denies that we possess or can acquire.

Leaving this definition behind us —a scrutiny of which will not, however, be uninstructive—we will make on the subject of philosophy this one general and very safe observation: If philosophy has made

little advancement in comparison with science, nevertheless it is not the advancement of science that will drive philosophy out of the world. The questions she is in the habit of asking she may not be able to solve, but it is not science that will succeed in silencing those questions. Science, on the contrary, prompts their repetition, perhaps in some rather modified form. Physics is perpetually leading us into subtle speculations in the nature of matter and of form. And here it is noticeable that we are driven precisely to that *introspective method* which is held to be the reproach of metaphysics. When we are entangled in this inquiry about the nature of form, we cannot simply go to the object as presented to us by the senses; we cannot rest in asking what we see or feel, and what others see and feel—we have to ask ourselves what we individually *think*. The material world has become pre-eminently the object of our thought. Sensations have led us into the knowledge of forms, and these forms have movements of their own and relations to each other, and the man of science has a world before him that he *thinks*, not that he sees and touches. His mind is full of forces and relations and forms—forms which, at one instant, seem to have forces for their attribute, and the next instant seem to be the result of forces. He is as bewildered as the metaphysician; and, like him, he has to ask himself perpetually, What is it I really *do* think? What is it I really *can* think?

If physics will not allow us to rest in the first beliefs which the senses give us of matter, physiology will not certainly enable us to escape from perplexing problems about mind. It is worthy of remark that the more scientific physiology of our author renders some of our problems more perplexing than they appeared to be under the ruder physiology of the eighteenth century. For instance, the idea of space, or the perception of outward forms, has exercised the psychologist as much as any of his problems. We all know that Kant thought it necessary to give the idea of space a quite subjective origin; he could not find it in mere sensation, he could only describe it as some intuition that the mind gives out at the stimulant of sensation. Many psychologists speak fluently of the force of association as accounting for the localisation of sensation, or for the forms (as in the cases of the sense of touch and vision) which our sensations assume; but surely it needs little argument to show that association cannot account for the *first* form, the *first* position which our senses reveal. In this state of things a physiologist of the old school entered triumphantly into the discussion. Of course, he said, our sensations assume forms—are they not felt by this material form? The hand feels, the eye sees: a multitude of distinct touches range themselves over a given space in the sensitive body; and in the eye is there not a delicate mechanism for separating and arranging the finer touches which the light showers on the retina? We feel and we see through this sensitive form—or it is the sensitive form itself that feels and sees; what need to fetch your ideas of space, or your relations of position, out of those mysterious recesses of the mind? or what need to overtax the great law of association? From associated memories much comes, but memory must itself be fed by the senses in the first instance.

But now turn to the physiology of the senses, as Mr Lewes will expound it to us. What we thought to be itself the sensitive organ, proves to be only the preparatory mechanism for conveying a stimulant to some hidden ganglion, or some portion of the brain where the sensitive and the perceptive faculties are really excited. The retina does not see, nor do we

see the image on the retina, but stimulants are sent up (molecular motions, we suppose, because no other conception is at hand) from the retina to some ganglion at the base of the brain, which has the wondrous property of feeling this sensation of light. Perhaps the stimulus proceeds onwards to the cerebrum or brain proper, which has the property of *Ideation.* We are at as much loss now to explain the common facts of perception as if we were referred at once to the unextended mind, and the faculties it brings with it into the world. The optic image is gone from us—it is resolved into some indescribable affection of the nerve, which acts as a stimulant to a shapeless ganglion.

"From these indubitable facts," says Mr Lewes, when speaking of some of the laws of vision, "it is not difficult to elicit a conclusion; namely, that sensation depends on the sensational centre, and not on the external stimulus. . . . When, therefore, it is asked, Why do we see objects *erect* when they throw *inverted* images on the retina? the answer is, Because we do not see the retinal image at all; we see or are affected by the object: and our perception of the erectness of the object does not depend on vision, but on our conceptions of space and the relations of space, which are not given in the visual sensations, but are ideal conceptions; conceptions which are acquired in a complicated series of inferences, according to most philosophers—which are 'forms of thought,' according to Kant—but which are by no school held to be immediate elements of sensation."—Vol. ii. p. 361.

We would refer the reader to the very interesting chapter on Condillac, where Mr Lewes points out that there are separate organs for sensation and ideation, and thereby, in a manner, *physiologically disproves* the purely sensational system of Condillac. Condillac and others had treated the mind as if sensation alone, by these various combinations, could *become* all that we denominate as thought. Mr Lewes shows that thought or ideation belongs to an altogether different *centre.* Whatever assistance it was supposed that we derived from resolving all our thoughts into sensations is taken from us, and we are remitted to the attributes of a quite specific organ, about which all our old psychological questions as to the nature of ideation may be asked. The physiology of Mr Lewes is, in fact, far more favourable to the free, unbiassed study of psychology than the vaguer notions of the old sensational school. But it has not the advantage, if advantage it may be called, of presenting us with any facile theory of the mind, such as disguises from us the more startling difficulties of the subject.

A quotation from this part of Mr Lewes's work will explain our meaning, and will be acceptable also as a relief from the dryness of our own discussions. He is criticising Condillac:—

"I will begin at the beginning, and show that under one name of sensation he includes two really different things—that is to say, two phenomena having different bases; and although allied by a community which unites all the phenomena of sensibility, nevertheless these two are as rigidly to be demarcated, in virtue of their specific differences, as any two phenomena. Sensation and ideation are two distinct functions. They have two distinct organs.

"By sensation must be understood that form of sensibility which belongs to the organs of sense, including, of course, those important but generally neglected sensibilities which arise from the viscera and from muscular actions. The centres of these are the various sensory ganglia at the base of the brain, and in the medulla oblongata, with the ganglia imbedded in the spinal cord.

"Is ideation the same thing? It also is a form of sensibility—the peculiar property of ganglionic tissue; but it is a special form, the action of a special organ. It cannot be separated from sensation, any more than movement can be separated from sensation; but that it is the action of a special organ, and subject to special laws, suffices to demarcate it from the activity of the senses.

"The error of Condillac and his followers, though mainly due to their dis-

regard of biological method, was encouraged by the common notion that ideas are only faint impressions—copies of sensations. They are not impressions at all. Condillac says that an idea is a remembered sensation, and this remembrance is only a lesser degree of vivacity in the sensation. The idea is something else: so far from being the sensation in a lesser degree, it is not the sensation at all; it is altogether different from the sensation."

In answer to Professor Bain, who had ascribed to the sense of sight an "intellectual character," because the sensation of colour can be recovered or retained, as when we bring before us some beautiful landscape we have seen, he says:—

"I cannot but think that, if Professor Bain will reconsider this statement, he will admit that the sensation itself is precisely the part which is *not* retainable, not recoverable; for although the image of the landscape beheld in memory is like the actual scene which we gazed upon—or, in more accurate language, although we are similarly affected by the remembrance as by the original stimulus—this is because landscape in perception is constituted by a variety of intellectual inferences—all its relations of space, form, solidity, &c., being purely ideal elements; and these *only* are the elements present in the remembrance, the actual *sensations* not being present at all. . . .

"The point in dispute is so important, and is so intimately bound up with the whole doctrine of the sensational school, forming, indeed, the battle-ground of all psychological doctrine, that we must consider it with more than a passing attention. The confusion of sensation with ideation is Condillac's systematic error, but it is an error from which few if any writers, even of the spiritualist schools, have been free. Explicitly or implicitly, these two phenomena have been regarded as two aspects of the same thing. The rigorous demarcation of sensation as one process from cerebration as another process, each dependent on its separate nervous centre, will be found in no psychological treatise. Nevertheless comparative anatomy has succeeded in demonstrating the independence of the organs of sense and the brain, although no one has yet succeeded in detecting the true relations which connect these independent centres, and make them act together. We know that the brain (that is, the cerebrum) is as much an *addition* to the organs of sense as these organs are additions to the nervous system of the lower animals. . . .

"Every sense, whether it be one of the five special senses or of the so-called organic senses (such as those of the alimentary canal and of muscular activity), has its own special centre or *sensorium;* but there seems to be no ground for assuming, with Unzer and Prochaska, the existence of any one general *sensorium* to which these all converge, and I shall therefore speak of the *sensational centres* as the seats of sensation derived from the stimuli which act on the organs of sense. Considered as sensational centres, they are perfectly independent of the brain: they may and do act without implicating the brain, for they will act when the brain is absent. A bird deprived of its cerebrum manifests unequivocal symptoms of being sensitive to light, sound, &c. But in the normal state of the organism these centres are intimately connected with the brain, and the stimuli, which affect them directly, indirectly affect the brain. Light impinging on the retina determines a change in the optic sensational centre; this change is usually propagated to the cerebrum; and as the first change was a sensation, so is the second an idea."

We wish we could continue our extract still further, but we have quoted enough to show how very little aid the most advanced physiology affords in determining what precisely is the nature of perception or ideation. We are even left in the dark as to how much of perception is due to the sensational centres, and how much to the brain or cerebrum. And if we see forms through these sensational centres, and the image on the retina is nothing but an accident attendant upon the requisite stimulus to those centres, Reid's theory of perception seems to be brought back upon us. The sensation is only the signal for the appearance of the perception. We are open to any theory. And since the great organ, the cerebrum, is in a manner independent, and brings forward its ideas in obedience to some stimulant (indescribable except as stimulant), what limits are

we to set to *its* productiveness? We have all the old questions revived of the cerebrum that were formerly asked of the unextended mind. Those ideas of substance and of cause about which our metaphysicians have battled so eagerly, are they amongst the products of the brain? What escape have we from ontology and all its obscurities? What answer can we give, what method can we adopt, but the old appeal to consciousness? We might at least have expected from physiology that it would have given the casting vote—that is, that where two psychologists read their own consciousnesses differently, physiology would step in and decide which of the two gave the correct description, and which had been misled by some illusion of language, or by some mistake of a feeling for a thought. But it is not so; rival psychologists are still left to carry on their old contests without any umpire to decide between them. We are led into metaphysics with the same fatality as ever.

This negation of philosophy which has curiously taken to itself the name of Positive philosophy, will have its numerous disciples, but it will not drive the rival schools of metaphysics out of the arena. It will be only one of the champions to occupy the arena. How symptomatic is the use of the word *phenomena*, so frequent with Mr Lewes, and, we believe, with other Positivists! What meaning can be attached to it, unless it is used as a contrast to *Noumena?* Whence came this contrast, and what perpetuates it? This word alone shows on how insecure a basis we are treading, even when we are most determined to walk on nothing but the solid earth.

We have said that physiology and the physiological method of studying mind gives us little or no aid in determining the question of metaphysics. Let us suppose, for instance, that this very relation between phenomena and noumena is the one to be determined. It is asked whether we legitimately have the idea of substance—as of something existing independently in space, and acting upon our senses, or something which exists for us in *thought* but not in the senses. Well, it does not affect the validity of this idea to show that it cannot be any compound of our sensations. Ideas do not result from sensations after a manner analogous to chemical combination (though a vague analogy to a chemical synthesis has evidently influenced many of our psychologists). If sensation acts as the necessary stimulant, yet the product of the brain, it seems, is determined immediately by the nature of that special organ, the brain—just as the product of a sensational centre is determined, not by its stimulant, but by the nature of that centre. What will be the ideation of the cerebrum cannot be determined by the sensations of any other ganglion. Neither will it decide the question to show that all children and savages and many civilised men have never been conscious of this idea of substance—have never made the distinction between phenomena and noumena. We do not require that our idea should be either innate or connate. We are quite willing to accept the most modern doctrine of the development of mind; we readily agree with Mr Lewes that a child is no more born capable of reasoning than it is born capable of walking or talking. Our idea of substance shall depend, if you will, on some after-growth of the brain itself, or some modification of its action. The possibility is still open to us that it may appear in the *normal development* of the adult brain, and this is all that we require. Everything in the progressive development of nature is equally *original;* it matters not when it enters on the scene, it always depends on the past, and yet is always some-

thing new. And our metaphysical conception of substance may come in its due course; and when it does come it must simply justify itself; it will admit, from its very nature, of no verification of the senses; the mind, or the brain, must deal with it as its own product.

Mr Lewes, in the second section of his Prolegomena, proceeds to ask, What is truth? and to give the proper method for its discovery.

"The question, 'What is truth?'" he says, "has been variously answered, but instead of pausing here to consider the answers, I will propose one which is sufficiently catholic to be accepted by all schools. Truth is the correspondence between the order of ideas and the order of phenomena, so that the one is a reflection of the other—the movement of thought following the movement of things."

This very catholic definition of truth will certainly be accepted by all schools as a description of one, and practically the most important, class of truths. But Mr Lewes is well aware that it is a very small school that would accept it as a definition of all truth. No scepticism has been carried so far as to deny a difference between our sensations and perceptions on the one hand, and our memories and anticipations on the other; and it is manifest that a correspondence between these is a matter of vital interest. Our sensations and perceptions, whatever their origin, have a certain established order; and that we should know this order, or that, in other words, it should be faithfully represented in the order of our thoughts, is necessary to self-preservation—not to add that this knowledge constitutes, in its completeness, what we denominate as science. So far there can be no dispute. But is no truth open to us of another kind? Must we limit ourselves to a correspondence between "the movement of thought and the movement of things?" Can we defend ourselves from all question about things themselves and the origin of our thoughts? It is useless, however, to reiterate this question. Mr Lewes has decided it, at least, for himself; and what we have to notice is, that the next great topic, the method of discovering truth, is treated in perfect consistency with this, to us very practical, definition of truth. When Mr Lewes proceeds to discuss the "objective and subjective methods," he has a very clear path before him. The objective method is that which is recognised and pursued by all men of science; it consists of the three stages—observation, conjecture or hypothesis, and verification. The subjective method stops at the second stage, that of conjecture or hypothesis, and does not proceed to verification. By that very statement it is, of course, condemned. He admits of no truths arising in the normal development of mind or brain which from their nature cannot be verified by an appeal to the senses.

"To attain this correspondence between the internal and external order is the object of search; and the methods of search are two.

"*a.* The objective method, which moulds its conceptions on realities by closely following the movements of the objects as they severally present themselves to sense, so that the movements of thought may synchronise with the movements of things.

"*b.* The subjective method, which moulds realities on its conceptions, endeavouring to discern the order of things, not by step-by-step adjustments of the order of ideas to it, but by the anticipatory rush of thought, the direction of which is determined by thoughts, and not controlled by objects.

"Observation of objects presented to the mind must be succeeded by conjecture respecting the connecting but unobserved links. The successive stages of inquiry are from observation to conjecture, and from conjecture to verification. The subjective method stops at the second stage; its function is hypothesis. The objective method passes on to the third stage; its function is verification."

Then follow some very excellent

remarks put with Mr Lewes's usual clearness and vivacity on the nature and utility of this spontaneous activity, this "anticipatory rush" of thought, and of the necessity to check and control it by incessant verification. With all this we cannot but entirely agree. And if we raise the objection, But are there not truths which from their very nature do not admit of any verification from the senses? we are but returning to the old quarrel. If our only possible knowledge concerns the resemblance, the coexistence, the succession of phenomena, then there is no case where this verification may not be demanded.

"Metaphysicians proceed," says Mr Lewes, "on the assumption that intuitional reason, which is independent of experience, is absolute and final in its guarantee." They cannot do otherwise. Just as the relation of coexistence and succession must be accepted as final truths, so the relation of noumena and phenomena, of cause and effect, (presuming such relations to exist in the mind), must be accepted as final truths beyond verification. Mathematical truths have their own peculiarity, into which we need not enter here; physical truths are those for which we demand that verification on which Mr Lewes properly lays so much stress; metaphysical truths are relations springing up amongst the objects of thought which do not admit of such verification. "The objects with which ontology concerns itself," says Mr Lewes, "do not admit of presentation, consequently its conclusions are incapable of being verified." Very true. But there lies the controversy. Are they therefore to be excused from a verification not in accordance with their very nature? Or is the incapability of a verification by an appeal to the senses to drive them at once out of court? They are capable, however, from their nature, of that verification which consists in the general agreement of all men whose minds have reached a certain stage of development. Mr Lewes would perhaps reply, with a smile, "When they have received this verification — when all metaphysicians are agreed on the idea or relations that spring up in the human mind at a certain stage of development—then I, too, will be a metaphysician."

Throughout this Prolegomena there is much that is instructive and much to prompt discussion, but the discussion would be generally of that subtle character that cannot be crushed into a paragraph or two. In the section headed the "Test of Truth," there is some excellent hair-splitting between Mr Lewes, Mr Mill, and Mr Herbert Spencer. We seem to be assisting at a conference of these three contemporary philosophers. So in the section on "Necessary Truths," and on "Some Infirmities of Thought," there is much to excite reflection, both of an approving and a combative order. But, speaking generally, that which constitutes the characteristic of Mr Lewes's work—that which will be its passport with many and a stumbling-block of offence to many more—is simply the *Comtism* that pervades it. Mr Lewes is frankly a Comtist. So far as a man of original powers of thinking can consent to enrol himself under the standard of another, he is a Comtist. Indeed, it is not often that one of so original and independent a character of mind manifests so zealous a partisanship as Mr Lewes does when speaking of the author of the Positive philosophy. All our old philosophers are dead and buried; he assists dry-eyed at their interment; here is our new Avatar, here is our latest Buddha. It follows, therefore, that a criticism of Mr Lewes's book almost necessarily resolves itself into some estimate of the Positive philosophy. It is with the name of Comte, as may be seen from his title-page, that he terminates his history; it is in his criticism of Comte that he alone finds a scope for the language of cordial assent.

We beg to say that we are not of those who would speak with disrespect or disparagement of M. Comte. We admire his wonderful range of vision, his astounding perseverance, his rare fertility in reflective thought; and we acknowledge that the daring extension he made of the realm of science in his projected sociology entitles him to a place amongst those eminent thinkers, the history of whom constitutes the history of our intellectual progress. Nor is the scheme he would present to us without its grandeur. What greater aim could a man put before himself than to display the unity of the world, physical and psychical, to show it to us as one ascending scale of many sciences, to give to all human thinking, on whatever subject, the character and certainty of science, so that a man might feel that he is a living member of a world whose laws he has thoroughly mastered? But this great result, it seems, can only be purchased by a limitation of the mind to the knowledge and method which bears the stamp of science. There is to be no more talk with Plato or with Cicero of the nature of the gods, or of the nature of anything—of fate, or power, or the supreme intelligence; no more stretching on tiptoe towards the skies; no more philosophy; for, were this permitted us, there would be an outlying province of thought troubled with endless uncertainties: nature and humanity could never be rounded into one definite intelligible whole.

It has been objected that M. Comte in his Positivism merely exemplified the general tendency of the age in which he lived to advance the claims and extend the boundaries of science. Assuredly he is not the first who has endeavoured to reduce the mental and the social world, as well as the physical, to the laws of science. Mr Lewes answers the objection by showing that what others vaguely projected he did, or set about doing. "We have seen," he says, "that in the absence of sociology the creation of the Positive philosophy would have been impossible, since thus *all* phenomena would not have been embraced." This last of the sciences being constructed, "all human knowledge was now capable of being treated as a homogeneous and organic whole; one spirit, one method, and one aim presiding over each department." Under this head of sociology is gathered up all that is not embraced in a scientific account of the individual man, and especially that evolution of mind which requires successive ages for its accomplishment. The history of the past becomes a science by the connection there is between the past and the present, between one age and its successor. Thus the wildest imaginations of man, and all his blundering in religion and politics and science itself, are capable of being scientifically arranged. Philosophy, which presumed, by virtue of its fancied possession of certain preeminent truths, to overlook and preside over all truths, folds her arms, confesses her follies, and takes her rank amongst the past errors and efforts of man—efforts futile in themselves, but leading the way to successful endeavour, and having, at all events, a place in the inevitable evolution of humanity.

It is manifest that what is peculiar in Positivism is to be sought in this science of the evolution of man in successive ages. That there is here a leading idea of great importance, and one which M. Comte has the merit of bringing before us with singular force and distinctness, we are quite ready to admit. Our psychologists had been too much in the habit of looking for the origin of everything that concerned humanity in the primary faculties of the individual man. They were indisputably right in regarding society as an assemblage of individuals, each of whom

must bring to it his own powers and susceptibilities. Nevertheless, no merely psychological study of the individual could teach them how these individuals would act together in society, what institutions they would form, what sort of legacy one age would leave to another, and how the legacy would be used, and what, moreover, would be the course of their thoughts and their speculations, as well of their actions. All this must be studied in the history of man—in the development of this or that race in this or that climate; in the history of all that man has thought as well as of all that he has done—of his theologies, his philosophies, his politics, his industries. By all means, therefore, let us go back to the study of history—of history in its widest acceptation—in a new spirit, with a new purpose.

And as the belief is now generally entertained that all things proceed according to fixed laws—that there is no chance in the world—that not a stone falls, nor a fancy flits across the mind, but has its law, comes in its due sequence—let us, by all means, collect and scientifically arrange our facts of history. Thus far we shall all agree. It is, however, quite another matter what progress has been made in the formation of a science out of history, and whether we have seized upon the clue which will guide us through what at first seems a strange mixture of order and of chaos. Not grudging to M. Comte whatever merit may be due to him for projecting the science of sociology, we do not think that he has advanced far in the structure of it.

M. Comte's famous law of development through the three stages, theological, metaphysical, and positive, is familiar to all our readers, and has been sufficiently criticised. We will permit ourselves only an observation or two upon it.

Theology is already considered by him as a thing of the past, or as destined to become such. Now, as theology is actually in full force and vitality amongst us, he could only be justified in this conclusion on one ground—namely, that the new method of science, whose authority increases day by day, is radically inconsistent with it, and must lead to its extirpation. But it so happens that there are thousands of intelligent Europeans—men belonging to the most cultivated class of the most cultivated race—who maintain that science is not incompatible with theology—who very strenuously contend that science must and should modify theology, but that it does not and cannot extirpate it. They maintain that the very harmony which science reveals cannot be expressed by a human being except in terms which are essentially theological. In the early stages of thought the extraordinary in nature alone called for any explanation (or rather what affected the man himself in an extraordinary manner), and it found one in the solitary will of a god. In a scientific age *every* incident requires a supernatural explanation—or *none*. The whole stands before us as one fact. But this whole—so many of us maintain—cannot be conceived but as the result of Power and Intelligence.

Now the Comtist must here pursue one of two courses. If, in consistency with his scientific purpose, he occupies himself with collecting the facts of human society, he must take the facts as he finds them; and what he finds is this, that some men think that science is incompatible with theology, and other men think that science modifies and, while modifying, establishes theology. If he descends into the arena to decide between these two different thinkers, then he deserts his scientific attitude—he ceases to be a sociologist, and becomes for a time no better than a philosopher. He has to discuss with metaphysicians what conceptions we can form of the

force and laws of nature gathered together in their unity. As a *matter of fact*, science does not generally extinguish theology, but modifies it. Then if the Comtist asserts that in rational minds it *ought* to extinguish it, he quits his historical basis, and has to resume the discarded weapons of philosophy.

As to the second or intermediate stage, called the *metaphysical*, it does not call for much discussion. Take what view we may of theology, it is merely a matter of curious speculation, whether there has been the precise intermediate stage between it and the strictly scientific method, which M. Comte here intercalates—that is, whether the essences and other occult existences which physicists have invented to explain the facts of nature were really derived from gods, or from some previous theological mode of thinking. When we reflect that the very air that surrounds us is an *unseen thing*, it seems as easy for the imagination to invent unseen *things* acting upon us, as unseen *persons*. One fact is abundantly evident, that an imaginative era precedes the scientific, and to suppose some being *with a will* behind the facts of nature, is the first or the prevailing form of the human imagination. Beyond this we do not find anything certain in M. Comte's law.

Mr Lewes writes thus in his Prolegomena:—

"Causes are first personified; next raised into Deities; then, by gradual elimination of the personal qualities, transformed into entities; and finally resolved into Forces, which are exponents of relations. There first disappears the will, next the independent existence; and what finally remains is *an abstract expression of the observed order*."

Does this faithfully describe the course that human thought has taken, or the position which it has now assumed? Prompted by his fears, an ignorant man imagines a fictitious person, or a human will, behind the scenes, blinding him by the lightning, scattering him by the wind. But this is a mode of thinking confined to the circumstances which excite his passions. He does not introduce it as a general explanation of events,—why there is such a thing as lightning, or why there is wind, but rather why the lightning or the wind fall on him—why man is struck by them. Still less can any one trace the process by which deities have been converted into essences or occult properties. And as to this last stage in which men are said to rest, do men of science generally recognise it as their resting-place? Does nothing remain for them but an abstract expression of an observed order? We find our books of science full of discussions about *forces*—some obscure enough, we honestly confess—but manifesting anything but a resignation to an observed order. The modern mind seems thoroughly imbued with the idea of *force*, though it has the greatest difficulty to know what to do with it.

There is a later phase of Comtism which many of the admirers of the Positive philosophy look at with more regret than approval. We mean, of course, that future Society, the new laws and the new religion, which our philosopher has promulgated. These have found a severe critic in Mr Mill. Mr Lewes is more indulgent. He accepts them as an ingenious Utopia, worthy of our study because of the moral sentiments inculcated. "I have never," he says, "been able to accept the later works as more than magnificent efforts to construct a Utopia, *which differs from all previous Utopias in having the past life of humanity as its warrant.*" Surely if it has the past life of humanity as its warrant, it ought not to be a mere Utopia. "Grave students," he says, "think it no misuse of time to study the *Republic* and the *Laws* of Plato. Let them approach

the *Système de Politique Positive* in a similar spirit; they will find there an intellect greater than Plato's, a morality higher and purer, and an amount of available suggestion incomparably higher." To this appreciation of the two Utopias we have not a word to object; only it so happens that the one is really a thing of the past, which men study as a literary curiosity, while the other professes to mould living men in their thoughts and actions.

However, we readily admit that enthusiastic minds, looking for some terrestrial millennium, might easily fall into worse teaching. Our Socialists and Communists would learn some lessons from M. Comte which would make them safer neighbours and citizens than they are likely to be. They would learn how essential a subordination of ranks, or rather let us say a division of labour, a variety of *lives*, of habits of culture, is to the very existence of society. A Comtist would never be a revolutionist, in the sense of turning the world upside down, or levelling all things. Neither can the exalted moral sentiments of this new Utopia be denied. They are too exalted. *Altruism*, or care for the happiness of others, is not only to check or balance the old motive of care for ourselves and that kith and kin which is almost a part of ourselves, but it is to take the place of it, so as to be the mainspring of human activities. We think that no one will claim for this that it has "the past life of humanity as its warrant." If the experiment could be made, we would venture to predict that the society based on such a principle would be a very spiritless society. As to the new "religion of humanity," it tries our patience too much; we would rather say nothing about it. If people choose to meet together, or to shut themselves in their rooms, in order to meditate on great men and noble women, by all means let them do so. A reverence of what is good and great is an excellent thing to cultivate, though we distrust this formal way of setting about it. But do not give to a habit or custom of this kind the name of religion. It is a flagrant misnomer. Religion undoubtedly means more than a belief in God, but it means this first of all. Our catechism tells us that it includes love to our neighbour, and philosophers tell us that it binds society together; but it binds society together and cultivates our social affections by the aid of those sentiments that spring from the relation between the creature and the Creator. To leave out these sentiments and call the rest religion! as well talk of a planetary system with the sun left out. A religion which consists of the living man worshipping the dead man!—what can we make of this? And what are we to think of this use of the term *prayer* for our meditations on deceased legislators and poets?

Is it possible that any Comtist can dream that by calling a homage to great men by the name of religion he can satisfy the craving which man has for some felt relationship with the Author of his being? It has been said of mythologies that they were a sort of painted screen put before men's eyes to keep them from straining fruitlessly into the infinite beyond. But so poor a screen-work as this was never before devised. Great statesmen, great priests, great discoverers in science, we will honour your memory; but, after all, you are, or were, our fellow-creatures. You sat where we sit—on our common earth. You cannot fill any portion of the blank that lies between us and the invisible Sun of the universe. In the name of candour and common sense let the Positivist stick to his own doctrine, and not make an absurd mimicry of a faith he has relegated to the past.

That doctrine, as we understand it, is simply this: he gives us the advice to forget the problems of

theology: they are insolvable—let them alone. It is an advice which very many do not need at all, and which those who were supposed to need were never yet able to follow.

Almost simultaneously with the third edition of Mr Lewes's work, Mr Stirling, the author of 'The Secret of Hegel,' gave us a translation, accompanied with annotations of his own, of Schwegler's 'History of Philosophy.' Readers who have leisure for the task have an opportunity of surveying the history of philosophy from two very different points of view. Amongst the notes of Mr Stirling is one which bears especially on the doctrine of Comte; it is headed, "Why the History of Philosophy ends with Hegel and not with Comte;" and is written to justify (so far as a single note can do so) his own devotion to the great German. We have entered, as far as space and the present occasion permitted, into some criticisms of the Positive philosophy, and we are glad to refer the reader to Mr Stirling for a further prosecution of the subject. Not being an Hegelian, it will not be expected that we should side always with Mr Stirling; but the contrast between two such men as Hegel and Comte cannot fail to be instructive.

For our own part we regret that the history of philosophy should end either with Hegel or with Comte, if by so ending it is supposed that either of these has given us the last words of human wisdom. The one is to us unintelligible, and the other forbids us to think at all in the direction of philosophy. There is one comfort which minds of a certain constitution may derive from Hegelianism: we are told, by those who have patiently studied it, that there is room in it for any faith you are desirous of preserving. Mr Stirling assures us that "Hegel is not only a Theist, but a Christian." So let it be. We will accept the assurance of so distinguished a disciple. But how happens it (this we say in a parenthesis) that Mr Stirling, who has devoted himself to philosophy with a rare enthusiasm, should let slip from his pen such an expression as the following: "When it is considered that what is concerned is an accusation of no less a *crime* than atheism?" We thought philosophy had to do with errors, not with crimes. A crime is what is punishable by the law. Many have so interpreted the doctrine of Hegel as to consider it, for all practical purposes, tantamount to atheism, but no one ever thought of hanging Hegel for it.

We have done but scant justice, we feel, to Mr Lewes's work. We ought to have girded ourselves to several important controversies to which he invites us. We must leave our readers each one to pursue the combat for himself; for it is to a combat that he will challenge most of them. They will learn much from him, and amongst other things they will learn to conduct their own controversy with spirit, candour, and intelligence.

MADAME AURELIA.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XIII.

The life of Marco, which had fallen of late into so quiet and even pleasant a groove, was apparently now to be altogether changed. If two months ago he had received orders for Naples he would have felt nothing short of unmixed satisfaction at the prospect held out to him; but, as it was, he could not help wishing, in spite of himself, that he might have been allowed to wait a month or two more. It may easily be supposed that he spent an anxious evening and a night without much sleep. Eagerly the next morning he looked to see if the post had brought him an answer from Weston, and, for the same purpose, looked in at his lodgings during the day as often as his engagements would allow. But, when the next day brought no letter, he put off his lessons and went himself to seek for Weston. What was his surprise to learn that Sir Herbert had left for Italy only the night before, and had left no message whatever for him? He hurried to Madame Olivieri, but she could tell him nothing except that she had missed seeing Weston herself, but had duly forwarded the note that Marco had intrusted to her. She also professed complete ignorance as to Weston's immediate movements.

There was, however, still one means of procuring information open to him. Cutting short his call on Madame Olivieri, he went at once to General Lindsay's. Florence was out, but he learned from her father, who was himself surprised at this sudden freak of his future son-in-law, that it was perfectly true that the latter had left for Naples, but that he was going to pass through Paris on his way, to which place all letters were to be addressed to him during the next three days. This was quite sufficient to enable Marco to act.

In the first place, he had to obtain a French passport. This, by the recommendations and help of his friends, he was able to do without any delay or much difficulty, except that he could not avoid taking it in his own name. Then, having packed up a box or two, paid the rent of his lodgings and the one or two small sums that he owed besides, he wrote notes to all his pupils to say that he had to leave suddenly for Paris on important business, and also to Madame Olivieri, whom he thought it better not to see again before he went. There was only one thing left for him to do before leaving England—to say good-bye to Florence Lindsay.

His prospects had indeed changed since his last meeting with her. Then he left her in all the elation of hope: now he sought her only to leave her in all probability for ever. It was not in his nature to sacrifice the cause even to the love of Florence—such an idea never occurred to him; but it was not in the nature that he shared with all men to make the sacrifice of his own love without a fearful sinking of the heart. The preference of hard duty to inclination is not always rewarded by the approval of conscience, and there is such a thing as repentance for *not* having yielded to temptation. Had Marco yielded, he would have felt guilty for a long time, no doubt, until habit, and the natural change in temper and character that age inevitably brings, came to persuade him that he had in reality chosen the better part; but for natures of scrupulous honour like his, conscience has many stings to set against very few positive rewards. Of the

noble army of martyrs many, no doubt, faced the flames with triumphant joy; but there must have been some who endured to the end, sustained by no celestial vision, and saved by no ecstasy from a single fiery pang.

It was in this mood that he prepared himself for his last meeting with Florence. Outwardly, he wore his usual composure, even when she entered the room radiant and happy. He even brought himself to smile as he said, "I hope you have read a great deal since our last lesson, for I am afraid that I must ask you to take a holiday—perhaps for a long time."

"A holiday? why?" she asked.

"I am afraid that I shall have to leave my pupils for some time to come."

The tone in which he said this struck her, and a look of something like alarm came over her face as she asked, "Why? What are you going to do?"

"I have had news that obliges me to leave England."

"I hope the news——" she hesitated.

"Is not bad, you would say? No, not in the sense you mean. But still it calls me away, and I must go."

"But surely not for long? We shall see you again soon?"

"I wish I could think so," he answered. He was afraid to meet her eye, and looked down.

"You do not mean——" she said.

He looked up, and read in her pale face and questioning eye the words that she left unsaid. She, in her turn, looked down. Her instinct told her that he had come to say good-bye to her for ever.

"Come," he said, "we will finish this lesson, at all events. Where was it we left off?" He took up the volume of Dante; it was Baroni's present, which he had never yet brought away. There stood the line before him, which his imagination did not find hard to turn into an omen of evil,

"Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor."

She looked at him appealingly, and mechanically he closed the book. Both were embarrassed, and neither knew what to say. Both felt that the words "good-bye" had been already said—and what more was there to say?

"That is your book," she said, hurriedly, at last; "you had better take it with you when you go."

"Would you take care of it for me?" he answered. It would be, he thought, some little comfort for him to think that he had left with her something of his—something that he prized, and might hereafter claim again.

"As you like. It will be safe here," she answered.

There was another pause, and this time it was Marco who broke it by rushing into commonplaces.

"I suppose you will not want to give up your Italian. Do you know any master——"

"Nobody. I shall give it up."

"That would be a pity, would it not?"

"Oh, I don't see that it matters."

"Well, you know best, I suppose."

"I don't see what that has to do with it." She was trying to take refuge in petulance, and failing miserably.

"May I ask you to do me one kindness?" he asked. "I should like you to finish reading Dante."

She had looked interested when he had begun to speak, but disappointed at the end. She answered, "How can I, by myself?"

He looked disappointed also. "Then you will not promise me?" he asked. She did not answer. Marco abruptly continued in a low and hurried voice, "We shall remain good friends, shall we not? You will not quite forget me?"

Still she was silent; but her heart was beating fast and her eyes were bent down.

Marco himself felt his self-com-

mand failing him—or rather he did not feel it failing him, for it had gone already.

"Let me have that one thought with me that, while I am working and perhaps fighting for Italy, I have a little sympathy from you—that you will sometimes wish well to Italy and me. Do not let me go without this; it would be everything to me. If I have not your love, let me have this, at least—for I love you, Florence, above the world, above Italy."

She was still silent, but it was silence of the sort that gives hope.

"My own Florence," Marco went on, with growing confidence, and taking her hand—"have you not known it till now? With your love I shall indeed fight well for Italy; or, if you will, let all things go so that I may keep your love." Where was now the disciple of Baroni?

"Dearest Florence," he still continued, "will you not say one word now? or rather, let me think it said already. Yes, Florence, I love you—how can I say how much? I do not ask you to give me all your love; though, if you gave it all, you would not give so much as mine is for you."

Florence had heard him as though in a dream. But every dream must have its waking, and hers was close at hand. With a deep sigh she slowly withdrew her hand from his and raised her eyes.

"Oh! what is it we are doing?" she exclaimed; "what have you said?"

"Can you love me, Florence?"

"Pray go," was all her answer; "this is worse than madness. Good bye, dearest friend. May God bless you always!" Once more she held out her hand, and then burst into tears.

"Florence!" exclaimed Marco, not releasing the hand that she scarcely made an effort to withdraw. "If you cannot love me, say so; but you will not, you cannot, say it."

"Will you not have mercy upon me?" she answered through her tears. "I cannot: but go—you will serve Italy better; you will forget this."

"My God! how should I forget? It is impossible. What can you take me for? But you do not think so. Your own heart, Florence——"

"Oh! what have I done to deserve this?" she went on. "Good-bye."

"This, then, is your only word—your last?"

"Good-bye."

"Florence, I believe in my soul that you do not mean this."

"Indeed it must be so."

"But why? You have not said you cannot give me your love. What, then, should stand in my way? Florence, this is a simple question; for God's sake, say yes or no! and if you say no, I will not say a word more."

She murmured something, but it was inaudible.

"Florence, I will believe your heart. Let that tell you what to say. Whatever you say now, I will believe."

"Why are you so cruel to me?"

"I cruel? I, who would do all, give up all, for your least wish?"

"Then go; that is all I can say. Believe me, it will be best for us both."

"I will not go for such a reason. I believe it would be worst for you and for me."

"Do you think I suffer nothing? Why will you add to what I suffer?"

"Then good-bye, Florence, for ever." Before she could answer he had pressed his lips to her hand and was gone.

Florence had indeed spoken truly when she spoke of her suffering. As soon as Marco was gone she rushed to her own room, and there, thrown forwards upon the bed, with her face buried from the light, she gave way to all her despair. Yet how could she have acted otherwise? How could she say or do a word or act which would assuredly

make her father, who loved her so much, and whom she loved so much in return—whom she had never willingly vexed or disobeyed in her life, and who lived solely for her—miserable for the rest of his days, and perhaps even shorten those days with shame and sorrow? She knew how the suit of Marco would appear to him—as that of a needy disreputable adventurer for the hand of a supposed heiress; and though she did not do her lover this injustice, Marco's whole character and history were such as to make even her sympathise with what she knew would be her father's opinion of them. Marco was a democrat, an active revolutionist, a leveller, and his being born a gentleman only made him the worse, as a traitor to his own order; he had abused his position as a teacher; he was a friend and follower of the notorious Baroni, and an infidel probably, or a Papist at the best. There was not one of Sir Alexander Lindsay's opinions by which he did not stand condemned. Her father's faith in good blood, his scrupulous honour where women were concerned, his religious strictness and his loyalty, would all be outraged. Besides, was she not herself engaged already to another man, and one who had waited patiently for her all these years? Should she be so selfish and so false as to break her faith like this? What would Marco himself, made up of truth and self-sacrifice as he was, think of her then? No—it was impossible; and yet she dwelt on Marco's words and looks during their last interview until sometimes even impossibility seemed too hard to bear. For he had read her heart rightly, and she had had to renounce her whole self in renouncing him.

Marco simply felt as if life were henceforth to be a barren journey, whose duties had still to be done, but without pleasure, and with no pride in doing them well. He must still fight for Italy, but no longer with the old glow of patriotic enthusiasm; and he must still live for her, though his own heart were really as dead as it seemed to him to be. That Florence had been on the very point of yielding he even now felt sure; but this gave him little if any comfort, for the fact, if fact it was, only went to show how very much in earnest she must have been in resisting her inclination to yield. She had more than given him reason to think that he possessed her love, and, had he been able to remain, he would have been amply satisfied with so much for a beginning; but, as things stood, the beginning was the end. If matters went wrong in Naples, he should most likely never return—if otherwise, the result would be much the same; and if, in the course of years, he should ever again meet her, who could tell under what circumstances of change the meeting would take place? At present, however, though under the influence of these thoughts, he could not be said to think. Without rest or refreshment, he completed his travelling arrangements, and in an hour or two had left London, and all the outward part of his English life, many miles behind.

The next evening he was in Paris.

CHAPTER XIV.

One evening after sunset two young men were standing on the great mole of the port of Naples, and while slowly consuming their cigarettes, and apparently amusing themselves with the strange crowd that is generally to be found there, conversed with one another in a low tone.

"I assure you," said one, "it is quite true. Carlo has even spoken to him, and was told to let it be known among one or two of us."

"But how could he have man-

aged to get here? And how does he manage to keep close?"

"Ah! here is Carlo himself," said the first; "he will tell us all about it. Carlo! we want to have the rights of your story—Cecco here is incredulous."

"*Per Bacco!* well, he may be. But that Marcelli is in Naples is certain, for I have both seen and talked with him."

"And how is he? is he changed at all?"

"I can't say much for the effect of England on him. That is where he has been. He is thin, and looks as if he had seen the devil, and I daresay he has. But he is still the same good fellow."

"And he is a good fellow. But how did he come? Where is he?"

"That is the cream of the affair. He came with an English milord."

"Impossible!"

"But true. I can't tell you his name, but he is a great man, and richer than Fortunatus."

"Well, strange things come to pass."

"They are in the Strada ——; the apartments are superb; they live like cardinals."

"And what does it all mean? Did he ask after me?"

"Yes, and after Pedro too. He never stirs out, of course."

"He does not keep his own name, surely?"

"No; he is Signor Giuseppe Bianchi, who has been secretary to the milord for years."

They laughed. "But what has the Englishman to do with the affair?" said one.

"'Who lives will see.' But he must be a prodigious fool."

"No doubt; and Marco—Giuseppe, I mean, has brains."

"Have they been here long?"

"A week," said Carlo. "And now a secret—something is going to happen."

"In earnest?"

"In real earnest. You may be sure Marcelli is not putting his neck in the noose for nothing."

"Well—*viva* ——"

"Hush. We shall see strange things if we live. Where are you going now, Carlo?"

"Nowhere. And you?"

"I suppose one must do something or other."

"Shall we look in at San Carlo?"

"What are they doing there?"

"Don't you know? There is a new engagement."

"Who?"

"My dear fellow, you have slept for a month. Only our old friend the Olivieri."

"Bravo! Let us see how England has agreed with her, as well as with Marcelli. Perhaps she, too, has found a rich milord."

"Trust her. She is a clever woman."

"Perhaps Marcelli's is hers as well."

"*Per Bacco!* I pity the poor devil, then. Between Marcelli and the Aurelia I should say he would not have much way of his own. One is as stubborn as a mule, and the other is as cunning as a she-fox—'*volpe soprafinissima.*'"

"Yes—if they draw against each other they will pull the Englishman in two; if together——"

"They could share the spoil. Heaven help him, any way! I should like to know about this English life of theirs."

"Well, all in good time. For the present we will see how it has agreed with the Signora's voice."

While this conversation was proceeding, Weston and Marco were sitting together at the window of their room, looking into the Strada ——. They had not proved very congenial travelling companions, as each was too much taken up with his own thoughts and plans to be very sociable. In fact, Marco had very much forced himself upon the other, who had not the least desire for his society, though unable, under the circumstances, to shake him off. Madame Olivieri had arrived a day or two later, and her anger and annoyance at finding Marco there

in spite of her precautions were so extreme that she could not quite conceal them. She took care that Weston should never pass a day without seeing her, and she always drew from him a full and exact account of all the doings of himself and his friend. The Baronet himself had now become so infatuated as to be entirely in her hands—she had only to rid herself of the one obstacle in her path to become, as Lady Weston, the possessor of one of the best *partis* in Europe as soon as she pleased.

Marco, of course, was not long in finding out the real reason that had sent Weston to Naples—namely, that it was the will of Madame Olivieri. He himself saw nothing the least strange in the affair except the reserve of Weston about it. But he rather avoided the Signora now, not only because he fancied that Weston was rather jealous of him, or because he was unwilling to go out of doors more than was absolutely necessary, or even because his hopeless love for Florence had rendered him averse to seeing other people more than he was obliged, but because he had come to not altogether trust her—why, he could not have explained. The fact was that he had of late compared her with a true woman, and had perceived the difference between the false and the true.

The state of seclusion and inaction in which he was spending his time was bad for him both mentally and physically. He would have been unable at present to take an interest in anything, even had there been anything within his reach in which it was possible to take an interest. How he got through those weary days he could never afterwards quite recollect. The only thing that he had actually done was to send for an old and safe friend of his in order to obtain through him a means of communicating with his other friends, if necessary; for, of course, he did not admit visitors in general.

Just now, both he and Weston were smoking in silence. The latter was thinking of Madame Olivieri, whom he was about to conduct to the San Carlo, and Marco was weak and languid, and disgusted with himself and all the world. He seemed to have come to Naples to do nothing after all, and was even inclined to think Baroni himself an impostor, when the door opened, and there entered the great conspirator in person.

He had come in quietly: and certainly the start given both by Marco and by Weston must have been sufficient to gratify his love of effect to the full. He was dressed with his usual care, though not, as usual, entirely in black, and—as was most unusual—he wore a ring or two and a gold watch-guard. Otherwise there was no attempt at disguise.

"Good evening, Signori," he said with a pleasant smile. "Do you not welcome me back to Naples?"

Marco, as soon as the first surprise was over, ran to Baroni, and they embraced warmly.

"So," he continued, "you thought the time would never come?"

"I own I was impatient," Marco answered.

"Well, you have behaved excellently, both in your patience and in your impatience. Sir Herbert," he added, "how can I thank you half enough?" He held out his hand. "You will forgive me, I hope, for seeing my compatriot the first?"

"Oh, I have not done much for you, but——"

"But you would do more? Well, with God's blessing, we all will, very soon. No one knows you are here, Marco?"

"I cannot quite say that. Carlo Pierotti, for instance."

"Was there not a Pierotti in the last affair?"

"Yes, his brother Felice."

"Good. Any one else?"

"Well, I suppose Carlo has not been quite silent. You see I was obliged to run a little risk."

"I am not sure of that. But it can't be helped now, however. Is there any one besides Pierotti and his friends?"

"Yes, one—Madame Olivieri."

"What! Is she here?"

"She has been here a week, and sings at the San Carlo to-night."

"I have half a mind to go and hear her."

"What!" said Marco, "appear in a public theatre at Naples?"

Baroni smiled. "Why not?" he asked.

Marco looked surprised. "And yet," he said, "you thought it dangerous for me to be seen by a single person?"

"And how is it you are here at all?" asked Weston.

"As to being here at all," said Baroni, "I am quite in a different position from Marco's. His face is well known—but who remembers mine? It is a very useful face for a conspirator, for it is not at all remarkable; and as I take care to make myself notorious for certain peculiarities in costume, so that the slightest change acts as a disguise, I need not fear detection in a place where I have not been for twelve years. If I wished to go to Paris, indeed, or Vienna—whence, by the way, I have just arrived—I should, perhaps, wear a mustache, or something of the sort—luckily mine grows very quickly, and I never wear false ones, which are dangerous; but here I would show myself in San Carlo without the least fear."

"But your passports?"

"My dear Sir Herbert, that is the A B C of cheating the police in all countries. By the way, I am Monsieur Jules Laroche, of Lyons. You are Signor Giuseppe Bianchi, I think?" he asked, turning to Marco.

"Yes. But how did you learn it?"

"Was it so very difficult to find out in Naples who was with Sir Herbert Weston?"

"I am afraid," said Weston, looking at his watch, "I must be off: I have an engagement at San Carlo. I hope you will not think me inhospitable?"

"Do not let me keep you," said Baroni. "I daresay your secretary will do the honours."

"Well, Marcelli, have up whatever you want, of course. Have you dined?" he asked Baroni.

"Yes; I dined at a *café* in the Strada di Toledo, for old acquaintance' sake. How like old times it was! The last time I dined there was when I was young enough not to have lost all my illusions. The very same waiter brought me my soup. I declare that I could have kissed him, and felt half angry that he had forgotten me. I even felt inclined to tell him who I was, but it would not have done, on principle, though I know he would have held his tongue. Ah, Marco! you have been an exile for months only—you cannot tell what it is to see Naples again after twelve years. I feel younger than you to-night, *fratello carissimo!* Let us go and hear Madame Olivieri. I should like to see the inside of San Carlo once more." He paused—he had never been there since the days of Aurelia Urban. "But no," he continued, "we will let Weston go alone to-night. You cannot go, Marco *mio*, and so we will have a real talk together instead. *Felicissima notte*, Sir Herbert—*a rivederci.*"

Marco had never before seen the cold austere Baroni in a mood like this. An almost womanly tenderness seemed to mingle with his voice and his smile, and Marco felt that this, too, was a man who once had loved. When Weston had left the room, Baroni said,

"Marcello *mio*"—the caressing diminutives seemed to drop profusely from him—"Marcello *mio*, I feel most strangely to-night. I came by sea from Genoa. You know what that means? It means that after twelve years I saw Naples from the sea again. What

a sight it was! But I need not describe it to you. And what do you think was my first thought when, with the sun just going down behind San Elmo, I looked and saw it all? It was that old saying, '*Vedi Napoli, e poi*'——"

"*Vittoria!*" exclaimed Marco.

Baroni smiled gravely. "Yes, for you," he said. "But Italy needs a sacrifice the more yet. However, we will not talk like this. After all, we are men. But, *fratello*, you look ill. Has not Naples given you new life? Or are you pining for your Eastern Apennines? I am a townsman, you know, and the *Chiaja* is my real home."

"It is nothing. I only want to be doing something."

"Well said. I see you are one to rust in idleness. So now to work. How do you get on with Weston?"

"Oh, very well. But I fear you are mistaken in him, if I may say so."

"Say what you please. But how am I mistaken?"

"As to his real attraction."

"I know. You mean he does not care a *grano* for Italy. Of course not—why should he? But I am not mistaken in thinking he cares a great deal for a certain Italian. It is the same thing practically."

"I hope so," said Marco.

"You say it doubtingly."

"To tell you the truth, I have my suspicions of that Italian—if, as I suppose, you mean Madame Olivieri."

"Why?"

"I cannot say, but I have."

Baroni considered. "That is important," he said. "These instinctive feelings are generally true. They are built on little things which are too small for us to remember, but are none the less of consequence. Well, we must keep our eyes on her. Have you seen much of her lately?"

"Very little indeed."

"I thought you were great friends. You must see more of her. I almost wish I had gone to San Carlo to-night. But go and see her to-morrow."

"Where are you putting up?"

"I shall be at ——. I wrote to secure rooms there, and have already taken possession. But don't call on me: I shall always be able to manage to see you when it is necessary."

"Have you any plan of action? Otherwise, your arrival seems rather premature."

"I have a dozen plans in my head," answered Baroni, "but it is always premature to form one till one sees how actual circumstances are tending. There is no greater mistake than for a man to think he can bend circumstances to his will. Of course I have based all my ideas upon a large expenditure of money."

"That is to say, of Sir Herbert Weston's?"

"Of course; whose else should it be? And now, though we have not said much to one another yet, I must say good-night now, for I am extremely tired with the excitement of to-day, which has been greater than I imagined myself capable of feeling. You shall very soon see me again. I do not think I have any instructions for you at present, only I should like you to go and see Madame Olivieri to-morrow."

"Shall I walk home with you?" asked Marco.

"By no means; we must avoid being seen together for the present, and, indeed, you yourself had better avoid being seen at all. And now, good-night."

He left Marco much excited by the visit, and if with no greater admiration, yet with a greater affection for him than before. It was evident, too, that Baroni meant work, by his coming in person to Naples and running so extreme a risk. Marco's mind then travelled to Madame Olivieri, and

his vague suspicions of her, confirmed as they were by his discovery, in the course of conversation with Weston, that she had never delivered the note that he had intrusted to her, and by his having received no confirmation of the truth of her pretended guess at the purpose of Weston's journey. From Madame Olivieri his thoughts naturally went to their usual resting-place—Florence Lindsay; and there they remained until his dreams of waking were lost in dreams of sleep—and afterwards also.

CHAPTER XV.

The next morning, Marco, although unwillingly, went to see Madame Olivieri without letting Weston know of his purpose. He chose the time of the siesta in order that he might run less chance of being observed, and so that he might be sure of finding the Signora at home and alone. She received him with her usual graciousness; but Marco, who watched her closely, noticed that she looked rather worn, and that her eyes often sought the door, as though she were expecting some one. The worn look was easily accounted for by her having, careful of her beauty as she usually was, passed the whole of the night without sleep, in spite of the fatigue of the performance; and not only without sleep, but in holding interviews with very different persons from those whom she openly entertained. Marco apologised for having intruded on her at that hour.

"You so seldom see me," she answered, "that you are quite entitled to choose your own time. How have you been spending yours lately? Not very pleasantly, I fear."

"I did not come for pleasure, so that the way time passes is of little consequence, so long as it does pass."

"That speech hardly suits your time of life. If life has no pleasures just now it still has its interests and its hopes."

"I have grown older lately, Signora."

"Well, we all do grow older," she said, with a sigh, "and sometimes a very few days work a very great change. But still, what can have happened to you? For you are not one to lose heart when in danger, or I am much mistaken in you."

"You only do me justice; but I am *ennuyé* with idleness."

"It is a thousand pities you came to Naples. Why did you not remain in England? I did my best to keep you."

Marco thought of the letter. "But you were doing me no real kindness. If anything happened in Naples and I was away, I would have killed myself."

"How unlike yourself you are to-day!"

"Forgive me, but really I cannot put myself into any better humour. Let us talk about something else; this is not very interesting."

"What is there to talk of but ourselves?" she asked.

"It was myself that I was calling an uninteresting subject; certainly not you, Signora."

"That depends. Perhaps I take a different view. Have you seen Sir Herbert to-day?"

"Yes, for a few minutes. And, talking of him, may I ask you to tell me something? I ask you as one of ourselves—as one who is doing her best for Italy."

"Then you may depend on my answering you."

"You have an idea, have you not, Madame, that my friend, Sir Herbert Weston, may prove very useful to us?"

"I certainly think so."

"May I ask your grounds for thinking it? For he never shows more than the most superficial sympathy for us. In fact, why should he show more?"

"I think I can answer for him. You wish to know?" she asked. "Well, we women have our power," she added, in a tone of contempt. "You see that I am candid. Have you anything more to ask?"

"I do not know how to ask you this, Signora; but let us consider ourselves two conspirators forming their plots. Do you intend to make use of Weston simply as an instrument for the use of the cause, or do you mean—I would say, to what extent do you intend to bind him to us?"

"Of course you have not the least right to ask me that, and if any one but yourself had asked it I should have refused to answer. Do you understand me?"

Marco did not answer, and she continued,—

"Well, will you first answer me a question? Does Weston ever talk about me?"

"Very little. To tell you the truth, Signora, he thinks of you too much to talk; and, besides, I even fancy that he honours me by being a little jealous."

Throughout her acquaintance with Marco, it had always been the policy of Madame Olivieri to avoid saying or appearing to do anything that might lessen any chance of his liking for her developing into a stronger feeling. In spite of her resolve to become Lady Weston, she could not help the strong feeling which, had Marco loved her, would have made her wax in his hands. When he was concerned, she was a woman subject to fits of jealousy and to all the unintelligible and purposeless changes of mood to which women are liable in such cases. Now, although she knew that before long Marco must hear of her as Lady Weston, she could not bear the thought of his believing in the possibility of her becoming so, far less of his believing that there was any affection on her part for Weston himself. Prompted by this weak side of her nature that now was uppermost,—

"Poor girl!" she murmured, in an audible aside.

"Whom are you pitying?" asked Marco.

"Do you not know that Sir Herbert Weston is engaged to be married?"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Marco.

Madame Olivieri watched him closely from under her half-closed lids as she answered,—

"Yes; you see there is nothing so serious between us after all."

"Whoever she may be, it seems to me that, among us all, we are treating her very cruelly. You, Madame, are—if you will forgive me for saying so—playing rather the part of Jael, and that to no Canaanite; and I, I must say, feel almost a traitor to my friend."

"But for Italy?" asked Madame Olivieri. She would never be able to understand Marco.

"I very much doubt, in spite of Baroni's opinion, if an affair like this can come to any good end. But who is the lady? Some English girl, of course."

"Can you not guess? Of course it is your pretty pupil, Mademoiselle Lindsay."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Why should you doubt it?"

Why, indeed? The mystery of his last interview with Florence was fully cleared up.

After a short pause, during which the eye of Madame Olivieri was still fixed on him, he looked up with a resolute expression, and said,—

"Then I for one, Madame, give up the whole affair. To trick and deceive one's friends, and to break the heart of an innocent girl, is not my way of serving Italy."

"Why, what is Mademoiselle Lindsay to you?" asked Madame Olivieri, with a look of contempt.

"One would think you cared for her."

"Madame, I have given my whole reasons."

"And yet you would desert, perhaps betray, Italy for the sake of a child." Her jealousy was getting rather the better of her temper, and she was weak enough to show it.

"I shall never be a traitor or a deserter. When fighting comes, I will fight, but I will henceforth leave the plotting to wiser and colder brains than mine. Only one thing, though, I must do—every word of what you have said must go to Baroni, and then I shall wait passively till it is time to draw our swords. And Weston, too—I must have an explanation with him as well."

"And ruin the cause."

"The cause will not be hurt by the failure of a wretched intrigue like this."

"Baroni will only laugh at you, and so will Weston."

"If Baroni laughs at me—well, I shall have lost another illusion, that is all. If Weston, he will be a scoundrel, and I shall treat him as such."

"How?"

"I swear to God that one of us should kill the other in three days."

Madame Olivieri looked on Marco with a wonder in which admiration had no small share. She was about to reply, when she was suddenly summoned from the room. She was absent about ten minutes, and, when she returned, looked pale and excited.

"Marco," she said, "the cause is lost indeed; they have found that Baroni is in Naples."

"God in heaven!"

"It is true."

"What is to be done?"

"I fear—nothing."

"Nothing! Everything. Now, first, who told you this?"

"A messenger from San Carlo."

"Now be quick, Madame; tell me everything. Is he gone?"

"Who?"

"The messenger."

"He is gone. He said that the *sbirri* have learned that Baroni arrived yesterday, that he visited the apartments of Sir Herbert Weston, and that he is lodging at ——"

"That is all true." A sudden, monstrous, horrible thought flashed across his mind. "Did you know this before, Madame?"

But she had been expecting the question, and was prepared.

"I heard it last night from Sir Herbert himself, but not where he lodges." She spoke firmly, and Marco repented of his suspicion.

"Well, Baroni must know this at once."

"I will send to him," said Madame Olivieri.

Marco thought of the lost note, and said,—

"That would be dangerous. I will go back to Weston's, and let him know from there."

"You will let me know——"

"Everything, Madame. Meanwhile we must not lose a moment."

"Will you not take my carriage?—you might be seen——"

"Speed is everything. I cannot wait for the carriage."

"But safety——"

But Marco had left the room.

He hurried through the still empty streets till he reached his lodgings. He entered Weston's room, and found there — Baroni himself.

The latter rose, with his grave sweet smile still; but when he saw Marco his eyes filled with tears. Embracing Marco he said,—

"So it is not to be this time either, dear brother. Well, only do not despair. I have known a hundred failures, and yet I trust."

"What is to be done? You know all, then?"

"It is a great misfortune. I shall no more be able to show myself in Naples."

Marco was surprised at his chief's coolness.

"But what is to be done?" he asked again.

"I fear there is but one thing—to leave Naples at once; though it is hard to leave so soon, after all these years of waiting." Baroni seemed to think little of his danger: all his sorrow seemed to be that he must leave his dear city.

"But they know where you lodge—they know——"

"What else?"

"That is all—and that you were here last night. I heard it from Madame Olivieri."

"Listen to me, Marco. I am more than sure—I *know*—that I have been unrecognised by a soul. I know how these things are done in Naples, and that, had I been found out through any ordinary channel, of which there was no risk, I should be now in San Elmo instead of here. Do you understand me?"

Marco dared not speak, but he guessed only too well.

"I mean," Baroni went on, "that I have discovered the traitor who has baffled all my schemes. But it is the last time. Marco, your suspicions were too true. When did Madame Olivieri learn that I was in Naples?"

"Last night, from Weston."

"Of course. Marco, it is plain that that wretched woman is a paid spy—an agent of the secret police."

Marco was horrified to find his worst suspicions thus confirmed—he could not have been more so had the confirmation been more sudden. "And yet," he tried to think, "it is incredible; it is too monstrous, too horrible." But he knew in his soul that it was true, and he was silent.

"What can we do—shall we die fighting, or how?" he said at last.

Baroni smiled. "She has spoiled the plot," he said, "but not baffled the plotters. I have reckoned that I have hours before me yet. Even here they must proceed with some caution in the matter of one who claims to be a citizen of France, whose papers are *en règle*, and of whose identity there are no proofs whatever. If there were, I should have been taken hours ago. Besides, the police will be more or less ashamed of their want of vigilance, and certainly will not take the bare word of Madame Olivieri. They are not as quick and sharp here in their work as they would be in Paris. Now, wherever I go, the first thing I do is to provide means for leaving it quickly and secretly. In less than two hours, watched as I am, I shall be at sea—to-morrow night I shall sleep in Malta. My only sorrow is that I must go alone—but you are safe; I fancy Madame does not wish to harm *you*. Only leave Naples as soon as you can."

The two friends once more embraced, and Baroni left the house.

Soon afterwards Weston came in, looking greatly excited.

"Marco," he exclaimed, "you are discovered! what is to be done?"

CHAPTER XVI.

"And is this, too, the work of Madame Olivieri?" asked Marco, bitterly.

"Madame Olivieri! Are you dreaming? Some stupidity of some chattering friends of yours; but I hope all is not desperate. If we leave at once——"

"That is impossible; we should be stopped. You would not, if you go alone, so we had better separate. Leave me here. I fancy that I have but little to fear." In fact he did not fear; not only because fear for himself was unknown to him, but also from a numbness of spirit, a weariness of life, and hatred of the world. "You *must* go," he continued; "you can do nothing for me here

—your protection is now useless. Besides, have I not a friend in Madame Olivieri?"

"Why, what can she do?"

"Oh, her influence is worth everything now."

"What mystery is this?"

"Only that she is an agent of the secret police, and they must reward her for trapping Baroni."

"Marcelli," said Weston, in a low voice, "if I did not think you had lost your senses I should say that you lie most infamously."

"Say it then. I am not mad. Do you want proofs?"

"Proofs!"

"Then you refuse to have them?"

"Utterly. I should not believe them. And if you repeat your words——"

"I repeat them. She is a treacherous, infamous woman, who——"

"Marco, you are a liar!"

Marcelli stepped forward angrily; but a feeling of utter compassion for the victim of Madame Olivieri stayed his hand, and he said,—

"Of course this matter cannot be settled between us so. We shall meet again, I hope, and then we will make good our words. But now I tell you—you, the future husband of Florence—of Miss Lindsay——"

"Marcelli! by God, I believe you are raving mad!"

"Not half so mad as you. But come—however we may meet afterwards, do not let us part now in this way. You must go, Weston, and at once. As for me, I will go to this—to Madame Olivieri, and, friend or not, make use of her for my own safety and Baroni's too. I assure you I am not driven to stand at bay yet, though the dogs are so near."

"I will not go; and you will not go to Madame Olivieri."

"This is not San Elmo, nor are you my jailer, Sir Herbert Weston—and so, stand back. *Au revoir.*" So saying, he pushed by Weston suddenly, and was again on his way to Madame Olivieri.

That lady was in a terrible state of distress. She, too, had heard of Marco's danger, for which she was far from being responsible.

"Madame," he said, "I am going to remain in your house for the present, and you will remain also." She looked rather scared by his manner. "You need not be alarmed," he said; "I certainly shall not say a word to you that I can avoid saying."

She saw that he knew all.

"Now, sit down," he said, "and answer me a question or two—and truly, if you can, for once. No, not there," he said, seeing her throw herself upon a couch in a distant corner of the room, "I want to see you, as well as hear."

She came full into the light, and said, with dignity,—

"Signor Marcelli, it seems you come to insult me—why, I cannot guess. What do you mean by this?"

Marco did not answer, but gave her such a look of utter scorn that she made no farther attempt to brave it out. She sat down like a criminal about to receive sentence from her judge.

"First," he said, "write to Weston. I will dictate the letter. Tell him to leave Naples forthwith, and say that I am safe." He dictated the letter, read it, and sent it by one of Madame Olivieri's servants, with whom he did not allow her to hold any communication. Then he said,

"And now to the second point. What is to be your pay for catching Baroni?"

She was silent.

"Is it to be in ducats, or what?"

"What do you take me for?" she asked, while her eyes flashed a real and genuine anger. "Do you think me capable——"

"I think you capable of everything."

"It was for no reward."

"I do not believe you."

"What can I say?" Then, in a

lower tone, "Kill me, rather than think that."

"What, then, was your motive?"

She was silent.

"Had you known Baroni?"

"I will not answer you."

"Very well. And now, what do you propose doing, to compensate for your treachery?"

"Nothing; it is out of my hands."

"And you would not, if you could. But think."

"I tell you it is useless—impossible. I can save you, but not him."

"How should you save me?"

"Through a friend."

"What friend?"

"He can do what he pleases."

"I understand. And you will use that influence?"

"Of course."

"Then it will stand thus. I will not only remain in Naples, but will even attempt to excite a revolt in the streets, and so put it out of your power to save me, if the least harm happens to Baroni."

"Surely you do not mean that!" she said. "If only for my—if only for Italy's sake——"

"Do not mention yourself and Italy together. You know me pretty well, I think, and that I do not often say 'I will' without meaning it."

Madame Olivieri felt that he was in earnest, and she clasped her hands together in despair. "But I cannot," she said. "It is out of my power. Why should both of you suffer?"

"I shall make no explanations. None are due to you. If Baroni suffers, so do I. That is quite enough."

"What can I do?"

"I cannot tell; that is for you to answer."

"Have you seen Baroni?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"I shall tell you nothing, except that he knows you thoroughly."

"Did he say that?" A look of utter fear passed over her face.

"You may well tremble, Madame. I am not sure that every friend of Baroni will care to remember your sex."

"But he—tell me—what did he say to you?"

"I will tell you nothing."

She thought for a while. "Had he no plan of escape—he, so full of expedients?"

"Do you dare ask that—you, who would betray it if he had?"

"Now you are unjust, even to me," she answered.

"I hope so."

"Will you believe me when I say I would do anything to save you?"

"Well?"

"Then if I tell you that the only chance for me to save you is to see Baroni?"

"I should doubt your word."

"But it is the only chance. He must know of this madness of yours; he must share his plan—no doubt he has one—with you. I will take care that it succeeds. Will you believe me?"

"I must," he said, looking at her steadily. "But remember—if Baroni suffers——"

"Then I may go to him? I may take this only chance?"

"Go; I shall remain here. Only remember!"

Madame Olivieri, having ordered her carriage to be ready in case of need, hastened on foot to Baroni's lodging. She refused to be announced, and went at once to his room. He was sitting with his back to the door when she came in, with his eyes fixed on the clock. The sun had set, and the room was growing dark.

It was a terrible moment for her, and she hesitated long. At last, making an effort, she began,—

"Signor Baroni——"

He turned suddenly. "Am I dreaming?" he said. "Who is this?"

Her lips moved, but no sound came from them.

"For God's sake, speak!" he exclaimed, "if you are not a spirit."

"I am Aurelia," she said at last.

"Aurelia!—and living?"

"Wait—wait, before you kill me. It is to save Count Marcelli——"

"Marco? Is he, too, in danger? But you——"

"I thought you knew all."

"I know nothing."

"You do not know that I am——"

"Who, in the name of God?"

"Aurelia Olivieri."

He looked at her fully, and then said, as if to himself, and as though in a dream, "And I thought I could save Italy!" With his eyes fixed on the ground he meditated long, without noticing her anxious, terrified eyes.

At last he seemed to make up his mind. "Where is Marco?" he said. There was no trace of anger in his tone; he spoke even carelessly, and as though of some indifferent matter.

"At my house," she answered, in the tone of one who is compelled to speak against his own will.

"Cannot you save him at least? I suppose your hatred does not extend to him?"

She did not answer.

"I am waiting," he said.

"He will not be saved unless he is assured of your safety."

"Then tell him to come here in half an hour from now."

"Would you send some sign—something from yourself?"

"You mean he would not believe you?"

Again she did not answer.

"You are probably right," he continued, quietly. "Give him this; he will know it is from me." So saying, he took up a small pocket-volume, in which he placed a laurel leaf, plucked from a shrub on the balcony, to mark the verse,

"*Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.*"

Madame Olivieri took the book and left her husband without a word. Baroni sat down and thought, with his head leaning on his hand. What a phantom he had been chasing after all, all his life! an unattainable phantom, because all his efforts to grasp it had been rendered vain by this terrible and unsuspected enemy. He who aspired to lead and direct all the revolutionary schemes of the world, for whom no danger was too great—who could even now, if he pleased, open his cage-door and begin his work anew, had proved himself utterly incompetent for that work by overlooking one weak point; worst of all, it was through him, it was because he had been mixed up with them, that all his well-planned schemes had failed; he himself had been the blight upon the flower of Italy. A man like Perillo, by rushing out wildly into the streets and shouting for a republic, would have done more good to the cause than this haunted man with all his prudence and all his resource. Nothing is so terrible to a man of intellect who is really in earnest as to feel that every single moment of his whole life has been wasted; nothing so maddening to an enthusiast as to wake from his dream to find that every single effort that he has made for the sake of his cause has only tended to ruin it. Thus Baroni felt that not only had his whole life been a failure and a mistake, but that it would have been better for Italy had he never lived — better, even, had he worked against her. Perhaps, then, he thought bitterly, the subtler mind, the brain that has conquered mine, would have conquered mine for her. No anger rose in him against his false wife; to him she was far less the false wife than a Nemesis, the avenger of his presumption in setting himself up as a reformer of systems, and as more than a match for all the statesmen and armies of Europe—himself, who had allowed himself to be conquered by one woman. In short, he became a prey to the remorse of the intellect, which is harder to bear than even the remorse of the soul—to loss of faith in himself and of all self-esteem—to a self-contempt which

was strong in proportion to the past strength of his intellectual pride. A weaker man would, in such a state, have seized the pistol which never lay far from Baroni's hand, and ended at once all this miserable condition of mental degradation and shame; but Baroni still had something of his old self left. He still hoped for Italy; he still had one, the last, thing to do for her before he removed himself from her path of progress. He could still save one of the truest of her sons—him, whom at their first meeting he had, as it were, appointed to lead her cause. So he took a pen and wrote as follows:—

"Dearest Brother,—When you receive this I shall be safe: of this I assure you; so you will have no motive to avoid escape for yourself. Do not expect me to say all that I think of your devotion in this matter; but it was what I should have expected from you, and, I fear, from you alone.

"Your means of escape are already provided. You have nothing to do but to put yourself in the hands of the man who delivers this to you and follow his instructions.

"Time presses, and I must now, dear Marco, say farewell. The danger in which we both stand makes it probable that this farewell may be a long one. I have therefore one or two things to say.

"First, go as soon as possible to London, and take charge of all my papers, books, and other effects. If anything should by chance happen to me, dispose of the latter as you will. And now—do not laugh at me for this—I am no believer, as you know, but I have a fancy to have, after my death—which, of course, may possibly happen before we meet, in case things should go wrong—a mass or two said for my soul. Manage this, if you can. As to my papers, look over them and use them as you think best; I trust them to your discretion altogether. You will find them in good order, and you may find some that may be published with advantage.

"Now, of Madame Olivieri. I request you, as a favour to myself, not to expose her—to take no revenge. It is sufficient for us that *we* know her, so as to be on our guard for the future. But I have other reasons for the request, though I would rather not explain them. In justice to her I must add that I believe her to be no paid spy, but to have been actuated throughout by personal hostility to myself, the gratification of which would have been sufficient reward. Of us two—myself and her, I mean—she has not been the only one to deserve blame. For what I myself have suffered, or may yet suffer, through her, I forgive her freely. From henceforth she will do to Italy neither good nor ill.

"Lastly, for the present—first and last always—of Italy. Our country is safe, and our cause also. Not a million failures will harm her in the end. Only be a good son to her, and you will yourself be able to do much. I prescribe no special course of action; you will know what to do far better than I. Only keep the right spirit and the right action will not fail to come.

"You will think this letter rather a melancholy one, but I feel, since I have been here, that my part is nearly played out, and I have a presentiment that it may be long before we meet.

"Nevertheless, *au revoir*—and that soon.—Yours and Italy's, in life and death, A. B."

Scarcely had he finished when a man, closely wrapped up, entered the room. Baroni looked up. "Is that you, Beppo?" he asked.

The man removed his hat and cloak, and showed the costume and scorched skin of one of the boatmen who lounge about the Porto Grande.

"It is I, Signor."

"Is all ready?"

"If your Excellency is ; but no time must be lost."

"I fear we must lose a few minutes, Beppo. It must be managed."

"How many?"

Baroni looked at the clock. "Ten," he answered.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "It is your Excellency's own risk," he said.

"Good," said Baroni. He took some papers tied together, and the letter which he had just written, and placed them in Beppo's hands. "I have made other arrangements," he continued. "You will take charge of a friend of mine instead of myself — and give him these papers."

The man looked doubtful, and his face fell.

"It was your Excellency we were to row to La Belle Julie, Signor Baroni."

"I do not see that it matters whether you take Signor Baroni or the Count Marco dei Marcelli."

"What! the Contino?" exclaimed Beppo, in a tone of joy.

"You know Signor Marco, then?"

"San Gennaro! I should think so. It won't be the first time by a score that I have run him out to Capri or Procida. Where is he?"

"He will be here in six minutes."

"But—your Excellency?" asked the boatman.

"You know that only one can make use of these papers and La Belle Julie. I am quite safe, my good Beppo. *Au revoir*, and take care of the Contino." He held out his hand in royal fashion for Beppo to kiss.

"If," said the latter, crossing himself—"if we reach La Belle Julie, every *grano* of your Excellency's pieces shall go in candles to San Gennaro and the blessed Mother. If not, I will turn *sbirro*," he added, spitting on the floor.

Baroni left the house and waited near the corner of the street till he saw the figure of Marco enter. In a few minutes he saw him again come out, attended by Beppo, and the two were soon out of sight.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Baroni. "Now I have but one thing more to do for Italy—the easiest thing of all."

He re-entered the house, went up-stairs, and lighted a pair of wax candles. "That will show I am at home," he said. Then he lighted a cigar and waited patiently.

Marco, meanwhile, was hurried by Beppo through the streets that lie between the Strada di Toledo and the Strada Nuova. On reaching the Porta del Carmine they were joined by two others of the same class as Beppo, and all four entered a small fishing-boat that lay close to the Castello. Either Baroni or Beppo must have contrived it all with great skill, for not once were they interrupted—not even when they left Baroni's house, which was closely watched. But then Baroni, by conspicuously showing himself at the street corner, had diverted all attention from the entrance-gate and courtyard.

Beppo and his two comrades pulled hard for the entrance of the bay. It was not easy work, and they were so long over it that daylight dawned before they reached the side of a sloop that lay off a small creek in the shore of Capri. As they approached Beppo fired off a pistol, which was answered by two from the vessel. She was La Belle Julie.

And so Marco escaped from Naples for the second time. The letter from Baroni had filled him with gloomy anticipations, which were soon realised. Years afterwards, when he chanced to converse with one of those who had seen Baroni's end, he learned that the arch-conspirator had disappointed the expectation of those who stood round by suffering in perfect silence, with his eyes bent upon the ground and a bitter smile on his lips—altogether more like

a criminal than the martyr that in truth he was.

Madame Aurelia had gained her point at last.

CHAPTER XVII.

It is the fashion to despise moral truisms; and yet probably more than half the evil and unhappiness that exist in the world are due, not to the non-appreciation of great truths, but to the neglect of the most trivial and hackneyed commonplaces. The fact is, that these sprawling truths, as truisms have been called, have been so constantly dinned into our ears from the very cradle, and that generally in so very stupid a manner, that a man who has any share of brains at all necessarily comes to rebel against and practically disbelieve in them. Reason and imagination and faith may teach him the great truths, but the wisdom of the crowd is learned from experience alone. It is thus that a man's love for proverbial sayings grows with his years; for the longer he lives the more they cease to be mere copy-slips to him, and the more the half-truths which they contain have a real meaning and a life of their own.

Now, among the most trite and hackneyed of all trite and hackneyed subjects is that of the vanity of human wishes. The experience of "false Sextus," that

> "The sweets we wish for turn to loathèd sours
> Even in the moment that we call them ours,"

has been so enlarged upon and repeated as even to call forth opponents, who, sick of the endless and often stupid treatment of a certainly not very fertile subject, feel towards the unfortunate theory the same sort of hatred that the Athenian felt for Aristides. But, for all that, when the game of life is in a man's own hands, and he has nothing to do but to throw down the cards and pocket the stakes, does he not always regret—if only just a little—the price of the candles? And when that price has been high indeed—when it has been paid in treachery and fraud, for instance—one cannot fancy that the glow of victory is very intense or very lasting. Madame Aurelia had won the game. Her husband's death was certain, and a single sign would make her Lady Weston. She had nothing to do but to throw her cards face upwards on the table. But not even Marco could have found it in his heart to be angry with her had he seen her on the day after he had fled from Naples. Had he at any time entertained a thought of punishing her he would have stayed his hand now. She had fancied herself stronger than she was when she had thought it an easy thing to betray her husband to death, and many a man besides who had never given her a single cause of offence. It was terribly hard, too, to have to look black and foul in the eyes of Marco himself—to be fair to all the world except to him for whose opinion alone she cared. She was no longer the beautiful Madame Olivieri—and that was something. Restlessness, anxiety, hope, fear, love, hate—almost all the passions and feelings of which her nature was capable, blended together in one—the mental strain and the bodily fatigue which she had undergone, had done their inevitable work even upon such beauty as hers. She had conquered, but her victory had destroyed her.

When she returned to Marco after her interview with Baroni, she did not, of course, suspect for a moment that her husband intended to sacrifice himself. Had she done so, so mixed was now the mass of conflicting impulses that swayed her, she would have tried, though

it was all too late, to undo her own work, and have trusted to her own influence to save Marco. It was a terrible shock to her when she discovered that Marco had escaped instead of, and not together with, Baroni. This was a piece of self-sacrifice on the part of the latter that the most distorted heart could understand and admire. Never in her first marriage-days had she felt so great an admiration for the heroic side of Baroni's character as she felt now. Perhaps, indeed, she did him more than justice in one way and less in another, for she set down his conduct entirely to romantic friendship, and not in any way to the special mental mood in which he was at the time—which was, of course, unknown to her—nor to his sublime devotion to Italy, which she was incapable of imagining. But the imperfection of her view was far from diminishing the grandeur of the deed in her eyes. On the contrary, her remorse had to do battle with her pride in having been, after all, the wife of the great Baroni. Not even her treachery could rob her of that.

And so, after all, she, too, learned in a terrible manner the lesson that no stakes in the world are worth a single false shuffle of the pack, and that Nemesis is no false goddess, but is sometimes, in spite of her lameness, as swift as she is sure. There lay the stakes before her—should she take them? Before her she saw, but only as a kind of half-remembered dream of the past—no longer as a real prize of the present—ease, rank, and wealth, all the material good that the world holds out to women; but between herself and these she saw the angry and accusing face of Marco, and the calm but all the more accusing eyes of Baroni gazing on her through a mist of blood. Should she take the stakes, or no?

Of course she did not consciously think out all this. On the contrary, the active brain, now that it was deprived of every motive for action, was utterly exhausted—almost paralysed. She could not be said to think at all. But in a few days Sir Herbert Weston, who was waiting in Paris to hear from her, received the following characteristic letter—even in this distress of her soul she did not cease to be politic—the last communication that ever passed between them:—

"NAPLES, *the —th of* ——.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will have learned by now the terrible event that took place when you left Naples. Marcelli escaped, thank God!—but at the price of the life of Baroni.

"You may imagine my mental distress; it must be greater even than yours, though both of us have lost a friend. What, however, makes matters worse for me is, that I fear you may possibly have heard certain rumours about myself. If you have, I deny them, whatever they are, and I look to you to contradict them, if they are ever suggested in your presence. On you, at least, as an English gentleman, I feel that I may rely.

"I suppose that you will now return to London—what happy days we spent there!—and—marry Mademoiselle Lindsay. Yes, I am in full earnest, and mean it. I believe she is a most charming girl, and one who will make you as happy as you deserve to be. I know what you would say, dear friend, but your—our old dream must have come to an end at last, and it had better end now than a year hence. I should never have made you what is called a good wife; and though I am most proud in your friendship, and shall treasure its memory till I die, I think that, for the present, we had better part. Just now, anything like an interview, after this fearful story, would only be painful to us both. It would be most painful to me. Perhaps at some future time we may meet again, and be able to talk of

old times—how pleasant they were! —with calmness, if with sorrow. But now, and for some time, I intend to retire from the world, from society. I am not a girl, and life with all its possible prospects—forgive me for saying so—is no longer one of my illusions. Yes, as the German poet says, I have enjoyed all earthly happiness—I have lived and I have loved. Nothing now remains but to sorrow for my friends and to live as quietly as may be. Believe that I shall not be unhappy.

"With you, however, things are different. You are young, and have a splendid future before you. I should but stand in your way, with my black dress, and my sad face and sadder heart. I know you would deny this now, but I am right, nevertheless. Follow your own life, then—win yourself a name so great that even I shall hear of it in my retreat. Your fame will ever be a welcome thing to me; and it is because your happiness is even more dear to me still that I write as I am writing now.

"And so, good-bye. Do not answer this letter—it must be the last between us. I must own that that thought is painful to me, for it is hard to part from our friends. But still, all friends have to part at last —what, then, matters a year or two sooner or later?

"With my best, warmest wishes for your happiness all your life, I am, and shall be always, my dear Sir Herbert, your most sincere and affectionate friend,

"AURELIA.

"I leave here to-morrow, so it will be useless to come to me, even if I did not altogether forbid it."

To write this letter, giving up, as it did, the fulfilment of the one desire and one purpose of her life —that ambitious desire to which she had been willing to sacrifice her friends, her husband, her country, her own conscience—did not cost her a single doubt or pang. Like Baroni himself, she felt that after all she had lived in vain, and she envied him the repose of death. Probably while writing to Weston she almost persuaded herself into a belief that she really intended to give up the world and lead a new life.

Weston's first impulse on reading the letter was to return to Naples and attempt to trace her. After his usual manner, he acted on that impulse, but his journey was fruitless. In addition to the precautions taken by Madame Olivieri—or, rather, Madame Baroni—he found himself watched and hampered by the police, who could only impute one motive to a search for that lady instituted by a friend of Baroni and Marcelli. So he very soon returned to England without having succeeded in his search.

Soon afterwards he entered Parliament, and it was not long before his recollection of Madame Aurelia became dim and faint, for she never sang in London again, and her name ceased to figure in musical talk. Nor did he again see Marco after their angry parting, though he sometimes heard of him in after years. On the whole, Madame Aurelia's wishes for his happiness came fairly true, for, though he has never yet made a name, except as a master of hounds—a fame of which she was not likely to hear—he has enjoyed life altogether as well as a man with good health, popularity, rank, plenty of friends, a pretty and amiable wife (it was not Miss Lindsay, however), and a magnificent estate can contrive to do. And so the remembrance of the shores of Circe will probably pass from him altogether at last—a parallel which, if Sir Herbert Weston is to be compared with Ulysses, is sufficiently bad, and at the same time sufficiently classical, to have been made by Dr Perillo himself.

Poor Luigi! Whether he was struck down by a Zouave bullet at the side of Garibaldi last year, with

nobly ridiculous memories of Curtius and Leonidas confusing his brain, and the cry of "*Roma o morte*" on his lips; or whether, no less generously in another sense, he is still losing countless glasses of lemonade at never-ending dominoes in some *café* behind Leicester Square; or whether he has become what is called "a respectable member of society"—*chi lo sa?* But in all probability not the last, for the *Perilli* seldom lapse into respectability—and the more honour to them, according to the light that is theirs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Some years afterwards a special performance was announced to take place at one of the great Italian theatres to celebrate the proclamation of Florence as the new capital of the kingdom of Italy. The performance was to have something of a state character: all the military officers, the civil functionaries, and the chief families of the city were to be present. The curtain accordingly rose upon a scene of great brilliancy and greater interest. There were uniforms, bright dresses, bouquets, wreaths, and jewels: and the wearers were met to do honour to a great national event, towards which the efforts of many there, both men and women, had contributed in no little degree. It was to one particular box, near the stage, however, that all eyes were turned, and with reason. With a smile of pleasure on her face, leaned forward a beautiful fair woman, crowned with bright fair hair—the one exception to the splendid monotony of black locks and dark flashing eyes. She was dressed simply, and in perfect taste, and though her diamonds were not so profuse as those of many there, she did not lose by it—among all there she was the one whose beauty needed the least ornament. Though absorbed in the business of the stage, her soft laughing glances from time to time affectionately sought the dark eyes of a young and handsome but grave and rather stern-looking man who stood over her, dressed in the uniform of a high military grade, and wearing on his breast the cross of the illustrious order of Savoy. His face, too, in spite of its stern character, wore a smile of happiness, which deepened into a still softer expression when it met the glance of the blue eyes.

Between the acts another officer entered the box. After saluting its occupants,—

"A capital performance," he said. "But the Countess dei Marcelli—is she satisfied? That is the great point."

The lady smiled. "I am delighted, Signor Capitano," she answered, with a slightly foreign accent.

"Then it is a success, indeed—nearly as great as that of Madame the Countess herself. We are more English than Italian in our sympathies to-night, I assure you."

"Then you are very unpatriotic," she replied, "especially to-night, when England—if I am to represent her—has so many rivals to outshine her. No—let us be all Italian to-night—*Viva l'Italia!*"

"Well said, Florence," said her husband. "Ah! that cry means something more than it did when I was last here, thank heaven!"

"And thanks, too, not a little, to the Count dei Marcelli."

"You are getting into a bad habit of flattery, Signor Capitano. I am not afraid of your turning my wife's head, but mine may be less strong. I shall have to flatter you in self-defence," he added, with a laugh.

The officer bowed. "Flattery from such a quarter——" he was beginning, when a movement of

excitement was observed in the pit. Presently another officer came to the box, and the first, according to the etiquette in such cases, bowed, and took his leave.

"The manager is going to give us a surprise," said the new comer. "It has just been announced that a new song, composed for the occasion, will be sung in costume by—who do you suppose?"

"Who?"

"I fear the consequences rather, in this excitable and republican place. The widow of Baroni, who was shot at Naples. You know what a name that man had here."

"Indeed," said the Count, "that is bad news. But it can't be stopped now, I fear—any attempt to prevent it now would only make matters worse." He was looking grave and stern indeed, now: he alone in that house knew the story of the widow of Baroni.

The curtain rose again upon an allegorical scene representing the future of Italy. Under a mass of laurel boughs twined with white and red roses, stood a tall, still handsome woman, in a loose white flowing robe, holding in her left hand the tricolour of Italy, and wearing on her head a crown of flowers. The Count drew back into his box, so as not to be seen from the stage.

After the first storm of welcome was over, she sang a song in praise of Italy and its new capital, containing strong sentiments of an ultra-patriotic flavour. The people, among whom the name of their great chief was yet unforgotten, would scarcely allow his widow to conclude: she was interrupted by applause at every bar. In vain did the occupants of the boxes sit silent, with grave faces and dissatisfied looks: the director had reckoned on the pit for a success, and had not reckoned in vain.

The young foreign Countess, too, was carried away by the popular enthusiasm. When a shower of bouquets was thrown to the heroine of the evening, she, too, raised hers—but her husband laid his hand gently on her arm. She looked up at him with surprise.

At that moment, out from the confusion of patriotic cries, "*Viva il Baroni!*" shouted a strong rough voice from below. "This to his widow from living Italy!" and a huge wreath composed of the republican colours fell at the singer's feet.

Marco had never thought to hear that name associated with a *viva* again, and his whole heart thrilled, and tears rushed to his eyes. All the tide of his old life rushed back in an overwhelming flood, and his whole soul was filled to fulness with the memory of him whom he had once so worshipped and still so loved—of him who had lived for Italy, and who had died because he thought that so he might serve her at last, after all. Could but Baroni have heard that *viva* before he died! It has been said that there is no sadder word in the world than "too late;" but there is one sadder still—it is "too soon." All unconscious of the look of surprise on the faces of his wife and of the officer who stood by him—heedless of astonished glances from the boxes—Marco drew from the breast of his uniform a withered laurel-leaf, and inserted it in the centre of the bouquet of red and white blossoms that was still in the hand of Florence. Then, gently taking it from her, he solemnly threw it at the feet of Aurelia Baroni.

"The dead forgave," he murmured. "Take this, then—this also—from the dead."

And so, amid cheers, and waving of hats, and shouts of applause, the curtain fell.

DISESTABLISHMENT, AND DEAN ALFORD ON THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

THERE are times in the history of nations when long-honoured and still-valued institutions seem to be on the point of being swept away, like ice, by a sudden and overwhelming *débacle*—when their defenders become all at once paralysed by panic—when contagion fills the air, and drives man after man to speak of existing organisations as doomed—when all thought of resistance and defence is abandoned, and the world sinks down into an abject acquiescence worthy of the worst fatalism of a Turk. At such times men bow down before a few noisy and voluble talkers. They are overcome by phrases full of pretension, sonorous with well-rounded ideas, and thick with sneers at those who lag behind the knowledge of the age. Such movements are eminently dangerous, for destructive deeds may then be accomplished, which are really at variance with the true feelings of the vast mass of the community. The danger lies in the paralysis they create; before the moral health is restored, and courage revives, events may have been accomplished which no subsequent indignation can efface. The malady, moreover, is still more rapid in its progress and more intense in its virulence when, in an age of active intellectual movement, the contest lies between ideas enunciated in the form of general principles and careful and far-sighted statesmanship. Statesmanship is at all times a rare and difficult virtue; and, unfortunately, the supply of it is generally most scarce at those periods when the demand for it is most urgent. To abolish and to clear away are infinitely more easy processes than to repair and to reform; but are they the truer or the less dangerous to the future happiness of mankind on that account? But who gives heed to such a consideration when defects are acknowledged to exist where effectual remedies can come only from mature thought and mutual forbearance, and when the will-o'-the-wisp of a new principle is dazzling the understanding with fitful gleams which shine with no fixed and abiding light? The best, and, as one would have thought, the soberest, minds are fascinated at such times with the pleasure of assisting, as it were, at a new birth, and taking a part, not in the restoration of an old edifice, but in the far more exciting task of creation. To amend forms of life and action which one has inherited from one's ancestors is not nearly so delightful as to originate new ones of an improved pattern; and to cure an evil by a compromise is slow work compared with launching out into the broad ocean on a voyage of political or social discovery. It is so pleasant to construct—one acquires such a charming field for the exercise of one's genius; and it is so exhilarating to think that one is framing the life that men shall live in the future. The great and noble institution of the Church of England has become suddenly involved in this peril. The danger is no longer of the old kind. In 1832 she was assailed with unappeasable fury by her enemies without. The cry then was for her destruction. The swelling waters of the first Reform Bill had wellnigh swallowed her up. It was direct, vehement, virulent hostility which was then bent on accomplishing her ruin. She survived the storm, we know; and no one will dispute that a stronger vitality within, and a firmer hold on the goodwill of the nation, were the ultimate results, as they were the rewards, of the struggle through which she passed.

The danger at the present hour is of a different and more insidious kind. Disestablishment, not destruction, is now the word; and, painful to say, it is a word that has a strange charm for many of her own members. The violence of external enemies she is as able to triumph over as ever; but the undermining of her foundations by her own members, under the fascination of giving to her a new form of existence, is a peril which it is impossible to exaggerate. The spell unmans her defenders; it lowers the temper and firmness of the garrison; it suggests the fatal thought that resistance would thwart the realisation of a grand ideal, and that the ruin of the connection of Church with State may only lead to a more glorious resurrection from her ashes. The minds of the clergy are giving way; they shrink from the cost which courage and manliness entail. None bethink themselves of seeking help and victory in union, in the taking of counsel together, in asserting the principles which they still hold in their hearts. They prefer to yield, and to console themselves with the pleasing vision of happier days to be spent under the shelter of independence, and under the sway of a rule more purely ecclesiastical. The portentous event has already begun to make its appearance of clergymen calmly meeting to consider, not whether disestablishment is a good or an evil thing, but what organisations the disestablished Church shall create. In this mood of mind lies the true danger. It is a disintegrating force, and in the long-run the action of disintegration is far more powerful than that of violence.

The Dean of Canterbury, we extremely regret to perceive, has caught the contagion of the day. He has ranked himself amongst those clergymen who prefer acquiescence to the labour and difficulties of statesmanship; who imagine that a tide has set in—a tide which they themselves do the most to create—and like to swim with it; who do not actually desire disestablishment for its own sake, but find it an easier and more agreeable course to take side, as they think, with the intelligence of the age—to accept rather than challenge and examine its commands, and to amuse themselves with speculations as to the pleasant arrangements which they hope to take a part in constructing. We lament that so literary a dignitary of the Church should have published to the world so crude a vision of the future as is contained in the October number of the 'Contemporary Review.' We can understand a strong ultra-High-Churchman working resolutely for disestablishment. We can imagine the passion with which he longs for the time when the restraints of law shall be removed from the action of ecclesiastics—when sacerdotalism shall be able to work its will freely—when a gorgeous ritual shall symbolise the essentially priestly character of the Christian ministry and the miraculous nature of its gifts—when every trace of Protestantism shall be stamped out by the soul-saving anathemas of the Church assembled in synod, and when every heresy which turns men aside from the sacred deposit committed to the divine corporation of the Church shall be rooted out from amongst the faithful, and all misbelievers thrust out into the darkness of a world without a Church. These things we can understand; they are defensible on their own principle. The conduct fitly squares with the ideas conceived. We should know, too, how to deal with such an opposition; it could be contested on first principles. The position on which it rests could be fairly tried in the presence of the whole country, and we should not feel a particle of fear for the result. But the phenomenon exhibited by the Dean of Canterbury's

article is something wholly different.

Or, again, we can understand that clergymen who feel acutely defects under which the actual administration of the Church of England labours, should come to the conclusion that unless an effectual remedy were applied to these evils, disestablishment with all its chances ought to be accepted in preference. They know what it is they suffer. If, in our judgment, they erred on the score of patience, we should nevertheless be forced to admit that their conduct, on their own basis, was capable of justification. But we do not comprehend that a man of the intellectual eminence of Dean Alford, and lying, by the nature of his position, under so heavy a responsibility in such a matter, should draw sketches of the Church of the Future without a plain categorical declaration of opinion for or against disestablishment. He cannot be ignorant of the immensity of the issue involved in the word. If he is in favour of disestablishment—if he believes that the nation and religion would gain by the severance of the State from all recognition of religious belief—he was manifestly bound to state the reasons to his fellow-religionists why he desired that the institution in which he occupies a distinguished place should be broken up. He had a right to have such reasons, and they would have been heard with interest and respect. He might have done much to persuade the country, and, above all, his brother clergymen, of the necessity for such a change, and have allayed opposition to what he had shown to be desirable. If, on the contrary, he deprecates disestablishment, and expects misfortunes to spring from its enactments, he is far too intelligent not to be aware that to assume without proof that such an event was inevitable, was a most effectual way to promote its accomplishment. If disestablishment is a calamity, his position imposed on him the duty of arousing his brethren to the defence of the Church, to remind them of the excellence of the institution to which they belonged, and to lead them on to a vigorous fight in its support. To take disestablishment for granted, and to speculate coolly on what men shall do after it, was to encourage the enemy, and to betray the cause of his conviction.

Of these two intelligible things Dean Alford does neither. Why, then, does he write on such a subject? What motive sets his pen in motion? He does not urge disestablishment; neither does he raise a signal to rally the friends of the Church to its defence. Why, we ask again, does he write? To apply consolation for a wound which is incurable? We repel consolation with something of a feeling of indignation. The battle has not yet begun; the first skirmish has hardly commenced. The disestablishment of the Church in Ireland, if it comes to pass, is not the disestablishment of the Church of England. The Church's position is still intact; no widespread movement of hostility has as yet raised its head against her; her resources are uninjured. What means, then, this attempt to speak of her doom as fated, of her cause as lost—this insidious comfort which inflicts the stab which it pretends to heal? What Churchmen need are not words which, under the plea of reconciling them to the inevitable, insinuate despair. If disestablishment be not preached as a positive good, the nation has the right to expect of her civil and ecclesiastical leaders that they should stand by what is good and right and useful—that they should refute by argument the fallacies which would overthrow it—that they should resist what is called the spirit of the age, when that spirit is unintelligent, empirical, and restless. What has such a question as whether any one believes that the Establishment will exist a century hence to do with so momentous a matter? The

present belongs to us, the future to God only. Our duty is to sustain what we know to deserve sustaining. What can we know of the future? Such an argument for despair is as shallow as it is faint-hearted. Our business is to make and shape the future as much as lies in us by battling for what is good now, by clinging to what is true, by fixing deep into men's minds right principles and right beliefs. To assume that the future has already decided against us is to beg the very question at issue, and to paralyse every noble effort amongst men. It is lamentable indeed to see such a man as Dean Alford give in to such a miserable feeling; the men whom posterity has honoured as heroes and benefactors never stood on the belief that the future was hopelessly lost. Such a weakness was not theirs.

The question at issue is of transcendent vastness; a mightier one could scarcely come upon Englishmen. It is nothing less than a revolution, the greatest revolution which could befall England, short, if even that, of the abolition of the monarchy. Those who discuss so comfortably, and with so small a sense of danger, the disestablishment of the English Church, are wholly unconscious that they are sitting on a volcano; that they are assuming the easy, and evidently not disagreeable, accomplishment of the greatest change of social existence which can happen to their country. We speak the words of painful truth: they are revolutionists of the first order. Now a revolution may at times be justifiable; it may be demanded by national interests second only to life itself; it may be deliberately designed by good and earnest and patriotic men. But a revolution to be justifiable must have an end consciously intended; it must be founded on assignable motives, and these can be only the removal of intolerable evils or the attainment of benefits so great and so certain as to counterweigh the heavy risks which attend every revolution. We miss the statement of such evils or such gains in Dean Alford's essay; the necessity of the revolution is not reasoned out; disestablishment is accepted as foredoomed. The boatman folds his arms as he floats down the tide which is to hurl him over the falls of the Niagara. It is not, however, the infatuation of blindness which has obscured his understanding. He has a theory to comfort and sustain him. His Cambridge mathematics have helped him to a philosophy which plainly leaves on his mind the assurance that he is only obeying the primal laws of human society. History, according to Dean Alford, is a collection of mathematical series, and the Church of England has a special one of its own. That series commenced long ago in the past; many of its terms have already been recorded: a new one is needed for the healthy development of the Church by series, and that one is found in disestablishment. It is not therefore a revolution which is coming to pass; it is only the progress of the spiritual world according to its law. First of all came a Church which embraced the whole nation; then followed a dominant Church, which tried to "crush out Nonconformity by persecution;" next came the gradual removal of political disabilities attached to particular creeds; and now England has reached, in natural sequence, the necessary term of disestablishment. In the fact of the evolution of such a mathematical condition for history the Dean finds a basis for an essay on the Church of the Future. Now mathematics are the best possible instrument of proof, only they must be worked correctly. "We have not yet reached the end of the series," says the Dean. "There are still terms to come involved in our previous concessions. It may take years to bring them out; but

supposing always that our nation is left free to develop its onward course, they will one day be brought out as certainly as those before them have been." Disestablishment, then, is the new term, and it must be brought out, because it is involved in the law of the series. But is this so? Does the law of the series—if mankind are mathematically evolved—compel disestablishment as the next term? We deny it. We say that the Dean has altered the law of the series, that his ecclesiastical mathematics are bad. He has stumbled into a new law and a new series. On this issue we appeal to a fact. France has passed through the same ecclesiastical phases as England. She had an Established Church, and that Church was dominant. The citizens who professed other creeds successively emancipated themselves from "the crushing-out stage" and from political disabilities. The development had the aid of the most energetic and sweeping State revolution known to history. The series had every chance to continue; did it progress on to disestablishment? Quite the reverse. The Roman Catholic Church is now established in France, and so are Protestant Churches. Disestablishment distinctly has not been the new term; and the Dean's old series has not brought him a basis for a disestablished Church of the Future. The real truth of the matter is this, that the Dean has originated a new series for the future history of his country with Revolution for its first term.

Enough for the mathematics: let us pass on to the real facts of the situation. The disestablishment of the Church of England is revolution, if ever an event was revolution. It breaks completely with the past, and that a past long as the whole historical existence of the nation. No force has been so powerful in the course of modern history as religion, and religion has not only been recognised by every European State, but has been the strongest formative principle of the life of Europe. Every State has had an Established Church; and if England effects disestablishment, she will stand alone amongst European nations. Need a word more be said to show how deep, how explosive, how destructive of all the most vital relations of the nation, as they have come down from the past, such a revolution would be? In England, the Established Church, since the Reformation, has been the backbone of Protestant Nonconformists; and if the Church suffers disestablishment, most assuredly the Dissenting bodies will feel an equally violent, and possibly an equally disintegrating, shock. Of one thing the Dissenters may be perfectly sure—they will not remain the same bodies as they are now. Still more: in England, the clergy of the Established Church are something more than Christian ministers: they are centres of civilisation, examples of high culture, authoritative and yet not intruding or offensive, promoters of humane relations between man and man, possessing a value absolutely incalculable. It is a most solemn and grave act to extinguish such an agency in human life. As we have already said, such an act may be demanded by reasons of overwhelming cogency; but let those reasons and that cogency be shown. In the way of direct proof Dean Alford takes his stand on "the reason of things," which he makes out by the following argument: "The State is an organised whole, whose units are simply denizens of the realm without reference to creed. This on the one hand. On the other, the State still professes and still maintains a particular form of faith and worship. That these two facts should subsist, the one ever against the other, would be incredible were we constructing a fictitious republic. That they do so subsist is a proof of the

tenacity of historical tradition as against the reason of things." And this is called political philosophy; at any rate, it is the political philosophy of the day. It is not ours. We feel no desire to construct a new world, a new social state, a new form for the action of religion, a new manner of life, on the basis of "the reason of things," even though that reason be expounded by a thinker of the order of the Dean of Canterbury. The world is too old, at least this ancient European world, to begin everything afresh. For such a purpose a new horde of barbarians must be called in. We decline to grant our allegiance to a single mind as being so clearly possessed of "the reason of things" as to merit his being summoned to create a new society. An invading tribe would bring in the new life as a force already at work within themselves: that we might respect: but each and every expositor of "the reason of things," every founder of a fictitious or would-be-real republic, in contradistinction to historical tradition, has no place in our philosophy. As Christians and as Englishmen, living here in the English world, we refuse to recognise any such luminary.

But the Dean is not yet left without comfort. He thinks that, after all, it would not be so bad after disestablishment as one might be apt to fear beforehand. Most things would go on as usual. "There will be no loss even of outward prestige and precedence for at least many generations. The 'parish church,' the 'rector,' the 'vicar,' the 'parson of the parish,' are household words in England; and we do not easily change a household word. Ample means will still be left of carrying on our Church work: all due provision for self-government, and all necessary appeals to law, will be secured for us."

There is virtue, then, in historical tradition, even in carrying out "the reason of things." It is delightful to find Dean Alford resting upon it: we rejoice that we can travel together some part of the way on first principles, only we heartily wish we could feel as hopeful as the Dean. These household words, these historical traditions, this generosity of Parliament, we confess, seem to us but very slender securities for what is to follow disestablishment. We greatly doubt if the Dean has mastered the meaning of this "grave word," as Mr Gladstone called it; yet it was the very theme of his professed discourse. He writes on the Church of the Future: surely the very things we want to know about that Church are,—first, whether it will retain its endowments, whether her household rectors and vicars will receive tithes, and her newly-constructed cathedrals possess estates; and, secondly, and much more, what this Church will be, what will be its constitution, who will make its laws, who will frame its liturgy, who will elect its bishops, what sort of obedience the rectors and vicars will have to render to these bishops. These and a hundred questions of the kind are the vital matters which we seek to learn respecting the Church of the Future, before we deliberately resolve to make or even accept a revolution. Before going to sea, we greatly desire to know what is the land we are to sail to—nay, whether there is any land at all. These are the essential points on which we hoped to hear much when we opened Dean Alford's essay; and sorely disappointed are we that he has given us comforting assurances only, and no explanation. What is the use of allowing our minds to indulge in pleasant dreams about the remodelling of cathedrals and cathedral life, when we do not know whether the cathedrals will possess a shilling that is their own, or even whether they will not have been sold to Roman Catholics, or Dissenters, or some other buyers? It is worse than useless to run on about

cathedral or any other improvements before one in the least degree knows what the Church will be —whether one or several; or who will decide on the improvements; who, and upon what terms, will be its rulers. If we wish to sketch the Church of the Future with the slightest confidence of conjecturing aright, we must get to the root of the very big word Disestablishment.

On this point we shall get no help from Dean Alford. His expressions of confidence that the Church will be "left with due provisions for self-government and all necessary appeals to law" reveal a large amount of loose thinking on this subject. The Wesleyan, the Free Kirk, and the Roman Catholic bodies enjoy perfect liberty of self-government, and appeal to law without difficulty; and yet no special statutes have been enacted conferring upon them these powers. There is no more impediment in the way of forming religious societies with regulations laid down by themselves, than there is in the way of making new clubs. As soon as a voluntary society is constituted, its members fall under the general law of contracts; and the law will readily enforce the fulfilment of the obligation implied by membership. The difficulty does not lie there; who shall form the voluntary Church, and who shall settle its organisation, is the pinch of the question. The Dean seems to imagine that the State, in bidding farewell, will bestow a constitution on the Church. If it does, the new body instantly becomes a State Church. Disestablishment will not have been effected; each succeeding generation of malcontents will besiege Parliament with applications for a change in the organisation. Such a Church would be a maimed and limping body, compared with the Roman Catholic, Wesleyan, or other societies; the bondage of the State would still be upon it. Disestablishment means something infinitely greater than the framing of a new Church by the State, whatever may be the freedom of action which may be conceded. The moment that any large section of its members—be they High, Low, or Broad Churchmen—dissented from the policy or the regulations of its rulers, the outcry against a State-made Church would revive in full force; a final settlement of the problem will not have been obtained.

What, then, is disestablishment? what is contained in this large word? The repeal of all laws made by the State respecting the Church. That, and that alone, is a true severance of the Church from the State. What, then, would be the position of the Anglican Christians on the morrow of the repeal by Parliament of all laws affecting the Church? This is the grand point which it concerns all to know before they engage in any movement to promote disestablishment. This is the question which the Dean was bound to face by the nature of the subject he had set himself to discuss, but which he has not chosen to look at, and has deliberately thrust aside. In France the answer would be most easy. By disestablishing, the French State would tell the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches that it no longer needed their services. They would lose the subsidies they now receive from the State, and that for them would be all. Their organisations would remain intact, as complete and as vigorous as ever, for the very plain and sufficient reason, that they did not derive these organisations from the State, and that the State had called in their services after they were independently constituted. There had been a union of independent bodies, State and Churches, and the union having been dissolved, each had gone on its separate way, in the enjoyment of a complete machinery for government and action. But disestablish the Church of England, render her a body unknown to the law, and what will that Church be? A skeleton of

clergy, answers the Dean of Chester, with far greater knowledge of the subject than most clergymen possess; but even that answer falls short of the truth. A collection of dead and disjointed bones would alone express the actual fact of the situation. The Church of England, by the mere act of disestablishment, becomes an aggregate of individual Christians of various kinds, who had formerly been knit together in an organised society, but were now reduced to single men. There would be bishops, no doubt, and priests and deacons and laity; and it would be open to any one to believe that these episcopally-ordained persons possessed, each in his degree, gifts derived by inheritance, which no unepiscopal Church enjoyed, and without which a genuine branch of the true Church could not be constructed. But such a belief would not say one word about the relations which existed between such ordained persons. The apostolical succession prescribes nothing as to the kind and extent of the obedience which a priest is required to perform. The obedience due by an Anglican priest varies immensely from what is required by a Roman Catholic bishop. In the Established Church, as it now exists, disobedience to bishops is a very ordinary occurrence; many are the clergymen who refuse to obey bishops at all, except in those matters in which obedience is commanded by the statute of a lay Parliament. Is there the slightest reason for thinking that a Ritualistic priest would be one whit more submissive to his bishop, or all the bishops together, on the morrow of disestablishment, than he is now? The relation of the clergy with one another, in spite of the three orders, would be simple anarchy. The excuse would be at hand, and would be pressed as vigorously as it is now, that no obedience was due to bishops elected by a royal mandate. So, then, the first thing to be done would be to decide who were true bishops, and if none such could be found, how they could be procured. The difficulties pressing on the laity would be equally perplexing. There would be two equally canonical bishops existing for Westminster—Archbishop Manning and Bishop Tait—both organically unconnected with the unhappy layman who was seeking the true successor of the apostles! If Bishop Tait was to be preferred, upon what theory would that judgment hold good? a difficult question truly, when all that Bishop Tait could plead would be, that he belonged to a body of Christians connected together by a geographical or political, and in no way by a Church tie.

But supposing the pressure of the law drove the clergy into union, and into something like an acknowledgment of the right of bishops to rule, still more formidable difficulties would instantly arise. A deacon might be conceived as yielding to the authority of the bishop; but what shall be said of the layman? Who shall form the Legislature of the True Church? a truly tremendous question for a body of men just emerging from the overthrow of the organisation laid down by the law of the land. Who shall decide on doctrine and prescribe ritual? Who shall determine what the liturgy of the Church, now free from slavery to the State, shall be? We are only too well acquainted with the fierce diversity of opinion which exists at this day in respect of the liturgy; we know how truly it is a child of compromise, how discordant are the elements it contains, how resolutely each party takes its stand on what favours their own views, how vehemently they resent what contradicts these. One of the motives most openly avowed by clerical advocates of disestablishment is the determination to acquire unrestricted freedom to give effect to the sacramental doctrine, to illustrate it by the most promi-

nent symbols, to enforce most absolutely the principle that the Christian religion is contained in the perpetual sacrifice offered by priests. It is a matter perfectly notorious, that the ultra High-Churchmen make no secret that, if justice is not done to their doctrines, they will not submit to be members of a mutilated Church. Are the bishops likely to support such sentiments? and if they are, how many of the laity of the people of England would follow them? These are extreme men, we shall perhaps be told—unreasonable, and not to be listened to. That may be, but they are numerous enough to form a large body, and that body will unquestionably secede. If we turn again to Broad-Churchmen, will they be likely to conform? and if they conform, what will be their lot? Will they submit to the hard and precise confessions of faith that will be imposed upon them? Will they remain in a voluntary society in which official suppression of their opinions will only be too probable? On every side we look with dismay upon the chances of union amidst materials so discordant, so full of explosive forces, when not one single authority will have been established, not one principle of administration recognised, not one tribunal admitted, not one formula settled and accepted.

It will be vain to reply, as is so frequently done on all sides, that other bodies encounter no such difficulties—that voluntary Churches live and flourish in peace—that their perplexities melt away when handled by earnest and religious men—and that the antagonisms we have described are mere chimeras, conjured up by an excited imagination, which will give way at the first touch of real life. The mistake involved in this argument is complete. The analogy here appealed to is a fiction. The Churches cited as examples furnish no precedent whatever by which the future of the disestablished Church of England can be estimated. They originated under circumstances of a wholly different nature. They owe their rise and independence either to the influence of a common principle on which their members were agreed, or else to events outside of them, which necessitated a change of outward form without any alteration in their inward structure. The Wesleyans, the Baptists, the Free Kirk of Scotland, sprang from a single conviction which animated the entire mass of their members. The Episcopal Churches of America and Canada were impelled, by the position of the nation in which they were formed, to modify their relations with a mother Church, which had practically become a part of a foreign country. No internal fermentation about opinion or discipline raised discord within these societies themselves. To construct a government for communities unruffled by dissensions about doctrine, and anxious to consolidate their corporate existence by a body of laws, was a comparatively easy task. It is wholly otherwise with the Church of England. It contains a great body of Christian men, animated by a strong devout feeling of fellowship, and this it is which makes the Church fit to fight, and worth fighting for. But it cannot, unhappily, be denied that it also contains a number of antagonistic, centrifugal, mutually-repelling forces, held together solely by the strength of the law. It embraces differences of opinions on doctrine and ritual—opinions fiercely and obstinately held—which pretty nearly embrace all the beliefs existing in Christendom. Parties strong in numbers, ability, and influence, hold the most conflicting principles as to the foundation and depositaries of spiritual government. Each section is impelled by the most vehement eagerness, not only to enforce its own principles by enactment, but to destroy or expel their opposites.

When the bond which unites together this fermenting body is dissolved, what but violent eruptions can be expected? The dawn of independence brought to those other Churches which we have mentioned, feelings of rest and satisfaction upon the triumph won for their common principle; disestablishment will hoist the signal for the unhappy Anglicans for storm and conflict. The very increase of religious earnestness amongst Christians in our day will only aggravate the violence of the contention. That two Churches at least, probably three, would issue forth from the strife, is for us a melancholy certainty. Most thankful should we be to find that we were in error.

But, again, we shall be told that Parliament will be sure to take precautions against the occurrence of such a chaos. But upon disestablishment Parliament will have neither the right nor the means to interfere, excepting so far as it transfers the endowments, or a portion of them, to the new societies. But is it so certain a thing that Parliament will be disposed to leave a shilling of the endowments to the new body? Who can foretell with any confidence what will be the forces that will deal the death-blow to the Church of England? Who can feel assured that the overthrowing host may not entertain the notion that a Church is stronger and purer without endowments, or that a part of the people has no title to property which belongs to all? These are awkward questions: Dean Alford seems to have no doubt about the answers. For him the generosity of the English people is a sufficient guarantee for everything. But does he not omit from his calculation that "reason of things," those new ideas, which he himself holds up as the upsetting force? However, let this pass for the moment; let us suppose that Parliament will be willing to transfer the endowments, and that thereby it will acquire some power of controlling the movement. The difficulty will be little diminished, we fear, by this supposition. Whom is the Parliament to give the endowments to? What will be the organised body which it will accept as the new Church? It may, in the first place, require the Anglicans, before the disestablishment is completed, to constitute for themselves independently the new organisation under which they will thenceforward live. Under that hypothesis every difficulty which we have enumerated will present itself in full force; and probability, in our opinion, is strongly in favour of the belief that two or three Churches will report themselves to Parliament as true successors of the Church of England, and legitimate heirs of its endowments. What will Dean Alford say and do in such a case? Or, secondly, Parliament may itself take the work in hand, and nominate a mixed commission for the purpose of framing the constitution, the legislature, and the executive, the creed and the discipline, of the new Church. Can any sane man suppose that such a constitution would meet, we will not say with universal, but with general, acceptance from the Anglicans? Does any man dream of the possibility of such a commission constructing a Church which will satisfy the aspirations of High-Churchmen on the one hand, and the comprehensive and Broad-Church tendencies of Parliament on the other? And can any one fail to perceive that such a body would be essentially a State Church, as truly built on an Act of Parliament as the old one, exposed to the same objections, open to the same incessant attacks, and incomparably weaker, because there would be an irreconcilable contradiction between its idea and the actual fact? In conception, it would be a free and

voluntary Church; in fact, it would be a Church governed by a constitution which had been enacted for it by the House of Commons, whom so many Churchmen take a delight in reviling.

In the face of such difficulties, what becomes of the pleasant vision of the Dean of Canterbury of "the outward semblance of things, which is to remain much the same as now;" of "the rector and the vicar and the parish," and all that framework which is called the Church of England? Is it not strange that a writer who has the Church of the Future for his ambitious theme, should not discuss a single one of these matters—matters on which the form, the substance, every part and every stone of the new building, entirely depend? Dean Alford is very severe on those who look forward to disestablishment with dismay; he has an unfailing supply of hard words to launch against them. Defenders of "chimerical theories and obsolete precedents," "fighters of the inevitable," "a mob of writers whose only power consists in strength of words," "persons who find their account in parrying the logic of principle by allegations of difficulty in detail," men who use for a weapon "a studious mystification of the great subject at issue by fallacies, which, if they do not see through, they are not fit to handle it at all." Verily the utterer of such epithets must have a delightful consciousness of dwelling in the light and air, and of possessing an equally delightful superiority over his less enlightened brethren. We will not bring against the Dean the counter-charge of being mystified by fallacies; but we submit, in all humility, that to give some notion of who are to make the Church of the Future is an essential part of the fitness to handle it; and that a writer who takes for his starting-point the dissolution of every link, every relation, which unites men together in a common society, and abjures every kind of interference of the State with the Church, is called upon to give some explanation how many millions of dissevered units are to set to work to obtain any form of organisation. On this central point Dean Alford says nothing; he hints that it will take years to discover it. Meanwhile, so long as this determining factor remains dark, Dean Alford's essay amounts to nothing more than an exhortation to acquiesce in the inevitable; of what that inevitable is to be, he does not give us the faintest glimpse.

But we cannot pass over without notice an elaborate argument, which we cannot help thinking was the leading motive which induced Dean Alford to write this essay. The assertion that "the State, in separating off the Church, abandons her profession of religion, and thereby ceases to be Christian," provokes at once his anger and his contempt. It is for him "a fallacy little creditable to our intelligence." He springs forward to oppose it with a passionate eagerness and a sense of intellectual superiority which almost excite a smile. "At the first admission of Jews to office, the State ceased, in the formal sense, to be Christian. All reality of the profession of religion by the State has long been surrendered here in Britain. That the fiction of State-Anglicanism continues to be kept up is nothing to the point. The State is what she *is*, not what she calls herself." The Dean here places us on practical ground, and practically he must allow us, with all respect, to call his assertion practical nonsense. Great thinkers, no doubt, have held that a Christian State implied a perfectly Christian Legislature, and have thought that the admission of non-Christian members to Parliament infringed upon, if it did not ruin, the ideal of a Christian State. But this is a speculative view, separated by the hugest of chasms from the practical world, and it is not what Dean

Alford meant; for he takes his stand on what is, and not on the ideal of what ought to be. Again, we can perfectly understand how Churchmen should recoil from the thought of non-Christians legislating for a Christian Church; nay, more, we feel a certain sympathy with the objection, and we hold that this constitutes one of the strongest grounds for devising a better administration for the Church of England. But the Dean's position that the admission of a single Jew has caused the State, in any sense whatever, to cease to be Christian, is something radically different from either of these two feelings. It stands apart: it is, at least for us, an original conception; and to bear it out, the Dean is driven to frame a definition of the union of Church and State peculiarly his own. "For a State to profess a religion," says he, "is no less than this,—that that particular faith and worship shall be part of the law of the land, and shall bind all its constituents." This last clause, this limitation, that a State professes a religion only when it compels all its subjects or officials —for we are not certain of the meaning he attaches to the word constituents—to belong to it, is Dr Alford's own specific definition; it is not ours; it is no one else's, as far as we are aware. Dean Alford is at liberty to adopt it, if he thinks proper; and then he may infer, if he chooses, that the State ceased to be Christian when a Jew was admitted to Parliament. We and the rest of the world will simply say that his definition is not ours, and that even after the admission of the Jew there is plenty of proof to show that the State of England is Christian. The Sovereign must be a Christian, and so must also some of the greatest officers of the State. A large number of persons have seats and votes in the Upper House of Parliament solely because they are Christian. The whole land has been divided out into parishes, and in each parish a minister of religion is placed by the law and in the name of the State. These facts demonstrate to the understandings of most men that the State is Christian, precisely because there is a Church of England; and however much Dean Alford may define away the Christian character of the State, they will continue to make all men believe that England is a Christian country and has a Christian State.

But how will the case be if disestablishment is carried out? The State will then know nothing about religion. It will be neutral, and indifferent to religionists or atheists. It will be content that the population shall have a religion or none, as events may decide. The sovereign may become a Mormon if so minded. The progress of "the reason of things" may decide that all the colonies and dependencies of the kingdom shall be represented in Parliament, and half of the House of Commons may be Mohammedan. The Positive philosophy may become dominant, and the young throughout the majority of schools may be brought up in the worship of humanity. Such a State would not be the same State as that which has formed and supports the Church of England; and such a State all men would declare to have ceased to be Christian. But they would say also, that a great change had come over the State; and that change few would refuse to call a revolution, a revolution penetrating even to the very vitals of the nation's life.

One word more in conclusion. Dean Alford is not the only man who uses this "grave word" disestablishment without any serious reflection about its meaning: a far more responsible person yet than the Dean is trifling with the vast significance involved in the expression. Mr Gladstone is not an athe-

ist nor an enemy of religion. No one would think for an instant of accusing him of a desire to unchristianise the State, or to set up what a correspondent of the 'Times' rightly calls a philosophical intolerance of all religion. We readily give him credit for an honest wish to correct the acknowledged evils of the Irish Church, and to remove the anomaly of a great Protestant machinery amongst a Catholic population. But when he first uttered the word disestablishment in Parliament, he far transcended the mere rectifying of the religious situation of Ireland. He thought of the Catholics only; he did not think at all about the Protestants. In a recent speech at Liverpool he has made it evident that, like Dean Alford, he has a confused, unexplored, and consequently worthless, notion that the Protestant Church will remain the same, minus only the endowments and honorary privileges it receives from the State. He has no conception that disestablishment will strip the Irish Episcopalians of a government and a legislature, of all administrative and judicial machinery, of authorised formularies and forms of worship, of every kind of organisation. It never has occurred to him that he is extinguishing them as a society, and he has never felt the responsibility of considering what their future existence is to be. He seems to be unconscious that he is a revolutionist of the first order. But this great word, which he uses, if not with levity, at any rate with a total want of consideration, is a mine which will blow up the foundations of modern society as it has existed for some 1500 years. Such conduct is defensible only on the supposition that Mr Gladstone is an advocate, on principle, of voluntary Churches. But the people of England, in so serious a matter, have the right to demand that, if this is Mr Gladstone's principle, he should distinctly proclaim it. To adopt, in the face of the House of Commons and the whole country, disestablishment as the pivot of his policy without knowing that it means voluntary Churches, or declaring a preference for voluntary Churches, is strange indeed in a man who expects, by means of this policy, to become Prime Minister of England. It is easy sailing to talk to his South Lancashire constituents about endowments to be liberally left to the disestablished Church; but what are we to say of the statesmanship which is utterly in the dark as to what that Church is to be? He may, probably will, propose to vest these funds in the hands of trustees, who shall pay them over to the Irish Church when it has reorganised itself; but has he pictured to himself clearly what that reorganisation means? Has he asked himself what he himself would do if he were an Irish Anglican at Dublin, and had to propose a legislature for the new society—a liturgy, a form of worship, a process of electing bishops, rules of obedience of clergy to bishops — nay, a Christian creed itself? Does he expect to find the rector, who is now bound only by the law, eager to place himself under the will and pleasure of a bishop? Does he believe that the clergy of any party will be very quick in settling so nice a question? Does he imagine that the laity will be very prompt in accepting their belief and their worship from priests in the place of the law? May not several Churches demand of his trustees a portion of their funds? May not single congregations choose to act independently, and insist on their quota of the endowments? Will Mr Gladstone be prepared to recognise such congregational Churches? and, if not, upon what principle but that of the force of the State can he repel their demand? We hope that Mr Gladstone will find answers to these questions; meanwhile, we see no signs of their having been foreseen and studied.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

In the palmy days of peaceful repose that Europe enjoyed when a citizen sovereign reigned in France, the affairs of Spain had the privilege of attracting much more attention than was really deserved by a country which can only just be said to belong to the great European family. Those were the days when foreign legions went to fight the battles of an interesting young queen—when "News from Spain" headed the columns of the newspapers, and every petty insurrection found attentive observers and busy chroniclers. The events of 1848 put an end to this by giving the world affairs of far greater magnitude on which to bestow its attention. That appetite for the incident and romance of war which always exists, and which had sought gratification in the civil conflicts of Spain, was then supplied even to satiety by strife on a much larger scale. The Peninsula fell altogether into the background; and although people might read the accounts of barricades in Madrid, or of an outbreak in the provinces, with about as much interest as they would feel in a narrative of skirmishes in Montenegro or conflicts with brigands in the Neapolitan provinces, they ceased to trouble themselves about the men or things of Spain. Thus it happens that not many persons feel competent to appreciate the really important events, in which Europe must take an interest, now passing in that country. We have been accustomed for years past to hear Spanish refugees predict great changes as inevitably destined to occur in a land which has endured much for loyalty's sake, but of whose people misgovernment has succeeded in changing the very nature. Who, more than the chivalrous Spaniard, was devoted to his sovereign, and ready to lay down life to maintain his rights? All men living who had left school when Ferdinand VII. died will remember the enthusiasm with which the youth of Spain took the field in defence of the infant Queen, the innocent Isabel. With that name were indissolubly associated those constitutional liberties for which Riego fought and suffered. The Spaniard was willing enough to fight for his Queen, pledged to support that constitution which he linked with her name in his battle-cry. He was sick of bigotry and absolutism, and thirsted for the free parliamentary government under which he beheld England happy and prosperous, and for the liberties which even France then enjoyed to a greater extent than she ever did before or since the reign of Louis Philippe. With this object in view, it cannot be denied that he showed himself ready in self-sacrifice. To attain it he spared neither his blood nor his substance; and when this latter was exhausted, he even incurred debts which he has not always been very punctual in paying. When at last victory declared herself in his favour, he looked for the fulfilment of the pledges on the strength of which he had willingly made such heavy sacrifices. In vain did he look and wait. The promised liberties were grudgingly accorded. If he enjoyed them for a brief space under an Espartero, he beheld them on the morrow wrenched from him by the tyranny of a Narvaez. And where was the young Queen in whose name so much had been promised him, but by whose Government those promises were now so ill kept? Prostrate before the image of a saint, adorning with costly jewels the wooden charms of the virgin of Atocha, closeted with her confessor, or even worse employed. His remonstrances reached her not, his

just demands were unheard—he was trampled under foot by insolent priests and military adventurers; and if he turned, as a worm might have done, under such oppression, there was the dungeon and the Philippines and the firing-party, the worst of them hardly meeting the deserts of the malcontent and rebel.

To those few persons out of Spain who have maintained their interest in the affairs of that country, and have more or less observed its vicissitudes, it appears quite certain that if Isabella has lost her crown, and witnessed the expulsion of her dynasty, she owes it mainly to herself. She is not one of those feeble feminine natures which are unable to confront the cares and anxieties of royalty, and which, by their inherent weaknesses, fall under the control of an ambitious minister or a wily court favourite. She is a burly woman with a harsh voice, a good share of physical courage, considerable shrewdness, and great tenacity of purpose. There was no reason, except the innate vices of her race, why she should not have made a very excellent queen just as well as a very bad one. No minister would have dared to thwart or constrain her if she had kept up a good understanding with her people, and let them feel that she was with them, not against them. She had very little to do in order to make herself so beloved that, whenever she issued from her palace, the people would have pressed upon her passage with joyous acclamations, and have been ready to unharness her horses and harness themselves in their stead. She chose the other course. It was probably partly due to the want of good early training that she went astray as she did. Her mother, the Neapolitan Christina, was far too much engrossed by her second husband, and by the accumulation of wealth for her numerous second progeny, to do justice to her eldest-born daughter, who was to be Queen of Spain. When Christina was driven from Spain in 1840, and Espartero assumed the regency, proper persons were placed around the youthful Sovereign, and it was sought to educate her so as to render her worthy of a throne. But that state of things lasted too short a time to produce lasting results. At a very early age Isabella betrayed evil tendencies and a perverted moral sense. Many will remember how she one day charged her Prime Minister, Olozaga, the best orator and one of the most honest public men Spain possesses, with having forced her will and used actual manual violence to obtain her signature to an important paper. The charge against a man of Olozaga's reputation was in reality absurd; his enemies alone feigned to believe it well founded. The calumniated Minister defended himself eloquently against such terrible odds. But what could he do, consistently with the profound reverence which at that time every Spaniard professed for the Sovereign, against a young girl, whose very age seemed to preclude the perversity of which she was not long in giving unmistakable signs? Olozaga withdrew from the unequal conflict, none the less respected by those who saw through the base intrigue of which he was victim, but nevertheless damaged and deeply wounded, and for ever estranged from the Sovereign to whom he previously with joy devoted his talents and his toil. He may be acquitted of persistent vindictiveness towards a young and misguided woman, but it cannot be doubted that the conviction of her unworthiness then forced upon his mind was deep and ineffaceable. Subsequent changes again brought him into office, and when the Liberal party regained power he was for some time ambassador at Paris; but the offence he had received was of a kind that a Spaniard was unlikely ever wholly to forget or forgive. If his animosity slum-

bered for a while, it was revived and increased when he beheld his country ruined and dishonoured by her for whom it had made enormous sacrifices. And the day came when he could combine his duty to Spain with the gratification of a more personal feeling. Although his name has been little before the public of late, and although he for some time has lived in retirement in France, Olozaga has been the master-spirit and prime promoter of the Spanish Revolution. He himself must wonder how early it has been brought about. Mere insurrections of the old stamp have been easily enough got up, but then they were directed against a cabinet, not against the Queen. One set of political schemers drove out another set, assumed power with loud professions of purity and disinterestedness, and soon showed themselves no better than their predecessors. As the Spaniards themselves say, they were the same dogs with different collars. To get the various political parties—the Moderates and the Progresistas, and the more advanced party which lately has gathered strength and become known as the Democrats—to unite sincerely for one common object, and that object the deposition of the Queen and the expulsion of her dynasty, was a task that would have appeared hopeless only a few years ago. Olozaga was the first man in Spain of any mark who openly professed himself anti-dynastic, and threw out, perhaps as a feeler, the idea of a union of Spain and Portugal under the King of the smaller country. His followers at first were few, but they increased with a rapidity explicable only by the conduct of the Queen and by the reactionary tendencies of her Government. The Spaniards felt themselves degraded by her rule. They saw the last shreds of their liberties wrenched from them, the exchequer drained by royal extravagance and ministerial greed, corruption rampant in high places, the lower classes sunk in misery, the press tyrannically silenced, the prisons full, the best and most honourable men in the country driven into exile or deported to the colonies. From the strife of parties and the bloodshed to which it led, they could anticipate no good result to the nation. Each successive revolt left things where they were before. Martial law was proclaimed, and the echoes of the Madrid Prado were awakened by the discharges of firing-parties, and then all was over until next time. And let it be noted that in such cases the victims were not the instigators but the tools. One never heard of the chiefs being caught and executed. Once only did that occur, in the case of the gallant Leon, to whom Espartero showed no mercy when he rose in rebellion against his regency. Leon had earned his doom far less than numbers of his rank who since have escaped scot-free; but still he had earned it. But what an outcry his death caused against Espartero, who certainly, whether before or since, never showed himself a cruel man, and who doubtless then thought severity to be his duty! Since then, those who have suffered have invariably been men of little consequence and of low military rank—sergeants, subalterns, here and there a captain or a major. A most painful and cruel case was that of Major Espinosa, whose execution was one of the last acts of O'Donnell's last Government. The greatest interest was felt in the unfortunate officer, and the strongest efforts made to save him. His young wife and infant children threw themselves at the feet of the Queen and sued for mercy. Foreign Ministers in Madrid were appealed to for their intercession, but all was in vain. In the foreign press an attempt was lately made to cast the odium of the barbarous act upon the Queen, but that is not justified by facts. It was O'Donnell who declared that if Espinosa's life were spared he

would instantly resign. Soon afterwards O'Donnell, who figured in the insurrection that cost Leon his life, and who rose against the Queen's Government in 1854 at the head of Dulce's cavalry, died in his bed, laden with such honours as a queen could bestow who habitually lavished them on boudoir favourites. His stars, crosses, and ribbons would have filled a wheelbarrow; and he bequeathed to his nephew—for he left no son—the high-sounding but not very hardly-won titles of Count of Lucena and Duke of Tetuan. It may be remarked that one of the charges brought against the Queen in the manifesto of the Revolution is that of conferring titles unworthily and improperly, whilst there is scarcely one of the military chiefs of the movement who is not Duke, Marquis, or Count, by creation within the last few years. They, however, are by no means the least worthy of the be-titled. The notorious Marfori, Intendant of the Palace, Isabella's latest favourite, and the last minion of the Queen of Spain, was recently raised to the Spanish peerage by the title of Marquis of Loja. He and the equally-notorious Claret, Archbishop of Cuba and confessor of the Queen, seem to have been her chief comforters and counsellors during the crisis she passed through in September last. The counsels of the one, the presence of the other, most probably contributed to her fall, hardly evitable even without those sinister influences. When her crown was menaced, the Queen's place was obviously in her capital. "Your Majesty may safely come," telegraphed Concha, the Minister who, for a few days, after the flight of Gonzales Bravo and his accomplices, concentrated in his person such government as the country still possessed, when Cadiz, Seville, and many lesser towns had declared the Queen deposed, and the whole navy, insurgent, bore from port to port the banner of revolt;—"your Majesty may safely come, *but without her Intendant.*" The same message was sent verbally, but always in the most guarded and respectful terms. That ingenious and fortunate financier, Don José Salamanca, also one of the new *titulos de Castilla*, was deputed to entreat the Queen to repair to Madrid without the obnoxious Marfori. As the story goes, Salamanca narrowly escaped personal chastisement at the hands of his infuriated Sovereign. It seems certain that the language he heard upon the occasion was strong. It has also been said that when Concha implored the Queen to abdicate in favour of her son, the Prince of Asturias, and gave her hopes that the dynasty might then be saved, it was Father Claret and Marquis Marfori who urged her to refuse. The influence they exercised at that supreme moment has been spoken of as fatal to the cause of the royal family of Spain. But this is going too far. That to such favourites and advisers as Marfori and Claret should be attributed the downfall of the Bourbons in Spain is manifest to all who are even superficially acquainted with the chronicles of the Spanish Court during the last twenty years. But in this particular instance it was out of their power either to save or spoil the cause. The fiat had gone forth—the decree of a whole nation smarting under every species of oppression and ill usage, and stung to the very quick in their feelings of national pride by the spectacle of their Queen's misconduct. The Spanish Revolution of 1868 has truly been styled the Revolution of Disgust. Were it possible to go into such a subject in these pages, it would be easy to show to what a degree, and how justly, that feeling had been aroused in the breasts of the Spanish people by a long course of the most shameless profligacy.

However perverse the nature and impulses of the Spanish Queen may

originally have been, her conduct and her fate might have been very different had she been well married. None know better than the English of the present day what an influence, for good or for evil, the husband of a queen may exercise upon her reign. Had Isabella been early united to a prince of high principle and firm character, whom she could have respected as well as loved, her fate might have been different. Those who brought about the union to which she was condemned have indeed much to answer for. The evil they did in their day has recoiled upon their own heads. The prime promoter of that miserable marriage, to which, more than to anything else, may be traced the disaster that has overtaken the Queen and her dynasty, has long since been taken away from this world, and so spared the pain of witnessing the defeat of his ambitious projects, and the utter ruin they have brought about. His Minister, who still lives, can hardly look back with much satisfaction upon the intrigue of which the success gave him the right of sealing his letters with the collar of the Golden Fleece. But for the famous Spanish marriages which the wily Sovereign and too compliant Minister brought about in 1846, there might have been no Spanish Revolution in 1868. Anything more flagitious than the circumstances of that plot can hardly be found on record, at least in modern history. To pave the way for a French prince or his children to ascend the Spanish throne, the Queen was sacrificed to a man in every way unsuitable—unfit to be a husband, unfit to be a king. "Paquita" (Fanny) she had been wont to call her cousin, imitating the treble tones which contrast so strongly with her own rather hoarse accents. From the first there was disunion and misery in the household. What followed cannot well here be told. The result we have before us. The Queen is expelled; but the prince, with a view to whose rise she was matrimonially sacrificed, has been unable, during twenty years' residence in Spain, to make himself a single partisan, and has no more chance of the forfeited crown than he would have had if the Queen had retained it and her four children lived. From the very first there was against him a prejudice amounting almost to hatred; and although his inoffensive character may have caused this feeling to die out, it has never been exchanged for goodwill, and can only be said to have subsided into a proud contempt. The Spaniards, who for the most part are individually daring, and who prize bravery and liberality beyond all other qualities, impute to him timidity and parsimony, and are pitiless in their condemnation of these faults. They think it mean of him to sell his olives and oranges; and they will tell you in Seville, with a sneer, what haste he showed to get on board ship when Portal and a battalion rose, although their insurrection was no more directed against Montpensier and his family than against any potentate at the antipodes. The Duke is reputed a very estimable man; he has refrained from political intermeddling, and neither he nor the Infanta, his wife, have ever given cause for scandal. But instead of the qualities the Spaniards love, he is charged with the defects they particularly dislike, and he has neither popularity nor prestige. He is not detested as he was before he was known, when he was first thrust upon the nation as a husband for one of its princesses, and when, if a lazy or timid bull was turned into the arena, the excited spectators would demand its removal by cries of *Fuera Monpenseer!* but he certainly has no more chance of the throne than the infant Prince of Asturias, or the long-exiled descendants of Don Carlos.

It is not uninteresting to seek the origin of the conspiracy that

terminated in the Revolution of 1868. Its causes are patent to the world, but how was its first mesh woven? It may probably be traced to a meeting of Olozaga and General Dulce. In many respects those two men are a perfect contrast, but they have long been bound together by the ties of an old and intimate friendship. Dulce is a dry taciturn man of action—Olozaga is the fluent speaker and the wary diplomatist; the former is first-rate in the field, where his courage and coolness have repeatedly been proved—the latter, cautious, patient, and of excellent counsel in the Cabinet, has rarely been taken at fault. The very appearance of the men is as dissimilar as their natures. Dulce, who has long had indifferent health, is meagre, bilious, sallow—looking the soldier, but also the conspirator. To most people his aspect would recall the well-known line, "Yon Casca hath a lean and hungry look." Olozaga, on the contrary, is portly, rubicund, unctuous, with remarkable dark eyes and a genial manner. The two men must be nearly the same age—sixty, or thereabouts—but both would look younger than they are were it not for Dulce's ill health and for Olozaga's family afflictions. About two years ago the latter lost an only daughter, the joy and delight of his widowed heart—a creature in the prime of youth, of great beauty, and very recently married. This was a crushing grief, and his despair was such as to alarm his friends, who feared lest he should destroy himself. In their anxiety they purloined his razors, and his beard grew—white from sorrow rather than from years. He sought relief in travel — he was already a political refugee — and fell in with his old friend Dulce, lately returned from the lucrative post of Captain-General of Cuba, and who had brought home with him a wife he had there married, possessed of enormous wealth. At his age this sudden affluence might have weaned many men from conspiracy, and have induced them to take their ease and abandon political struggles. It was not so with Dulce—any more than it has been with Prim—and the two friends soon understood each other, and agreed upon a plan of action. Dulce returned to Spain and began to seek, amongst the more influential officers of the army, men who would be likely to join in the plot, and to act when the day should come. Amongst others he made overtures to a colonel who chanced to be a friend and devoted adherent of Serrano, the Queen's early favourite, now Field-Marshal in the Spanish army, and Duke de la Torre. The colonel told Serrano in strict confidence the proposal that had been made him, and the acquiescent manner in which he had received it, adding, however, that if he, Serrano, disapproved, he was determined to withdraw from all participation in the projected enterprise. Serrano, on the contrary, said that he had done well, and bade him carefully to guard the secret. Then, betaking himself to Dulce, he asked why he had not trusted him, his old friend, companion-in-arms, and fellow-conspirator. Whether Dulce had, for any reason, doubted Serrano's willingness to aid the plot, it is impossible to say; but he answered that he had waited until the thing should be more advanced and more worthy of being submitted to his superior in rank. Thenceforward the conspiracy made rapid progress. If Dulce was trusted by the army as a brave and stanch commander, Serrano was beloved by his military subordinates, as he always has been by nearly all who knew him. He is one of those men whose charm of manner wins all hearts. The scheme, originated by two or three, soon reckoned innumerable adherents. Indeed the hatred of such Governments as those of Narvaez and Gonzales Bravo, coupled with

the shame felt by the nation at the iniquities of the Court, had long been breeding malcontents who were ripe to become conspirators. The plot was deeply laid and well organised, and the secret was admirably kept. The important element of the navy was introduced, which had never figured in any previous insurrection. So complete was the adhesion of that service to the plan for expelling the dynasty and making Spain mistress of her own destinies, that even the squadrons in distant waters—at the Antilles and the Philippines — were ready to take share in the movement. It has not been shown whether the Government ever suspected the navy, although the remarkable affability shown by the Queen to one of the captains who were to open the ball gave grounds for a suspicion that she did; but it is certain that she and her evil counsellors felt that the ground was mined beneath their feet, and that they were enveloped in the coil of a vast conspiracy, against which they were as powerless effectually to struggle as were Laocoon and his sons in the folds of the serpents. The Queen, with that careful foresight which has rarely been wanting in those members of her family who have found themselves in the like circumstances, remitted large sums to foreign countries, and will possess, in her exile, abundant means to maintain a princely state. Could Gonzales Bravo have grasped the threads of the conspiracy, and have found power wherewith to crush it, nobody who knows his character and past career will suppose that he would have shrunk from doing so, even though it had involved the shedding of much blood. Some information he is known to have obtained, since he went the length of arresting a number of the most prominent and influential generals, and of either transporting them to the Canaries or assigning them residences in garrison towns in Spain, from which they were not allowed to move. Had Narvaez been alive to aid him, he might have struck a yet bolder stroke; but that bloody persecutor and reckless slayer of innocents had gone to his account, and the military element was wanting in the Cabinet. The arrest of the generals had the effect of retarding the insurrection a little, but never for a moment did it cause the idea of it to be abandoned. Its ramifications were too extensive, and the need was too urgent to rid the country of the incubus of tyranny and disgust under which it groaned. It seemed as if, even without chiefs, the event must have come to pass by a spontaneous rising of the nation. But the obstinacy with which three generals of Absolutist tendencies — Pavia, Pezuela, Calonge — stood up to the last for a doomed cause, has proved that, without efficient and sagacious leading, the Revolution might possibly have been crushed for the time, although even then there would have been a complete certainty of the attempt being more successfully renewed at an early day. As it was, nothing failed; and nobody broke down, except Dulce, whose determined spirit was obliged to yield to the exigencies of an enfeebled frame, and whom sickness held chafing on a bed of pain whilst his comrades' light craft bore them swiftly over the ocean to the port whither Prim had preceded them. Strange, indeed, must have been the awakening of fair and dainty Cadiz—the Silver Cup, as its inhabitants fondly call it by reason of its brightness and cleanliness—at dawn on that September morning, when, startled by the thunder of artillery, it beheld an imposing line of men-of-war arranged before its houses, and saw the bunting run up and the men cheer and the cannon vomit flames to celebrate the deposition of an execrated dynasty, and the inauguration, it is hoped, of a new

and more prosperous era for Spain. Eyewitnesses have described the enthusiasm of the people in that cradle of Spanish liberties, when, the garrison having joined the movement and the few dissentients been silenced, Prim landed and showed himself in their streets. The men thronged upon him to hug him and grasp his hand, and the women to kiss him; and those who know what manner of women the Gaditanas are, with their Arab eyes, their swimming grace, and unspeakable fascination, will not consider that Don Juan Prim was upon that day greatly to be pitied. His name had been for so many years a familiar sound in Spain—for he was a mere lad when he first took arms, in 1834, as a private musketeer, or rather as a cadet (what the Spaniards call a *soldado distinguido*), in a free corps known as the *Volunteers of Isabella II.*—that most of the people of Cadiz, at least of the lower orders, had learned to think of him as an old man, and expected to see a scarred, weather-beaten, and grey-haired veteran. But Prim, as many in England, where he so lately resided, probably know, although he dates from 1814, and has seen a deal of hard service, and been wounded eight or ten times, has preserved up to the present day a youthful appearance, which he owes to a slight and active figure, and to finely-cut features as yet scarcely furrowed by a wrinkle, whilst his hair is dark, his step elastic, and his voice and manner are still those of a young man. "Que joven es, que guapo, que bonito!" cried the excited people as he passed amongst them—"How young, how handsome, how charming!" and, like Claverhouse, of whom, although they upheld very different causes, Prim in more than one respect reminds us, blessings on his bonny face followed him from the lips of both young and old.

Let us pause a moment at the name of Prim, as at that of one of the most remarkable men of contemporary Spain. It has perhaps been too hastily assumed that he is a mere *sabreur*—admirable on the battle-field, first-rate at encouraging his men to encounter heavy odds, ever as ready to risk his own life as if he were a subaltern burning for promotion, instead of a lieutenant-general and grandee of Spain, of large fortune, and laden with titles, honours, and decorations, but, beyond that, possessed of none of the qualities which raise a man high in political life, and qualify him to take share in the government of a country, as well as to ride at the head of an army. Such an estimate of his character is not altogether a fair one, nor is it borne out by the history of his life up to the present time. During many sessions that he sat in the Spanish Parliament he showed himself a fluent speaker and intrepid debater—served there, as on the battle-field, by his remarkable coolness and presence of mind. Quickness of conception and promptitude in execution are the gifts to which he chiefly owes the success of his career. At the time of the ill-fated expedition to Mexico, he had opportunities of displaying his abilities as a negotiator and his prudence as a politician. On very friendly terms with Napoleon III., who on various occasions has shown him esteem and attention, and who wrote him a flattering letter at the outset of the expedition, he did not allow himself to be led away either by imperial influence or by the prospect of personal distinction, but displayed what, in a man of his stamp, must be termed valiant self-denial, and withdrew from the conflict before it had commenced, as soon as the presence and proceedings of the Mexican General Almonte showed that the overthrow of the Republic was intended. The letter he then addressed to the Emperor of the French is a very remarkable document; and Napoleon, had he listen-

ed to the sound advice it contained, would have spared his country and his Government disasters and humiliation. In that letter Prim declared his conviction that in Mexico there were very few men inclined for a monarchy, with which form of government their experience of Spanish viceroys had thoroughly disgusted them; whilst the vicinity of the United States had contributed to maintain their attachment to those republican institutions under which they beheld their great neighbour so flourishing and powerful. In spite of the unceasing agitation and disorders, the establishment of the Republic, he said, which had then lasted more than forty years, had created habits and customs, and even a sort of republican language, that would not easily be destroyed. Himself speaking the same tongue as the Mexicans, Prim had better opportunities than the French generals and commissioners of judging the true feeling in the country. At that time the Allied forces had been for two months at Vera Cruz, and for part of that period had also occupied, in virtue of the Convention of Soledad, which Prim had largely contributed to obtain, the important towns of Orizaba, Cordova, and Tehuacan. In his letter Prim called the Emperor's attention to the fact that in none of those places, although the Mexican forces were withdrawn and the civil authorities alone remained, had the Conservatives or partisans of a monarchy made even so much of a demonstration as might serve to prove their existence. And he added the following words, which, considering that they were written on the 17th March 1862, may well be termed prophetic: "It will be easy for your Majesty to conduct Prince Maximilian to the capital, and to crown him king; but his kingdom will find in the country no other support than that of the Conservative chiefs, who never dreamed of establishing a monarchy when they were in power, but who would fain do so now that they are dispersed, vanquished, and emigrant. A few rich men will also accept a foreign monarch supported by your Majesty's soldiers, *but that monarch will have nothing to sustain him upon the day when that support shall be withdrawn.*" Prim has been much calumniated for his conduct in the Mexican expedition; but, in fact, he did his duty to his country and to himself, and his Government thanked him; and the press of Spain, with the exception of a few Absolutist and Ultramontane journals, was unanimous in its approval of his acts.

The preceding digression serves to show the character and qualities of the most striking figure in the Spanish Revolution of 1868. Prim's partisans have often insisted upon the pure patriotism of his motives; by his enemies the less worthy stimulus of personal ambition has been attributed to him—an opinion that is also shared by some who are far from unfriendly to him. Now, if ever, amidst the turmoil and confusion that prevail in Spain, there will be opportunities of judging him and of discerning his true instincts. He and Olozaga are the chiefs of that Progresista or Liberal party which stands midway between the Moderados or Conservatives and the Democrats. It is the party which long acknowledged Espartero as its head, and which has reckoned in its ranks some of the purest and most unselfish politicians Spain has known since the death of Ferdinand VII. opened an era of civil wars and revolutions. The Moderado party has had a greater number of men of energy, and Narvaez and O'Donnell, the two most successful rulers of Spain under the late reign, figured amongst its chiefs. But it has ever shown itself unscrupulous and often corrupt, and the tendency of some of its most prominent men has been reactionary and even Absolutist.

Serrano, who by his success at the battle of Alcolea has acquired a foremost place in the Revolution to which his personal abilities hardly seem to entitle him, was considered, twenty years ago or more, to be inclined to the Progresistas; and it is positive that, at one period of Espartero's exile in England, the political refugees of that party based hopes of return to their country and to power upon his adhesion and intervention. It was at the time when he, for private reasons, was most influential with the Queen, then very young, and at the outset of a career of which the disastrous termination is in great measure due to the moral perversity that at last made every Spaniard blush for his allegiance. The subject thus approached is one that admits of little development, nor is it the time, when the unfortunate Princess has just fallen from the throne, that one would willingly choose to dwell upon the faults and vices that mainly led to the overthrow of the last reigning Bourbon dynasty. But as such charges are often denied or extenuated by political partisans, it is due to history to record the fact that all that has been said and heard in foreign countries of personal aberrations and impure palace influences falls very short of the reality. The Spaniards are a proud and jealously sensitive people, and for a long time they preferred following Napoleon's maxim, and washing their dirty linen at home. But their patience was at last exhausted and their reserve dissipated; and it is well known what opprobrious epithet they coupled with the name of their deposed Sovereign as they pulled down her busts and portraits and crown, wherever they could be found, and cast them into the kennel.

It is a curious fact that the two men into whose hands the reins of supreme power were temporarily confided, or rather thrust, when the last Prime Minister of Isabella II., General José Concha, threw them up in despair and fled from the capital, were perhaps the two in all Spain who personally had most reason to feel friendship and gratitude to the Queen. Pascual Madoz, a distinguished member of the Progresista party, under whose administration as Minister of Finance the alienation of the Church property in Spain was effected, had long lived apart from political strife, had been personally on very friendly terms with the Queen, and had received from her many marks of favour and esteem. On one occasion, when she made a journey into Arragon, his native province, he sent her a present of remarkably fine peaches and other fruit. She responded to this attention by presenting his daughter with a costly pair of diamond earrings, conveyed to her by the hands of the heir to the crown, the Prince of Asturias. According to Spanish ideas, the Sovereign could hardly do a subject greater honour than this. Ros de Olano, the well-known general, who has been quite as much distinguished as a political intriguer as by his exploits in the battle-field, is under great obligations to the Queen, who not long ago gave him, from her own purse, a very large sum wherewith to dower and marry his daughters. When Manuel Concha, Marquis of Duero—on whom, as military chief of Old Castile, commanding at Madrid, the actual government of the capital devolved when his brother departed—learned the news of the battle of Alcolea, and saw that the Queen's cause was irrevocably lost, he selected Madoz and General Jovellar as the persons to whom he made over his authority, and Jovellar at once transferred his share of power to his superior officer, Ros de Olano, who, like Madoz, accepted the charge. It is due to the two men to say that Madoz was never mixed up in the conspiracy that led to the Queen's dethronement, although in his

heart, as a Liberal, he could hardly do otherwise than wish it well. Ros de Olano was one of the conspirators, but he headed none of the local insurrections of troops. He was at Madrid when the Revolution broke out; and his services were made use of as negotiator between Isabella's Government and Marshal Serrano—negotiations which it was soon seen could lead to no result.

Meanwhile, at San Sebastian, the place which alone, in all the province of Guipuzcoa, had held for the Queen when the Carlist war broke out, Isabella, with her husband, her four children, her favourite, and her confessor, watched with anxious eyes and agonised heart the progress of the insurrection, which she must have foreboded as certain to succeed. Close by, at the distance of less than a two-hours' railway journey, was the powerful Sovereign of France, with his wife, her former subject. What wistful glances were then turned towards Biarritz, what urgent messages were sent, what unavailing prayers for aid were offered up, may rather be conjectured than positively known. It was said and believed at the time that the Queen herself, disguised and almost unattended, went by night to the imperial residence to tell of her despair and implore succour. There, it was told, she and Eugenia Montijo, whom an extraordinary destiny had made Empress of the French, embraced and mingled their tears and supplications, in vain directed to the inflexible Sovereign who felt that he could not afford to commit so grave an error as would have been an armed intervention in the affairs of Spain. Moreover, he bore no love to that last crowned Bourbon, the last of a degenerate race of kings; and her passionate appeal was all in vain. The French official press was instructed to deny the interview, and perhaps it is only its probability and romance that make the world believe in it as having taken place. A few days later the Queen did enter France, this time publicly and as a fugitive. There were not many persons present to record the circumstances of that passage into exile, but some there were; and a private letter, too replete with graphic and characteristic details not to have proceeded from an eye-witness, found its way into a French journal,* and may appropriately be introduced here:—

"BIARRITZ, *Sept.* 30, 1868.—After one hundred and sixty-eight years that have elapsed since the adoption of Philip Duke of Anjou by Charles II., to-day, the 30th September 1868, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the Bourbon dynasty of Spain died before my eyes, at the Biarritz railway station, in the arms of the Emperor. An ocular witness, with some very few privileged persons, of that fatal interview, I think to give you pleasure by relating its circumstantial and exact details.

"It was towards eight o'clock this morning that the Queen, in spite of the advice of those around her, decided upon flight, and gave her orders in consequence. Roncali, Minister of State, prevailed over those who, in the council of the Queen, still advocated resistance.

"A despatch addressed to M. Mon, the Spanish Ambassador at the Court of France, and received at half-past eight at Biarritz, gave intelligence of the catastrophe. Immediately Señor Mon set out for Hendaye (the frontier station), accompanied by General de Castelnau, the Emperor's aide-de-camp, to meet the Queen. I will not tell you all the hesitations, all the resolutions, all the orders and counter-orders, that filled up the morning, and of which the railway tele-

* 'Opinion Nationale,' October 4, 1868.

graph wire between Biarritz and Hendaye was the bearer; it would be wearisome and useless now that the thing is over. During that time the Spanish Consul at Bayonne took measures to secure at Pau the necessary lodgings for the Queen and all her suite.

"The rumour of all these proceedings soon spread at Biarritz, and every obtainable carriage was hired by the curious, eager to get to the station, which is about three kilometres from the centre of the town.

"The most accredited version—I will say more, the truest—was that the Queen would enter Biarritz and pay a visit at the imperial villa. It was thought she came to implore assistance; her flight was not yet credited.

"The train that brought the Queen was due at Biarritz station towards one o'clock. A little before that hour I reached the station, and seeing on my arrival that all the waiting-rooms were full of people, I took refuge in the station-master's office, where there were already a few persons, and amongst others, the Marchioness of Javalquinto, the Countess of Cartagena, the Spanish Consul and his family, and some French people. Lucky were we to have chosen that place, for a few moments later, by order of the Empress, the station was cleared and everybody was turned into its outer court; the office in which we were was alone exempted from this measure.

"It is one o'clock. The Queen is at the station of St Jean de Luz. The Emperor and Empress arrive at the Biarritz station. The Empress comes to speak with the Marchioness of Javalquinto; the Emperor walks alone upon the platform, with head bent and plunged in thought. Suddenly he orders a despatch to be sent to the Queen to ask her if she proposes going straight to Pau or to pause at Biarritz. The question, by its form, may be said to have dictated the reply, which was not long in coming: the Queen answers that she is going straight to Pau.

"The departure from St Jean de Luz is signalled, and soon afterwards the special train entered the Biarritz station. The Queen was alone on the balcony of the saloon carriage, the King at the door of the saloon; Marfori stood behind the Queen, pompous, and wearing over his black coat the broad ribbon of the Order of Charles III. At the moment when the Emperor advanced to offer his hand to the Queen, the express train from Paris to Spain, which had been waiting the arrival of the other to proceed on its journey, came up, and from it were heard to proceed cries most insulting to the Queen—a loud clamour—in which was especially distinguishable the word *Fuera!* (get out, or out with her).

"At these cries the Emperor made a backward movement, and tears gushed from the eyes of the Queen, who got out, as well as the King and her children, the high personages of her suite, Father Claret and the inevitable Marfori.

"After having shaken hands with the Emperor and kissed the Empress, they all four—the Emperor, the Empress, the Queen, and the King—entered the first-class waiting-room, of which the doors had remained open; nobody else entered. Outside the door stood the great dignitaries of both countries, and we behind, observing with anxious eyes the physiognomy of the sovereigns, but unable to divine or to hear anything. Nobody heard what there was said.

"The interview lasted twenty minutes; at last the Queen made a movement towards the door, and they all four advanced; at that moment a Spanish general, who stood beside me, exclaimed, 'No nos queda mas que marchar' (we have nothing left but to depart). The words betrayed the hopes cherished until then, and at that moment dissipated.

"The parting was brief, silent,

mournful. The Emperor was unmoved, the Empress hardly restrained her tears, the Imperial Prince looked astonished. The Queen endeavoured, but in vain, to smile; the little King fidgeted about to hide his emotion; the suite looked aghast. The Queen got into the carriage again, then the King, the Prince of Asturias, whom the Emperor had kissed, and the royal children.

"At that moment the Queen, alone upon the gallery of the saloon carriage with Count Espeleta, exclaimed in Spanish, 'No hé dado un abrazo a la Imperatriz' (I have not given the Empress a kiss), and made a movement as if to get down; but the Empress forestalled her and got upon the gallery, saying, 'Subo a ricibirlo' (I ascend to receive it). She offered her cheek to the Queen, who kissed it, and then she immediately stepped down again, so that the Queen, who was about to kiss her on the other cheek, found only the empty air.

"General de Castelnau, a chamberlain, and an orderly officer, who had come with the Queen from Hendaye, then took leave of her and of the King, the Queen saying to them in French, 'Thank you, gentlemen.' These were the last words spoken. The three officers got down and resumed their places near the Emperor.

"It was at that moment that I beheld the saddest spectacle it is possible to imagine, and of which I shall ever retain the uneffaceable impression. The Emperor stands with uncovered head on the platform of the station at two paces from the carriage; the Empress is on his right, her eyes full of tears; and on her right stands the Imperial Prince, agitated and astonished by all he sees passing before him. In the royal carriage the King and his suite are on their legs; the Queen is on the gallery, of which Charles, the *piqueur*, has just bolted the entrance; before her, looking bowed down, bending under this immense misfortune, stands Count Espeleta. The guards close the carriage-doors of the royal train. Four minutes thus elapse amidst the most profound silence, all looking at each other with an air of gloom and consternation.

"I never was present at a funeral where the grief of the mourners was more profound; it was the funeral procession of a dynasty two centuries old, which had just breathed its last sigh in the Biarritz station. The signal is given, the train is put in motion, everybody bows, and all is over."

This well-written and interesting account of a most interesting and extraordinary event appeared in a newspaper known to be patronised by Prince Napoleon, and was probably addressed to him by some friend at Biarritz.

The Bourbon dynasty expelled from Spain, the question at once arose, What is to replace it? The Revolution had been prepared and carried out with rare foresight, skill, and discretion. Although the number of persons in the secret must for a long time have been very large, no one was found to betray it. The Court and the Ministry had rather an instinct than a knowledge that they both were doomed. Perfect discipline and self-control were exhibited by the numerous conspirators, and no town rose before its time, no premature manifestation compromised the general success. Madrid, which has often taken the lead and given the signal of insurrection, was this time ordered to remain quiet until the work was really done, and till the revolution there should only have to hoist its flag and proclaim the new order of things. The organisation throughout the country was complete, and the chiefs were everywhere ready to take the command when the proper moment should arrive. But for two useless conflicts, at Santander and the Bridge

of Alcolea, the Revolution would have been as bloodless as it was complete. But with its success began the chief difficulty of those who led it. There was danger of anarchy, and it was urgent to replace that which had been swept away. The complete expulsion of the Bourbons having been irrevocably decided, it was difficult to find a suitable candidate for the crown. Comparatively few persons ever dreamed of a republic as possible in so monarchical a country as Spain, although it is unquestionable that the republican party has there been greatly strengthened since 1854, the last time when there appeared hopes that the Queen might enter upon a new path, supported by an honest and truly Liberal Government. A union of Spain and Portugal, under the dynasty of the latter country, has been the favourite idea of many, but is very difficult to bring about. Anything that might now be said on this subject of a reconstitution of government in Spain, would be merely speculative. An article on the Spanish Revolution, written at the present time, must necessarily be mainly retrospective. The incidents of the Revolution itself have been made universally known through the newspaper press; and as for the future, a keen-sighted sage indeed must he be who can venture to predict what it reserves for that sorely-tried people of Spain. As regards the deposed Sovereign, and whatever may be the feeling towards her in the country whence she has been driven, no foreigner, assuredly, would desire to press hardly upon her in the hour of her distress. But history demands the truth, and will assuredly record that the last Bourbon Queen of Spain, the last Bourbon Sovereign in Europe, had only her own follies and vices to thank for her fall.

VEDETTE.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

WALEWSKI.

THE gentleman, *par excellence*, of the Buonapartists is dead: Count Walewski expired suddenly of apoplexy when about to join the train at Strasburg.

In that motley group around the Emperor, where Morny, Persigny, and Fleury figured, and where a grotesque consciousness of the high comedy they were playing seemed to mingle with the sober earnestness of men who must be self-reliant above all things, Walewski stood out conspicuous by an air of well-bred ease and composure which contrasted very favourably with the restless self-assertion of his colleagues.

Walewski was eminently an *homme du salon;* his handsome presence, his portly demeanour, a blended grace and dignity in his movements, made him always a remarkable figure in a court where every feature betrayed a *parvenu* origin. He was, it is true, a *poseur*, somewhat after the fashion George Canning might have been had George Canning been a Frenchman. He talked well, and had that consciousness of his gift that usually doubles the power. His strong resemblance to the first Emperor—for his face recalled all the sweetness and some of the sternness of the Buonaparte type—imparted a very peculiar charm to his manner; but his great fascination was his voice: it was a perfect organ; and he managed it with a modulation and skill of rare excellence.

No two men of the day recall the great Emperor as did Prince Napoleon and Count Walewski, and no two men of the century are certainly less like each other. The Prince personated the impetuous passion, the stern defiance, and the indomitable will of Napoleon. To Walewski belonged that winning grace, that irresistible softness, which the great conqueror could wield with a success none have ever surpassed.

Of all the close adherents of the present Emperor, Walewski was the only one trained to the usages of a Court. When first brought under the notice of Louis Philippe by M. Thiers, it was the affectation of conferring a mark of distinction on a scion of the Buonapartes that induced the King to single him out for employment. It looked so generous, and so liberal too, to take one whose very features revived the memory of the usurper! not to say that there was a self-flattery in being served by the son of him who had deposed his race.

Walewski was Minister at the Court of Tuscany when the monarchy of July fell. I remember as if it were yesterday how a *fête* which he had announced at the Legation was deferred, and how confidently he assured his friends, in that easy jocularity he wore so pleasantly, that the troubles in Paris had been greatly exaggerated by the newspapers; that the events presented no such gravity as had been represented; and that his ball was prorogued less of necessity than as a measure of decency and reserve.

It has been said that of none around the Emperor was Prince Napoleon so jealous as of Walewski, and certainly the influences of these two men have been markedly alternate in the imperial counsels.

Whenever Walewski was in favour, Plon Plon was either estranged from the Court or travelling about Europe, and the return of the Prince to the Tuileries was the signal that sent Walewski to Geneva.

Walewski was a prominent member of that party of which the Empress is supposed to be the head; and though far less extravagant in

his pretensions, or less headstrong in his plans than his colleagues, the Count was eminently a Papist, determined to maintain the Holy See in all its prerogatives and powers, and to oppose every obstacle to the aggressive march of Italian liberation.

Walewski was a stanch Napoleonist; not even Morny himself was a more steadfast adherent to the fortunes of his chief. His theory was ever: Enough had been done for revolution; the task of self-preservation was now the real exigency. M. Guizot, in a very remarkable paper which has just appeared, speaks of the singular hesitation that characterised the Emperor's manner, in an interview he had with him, and how that condition of doubt seemed to weigh on him to a degree that rendered him powerless. They who saw him more closely averred that these two opposing forces, Walewski and the Prince, were the real sources of that vacillation, and that he hung hesitating between the counsels of honest devotion on one side, and a more subtle but more plausible advocacy on the other.

There are men who are wonderfully little influenced by the arguments of their advisers, but become profoundly impressed by witnessing the convictions of the same people, as though there was something more subtle in persuasion than logic, something more penetrating than reason. The Emperor would seem to be one of these, and his long pauses, followed by abrupt action, may be attributed to some such traits of temperament. With the world of society and the "salon," Walewski was the only link the Emperor possessed. Plon Plon could tell him what Mazzini was plotting, and what the "Reds" were hoping, what increase of force democracy was gaining on the Rhine, and how discontent was welling up through every crack and fissure of each European Government. Fleury could report the spirit of the army, and relate what impatient *sabreurs* said as they sipped their absinthe, and Persigny could repeat the warnings of some prefect, and tell how elections should be won over to the State; but Walewski alone could bring back to his master the opinions of those who discussed politics in epigrams, or weighed the policy of the ruler in the fine scales of social appreciation. Walewski hung to legitimacy by his Popery, and to Orleanism by tradition; but he was Buonapartist *surtout.* Perhaps the Empress will regret him more deeply than even the Emperor. He was a faithful follower of her opinions, an honest believer in the Popedom, and a hearty hater of the Plon Plon school. He was an ornament, too, to a Court which could ill spare a figure of such distinction, and he was one of a group which has now dwindled away to two or three "middle-aged" men, as Kinglake calls them, but whose fortunes were never pushed even beyond the level fate accords to the lucky, and who may reasonably anticipate that the run is about to turn. Morny went when there were no more railroad concessions to grant, nor any prominent stock-jobbing robbery to be profited by. Walewski moved away just as the Pope's position became doubly perilous. I wonder when Fleury will bethink him of leave-taking: he'll scarcely like to go while his master is at the Tuileries, and it would not be worth his while to remain after him.

MEDICAL LECTURERS.

There is one feature of this peculiar season to which the world at large, the play-going, novel-reading, platform-speaking, Exeter-Hall-frequenting world, pays but a very indifferent attention, and yet the occasion, unobtrusive as it is, presents much interest. I mean that

at this time the various medical lecturers re-open their schools, and deliver an inaugural address to their pupils.

If there is not any class of men who contribute more unbought services to their fellow-men than doctors, there is not either any who make less parade of their accomplishments, and more shrinkingly withdraw from public gaze or public comment.

Of the vast mass of topics which occupy attention in the world, few are as well, none are more, qualified to speak than physicians. It is not merely that the range of their educational course is wider than most other men's, but that their sympathies are more extended also; their daily contact with people of every grade and condition—their close relations with humanity in all its moods—and the peculiar authority they exercise, so dependent as it is on the qualities and gifts of him who wields it—make these men a priesthood, with a confessional scarcely less searching than that of Rome itself.

I have always felt that their absence from Parliament was a great loss. It is not merely that there are a variety of topics on which they could speak with authority and instruction, but that to whatever subject they addressed themselves they would bring that blended knowledge of facts and human nature, that composite structure to which science gives something and humanity more, which is sure to be of immense value in a legislative assembly. Why is the doctor, as he is admitted to be, a man of rare conversational power, if it be not that his walk in life gives him pre-eminent advantages of knowing and understanding his fellow-men? Those caprices of humanity, those strange fitful fancies that cross the steadiest and maturest of minds, those wayward impulses that seem to threaten the stability of intellect, are no puzzles to him, whose daily toil is passed amongst conflicting indications and symptoms that at first blush look incongruous.

That habit of reconciling what seems discrepant, of accommodating to belief much that looks strange and inexplicable—that patient spirit that accepts phenomena as often as disturbing elements as evidences of motive—all belong to the medical mind; and when it is remembered that to these traits of caution and reserve, to this spirit of doubt, carried almost to casuistry, must be added gifts of rapid perception and prompt action, it may easily be believed that it is a training none but a masterly intellect could sustain, and that it, so trained, would be sure to exercise an ascendancy and a command.

I wish sincerely, then, that these men would make themselves oftener heard. There are preachers who preach more and tell us less. It is not only of disease and death they tell us; their story is of that complex mechanism that fashions human nature in all its moods of good or evil,—where, with rusty indolence, we leave faculties to degenerate from disuse—where, with over-eagerness, we strain powers beyond endurance. These men, who know us all better than we know ourselves, seeing the faculties we neglect, the gifts we abuse, the powers that, while we trust to them, our very organisations deny us, move quietly amongst us, counsel us, and advise us—warners of our dangers, and never profiters by our weaknesses. These men should more frequently be heard amongst us—great teachers as they are of things human.

It may well be doubted if the divines or the lawyers of the present day stand in any high pre-eminence above their predecessors. It would be too invidious to select instances for comparison, and put name against name; but there can be no doubt whatever of the fact, that the present race of doctors are far and away superior to those who went before them, and that medical education has made a progress to

which there is no rivalry in the history of any other profession.

In the admirable opening lecture at "Guy's," delivered by Dr Moxon, the question was discussed as to how rightfully the term science was applied to medicine or surgery; and the lecturer, with great discrimination, showed that the so-called science of medicine was not, like mathematics, constructive of thought — nor, like chemistry, constructive of the elements of nature; and that it really was a mere record of facts, in the careful study and comparison of which facts consisted the excellence of the physician.

Disease, therefore, should be learned as a fact, not as the geologist knows his genera and species from classification, but as the hunter knows his leopards and wild-boars. No writer could describe a disease.

This assertion, which ought to be written in large characters over every school of medicine, should give the death-blow to the degenerate system of cramming for examination,—a system that has sent into practice a vast herd of incompetent and inexperienced men, whose conceit and self-opinion are even greater than their ignorance.

That disease cannot be described —that no form of words can adequately represent the peculiarities that attach to a malady, and enable the hearer to distinguish it from all others—is exactly why medicine does not progress in the direct proportion of the skill of those who exercise it.

Of that marvellous skill and tact which enable a man to say, here I will stimulate and support, here I will deplete, there is no heritage; none can convey, none can transmit this. Of the gift he exercises he can give no account. It would seem an instinct, only that he knows it came to him after years of patient watching and close inquiry. He had it not, or merely a glimmering of it, when he was young; and even now, in his age, he feels how feebly his faculties grasp this knowledge, and what a mere beginner he is, standing at the very foot of the ladder. How little can descriptive power aid this requirement! How comparatively valueless are books and lectures, and how immeasurably above them are the lessons of the hospital, the absolute aspect of disease!

The ablest surgeon I ever knew, the man who had a quicker and sounder instinct into what was curable, and where disorganisation had gone too far for relief—who had a perceptive power that smacked of genius, and whose diagnosis was a something as magical as the divining-rod—I speak of one I loved as well as honoured, the late William Cusack of Dublin—could give no explanation of the skill he wielded, or the steps that led to it.

"That's one of those knees," I heard him once say, as he touched a scrofulous joint; "and all I can tell about them is, that you never cure them."

I have listened to scores of lectures I learned less from than from this brief dictum. It is in studying why men of consummate experience are forced to own that the characters of malady are too subtle for expression, that the student begins to see how he is to make acquaintance with disease; and with this reflection I shall quit the theme, commending it to abler heads and clearer brains—not one of which, however, wishes better to doctors than Cornelius O'Dowd.

MISFITS.

I have just read in the 'Times' an advertisement which I cannot help thinking very suggestive. It runs thus: "Mr B—— buys the misfits from all the eminent West-end tailors, and sells them at half-price."

Now, remark that Mr B. does not profess to make such alterations as may adapt the costumes to the new customers—very probably the terms on which he offers his wares might preclude such an arrangement—he simply pledges himself to give at half-price certain articles depreciated by not suiting those they were meant for.

My first thought on reading this advertisement was—What a wonderful impulse—quite unneeded, by the way—must be given to that snobbery which is our prevailing disease by this practice, and what fresh vigour it must impart to the pretensions of Mr Guppy when he feels himself strutting in the raiment intended for a peer! We have witnessed the momentary thrill of ecstasy with which a gentleman from East London has sat himself down on a throne where monarchy had rested; and we have seen a City lady take her place in a state-coach where a queen had sat before, and, as she proved the springs with the weight of her charms, experience a sense of delight in which an imagined greatness played no small part: but what are these in comparison with the triumphant joy of him whose heart swells beneath an earl's waistcoat, or who sits down in the pantaloons made for a viscount!

How many of the extravagant gestures and absurd airs of "second chop" folk may be explained by the fact that Mr B.'s new system is in full work, and that misfits are deluging Hyde Park and swelling it in Piccadilly? It is not, however, to this view of the subject I would direct attention: it is rather to the curious fact that Mr B., whom one might have thought to be an inventor, is, after all, a mere follower of the spirit of an age that is actually deluged with misfits.

Are not a large proportion of the people in place misfits? What would become of the bench of bishops if we were to weed out the misfits? How many vacancies would such a process secure in our diplomatic service? Are we always certain of finding a gentleman who can wear Lord Stratford's coat without alteration? Is it every one can walk in Sir James Hudson's shoes? The coming elections will be rife in misfits, and we shall be lucky if they don't lead to even more serious misfits as a consequence. Imagine, for instance, Mr Edmond Beales as an Under-Secretary of State, or Mr Bradlaugh in the "Colonies," and not at Botany Bay! Fancy Finlen at the Treasury Board, and not impossibly serving up her Majesty's Ministers for the delectation of an audience grown weary of judge and jury! What say you to the versions our dramatic authors give of the lighter pieces of the French stage, with the dialogue vulgarised to the meridian of the Strand, and all the elegant trifling of word-fence changed into a cross-fire of coarse jokes? Are not these misfits? or if not, I would ask, whom do they fit?

Are the travesties of French cookery we daily meet with misfits or not?

Our naval critics tell us that more than half of our ironclads are egregious misfits, and that some scrubby little sea-tortoise of a monitor with a couple of heavy guns would be more than a match for a fleet.

I believe our volunteers are admitted misfits, and that even their most ardent admirers confess that target-firing, however excellent, is no substitute for discipline, or a full compensation for utter insubordination and irregularity.

Our daily press tells us what misfits abound in our unpaid magistracy, and that what is a mild failing in Middlesex may be a felony in Norfolk.

Our law of marriage, too, enters into this category—at least what fits conjugalism in Scotland is a terrible misfit in Ireland, and not wearable at all in England; and certainly the whole government of Ireland, under either Whig or Tory

rule, has been a misfit of world-wide notoriety.

Reflecting on all these things, Mr B.'s customers may console themselves by saying that they live in a world of misfits, that very few people are wearing the clothes that were made for them, and that the mass of mankind are masquerading in coats and pantaloons that only came to them as misfits.

There are some who, speculating on coming events, fancy Mr Bright trying on the coat of the Home Office or the Board of Trade, and predict it would be a misfit. I am not altogether of their mind. I am certain if he found it tight for him he'd leave it unbuttoned, and never risk the seams by any undue movement of the arms.

That the new House will abound in misfits seems agreed on all hands, and some of the constituencies appear actually bent on exhibiting a humoristic extravagance in the choice of men who may display a grotesque travesty of their predecessors. At all events, no one need be ashamed of confessing he is among Mr B.'s customers. The practice derives from a higher authority even than eminent West-end tailors. Misfitting is a national product, and the Parliament about to assemble will be a grand exhibition of a native manufacture. I am only grieved that I can't be there to see how they look in their clothes, and how nearly they imitate the men who were measured for them.

THE WHIG LETTER.

I remember once on a time an eminent shopkeeper of a town in the north of Ireland, within a short distance of which it was my privilege to reside, rose to the dignity of mayor. In the freshness of my youthful feelings—for I was young at the time—and in a sense of gratitude for the excellence of the pale ale he dealt in, I ventured to congratulate him on his accession to honour and influence. Touched, not impossibly, by the hesitating confusion of my manner, and the difficulty I experienced in conveying my compliments aright, he stopped me suddenly by saying: "No matter, Mr O'Dowd. It is a very great and a lofty eminence, no doubt, but it shall never make any difference between you and me."

Gratifying as this assurance was to me at the time, and pleasant as it is now to recall it, I do not know if the incident would have come back to my memory if I had not chanced to see in the papers a sort of dropping fire of correspondence from great men to their agents, in which they set forth that their tenants are absolutely to consider their votes their own; and that by the exercise of a conscientious discretion they need not fear to incur the landlords' ill-will or subsequent displeasure. One noble lord goes further; for he adds that "equal facilities," whatever they may be, "should be extended to the candidates for conducting their canvass."

After reading these I began to imagine that my friend the Mayor of Coleraine was a paragon of modesty and humility. Lifted to a new sphere, raised to an eminence whose social requirements he could but guess at, and of whose sympathies and affinities nothing in his experience could offer example, he had still enough of humanity in his heart to assure me that he would not cease to remember we had once talked together as equals, and that all his greatness should not totally sever us. But here we have peers of Parliament, territorial princes, lords of creation, in the widest sense these words can compass, deliberately saying to their "tenantry and *employés*" that they may call their souls their own, and actually realise to themselves that they have a conscience.

I am glad it was a Whig began

this. I am glad it was a representative of one of those reigning families who have been giving us ministers at home and envoys abroad for the last two generations—by a law as absolute as Switzerland furnishes "concierges" and Yorkshire trainers to Europe—who first opened this correspondence. It came well from one of those champions of popular rights to say: "I really meant you to be in the exercise of the right I bestowed upon you. When I gave you the franchise I actually intended a vote!" There is the true Whig smack about this all through; for while it declares, with an air of munificence, that a man can absolutely dispose of that he owns, it also contrives to cast an aspersion on any other man whose manliness or good taste have withheld him from such a vainglorious and pretentious proclamation.

Every estated gentleman, and especially every peer of Parliament, is called on by these popularity-hunters to declare, in a letter to the 'Times,' that he does not mean to coerce his tenantry or oppress his *employés;* and for once I am glad to see a French word in an English letter, and to know that an English gentleman was puzzled how to designate those whom he permitted to believe themselves men, while they really were only labourers!

I do not want to read these letters by the light of the characters of those who wrote them. Lifelong shiftiness in politics, the dodgeries of party, and the small rogueries of office, would give many a clue to such artifices as these. The permission to do what you know well will be done exactly as you want it, is a harmless and not very expensive concession; and if it reflect upon my neighbour, who does not feel called on to make a similar *pronunciamento,* it will have served all the purposes of a party move. "Let every gentleman show his hand!" comes very safely from him who holds the honours, and who would like to claim the stakes without playing out the game.

There is, as I have said, the genuine Whig smack about this roguery. It imputes a slander where it lacks courage to make a charge.

Why should there be—what evidence is there in it of fact, or what proof in history, of corrupt influence by Tory landlords over their tenantry in contradistinction to Whigs? Why should the Conservative gentlemen of England, who certainly live in as close relations with their tenant-farmers and labourers as their opponents, be singled out as examples of oppressors and tyrants?

Does the manly squirearchy of England contrast so unfavourably with Whig effeminacy and craft that the plain meaning of a simple duty is to be deemed impossible to the one and easy to the other?

The voters of England know their privileges well, and the sturdy freeholders of English counties are well aware how their interests are bound up with those broad-acred landlords who live beside them, and whose only coercion is the tie of friendly neighbourhood and mutual esteem.

No need to tell these men that they are free to vote, any more than to assure them that their parish church is open to them. It is not thus that they live, and read, and converse.

Let two or three leading men of a party write letters to the public journals declaring that they do not at all require their tradesmen to pay their personal respects at Christmas in white cravats and gloves, or that the butcher should offer up a bouquet on New Year's day, and will not all the town speedily believe that these practices obtain largely with their opponents; and that though Mr Gladstone's tailor is not waiting in the antechamber, Mr Disraeli's hall is full of shoemakers and hatters?

This is exactly what the Russell letter has done and is doing; and if some Tory landlords have swallowed the bait, I am very sorry for their gullibility, and hope that there will be but few to follow them.

OLD AND NEW.

THE antagonism between Old and New runs through the history of all times and all communities. In religion, in politics, in society, in literature, it is these two principles which come continually into conflict, and under sundry names, and with unlimited modifications, form the battle-cries and the creeds of opposite schools and parties. Loyalty to the past or aspirations for the future—a clinging attachment to the good which we have known and tried, an ardent longing after the unknown and the untried, which may possibly be better—these are the feelings which, according as one or other is in the ascendant, mark the difference between Conservative and Radical, orthodox and heretic, fast and slow. It is commonly assumed by extreme partisans on either side that the one of the two principles which they have themselves adopted contains the whole truth, and that the other is the merest delusion. The old Greek philosopher, who knew human nature at least as well as the moderns who have built upon his foundation, was wiser on this head than they are. Aristotle saw both sides of the shield. Discoursing of things pleasant, he remarks that men love that which they are accustomed to; for habit, he says, in words which have passed into a proverb, "is as it were like nature." But he presently goes on to maintain, with no fear as to the self-contradiction, that change is pleasant too; that to work always in the same groove is apt to breed satiety and dulness. He touches on the conflict of the two principles elsewhere, when he notes that memory and the past are the solace of old age, while hope and the future fill the dreams of youth; and he sums up the explanation with a brief pathos which has been diluted into much fine writing since—that to the old the days to come must needs seem few and inconsiderable, while the past is long; to the young, on the other hand, the past is short, the future interminable. But both feelings—the love of sameness and the love of change—exist side by side in all minds, though age and circumstances and natural temperament develop them in individual cases in very different proportions.

The natural instincts and impulses, it may be safely affirmed, tend strongly in the direction of the well-known and familiar. These are the primitive objects of attraction. The love of change accompanies, more or less, the refinement of the intellect and the development of civilisation. The irrational animals, without exception, abhor change; and the child, the savage, and the peasant, are scarcely more fond of it, as a rule. Your horse will hardly rest or feed in the best pasture where he feels himself a stranger, if he can find a way through hedge or gate back to his own stable; even the costermonger's donkey will take the old turn towards home, as if the daily routine of short allowance and much cudgelling had an insuperable attraction for him. A flock of sheep will break out of an English meadow, and work their way home, through nights and days of starvation, back to their native hillside in Wales or Scotland. Your dog, indeed, out of that strange personal attachment which marks his character, will accompany you in your wanderings to the ends of the earth; yet not without protest against your unreasonable proceedings, in the way of nightly howls, and intrusions into other people's drawing-rooms to see if you are really there, refusing to be comforted except in

your immediate presence. But puss, if you take the trouble to remove her with the rest of your goods and chattels into the next county—a removal not without its attendant difficulties—makes her escape at the first possible moment from the hateful novelties of the situation, and unless she can find her way back to the old corner, becomes a vagabond and a poacher on the face of the earth, and falls a victim to the justice of the gamekeeper. The case is very much the same with uncultivated minds of the human species. There is nothing which the English peasant so entirely abominates as ways and places which he "hasn't been used to." The taste for travelling is as incomprehensible to some natures among this class as a taste for literature. If you have ever done so foolish a thing as to take your English servants abroad, you will probably have had an example of it in your own bitter experience. They will have picked up a good many tastes and habits (some not very desirable) from constant association with their superiors, but they have not yet caught from them their love of seeing new places, their appreciation of beautiful scenery, or their rational interest in strange manners and customs. The old traveller's conclusion—"manners they have none, and their customs are very beastly"—would, in nine cases out of ten, be the verdict of your valet or lady's-maid after a tour in foreign parts. The author of 'Tancred' uses only the mildest form of a novelist's licence when he makes his hero's servants grumble at the superb coffee with which the Arab sheikh entertains them, because there is a difficulty about "lump-sugar," and pronounce upon the gorgeous magnificence of the East that it is all very well, but—"we misses the family prayers and the home-brewed." Requisitions and complaints quite as absurd must have come under the notice of any traveller who has encumbered himself with English domestics in a foreign tour. They cannot stand being put out of their way, as they call it. The little shifts and inconveniences at which their masters and mistresses laugh they magnify into serious evils, and every deviation from their home-habits is made a grievance and a misery.

So, in most questions of taste, the less there is of artificial cultivation, the stronger will be found the attachment to the known, the weaker the craving after the unknown. Repetition and familiarity are in themselves charms to a child. The story told from the same lips for the twentieth time, every turn of which, from the exordium to the catastrophe, he knows as well as the narrator, and in which he will at once discover and correct the slightest deviation from the authorised version, will delight him more than a new one, with its change of incidents and unforeseen conclusion. In the fashionable world a song may last only for a season, but the rustic lover of music listens eagerly for the refrain that he knows. If you want to make an impression on a country audience at an agricultural dinner, a harvest home, or any such country gathering, beware above all things of lapsing into anything like originality. You are wandering into a land where such a class of minds cannot follow you. They will listen with some kind of open-mouthed admiration of your cleverness, but it will be an admiration not unmixed with misgivings. If you would really win their sweet voices, emphasise the old conventional phrases in your after-dinner speech, sing them the old song, tell the old story; above all, give them the old joke—a new one might miss fire entirely. When old Squire Hardcastle, in Goldsmith's delightful comedy, musters his outdoor servants to do duty for once as footmen in livery for his respected guests, he gives them some directions for their behaviour at table.

One strict injunction is, that they are on no account to usurp the privileges of guests by laughing at the Squire's good stories. Against this Diggory the waggoner at once puts in his protest. "Then, ecod, your worship must not tell the story of old Grouse in the gun-room! I can't help laughing at that, for the soul of me; we have laughed at that these twenty years!" Upon which the old Squire, flattered and mollified by the compliment, makes gracious allowance for the frailty of human gravity—"Well, well, honest Diggory, you *may* laugh at *that*." Against any new witticisms they felt that they were safe in proof-armour of stolidity; but a joke of twenty years' standing was irresistible. Far from this being any extravagant satire on the part of the dramatist, twenty years for the run of a popular jest is surely a very modest allowance. Some of the stock facetiæ of unsophisticated society have maintained their ground for a full century. Take the parallel case of the most popular quotations, in society which would lay claim to far more cultivation and refinement than poor Diggory and his fellows, or even Squire Hardcastle himself. If you venture upon a quotation at all, and care to have it appreciated by nineteen out of twenty people you have to talk to, you must confine yourself carefully to the old ground. You must stick close to Shakespeare and Byron and Walter Scott, and even then you must not travel out of what may be called the regular tourist-round for your quotations. To quote from Tennyson or Browning implies an amount of reading which few of your hearers may possess, and they tacitly resent your superiority. Virgil alone of the classical writers will go down in the House of Commons. Not that any large proportion of the members are profound Virgilian students, but most of them have been to school, and they know the pet bits by heart as having furnished ornaments for many previous speeches. Even the Radical member, who eschews Latin and Greek as the arcana of a corrupt aristocracy, has caught something of the sense from the familiar sound, as a dog contrives to catch the meaning of his master. So, in the talk of the multitude, the old stock of similes and allusions does duty now as it did fifty years ago; and, save a few bits of comic slang from Dickens, the 'Handbook of Familiar Quotations' receives but very few additions. Patience still sits on her monument "smiling at grief," though few remember when and how she first got there. Pleasant events are still "like angels' visits, few and far between." "To be or not to be"—or perhaps more frequently put in Mr Punch's form, "Toby or not Toby"—is still recognised as the orthodox poetical statement of a dilemma. To speak of your host as an Amphitryon, your messenger as a Mercury, and your new-married friend as a Benedict (no matter for a little haziness in the spelling), is still taken in respectable circles for metaphorical talk of a highly ingenious and sprightly kind. To talk of your wife as your "better-half" touches an unfailing vein of pleasantry; but to allude to her as "the angel in the house"—your mind running on Mr Patmore's graceful poem—would raise something like alarm at your language, as being either very romantic or very satirical indeed.

Our own generation, in which the primitive instincts are a good deal suppressed and new wants and faculties developed, has a strong liking for change and novelty. A new sensation seems the great desideratum of life, and the old routine grows wearisome. Change has become a recognised formula of medical prescription. Change of air, change of scene, change of diet, change of occupation, are the modern remedies which have superseded the recipes of the old pharmacopœia — an

improvement, unquestionably, in many respects. It is far more pleasant to be ordered off to Homburg or Baden than to swallow dose upon dose of "the mixture as before;" and mountain air is a more agreeable tonic, and not much more expensive, than the bark and quinine which were the universal substitute in the days of our boyhood. One wonders, nevertheless, how our great-grandfathers lived to their good old age without the necessity of having recourse to these annual migrations which are held to be a sanitary necessity of modern English life. They were usually "let blood," and went through a course of diet-drinks, in spring and autumn; but they no more thought of going from home in search of health than an oyster would. The expense and discomfort attending on such a move were certainly much more serious in those days than now, but the inclination also was wanting. It may fairly be questioned whether the quiet pleasures and interests of a continuous home-life are not too costly a sacrifice for the presumed advantages of "change" during the most glorious months of the year. An occasional foreign tour—or a home tour, if travelling expenses in England were not so utterly unreasonable — would always open a fund of healthful interest and enjoyment both for young and old; but the annual breaking up of a pleasant and well-established English home for a sojourn elsewhere seems a very doubtful good. It can hardly be required physically, under the ordinary conditions of health; and morally, its effect upon the younger members of a family (even if the change be really enjoyed, which is not always the case) is more than questionable. The restless love of excitement which is fostered by the habit of change makes quiet pursuits and pleasures distasteful, and the artificial high spirits which may be thus produced are a poor exchange for the even cheerfulness of a genuine English home. For those whose lot is cast in towns, and who are confined by the ties of business and profession to the smoke and din of the streets from year to year, the annual holiday comes under quite another aspect. In many cases, in these days of high pressure, it is almost a necessity; and even the limitations and discomforts of a seaside lodging-house become a haven of delight to the jaded Londoner. He can never be too thankful for the invention of railways, which have made the road to paradise so easy. But as often as, in the golden autumn weather, one passes some pleasant English mansion, "bosomed high in tufted trees," with its wealth of natural beauty and artificial cultivation, its woods and waters and bright parterres, and learns from the shuttered windows that all this is wasting its sweetness on the under-butler and the housekeeper, because the family are gone to Brighton or to Malvern, one cannot help questioning whether the health and happiness they are supposed to be seeking might not have been found within their own borders. Nor is it a very uncharitable or unpardonable wish which suggests itself, that amongst our contemplated social reforms there might be introduced a law that the owner of such a place, if he did not find that his health was strong enough to stand it during the two best months of the year, should be compelled to put into temporary possession a couple of poor devils like one's self of robuster constitution (with liberal rations in consideration of the risk), to enjoy it and keep it aired for him during his absence.

The same love of change may be remarked in the tone of present society. Too often the new acquaintance is preferred to the old; if not more desirable or agreeable, it has at least more piquancy. To meet new faces, and interchange

what we take for new ideas, is more to our present fancy than the old shake of the hand which we have known so long. Our welcome of the stranger is carried to something of an extreme. A slight but suggestive illustration of it may be found in the tacit abolition, in our modern society, of introductions. In some points, of course, this is an improvement on the stiff formalities of old times, when two invited guests would stand staring at one another—like two game-cocks preparatory to a fight—on opposite sides of the hearth-rug in their host's drawing-room, or each trifling with a book in order to ignore the other's presence, because neither host nor hostess had yet made their appearance to pronounce the magic formula which was to unlock the gates of intercourse. Now, people meet and talk at once together, as though they were intimate friends of long standing. This unrestrained freedom has its advantages in a social point of view, and is pleasant enough. Nor is it an unreasonable hypothesis upon which this freedom rests—that the man or woman who is asked to meet you at dinner is at least a creature fit for you to speak to. Yet it must be admitted, on the other hand, that to have to make talk, throughout a long modern dinner, to a next neighbour of whose name, family connections, religion, politics, and general antecedents you are profoundly ignorant, does involve the occasional risk of awkward mistakes and *malapropos* appeals and observations. "Don't curse the crocodile's mother when you are crossing the river," says the Egyptian proverb; a caution the spirit of which one has continually to bear in mind when the stranger to whom you have to make yourself agreeable may be, for aught you know, a near relation of the Crocodiles, or any other family. It hampers your power of saying smart things considerably, when you are never sure that the point of your remarks may not hit exactly the wrong place. A judicious host, in the old formal days, at least did what he could to guard you against any fearful plunges of this kind. He generally found an opportunity to advertise you, in a brief aside preparatory to the necessary introduction, that A. was going to be married to one of those tall red-haired Miss B.'s, that C. was a Roman Catholic, and that pretty Mrs D.'s husband had run away from her; hints which might save a stranger from at least some conversational pitfalls. "Don't make any allusion to the assizes, if you can help it," whispered the wife of a hospitable country squire to a rising young barrister, a guest of theirs, when on circuit, indicating the lady whom he was to take down to dinner—"her brother-in-law (a most respectable banker) was transported for seven years last April." It was a hint for which the recipient, rather given to talk shop, never ceased to be thankful, for he made himself so acceptable to the lady that he married her. She made him an excellent wife, and she brought with her thirty thousand pounds to cover the blot on the family escutcheon. Such timely warnings are seldom vouchsafed now. Indeed, the modern cue is rather to ignore the brother-in-law altogether, as a connection of so distant a kind that his fate, whether for seven years or fourteen, could be of no personal interest whatever to the fair guest at one's right hand. Relationship in these days counts for very little indeed. The class of affections which centre in a man's own family, or his own town and neighbourhood, are regarded as narrow-minded and illiberal. Those ancient worthies who, mindful of what they held to be the claims of kith and kin, or other personal and local interests, bequeathed endowments out of their worldly goods to scholars of their own name and blood, or to the

grammar-school which gave them their first start in life, or the poor of the village in which they were born, are looked upon by the legislators of to-day as ignorant and mistaken enthusiasts; and we drive the metaphorical coach-and-horses through their wills and enactments not only without remorse, but with the sort of triumph with which Tullia drove her chariot over her father's body. We moderns care for none of these things; we are citizens of the world. Coldly courteous to all, we rarely admit special claims upon our sympathies. "Boy," said old Bowyer of Christ's Hospital to the new scholar who was crying after home; "boy, the school is your father, the school is your mother, the school is your brother, the school is your sister—the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying!" It sounds like a cruel philosophy, but it did at any rate profess to substitute a family tie of a more extended kind for that which was being temporarily severed. We go much further now. We say to any one who seems to be whimpering over the breaking up of old local foundations and benefactions: "Sir, the public good is our only true object of affection; the public is your father, the public is your mother, the public is your fellow-townsman; we allow no blubbering over sentimental fancies here. Our school of universal philanthropy is above all that kind of thing."

There was a degree of narrowness, it must fairly be confessed, in the old-fashioned notion of confining a man's affections and interests almost exclusively to his own family or his own town and county. If the affection was strong and hearty in itself, the prejudices and antipathies which gathered round it were strong too. It was not a wholesome state of feeling which even now, though less than formerly, makes the Gael and the Celt in Scotland and in Wales look with jealousy and suspicion on the Saxon stranger, which for years divided the students of Oxford into the two hostile factions of North and South, and which even to this day drives our otherwise good-humoured friend Paddy, by an irresistible instinct, to break his neighbour's head because he happens to be a Walsh instead of an O'Sullivan. Even in England, in the days when the mass of the people rarely stirred beyond the limits of their own town or village, the inhabitants of neighbouring parishes were looked upon very much in the light of barbarians. The terms of intercourse were those of negative hostility. They were not sure to fight when they met, but there was always an open chance of it. Every parish had its sobriquet or characteristic epithet by which it was known amongst its neighbours, and these were seldom complimentary. Usually there was some local anecdote or tradition, not to the credit of the inhabitants, stored up in the memories of the neighbourhood, and ready to be hurled as a taunting proverb against them upon the rare occasions of their meeting. And utterly lost to all sense of parochial honour or parochial shame must have been the rustic who, having the natural use of his fists, refused to employ them in such a quarrel. Even to this day, in some of our remoter districts, the match at cricket or quoits between two neighbouring villages is not always free from the mutual interchange, between players or spectators, of such hereditary personalities. A defeat in such trials of skill is sometimes evaded or avenged by an appeal to the final resort of a bodily thrashing; and the captain of a village eleven, arranging the preliminaries of a match this very last season, was heard to inquire of his opponents, half in jest, but with a spice of prudent earnest, whether it was true that they had threatened to

lick the last club who beat them; because in that case, he remarked significantly, "we may as well bring over eleven big uns."

Still, this *esprit de corps* (there is really no English word for it), this concentration of the interests and affections within the limited circle of family or county, or school or college, had its favourable points as well as its weak ones. The sacred band of Thebes, or the modern crack English regiment, have fought none the worse because they recognised, besides the soldier's general duty to his country, a special obligation to their comrades and their colours. It might have been a perverted enthusiasm which made the wounded private of the 43d, as he lay gasping on the breach at Badajos, fix his teeth into the leg of the leading man of another regiment who was stepping over him, that his own sergeant might be the first man in; but it is just this kind of rivalry which helps to get breaches mounted at all. Freemasonry is a narrow and perhaps a foolish bond; but its obligations have unquestionably in many instances awoke the noblest spirit of charity and generosity in those who, perhaps, would not have been so ready to recognise the general claims of humanity. We ought all, no doubt, in case of need, to be ready to play the good Samaritan; but we must remember that it *was* worse in the priest and the Levite to pass the wounded traveller by, when he was a countryman of their own. The social bond which united men of the same public school or the same college was not without its advantages; and its relaxation, in these days of broader sympathies, is not an unmixed good. Prime Ministers have made worse appointments, and from far less creditable motives, than Walpole did, when he chose, if possible, for the Church and State offices in his gift an Eton man and a schoolfellow. Of their antecedent character and promise he had the chance of knowing a good deal, and of their loyal service he felt justly confident. A late bishop who was charged—not altogether unreasonably — with nepotism in the distribution of his church patronage, made answer to a friend who had been bold enough to tell him the complaints that were made on that head—"But, you see, one knows so much more of one's own relations." The answer became famous for what was thought its extreme simplicity; but really it contained a deeper truth than the patent truism at which the hearers smiled. It is hardly in the power of any patron to appoint in any case "the best man," which is the demand so commonly made upon him by anonymous and irresponsible censors; simply because he has no means of ascertaining who is the best man, and because, for nine out of ten ordinary appointments, civil or ecclesiastical, there could be found fifty men one as good as the other. Amongst his own private friends he is very likely to have some one at least who is perfectly well qualified, and of whose qualifications he can personally assure himself; whereas if he aims at getting "the best man," irrespective of private considerations, he has to act, after all, upon the testimony of others; and we all know how often what is publicly recognised as "merit" is chiefly a combination of fortunate circumstances and the good word of influential friends.

But there are few accusations which in this age we are all so anxious to avoid as the imputation of a narrow or provincial mind. We profess to know everything and everybody, and not to care so very much about anything or anybody in particular. In part the change is owing to the fact that London life now gives the colour, more or less, to all society. Even those who, in fact, see very little indeed of the doings of the London world, beyond the absurd and extravagant fashions which are im-

ported thence from time to time into their own more quiet sphere, are yet influenced by it, sometimes unconsciously, sometimes from the servile habit, which is the shame of English people, of affecting the manners and customs of a class to which they do not properly belong. But a season in town, or at least a glimpse into its fashionable mysteries, has become part of the social education of a much larger class than in the days of our grandfathers and grandmothers. Even the landed country gentleman of that generation moved in a much narrower circle. To him and to his wife and daughters, in most cases, their own county-town was the metropolis. The north-country squires resorted regularly to York for their fashionable season. Its assizes, its balls, its assemblies, its theatres, made up their notion of fashionable excitement. On the stage of the latter they found as good acting as they would find in London; and Frodsham, "the York Garrick," had partisans who pronounced him equal (he himself was not too modest to have said superior) to his great original at Drury Lane. The Northamptonshire gentleman who now takes his luxurious little dinner from time to time at his London club, thought no scorn, a century back, to dine on Thursday afternoons, during the bowling season, at the "twelve-penny ordinary" at the old bowling-green at Highgate House in his own county. So, too, the good old county families who lived "all round the Wrekin"—the many-acred landlords of Herefordshire and Worcestershire—the pretty Welsh heiresses and the "proud Salopians,"—all, when they spoke of "going to town," meant nothing more or less than a visit to Shrewsbury. Many of the country families of mark kept up their town-houses there. Its annual "Show" attracted the beauty and fashion of the neighbouring counties in far greater numbers than could be drawn together now at any provincial festival short of a royal visit. With the exception of these periodical migrations townward, or in cases where even these were beyond the resources of the domestic exchequer, the life of country families was more isolated than it is, according to the statements of grumblers, even now. Roads were worse, conveyances were worse, and weather, there seems to be no doubt, was worse also. Spirits and energies, perhaps, were greater, and people made the best of their difficulties. Still, they were content to run the round of their few country neighbours; and the stranger—a rare bird of passage—unless he came furnished with ample introductions, was looked upon as rather a suspicious character. If they did not go quite so far as to "heave half a brick at him," which is said to be still the normal form of welcome to a new face in some parts of the Black Country, still there was a good deal of negative stoning of strangers in county society. Now the state of things is rather reversed, except perhaps in some few counties or neighbourhoods where the old jealous and exclusive feeling still survives. Provided only that he makes a fair show in style of living and personal address, an adventurer of audacity and tact finds comparatively much more easy admission into society which considers itself good than he could have done fifty years ago.

Old playgoers, or readers of old comedies—in either case probably but a small section of the present public—may chance to remember Mrs Grundy in "Speed the Plough." She was a recognised village authority, to whom all her neighbours, young or old, deferred with a sort of servile awe and allegiance. She was a sort of prototype in one point of Dickens's "Mrs Harris," for though constantly invoked, she never appeared upon the scene. Any act or deed in the social kingdom which

seemed of new and therefore doubtful propriety was tested by the unfailing formula—"What will Mrs Grundy say?" If it gained that awful lady's *imprimatur*, it was all right; if she disapproved, all was wrong. The phrase passed into a proverb with our grandmothers. Everywhere there was some social Mrs Grundy, visible or invisible, actual or imaginary, who was always silently appealed to before any step of doubtful caste was ventured upon. Things are very different now. Modern society rather delights in defying Grundys. The main object of some of our young people, especially, seems to be to make their elders stare—in which, it must be confessed, they succeed very fairly. The Grundy dominion was undoubtedly in many respects a social tyranny of a degrading kind, and one cannot wonder that the hereditary bondsmen have revolted. Still, to cut ourselves loose, as many do, from all restraints of social opinion, even in matters which in point of right or wrong are indifferent, is not a clear gain to social character. To do that which is right in every man's own eyes is but a poor kind of earthly paradise. The fear of Grundy repressed many acts and deeds and natural feelings which were innocent and even laudable; but it also repressed a great deal that was rude and selfish, and subversive of social order. It may be very comfortable for a judge to sit, as we are told they do in some places on the other side of the Atlantic, in his shirt-sleeves, with his legs over the back of his chair and a cigar in his mouth; but, on the whole, we think it more conducive to the dignity of justice, and not prejudicial to its calm and conscientious administration, that it should affect the gravity of wig and ermine. It may be extremely pleasant for young men to walk into a drawing-room as they do redolent of tobacco, or to play at croquet with young ladies with pipes in their mouths; and fast young ladies, in the plenitude of their good-nature, may even protest that they rather like it. But this free-and-easy self-indulgence is not an improvement on the old-fashioned character of a gentleman—not consistent with a chivalrous respect for women—not a good training for habits of self-denial in weightier things. The etiquette in most large houses now is for host and hostess to ignore their visitors almost entirely; to take care that due arrangements are made for their comfort by those whose department it is, but nothing more: to leave them, as we say, very much to themselves. This saves a good deal of trouble to the entertainers, and possibly spares the guest himself, in some points, from being bored by over-attention. But altogether it is not an improvement on the system under which a guest was made more of a personality. It is not soothing to our vanity to feel that our presence or absence is a matter of considerable indifference to our hosts. A little more personal welcome on our arrival, a little more expressed regret at our departure, would have been agreeable to some of us. As it is, we take our leave as we should from a well-appointed hotel and a courteous but not demonstrative manager, with very little difference in our feelings except in the absence of the bill. It is very pleasant for all of us to do as we please; but it is also pleasant to feel that other people are doing not exactly what they please, to please us; and very good for us to have to do things that we do not exactly please, to please other people. What we call the restraints of society are very often its safeguards against that intense selfishness which is always ready to break out, and which, if indulged to its full extent, would either render civilised society impossible, or debase it altogether. We readily pay a tax for our soldiers and our police, not because paying taxes is a pleasant thing to any of us, but because we like to insure protection against insults abroad and roguery at home.

So even the stiff formalities, as they may seem, of old-world society may have been a cheap insurance against that free-and-easy familiarity which is too much the characteristic of the present—agreeable enough so long as it is tempered by good taste and gentle breeding, but unendurably offensive when it is affected by those who are incapable of drawing any line between ease and impudence.

Yet even in this age of change the counter-element is strong. Potent indeed is the sway still exercised over all of us by those ancient household deities, "Use and Wont,"

"Grey nurses, loving nothing new."

What lesser influence, so far as the outside world can see, can reconcile some men to their wives, or, for that matter, some women to their husbands? "The evil that we know" is not only comparatively more endurable than that which we do not know, but it comes, by force of habitude, to be looked upon almost as a good. In dress, in ways of life, in social customs, we are terribly conservative. For years men have worn chimney-pot hats, and boots which were a positive martyrdom, and women have laced themselves within an inch of their lives, and all the time persuaded themselves that these things were comfortable.

The household love for the old keeps its place in all our hearts side by side with the passion for the new. Objects which have been long familiar to us, however in themselves uninteresting or ungainly, still inspire a kind of affection which is the growth of habit rather than of choice. The simplest things have a charm for us when use has beautified them to our eyes and mind. Especially is this the case when the old associations are suddenly revived after long severance. There are few who will not confess the fascination exercised over them by a tune, or even by a scent or a flavour, which was familiar to them in childhood, but of which the memory had almost died out until it was casually revived. And here, perhaps—if such speculation were not too deep for our small philosophy—we have a glimpse of the point in which the two instincts meet: the new is but a revival of the old. All acquirement of knowledge, says the old philosopher, is but the awakening of reminiscence; either the echo of some chord which has been touched before in a previous stage of existence, or the wakening into consciousness of a something which has been hitherto lying dormant in the cells of our brain. So the charm of novelty may, after all, be nothing more than the pleasure caused by the revival of some long-lost sensation. Something of the kind may be traced in the literature of the day. The passion for novelty leads to the reproduction of the obsolete. It is not only that so much of our modern literature is said, with too much justice, to be merely a *rechauffé* of the original wit and wisdom of the past—that old books are decanted into the new—but that, by what is at least a much more honest literary speculation, the old books are being reproduced bodily by way of novelties. As we have been wearing the hoops of our great-grandmothers, so we are now reading their novels. Tom Jones and Clarissa Harlowe are resuscitated, and dressed in modern type and binding—a costume in which, it must be confessed, they hardly look so comfortable or so respectable as in their old-fashioned habits. Not that their morality, or immorality, is by any means worse than that of their modern successors; but it is of a kind which, somehow or other, seems to pass muster better in its original setting. Critics and reviewers, sick, perhaps, of the rubbish they are compelled in their vocation to wade through, have of late taken up something of the same line, and offer us a notice of some old and forgotten book as a new relish for the palled appetite of the general reader.

The taste for novelty, too, is in some cases an unreal affection. The most trashy music and the silliest words will be applauded, if not listened to, in many a drawing-room with professed admiration, as "that last sweet new thing of Philomel's;" but the faces will light up, and the words of thanks be warmer, if not louder, at some simple English ballad which charms us now as it did years ago. The outrageous extravagances in costume which women affect, and which makes the dress or the bonnet of last year—one may almost say of last month—a thing impossible to be worn without singularity, are not really the result of a love of change. Perhaps five women out of six are sensible enough to be quite content with the old style, if fairly becoming; but they are more or less the victims of the foolish minority and the fashionable milliners. The importunity of trade, in a commercial and wealthy country, is at the root of more than half the perpetual succession of novelties which are introduced into our households and daily life. It does not suit the exigencies of the tradesman-world that furniture, or dress, or books, or music should last too long. "We could not live, sir," said a manufacturer, after expressing his honest admiration of the quality of an old carpet which was shown him, "if we made such carpets now." Therefore new forms and patterns are continually set before the eyes of those who have plenty of money, and little occupation for their time and thought except to find means of spending it. It is a perfect godsend to such people to have a new want created for them, and they adopt thankfully the new invention which the enterprising manufacturer has introduced. Then, inasmuch as these persons are commonly among the leaders of society—and in these days, if we do not all of us exactly covet our neighbour's goods, at least we feel a strong desire to have goods of our own as like his as possible—the taste and fashion, however absurd or expensive, spreads from stratum to stratum of the public, until very often it takes the form of the most ridiculous caricature.

Enter the household of the yeoman or the tenant-farmer, and compare it with what it was less than fifty years ago. The old hearty homeliness, which had nothing mean or sordid about it, but breathed of ease and plenty if not of refinement, has disappeared. Here and there, in the north most commonly, some undisturbed oasis may be found amid the sweeping sands of progress, where the old life still lingers. Into such a house, if you can find it, you may venture at any hour of the day, never unwelcome or unwelcomed. It may be that the "missus" emerges to receive you from some back settlement where she has been deep in household cares. Her arms may be soapy from helping in the family wash—her hands hastily wiped from making up the butter or pressing the cheese; but soap-suds are cleanly, and butter and cheese are wholesome, and she has the innate courtesy to feel that it is better to come to meet you, all in her working gear as she is, than to keep you waiting while she dons her afternoon gown. She is a farmer's wife, and by no means ashamed of it, or of taking an active part in the family wash or making the butter. What she would really be ashamed of would be the allowing these things to be badly done. But such a household is exceptional now. More frequently the visitor will be ushered into some comfortless apartment redolent of the mustiness of disuse, which does duty as the drawing-room in the modern farmer's family, the servant perhaps having to open the shutters specially for his or her reception; and there the victim of the proprieties waits, patiently or impatiently, looking at some album full of vile photographs of what

seems to be a specially ugly circle of family connections, while the mistress of the house is bustling into her silk dress up-stairs. There is, all the time, a comfortable family house-room into which he might have been shown at once, and where one or two of the daughters (good girls enough) are sitting at the moment mending some of the family linen. But they would not be seen so employed for the world. Things must be done as they are done—or not done—at the squire's. There can be no possible comfort or credit to any human being concerned, in such a change from the old habits of living. You don't believe in the hostess's refinement one whit the more for the silk dress and the drawing-room; and if there is any one thing more than another which would prevent you from ever entering the house again, it would be the dread of hearing one of the young ladies play upon that piano. And the family themselves have, to say the least, a very strong suspicion of all this, and would be more really at their ease if you had caught them unadorned with this fictitious elegance, amongst their daily vocations; but they have not the courage to stand fast in the old tracks against the sweeping tide of what passes for progress and refinement.

As the world goes on it is quite certain that change must have the best of it, and it may be hoped that, on the whole, the change is also for the best. Much that is new and worthless may be patiently borne with, as pretty sure to be shortlived; while that which is of most worth among the old may be trusted to reappear and repeat itself from time to time, even under the guise of novelty. In architecture, in painting, in music, it has been found that we sometimes make real progress by going backward; and an antiquarian taste, whether in art, in literature, or social phenomena, is not always nearly so unpractical as it seems.

THE COMING ELECTIONS.

It will be from no foolish reserve on the part of the Liberal press, nor through any lack of hardihood in the candidates whose cause the Liberal press has espoused, if the coming elections fail to send to the Reformed House of Commons a majority of members committed — not a few of them openly pledged — to work out a speedy, though perhaps a bloodless, revolution in this country. We express ourselves thus because, assuming the announcements which meet us day by day to be trustworthy, every seat in every section of the United Kingdom is to be fought for upon Liberal principles; and Liberal principles, as these are set forth both in the addresses of candidates and in the leading articles which comment upon and approve them, all point, with more or less of steadiness, in one direction. We are very far from affecting surprise at the course which the Liberal party judges it expedient to adopt. The Liberals have their ascendancy to recover in the management of the affairs of the State, if that be possible: and keeping this object in view —and we do not hesitate to add, not caring to look beyond it—the more aristocratic leaders of the party know perfectly well what they are about. It is with them a question of now or never; a crisis in their fate with which, unless they be content to subside into a mere faction, they must deal boldly. For if they cannot succeed in obtaining a majority in the first House which meets under the new order of things, their chances of coming to the front again within the lifetime of the present generation are small indeed. Therefore they do both the prudent and the necessary thing in stirring up their followers to contest every seat, both in Great Britain and Ireland; and what is wise in them, taking a purely party view of the matter, will doubtless turn out to be best for the country in the end; for to this we must have come at last. A death-struggle between the two great principles—between Conservatism on the one hand, and a reckless policy of change on the other—has been inevitable ever since Mr Gladstone took his place as head of the Liberal party; and it is better, perhaps, for all of us, that it should come now, than that we should be constrained to guard against it from year to year for half a century. For ourselves, we hasten to declare, ere the fray begins, that whatever its issues may be, we shall accept and make the most of them. If, as we hope and anticipate, the newly-created voters prove worthy of the boon which a Conservative Government bestowed upon them, we shall regard our triumph as the best reason why that course of social improvement which has been well begun of late should be persevered in. If, on the contrary, the battle go against us, it will be our pride, as it is our pleasure, to take defeat without a murmur. Duties will still devolve upon a Conservative minority — if in a minority Conservatism must be—which are neither few nor unimportant. We can retard, though we may not be able to arrest, the downward progress of the State coach; and when at last the level of pure democracy is reached, neither we nor our children will forget that England is still our country. But the coach is not set fairly as yet upon the incline which ends in pure democracy. The constituencies of the empire have still to declare whom they shall choose to legislate for them; and that there may be no misunderstanding about the results of that choice, we propose in the following pages to set

forth what it is that contending parties profess to seek; and to do so by letting each side, as much as possible, speak for itself, so that our readers, having the evidence fully before them, may be in a condition to return a verdict based upon, and in accordance with, truth.

The Conservative programme is simple enough. It is also general, and necessarily so. To maintain inviolate the prerogatives of the Crown, to defend the privileges of the Peerage, to uphold the rights of the Commons, to keep unbroken the union of the Church with the State—these things, in few words, express the principles, and set forth the intentions, of all who come before the constituencies as Conservative or Tory candidates. Conservatives or Tories—call them which you will—have, indeed, no crotchets of their own to push forward. They believe that the constitution of society in this country, though far from perfect in its details, comes in theory nearer to perfection than the constitution of society in any other country under the sun. They know that personal liberty—the freedom of speech and of action—of opinion in religion and in politics, just as in science and in letters—is, so far as the Government is concerned, as complete in Great Britain and Ireland as it can be anywhere, consistently with the preservation of public order. There is not a man among us so lowly but that the law protects him from oppression; there is not a man so high in rank that he can go beyond the law with impunity; there is not a man so eccentric but that he may indulge his eccentricities, provided they inflict no injury on his neighbours; there is not a man so destitute but that he is guarded by the law of the land, at all events against starvation. Of these facts the Tories or Conservatives are proud; and they deprecate every legislative arrangement which seems to them calculated to interfere with them. Believing, also, that the continued existence of this order of things is the result of such a social framework as is not to be met with anywhere else in the world, they are determined, if possible, to keep it in this country essentially what it is. For they approve and desire to perpetuate that true aristocracy which allows all men to aspire—which, recognising the actual distinctions of class, interposes no insuperable barrier between any two classes. They look round and see the boy born in a peasant's cottage, or in the single room of an artisan in the great city, rising, year by year through his own merits, to be a bishop, a chief-justice, or a lord chancellor. They point to hundreds of lads who, having begun life by sweeping out counting-houses or running errands, attain, ere middle life is past, to eminence as merchants or traders, and ultimately become great landowners and members of Parliament. How many, indeed, of our county magnates can trace back their genealogies as lords of the soil to more than two, or at the most three, generations? How rapidly, indeed, is the great bulk of the land, both in England and in Scotland, passing into the possession of men who, in their own persons or by their fathers, made their fortunes in workshops, or cotton-mills, or breweries! Yet between these tradesmen, or sons of tradesmen, and the old untitled aristocracy of the country, no line of severance whatever is drawn, except such as the tastes and manners of individuals may create. Now this is exactly the order of society which every true Tory or Conservative admires and is anxious to perpetuate, because it is the best safeguard from the evils which accompany feudalism on the one hand, and the lowering influence of absolute democracy on the other. We Tories could no more tolerate that there should exist among us a caste unapproach-

able except to such as claim nobility of birth, than we could endure with patience the insolence of mob-rule. We object to the former because it is against the order of nature: we object to the latter because wherever it prevails there can be neither refinement of manners, save exceptionally among individuals, nor leisure and opportunity anywhere to cultivate the mind.

Tories or Conservatives have therefore no special crotchets to aim at. They value as it deserves the social system of the land which gave them birth, and they are solicitous of averting from it all such blows as, whether intended or otherwise, cannot fail, sooner or later, to shake it to pieces. But it does not therefore follow that the Tories are either blind to the practical defects which others notice in the application of this exquisite piece of social machinery to the business of life, or are unprepared to apply to them a remedy. It has long been an article of their creed that, between high and low, rich and poor, there is in this country too little of everyday intercourse. Not absurdly lamenting the growth of manufactures, to the expansion of which England owes much of her greatness, they do lament that there should have sprung up with it a practical change in the habits of the people, of which neither the moral degradation nor the political hazard can be over-estimated. They see in London, for example, and in all the great towns of the empire, the working classes living apart from their employers, crowded together, in many instances, beyond access to the means of common decency and cleanliness — having no ministers of religion to tell them their duty to God as well as to man—having no places of worship; without schools, without support from the humanising influence of good example, and therefore untrained to seek for recreation and amusement except in mere debauchery. These things have long been to the Tory party sources of anxiety and uneasiness; and bit by bit, as opportunities presented themselves, they have laboured, and not unsuccessfully, to mitigate the evil. The Ten-Hours Bill, a Tory measure, put an end to that system of continuous toil and ignorance which Mr Bright, and the section of the Liberal party which he represents, did their best to perpetuate in the factories; and through Tory exertions some of the more obnoxious of the clauses in the new Poor-Law—the most consummate combination of empiricism and cruelty that ever doctrinaire invented, or a bamboozled Legislature was prevailed upon to sanction—have been repealed. And now, in order that the working men may be able to look after their own interests, the Tories have received them within the pale of the Constitution to an extent which their rivals never dreamed of; and to which, when the Reform Bill of 1867 was brought forward, Mr Gladstone and his friends offered all the opposition in their power.

Here then, in brief, is the Tory programme—necessarily short, unavoidably simple—which, for thirty years and more, being, as a party, in opposition, they were constrained, whenever elections came round, to reproduce for the consideration of the constituencies. But the Tories are now in office; they have been in office two years, and they are in a position to argue from what in that space of time they succeeded in doing, to what they are prepared to do if the country pronounce in their favour. Now, hear first on this subject Lord John Manners — than whom no public man is better entitled to stand forward as the exponent of the opinions of his party — whose present views are what they were ever since his reason matured itself, and who shares these views now, as from early life he shared them, with the Tory leader. It is thus that he addresses himself

to the electors of North Leicestershire :—

"Two years have elapsed since you were pleased to re-elect me as a member of the Government of Lord Derby; in asking you to return me at the approaching election as a colleague of his successor, Mr Disraeli, I may be allowed to name some of the things accomplished, and measures passed, during that short period. Fenianism has been, with but little loss of life, suppressed. The efficiency of the army and navy has been materially increased. Our fellow-countrymen have been rescued from captivity in Abyssinia, and the power and disinterestedness of England have alike been shown in the brief and brilliant campaign which produced that result. Foreign affairs have been so managed as to conduce to the maintenance of peace, and to increase the weight of English influence in the councils of Europe. The majority of our North American provinces have been welded into one great Dominion, and the ennobling system of self-defence has been encouraged in our thriving Australian colonies. The administration of the poor-laws, especially in London, has been rendered more effective and humane. The beneficent provisions of the Factories Acts have been extended to numerous manufactures and trades hitherto exempted from them, and an impetus has thereby been given to popular education. By the passing of the Parliamentary Elections Act, the series of measures connected with the difficult question of Reform has been completed; and in consequence of the extension of the county franchises contained in the Representation of the People Act, many of you will be enabled for the first time at the ensuing election to exercise the privilege of voting. That to this list cannot be added the reform of the bankruptcy law, the improvement of the laws relating to the tenure of land in Ireland, and the development of its legitimate extent of the present system of education in England, is owing to no neglect on the part of the Government, but to the interruption in the proper course of business during last session, caused by the interpolation of a crude scheme for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church in Ireland. To any such scheme —or, in other words, to any proposal to sever the connection which, from the earliest period of our history, has existed between the Church and the State, and which, while hallowing Government with the sanctions of religion, has offered the truths and consolations of Christianity to the poorest of the people—I shall continue to offer every opposition in my power. That is the main issue which is now about to be submitted to the judgment of the country, and upon it I entertain no doubt that your opinion will ratify mine. In addition to the subjects which I have mentioned as unfortunately postponed last session, the early attention of Parliament will no doubt be directed to the incidence and management of local taxation, and to the best method of securing for our herds immunity from imported disease, while relieving the home metropolitan trade in animals from the vexatious, though at present salutary, restrictions."

We turn next to Mr Disraeli himself, who, so long ago as the 29th of July, spoke out at the Lord Mayor's hospitable board with a frankness which, as was to be expected, stirred the bile of his political opponents, and drew forth their bitterest criticisms. He has since issued an address to the electors of Buckinghamshire, which, because it states with perfect candour both what the present Government has done, and what it proposes to do and to resist, we transfer, as we shall do the manifesto of his impulsive rival, to these pages :—

"Gentlemen,—Since I last addressed you, her Majesty has been graciously pleased, upon the retirement of an illustrious statesman, to intrust to me the chief conduct of public affairs.

"Having enjoyed the entire and unbroken confidence of the Earl of Derby for twenty years, during which we worked together in a harmony never interrupted, I was thoroughly acquainted with his policy, and I have pursued that policy without deviation. I may therefore, in asking a renewal of your political support, take a general view of the conduct of affairs since the accession of the Conservative Government to office in 1866.

"The question of Parliamentary Reform had then, for a long series of years, disquieted the country and embarrassed and enfeebled successive Administrations, which had failed to lead it to any happy conclusion. We were of opinion that this state of affairs should terminate; and by a series of measures, in the course of two years, we brought about a settlement of the question, broad in its principles, large and

various in its provisions, but, as we believe, in unison with the character of the country, and calculated to animate the spirit of the community and add strength and stability to the State.

"The conduct of foreign affairs has obtained the sympathy and confidence of the various Courts and Powers; the just influence of England has been established, and it has been used for the maintenance of peace and the interests of civilisation.

"The legacy of insult and difficulty which had been left us in Abyssinia could only be successfully encountered by a responsibility from which we did not shrink. The result of the Expedition to that country vindicated the honour of the Crown and the cause of humanity and justice, and it obtained for her Majesty's forces the admiring respect of Europe.

"When we acceded to office the state of the navy was one which occasioned serious anxiety; the fortresses on which the late Ministry had expended millions were without artillery; the British soldier was armed with inferior weapons; and the military service of the country so unpopular, that, if no change had been devised, we might have been driven to the principle of a conscription. At present, it cannot be denied that the strength of the navy is materially increased, the defences of the country much advanced, the soldier admirably armed, and enlistment become so popular that not only is the voted number of our forces no longer in arrear, but many thousand veterans who were about to claim their discharge have remained in the army. Such great results have, of course, not been obtained without an increase of our expenditure; but the expenditure has been on objects of the first necessity; and while it has been defrayed without adding to our taxation, it has entailed no burden on posterity.

"Economy does not consist in the reckless reduction of estimates; on the contrary, such a course almost necessarily tends to increased expenditure. There can be no economy where there is no efficiency; and to secure efficiency you must be vigilant in administrative improvement. Influenced by these views, her Majesty's Government, by placing in the hands of a single individual a control over the expenditure of the War-Office, commenced a considerable reform during the late session in the administration of the army, which will conduce to greater economy and efficiency both in peace and war.

"Great public advantage may be anticipated from this measure, and the different departments of the State will be revised in the same spirit. This revision will assist that retrenchment which the pressing exigencies of the public service have alone prevented.

"In the government of Ireland we had to encounter a dark conspiracy of foreign military adventurers, acting on the morbid imagination of a limited portion of our Irish fellow-subjects, and whose active combinations, had they been successful, would have led to general disorganisation and plunder. That conspiracy has been baffled in every instance and in every quarter by vigilance and firmness, which, being the consequence of conscious power and not of panic, have led to no unnecessary severity, so that even the discomfited have admitted that their treatment has not been marked by vengeance or cruelty.

"Notwithstanding this untoward state of affairs, we have pursued towards Ireland that wise policy of sympathy and conciliation which has been followed by all parties in the State for the last thirty years. Justice has never in that country been administered with more impartiality; and, whether with respect to the tenure of land or the facilities for education, we will continue to give our earnest consideration to every suggestion which is consistent with the rights of property, and with the maintenance of our Protestant institutions.

"In this state of affairs we had reason to hope, and it was generally contemplated by the country, that we might have tranquilly wound up the business of the late session, and then asked, according to the provisions of the great statute which we had just passed, the public verdict on our conduct. Had it been propitious, we might, by the favour of the Sovereign, have continued to serve her Majesty, and enjoyed an opportunity of effecting those legal and social improvements which are so much required, and to the necessity of which we had proved we were not insensible. Had the verdict been adverse, we should have retired from office without a murmur, conscious that, when we had the opportunity, we had endeavoured to do our duty, and still prepared, as representing one of the great parties of the State, to co-operate with our rivals in public life for the public good.

"This, the natural current of events, was to be interrupted. The leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons

seized the occasion of an expiring Parliament, which had proclaimed its inadequate representation of the country, to recommend a change of the fundamental laws of the realm, and to propose a dissolution of the union between Church and State.

"Her Majesty's Government offered, and will offer, to this policy an uncompromising resistance. The connection of religion with the exercise of political authority is one of the main safeguards of the civilisation of man. It instils some sense of responsibility even into the depositaries of absolute power. But, under any circumstances, the absence or severance of such a tie will lower the character and duties of Government, and tend to the degradation of society.

"But it is urged that, in the present instance, the application of the new policy is only to be partial, and that only one portion of her Majesty's dominions—Ireland—is for the present to be submitted to the revolution; and on this plea, that in Ireland the members of the Established Church form only a minority of the population.

"If this numerical test is to be accepted, its application cannot be limited to Ireland; and if, in a country of entire toleration, a local instead of an imperial gauge be adopted, the religious integrity of the community will be soon frittered away.

"Instead of Ireland being made an exception to the fundamental condition of our Constitution, there are many secondary reasons why the Established Church should be maintained in that country.

"Its subversion would aggravate religious hostility and party rancour; would suppress a resident class of men whose social virtues are conducive, as all agree, to the welfare of the country; and would further diminish the security of property in a land where its tenure and enjoyment are not as unquestioned as they hitherto have been in other parts of her Majesty's dominions.

"But even in Great Britain the spoliation of the Church in Ireland would not be without its effect. Confiscation is contagious, and when once a community has been seduced into plunder, its predatory acts have seldom been single.

"There are, however, even weightier reasons why this new policy should be resisted.

"The religious liberty which all her Majesty's subjects now happily enjoy is owing to the Christian Church in this country having accepted the principles of the Reformation, and recognised the supremacy of the Sovereign as the representative of the State, not only in matters temporal, but in matters ecclesiastical. This is the stronghold of our spiritual freedom. So long as there is in this country the connection, through the medium of a Protestant Sovereign, between the State and the national Church, religious liberty is secure.

"That security is now assailed by various means and on different pleas; but amid the discordant activity of many factions there moves the supreme purpose of one power. The philosopher may flatter himself he is advancing the cause of enlightened progress; the sectarian may be roused to exertion by anticipations of the downfall of ecclesiastical systems. These are transient efforts—vain and passing aspirations. The ultimate triumph, were our Church to fall, would be to that power which would substitute for the authority of our Sovereign the supremacy of a foreign prince; to that power with whose tradition, learning, discipline, and organisation our Church alone has hitherto been able to cope, and that, too, only when supported by a determined and devoted people.

"I have the honour to remain, Gentlemen, your obliged and faithful servant,

"B. DISRAELI.

"DOWNING STREET, *Oct.* 1."

The points of performance claimed in this document for the present Government are these:—

1. They found the business of the country interrupted and confused by the constant recurrence of party struggles on the subject of Parliamentary Reform. They grappled with the question; and not without more or less of difficulty, and not without making concessions greater, perhaps, than could have been desired to the views of a House of Commons elected under Liberal auspices, they settled it. They settled it, too, in defiance of the most strenuous opposition on the part of the leader of the Opposition, whose many and factious moves, made only for the purpose of forcing the Ministry to resign, his own followers declined to support.

2. They found the nation little esteemed in Europe, and involved

in disputes with America, which threatened to end in war. They recovered the prestige of the country among the old powers of the world, and put matters in such a train with the New World as renders war with it next to impossible.

3. The misconduct of their predecessors in treating a barbarous prince with unnecessary neglect, had brought upon the nation an outrage which was intolerable. The present Government redeemed the honour of the country, freed its agents from captivity without the loss almost of a man, and enhanced the honour of the British arms, setting an example, at the same time, to other governments, of perfect disinterestedness and honour.

4. They found the navy in such a state that to supply the ordinary reliefs to foreign stations was next to impossible. As to the army, it was dissolving itself for lack of recruits; while the men that remained under their colours were armed with obsolete weapons, just as the forts and ships built by their predecessors were—the former absolutely unarmed—the latter armed with guns which, against modern engines of attack by sea and land, were quite worthless. They faced the difficulty, as it was their duty to do, and at a large outlay in money materially increased the strength of the navy, supplied the army with efficient weapons, armed forts and ships, or began the process of arming them, with adequate artillery; and, by raising the pay both of the soldier and the sailor, made the two services so popular that more men offer than can be received into either; and veterans dread nothing so much as that they shall be discharged from the ranks.

5. Having achieved this object, they next turned their attention to the administration of the army, which has been conducted, ever since the Whig job which created a separate Minister for War, on no principle, but with the wildest extravagance. They soon found that in trying to reform a system which was rotten to the core, they had difficulties to encounter far exceeding in amount what their worst fears had conjured up. Their task is therefore only just beginning. We must wait before we hazard an opinion as to its results, but it is something to have tackled so gigantic an abuse.

6. Ireland they took over in a state of worse than feverish excitement. Fenianism was in full swing. A dissolution of the Union was demanded, not by Fenian chiefs and lay demagogues only, but by prominent men among the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. The jails were full. Fenianism they put down with a strong hand. The prisoners taken with arms in their hands were tried, not for treason, but for a new offence invented for the purpose of rendering other than capital punishment in their cases possible. They could not stop the mouths either of aldermen or of priests; but they allowed them to write and to speak treason without paying the slightest attention to it; and the consequence was, that the fever wore itself out, and that Ireland is at this moment more peaceable and flourishing than she has been for many years. Not content with bringing this about, however, they endeavoured to conciliate the Romish hierarchy by entering with them into correspondence on the subject of a Roman Catholic lay university; an idle dream, as the result soon made apparent, but surely not to be censured by those who have supported for years, and still continue to support, the Roman Catholic clerical college in Maynooth. For our own part we believe that, in treating with the Romish bishops at all, the Tory Government made the only mistake with which their Irish policy is fairly chargeable, not because we see any harm in establishing a

college or university in Ireland, where the sons of Irish Roman Catholic gentlemen might be educated under lay superintendence, though with due regard to the religious teaching of their own Church, but because experience ought to have taught the members of the Government long ago that nothing will ever satisfy the Romish hierarchy in Ireland, or anywhere else, except absolute ascendancy in Church and State. They withdrew from the negotiation as soon as the Romish bishops showed the cloven foot, and we have not heard that the purpose of returning to it was by any of them ever entertained.

7. They had carried the Reform Bill for England, shaped, as the Liberals boast, after the model presented by them, and were proceeding to complete their work by bringing in reform bills for Scotland and for Ireland, when suddenly, and without the faintest warning, just after Lord Russell had proposed a policy as distinct from that of Mr Gladstone as the imagination of man can conceive, the House of Commons was startled, amid a debate on the general condition of Ireland, with a declaration from the leader of the Opposition, "that the Church in Ireland must cease as an Established Church to exist." Down before this menace and the fiery debates that ensued upon it went all plans for the further amelioration of the poor-laws, all schemes for improvements in the law of bankruptcy, all arrangements for bringing landlord and tenant in Ireland into more perfect harmony than they are, all devices for extending and popularising education, both primary and technical. A session which ought to have left its mark upon the manners and institutions of the country was in great part wasted in debates, which those who raised them knew perfectly well would lead to nothing. Indeed, patience less inexhaustible and tact less perfect than those displayed by the Government must have failed to get anything good out of it at all. Yet Mr Disraeli is justified in saying, as he said at the Lord Mayor's dinner last July, that, in spite of the interruptions to wise legislation thus caused, the late session of Parliament was not a barren session :—

"In the first place, my Lord Mayor, allow me to remind you that we have in this session of Parliament carried a series of measures which have completed that great work of the amendment of the representation of the people which was commenced last year, and which has now occupied the attention of Parliament for no less than two sessions. That series of measures which were necessary to complete that great enterprise —the carrying of which was always questioned, and for a time seemed doubtful —have, however, been completely and successfully carried into effect. Some of those measures were of a very difficult and important character; and if the present session of Parliament had only completed that great work of the amendment of the representation of the people by carrying those measures, I maintain it would not have been a barren session, but one which would have left its mark in the history of this country, and advanced the cause of progress as now universally supported by all intelligent and sensible men. But, my Lord Mayor, it is not merely that series of considerable measures which completed the reform of our representative institutions for which we are indebted to the present session of Parliament. Many other and considerable measures have also been passed. I shall not on this occasion dwell on them —it would be wearisome to do so; but speaking in the heart of the city of London, I think I may congratulate you, my Lord Mayor, upon the passing of the Bill which transfers the management of the telegraphs of the country to the Postmaster-General—a measure which, I believe, will be greatly to the advantage of the interests of this country."

Contrast with this political confession of faith the manifesto just issued by Mr Gladstone, and examine with the attention which it demands and deserves the closing paragraph in that document. Mr Disraeli is pledged to an uncompromising resistance of the policy

which the paragraph in question avows. Read his reasons for so pledging himself over again, after you shall have given to Mr Gladstone's war-cry a fair hearing, and then say whether the summary which we propose to give to the case, as stated on both sides, is or is not a fair one.

"GENTLEMEN,—From you, the electors of the south-western division of the county of Lancaster, I solicit a renewal of the trust which was confided to me in 1865, in a manner demanding from me peculiar gratitude, by the constituency of the entire southern division.

"I then came before you as the advocate of a policy of trust in the people, tempered by prudence, and averse to violent and hasty change.

"In the spirit of that profession, I was a party in 1866 to proposals for the extension of the franchise, which I thought the smallest that could meet the just claims of the unenfranchised classes, and which were studiously limited, in order, if possible, to disarm jealousy, prejudice, and fear.

"We were met by an opposition, not, indeed, as direct, but yet as persevering and detrimental, as was ever offered to any measure. At length a point was reached at which the Government of Earl Russell found that the resignation of their offices appeared to be the most becoming method by which they could secure the early triumph of Reform.

"We resigned accordingly. The result was that the opponents of reduction in the franchise took office, and found themselves compelled by the public sentiment, after much vacillation, to make proposals on that subject, which, though not only narrow, but strongly reactionary in the shape in which they were presented to Parliament, issued in the passing of a measure larger and more democratic than the Bill which in 1866 we were told, by the highest authority, would reduce our institutions to the pattern of the American republic.

"From the extensive though unequal enfranchisement which has thus been secured for the people, past experience and all present signs lead me to anticipate increased strength for our institutions, and a more vigorous march both of legislative and administrative policy.

"The Bills which have been passed, and especially that relating to England, introduced by the Government, but amended and almost transformed by the Opposition, present the marks of conflicting handiwork, and lend a doubtful aspect to a settlement which ought to have been conclusive. One point, indeed, I fear that the experience of the present year already proves to be, not only of great, but also of pressing importance. In 1867, two hundred and eighty-nine gentlemen voted that the borough franchise, founded on rated occupation, should be enjoyed alike, whether the rate were laid on the owner or on the occupier. The rejection of this proposal by Parliament, under the menace of the Government to drop the Bill if it were carried, has led to grievous inconvenience and vexation in a large number of boroughs. These you will readily believe that we, who struggled hard to avert them, shall be not less anxious, under more favourable auspices, to remove.

"The rapid growth of wealth, especially among the classes of the greatest activity and enterprise, has led, for a number of years past, to a diminished watchfulness, outside the walls of Parliament, respecting the great and cardinal subject of economy in the public charges, and the relation between the income of the State and its expenditure. I earnestly desire that the paramount interest of the lately enfranchised classes in thrifty administration may operate powerfully to bring about a change. This tendency cannot but be strengthened by the present decline of the permanent revenue, and by the addition, since the present Government took office, of three millions (in round numbers) to the public charges, apart from the demands of the Abyssinian war. This increase has extended not less to the civil than in the military and naval departments. In my opinion, it has not been justified either by the wishes of the country or by the demands of the public service.

"I perceive with satisfaction that attention has of late been increasingly directed to the local charges of the country. Their amount, the manner of their incidence, and the means provided for their administration and control, appear to demand careful consideration. It will, in my opinion, be just and politic to allow to ratepayers, by the principle of representation, a control over county expenditure.

"No question is at the present day more complicated by differences of opinion than that of primary education. But all are agreed both upon its vital importance and upon its pressing urgency. In

the year 1839, Earl Russell, for the Government of Lord Melbourne, placed upon official record the desire of her Majesty that the rights of conscience should be respected, and that the youth of this country should be religiously brought up. Further measures are certainly required to establish and secure the first of these great principles; and they need not, in my opinion, involve the slightest disparagement to the second. I think that the declaration of Earl Russell still marks the proper basis of national policy in education for the three kingdoms. But it has become increasingly desirable that the State should stand clearly apart from responsibility for the teaching of particular and conflicting creeds in schools aided by grants from any national fund.

"There are many subjects of public moment, some of them especially affecting your great and varied interests, which I am unable to notice within the limits of this address.

"For at this time one question, or group of questions, overshadows all the rest. The state of Ireland, and the actual temper of no small portion of its people towards the Throne and Government of the United Kingdom, imperatively demand the care of all public men and of all good citizens who would seek not merely to live by expedients from day to day, but, looking onwards into the future, to make provision, as far as human means avail, for the strength, concord, and stability of the empire.

"The object of a truly Liberal policy is, by equitable but decided measures, to make the name of law in Ireland respected as it is in Great Britain; to make it respected by making it loved; and to create this attachment by creating in the national mind the conviction that law is a friend and not an enemy—the friend of every class, but especially of those classes which have the greatest need of its protection.

"The present House of Commons has four times been called upon to suspend the Act for securing personal liberty in Ireland, but it has not forgotten the work of improvement in that country.

"In 1866 the Government of Earl Russell addressed itself to one absolutely vital portion of this work, by introducing a Land Bill, for securing to tenants the value of their improvements, which the obstruction of the Ministers now in power prevented from passing into law.

"But this year those Ministers, rightly judging that the necessity of coercion did not impair the obligations of justice, very deliberately proposed a policy for Ireland—did not shrink from the questions of education and religion—asked to establish at the charge of the Exchequer a Roman Catholic university—and declared their readiness to recognise the principle of religious equality in Ireland by a great change in the *status* of the unendowed clergy of that country, provided always that the Established Church should be maintained in its integrity. In this statement, for the sake of accuracy, I have adhered as nearly as may be to the language which they used.

"We thought that Ministers had mistaken alike the interests and the convictions of the country; we refused to open a new source of discord through the establishment by the State of any denominational university; we repudiated the policy of universal endowment; but, agreeing with the Government that the subject was ripe, we proposed a counter-plan of disestablishment of the existing Church, with strict regard to the rights of property and to vested interests, but without establishing any other Church, and with a general cessation of State endowments for religion in Ireland.

"The Church of Ireland is the Church of a minority, insignificant in numbers. True, while insignificant in numbers, that minority is great in property, in education, and in power. All this does not amend but aggravate the case; for if a National Church be not the Church of the nation, it should, at least, be the Church of the poor. Every argument which can now be used in favour of civil establishments of religion is a satire on the existence of the Church in Ireland.

"But while that Establishment is thus negative for good, it misapplies the funds meant for the advantage of the nation at large. It remains as the memorial of every past mischief and oppression; it embitters religious controversy by infusing into it the sense or the spirit of political injustice; and it carries the polemical temper into the sphere of social life and public affairs. Nor need we feel surprise when we find that since the penal laws began to be repealed the relative number of Protestants in Ireland appears to have declined.

"In the removal of this Establishment I see the discharge of a debt of civil justice, the disappearance of a national, almost a world-wide reproach, a condition indispensable to the success of

very effort to secure the peace and contentment of that country; finally, relief to a devoted clergy from a false position, cramped and beset by hopeless prejudice, and the opening of a freer career to their sacred ministry.

"This is a great change, and it can only be effected with the aid of much energetic and much considerate support.

"In the manner of proceeding we ought, I think, to be governed by three considerations,—a regard for Irish interests and feelings, an enlarged equity towards those who would lose in point of civil privilege, and a careful heed to the spirit of equal dealing throughout the detailed arrangements.

"After all that these rules can warrant has been done, there may remain a considerable property at the disposal of the State. The mode of its application can only, in my judgment, be suggested to Parliament by those who, as a Government, may have means and authority to examine fully the provision now made by law for the various public and social wants of Ireland, and to compare in each case both the urgency of the demand and the facility of meeting it with general satisfaction. It would, however, ill consist with the principle of the measure for which we are now contending, if the State, having disestablished the Church, were to apply its funds to the teaching of religion in any other form.

"To sum up this great subject—

"Rest as we are by common consent we cannot. Endowment of all, after the events of the last session, is out of the question. Retrenchment or mutilation of the existing Church, by reduction of its spiritual offices, has been proposed by a Royal Commission; but I do not learn, from the latest and most authentic declarations of the Ministry, that they adopt that, or, indeed, any other method of proceeding. We, of the Opposition, gentlemen, have done our part; the matter now rests with you. One path, at least, lies before you, broad, open, and well-defined. One policy has advocates who do not shrink from its avowal. It is the policy of bringing absolutely to an end the civil establishment of the Church of Ireland. It has received the solemn sanction of the representatives whom the nation chose in 1865. For this line of action, the only one just, and the only one available, I confidently ask your approval.—I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, your grateful and faithful servant,

"W. E. GLADSTONE.

"HAWARDEN, *October* 9."

It would have been unnatural had Mr Gladstone failed to advert in the exact terms which he has judged it expedient to employ to the measures of Parliamentary Reform carried in the last two sessions by the management of his great rival. Let him make all that he can of his own good intentions in 1866, and of the alterations introduced in the course of the debate into the Ministerial scheme. Can he deny that, while the measures were in progress, he used every means in his power, not to improve, but to throw them out? And was he not quite aware all the while that if he had thrown them out the House of Commons would have passed no Reform Bill at all, either at his bidding or at the bidding of anybody else? Why, then, should he, who did his best to obstruct and render impossible the passing of a measure of Reform at all, stand out and claim for himself the credit of moulding it into its present shape? And why, knowing as he does that the main obstacles to the passing of his own measure in 1866 were raised by Mr Lowe, Lord Grosvenor, Mr Laird, and some forty or fifty other Liberals—why, if he still considers that plan to be so perfect, will he persist in asserting that it was defeated by the party who took office in order to pass a measure of their own? It is labour lost to argue with a man who will not hear reason, but goes on for ever iterating and reiterating statements which his own mind must tell him to be groundless. We must therefore decline to say more about this portion of Mr Gladstone's manifesto than that it altogether misstates the case, and that in setting his hand to it he is, unintentionally, no doubt, but most undeniably, trying to deceive the electors of South-West Lancashire, and through them to mislead the country.

Mr Gladstone is eloquent on the subject of public expenditure. We have had something of the same sort both from him already and

from Mr Childers. He does not tell the electors of South-West Lancashire what it was that rendered the additional outlay since the present Ministers came into power unavoidable. Has he not read either General Peel's masterly letters, or the clear and intelligible explanation of the matter given by Mr Hunt, the Chancellor of the Exchequer? The present Government entered upon an inheritance of costly works begun, and very expensive arrangements rendered necessary, through the neglect, and worse than neglect, of their predecessors. "The permanent revenue has declined in their hands, and an addition has been made of three millions (in round numbers) to the public charges, apart from the demands of the Abyssinian war. This increase has extended not less to the civil than in (*sic*) the military and naval departments. In my opinion it has not been justified either by the wishes of the country or by the demands of the public service."

The country, we take it upon us to say, does wish that if it have an army at all it shall be a popular army, and well appointed for war. The country does wish that the enormous fortifications which a Liberal Government designed and in part executed should not be left to fall into ruin—mere monuments of bygone extravagance and folly. It is, therefore, not only willing but desirous that such of these fortifications as are incomplete should be finished, and that they should be armed with proper artillery. The country does wish to see its fleet competent to hold its own, at all events, against any one of the largest and best navies in the world. But army, navy, and fortifications, had not the present Government gone to the expense of putting them into something like order, would have been, for all that their predecessors did, costly baubles, unfit for more than mere pageantry. So much for the military expenditure. Now look to the civil. The experience of Liberal agitation in London a year or two ago — the Hyde Park riots and Beales processions—proved that the metropolitan police, excellent as it is, was not of sufficient strength to bear the strain that might be put upon it. The present Government added to its numbers a thousand men; and in order to prevent good men from leaving the force, and to secure the coming in of trustworthy recruits, they raised the pay of the constables. We have not heard that the country ever objected to this; and we are quite sure that the demands of the public service justify it.

The means heretofore adopted to prevent bribery and corruption at elections have proved inadequate. The present Ministers proposed a new plan, of which Parliament approved; and three new judges have in consequence been added to the judicial bench, which was certainly not too large, without the settlement of election squabbles being thrown upon it, for the wants of the country. We have not heard that the people, or the country, as Mr Gladstone expresses himself, object to this; and we believe that the demands of the public service justify it. The fresh mapping out of the kingdom, for electoral purposes, could not be attempted without employing and paying competent persons to effect it. We have not heard that the country objects to the expense thus incurred, or that the demands of the public service failed to justify it. At all events, if the expense has been incurred uselessly, not the Liberal nobleman who presided over the Commission, nor the honourable Assistant-Commissioner who did the work, but Mr Bright and the few discontented Liberal members who object to any increase of enfranchisement which shall endanger their seats or add to their trouble at electioneering times, are to blame for

the failure. And so we could go on enumerating one incident after another, the whole of which have been forced upon us by the neglect or party prejudices of the Liberal Government, and because of their grappling with which the present Ministers are charged with needlessly adding to the public expenditure. The present Government have really not yet had a chance of showing what they can or are disposed to do in the way of husbanding the public resources. All their time in office has been occupied in trying to push aside the impediments to good government, of which every Administration for the last twenty years has felt the power; and in supplying deficiencies which their predecessors had incurred, some of them of the most blamable because the most dangerous kind. And now Mr Gladstone comes forward to declare that no such chance shall ever be conceded to them, because, sooner than remain in the cold shade of opposition, he will force on them a struggle upon the issues of which must depend, according to his own showing, the maintenance or overthow of the constitution in Church and State.

Mr Gladstone, when first propounding the monstrous doctrine that the establishment of the Church in Ireland must be brought to an end, justified his policy, or endeavoured to do so, by referring to what was done in Scotland two hundred years ago. Mr Cardwell and Mr Coleridge, following lead, re-echoed before their constituents the declaration of their chief—the former going so far as to assert that because we have in Scotland and England two Churches, therefore we have one nation. Is Mr Cardwell so blind as not to see that his aphorism, even were it correct, goes diametrically against the conclusion which he would wish us to draw from it? "Because we have in Scotland and England two Churches, both equally endowed and established, therefore we have one nation." Be it so for argument's sake, and then look to Ireland after it shall have been renovated by the policy which he proposes for it. Because we have in England a Church endowed and established by law, and in Ireland no established Church at all, are we therefore to say that the conditions are the same as in the case of Scotland, and that from the same conditions like results may be expected to follow? It strikes us rather that the aphorism will run thus: Because we have in England a Church endowed and established by law, and in Ireland are about to destroy the Church, and to set up no other religious establishment in its room, therefore the just inference to be drawn is, that though at the outset we may seem to have only one nation, the day cannot be far distant when we shall have two. But really after the Chaplain-General's letters which, though adverse to its own views, the 'Times,' of the 25th of September and 18th of October last, with commendable fairness, published, it would be labour lost to enter into a controversy so entirely one-sided. "The State in Scotland," says Mr Gleig, "may have taken up one Church and laid it down for another more frequently, perhaps, than any other State in the world; but the State in Scotland has never divorced itself absolutely from the Church, nor confiscated its endowments." The sole difference between the English Church and Scotch Churches is indeed this—that the one has adopted an Episcopalian and the other a Presbyterian polity. But both retain their position as religious establishments, with such portions of their endowments as a rapacious nobility and a tyrant king left for them; and both being Protestant Churches, train their people to fear God and obey the laws. All this we ourselves showed very clearly not long ago, and need not, therefore, revert to it at length on the

present occasion; for we shall probably hear no more of precedents established by the Revolution settlement of 1689. Mr Gladstone himself, it will be noted, in his appeals to his constituents in South-West Lancashire, carefully avoids the subject. He is quite right. He really is at last calling things by their right names; and with the electors of the three kingdoms it will rest to determine how this somewhat tardy but now inevitable candour is to be rewarded.

The concluding paragraph in Mr Gladstone's address we must so far try the patience of our readers as to dissect and examine. "Rest as we are, by common consent, we cannot. Endowment of all, after the events of last session, is out of the question." Why should either proposition be admitted? Who is to prevent our resting where we are? Has it come to this, that an eminent statesman shall proclaim that because a section of the people in one portion of the empire declare that they will not obey the law the law is therefore to be repealed? Has it come to this, that, because the Romish hierarchy in Ireland, supported by the Corporation of Dublin and some forty Ultramontane members of the House of Commons, demand that the Protestant Established Church shall be put down and Protestantism abolished in Ireland, therefore these things must be done? Because the Roman Catholic bishops, dreading the effect that it may produce upon their influence over the priests, and the influence of the priests over the Roman Catholic laity, denounce the acceptance of State endowments, are we therefore to persist in doing wrong at their bidding? Have the poor in Ireland no claims upon our pity? Is the United Legislature of Great Britain and Ireland to be dictated to by a handful of fanatics, when an arrangement so equitable is within their power as relieving the poorest peasantry in the world from the incubus of the most exacting priesthood that the world has ever seen? Is Parliament to take its tone from some thirty gentlemen with mitres on their heads, and twice that number of lay lords and wealthy citizens, and because these persons cry, Let us be as we are, the poor are our flock, the fleece is ours; you shall not come between us and the process of shearing them to the quick; is the British Parliament to persevere in a course so cruel because of an outcry like this?

But Mr Gladstone is not content with asserting that we cannot remain as we are; he goes farther, and declares that "endowment of all, after the events of last session, is impossible." Why impossible? We had thought that the Acts of defunct Parliaments were not considered binding on new Parliaments, and if past legislation may be treated lightly, surely greater respect is not due to past expressions of opinion by one of the branches of the Legislature. If it be proper, as all our highest political authorities have declared, from Pitt to Lord Russell, from the Duke of Wellington to Earl Grey, that the State should provide, by endowment, for the gratuitous religious instruction of the Queen's Roman Catholic subjects in Ireland, is the mere *ipse dixit* of Mr Gladstone to stand in the way of the arrangement, even if it be strengthened by a foolish resolution of a self-condemned House of Commons? Difficult the task will doubtless be, and hard the result to bring about, because the process will be resisted by all the bigotry and narrow-mindedness that can be put in motion throughout the three kingdoms. But in what does great statesmanship consist, except in overcoming such difficulties, and constraining a nation to do what is morally as well as politically just, even at the expense of outraging its own prejudices? If it was morally and politically just to open Parliament and public office

to Roman Catholics forty years ago, let us not forget that the feat was performed in the face of prejudices quite as strong as, and far more prevalent than, those which at the present moment condemn the endowment of Romish priests, because they teach the people to be Roman Catholics. We deny, then, that there is any ground for the assertion, that "endowment of all, after the events of the last session, is impossible." The dead have already buried their dead; and now the living, if the arrangement be just in itself, are quite as free to bring it about as if no such events as Mr Gladstone refers to had ever occurred, nor any House of Commons sat in 1868 to give its countenance to them.

Having settled these points to his own satisfaction, Mr Gladstone goes on to make more oracular enunciations. After sneering at the report of the Royal Commission—a manner of dealing with that State paper in which we are much disposed to join—he continues, "We of the Opposition, gentlemen, have done our part; the matter now rests with you. One path, at least, lies before you, broad, open, and well defined" (why did not the eloquent writer clinch his argument by adding, "And you know by whom it has been said, 'Broad is the way and wide the gate that leadeth'"——we decline to say whither). "One policy has advocates who do not shrink from its avowal. It is the policy of bringing absolutely to an end the civil establishment of the Church of Ireland." Oh, brave and manly, and for once most honest declaration! Why was it not made a little sooner; why not brought in when the Reform Bill, with its provisions, was discussed, and all the writer's purposes thereto referring hinted at? Well, never mind. We have it at the close of the address, and feeling that it applies to everything that was handled or glanced at before, we take it in its fullest signification. Two policies are before the country—one which shall maintain, the other which shall destroy; one which shall guard the rights of property, the other which shall sweep them clean away; one which shall preserve the supremacy of the Crown, thereby insuring to the United Church of England and Ireland the largest measure of free thought and free action that is enjoyed by any religious community under the sun—the other of curtailing, with the certainty of destroying ere long, the most valuable right of British sovereignty, and throwing the minds of English and Irish theologians free to devise whatever code of doctrine and of usage shall to hot-headed enthusiasts seem best. We have two policies then before us—one of preserving, and, where defects appear, amending cautiously and with great deliberation, the Parliamentary settlement which was effected only a year ago; the other of absolute disruption of that settlement, and the commencement of a new course of agitation, which will inevitably land us in universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and perhaps annual Parliaments. We have two policies before us—one "broad and wide," which shall coerce the Lords and defy the Crown, and by that process accustom, indeed encourage, the uneducated masses to assume the lead in all things; the other, which, having connected the franchise with the discharge of certain duties, and especially with contributing to the burthens of the State, shall keep the power of the State in the hands of men who have more to lose than to gain by a revolution—who, protected by just laws in the exercise of their just rights, are not only enabled but encouraged to aspire after that advancement in station and resources which is the sure reward of industry, integrity, and talent under this old constitutional monarchy. Never, surely, was the right of choice put more fairly or with less disguise before the electors of

these realms. The matter does rest with them; and we shall be as much surprised as mortified if it shall turn out that they fail to choose wisely.

With the declarations of the two champions, the leaders of the rival parties, lying before us, it may well be regarded as a work of supererogation to consider at all what the *dii minorum gentium* are saying. Yet here and there an announcement presents itself to our recollection which it would be a thousand pities not to place upon permanent record, for reasons which lie upon the surface. Lord Amberley, for example, is in the field, a candidate for the representation of North Devon, who, whether speaking his noble father's sentiments or not, is eloquent in his denunciation of Tory policy and Tory personal honour :—

"But, gentlemen," he says to the electors of North Devon, "while I regret the means by which the Reform Act was passed into law, I must say that there is something in these means which is a happy augury for our party in the struggle about to commence; for at the last election in 1865 we found that the same men who are now contending in favour of religious inequality in Ireland were then contending for political inequality in England; the same men who then contended for a limited suffrage are now contending for the Established Church in Ireland; and I venture to say, unfortunate is the cause which has such men for its defenders. If I were an Irish Protestant Churchman, I should be very sorry indeed to intrust the defence of my privileges to such men, who have shown that they are capable of abandoning their principles when they become unpopular or dangerous."

Lord Amberley is a very small man—we do not mean physically, but intellectually—yet it surprises us to find a son of Lord Russell crowding so many mistakes into a compass so narrow. Who were they that, in 1865, contended for political inequality in England? Certainly not the present head of the Government; certainly not Sir Stafford Northcote. All that they ever contended for was, that the franchise should remain as Lord Amberley's father had arranged it, till a better as well as a more popular system could be devised. And all for which they now contend is, that in conciliating and winning over the Irish to loyalty and obedience to the laws, we shall so legislate as not to make matters worse than they are in Ireland, while the whole framework of society is shaken in England and Scotland also. Poor Lord Amberley!

Take another Liberal lord — Lord Bury—who aspires to represent Berwick-upon-Tweed in the next Parliament :—

"It seems to me that Major Carpenter, as a supporter of the Tory Government, takes credit for all the good that has been done in the last ten years, and that he seems to think that the Tories have done everything that was worth doing, and that the Liberals have done nothing but obstruct Mr Disraeli. Now I cannot but remember that the Minister for whom so much is claimed is a beaten Minister. He is emphatically a beaten Minister. Now, take his Reform Bill. There is an English, a Scotch, and an Irish Reform Bill; and he has been beaten upon every one of them; and the Reform Bill under which we are now voting, and which we are now rejoicing for, and which has given an extension of the franchise so large and satisfactory, is not the Reform Bill of Mr Disraeli at all, but the Reform Bill of the Liberal party. What did Mr Disraeli propose to do? Why, he certainly proposed to 'dish the Whigs,' as it has been termed; and after opposing the moderate measures which in years gone by were brought in by Mr Gladstone and Earl Russell and others —after opposing them tooth and nail, he turns round and proposes a Reform Bill which even the very 'wildest democrats and agitators,' to use the language of Major Carpenter's address, hardly hoped to acquire. I remember when I first went to Parliament, in 1857, that the war-cry then was a £7 franchise in burghs and £10 in counties. We fought for that, and who opposed us? Why, Mr Disraeli and his band of friends. Reform Bill after Reform Bill was produced; every one of them was thrown aside by that united phalanx of

Tories who now turned round with such a jubilant air because they had carried a Reform Bill."

If this statement mean anything, it means that, because the Tories resisted a change which could not be final, they were therefore pledged never themselves to bring forward a policy which offers some prospect of getting rid for a while of profitless agitation on the subject of Parliamentary Reform; and that the measure which they did pass, after a good deal of give and take on both sides, is not their measure, though it be a very bad measure, for the success of which, however, the speaker is thankful. Surely the Liberals might have offered to Berwick a wiser candidate than this. Surely the electors of Berwick are too long-headed to choose as their representative in the House of Commons a man who cannot put three sentences together without making nonsense of them.

Wiser men in their generation, and a great deal more far-sighted than Lords Amberley and Bury, are, however, addressing themselves to the Liberal electors of the empire. Their programme is, in effect, one, and it may be stated in a single word: they all desire CHANGE. Look a little closer into their declarations, and you will find that, in regard to the extent to which change is to be carried, and the particular institutions to be tampered with, there is considerable variety of opinion among Mr Gladstone's mixed multitude of followers. This is only what we have a right to expect, because there are as many shades of Liberalism as there are shades of honesty among such as combine to make up the Liberal party; and according to the measure of his own peculiar faith each leading Liberal speaketh. Mr Horsman, for example, is as yet, we believe, the sole Liberal statesman who has his plan cut and dry for the reform of the Upper House of Parliament. Mr Bright is explicit enough on the subjects of primogeniture and tenant-right; and Mr Miall has never concealed his purpose to continue fierce agitation till such a thing as an Established Church shall cease to exist in this country. We hear no direct threats of this kind from Mr Gladstone as yet, nor from the Cavendishes and suchlike who support him; but Mr Gladstone, the Cavendishes, the Brights, the Mialls, and Mr Horsman are of one mind on one cardinal point—they are determined to effect a great social revolution in Ireland, and to begin the work by overthrowing the Established Church in that country. For let us never lose sight of the fact, that not a single Liberal, whether he be priest, peer, member of Parliament, or party-writer, pretends to believe that the overthrow of the Church in Ireland will bring peace to that distracted country. How alone, in their opinion, that most desirable end is to be achieved, only they who demand a separate national life are honest enough to declare. With all the rest, including Mr Gladstone himself, foresight and prescience extend no farther than they do with ourselves. Even Mr Bright appears to be less confident than he once was in the efficacy of his great confiscation scheme, which is brought forward more gingerly than it used to be, and is spoken of in a sort of whisper. Still all are bent on taking the first step —some rejoicing, others brooding with anxiety, over the consequences which must necessarily arise out of it. These push aside, for they cannot annihilate, dark prognostications, lest they should paralyse exertion when the hour of struggle comes. The rest behold, with a mixture of triumph and contempt, the suicidal policy of their nominal leader. They know well that though it be easy enough to loosen and set a rock rolling over the hillside, no task more hopeless could be assigned to human energy than

to stop it ere it reach its natural resting-place. They are right. The Irish Church may be disestablished and disendowed, because there is no power anywhere to resist the will of Parliament, if Parliament be indeed determined to pursue a particular course. But the extinction of the Church, as proposed by Mr Gladstone, will be followed almost immediately by the extinction of Protestantism in Ireland, and, in due time, by a series of attacks upon the Churches both of England and Scotland which Mr Gladstone will find himself without the power, if he have the inclination, to resist. Does anybody doubt this, or call in question the purpose of very many among Mr Gladstone's most strenuous supporters to bring it about? Look at the matter a little more closely.

The overthrow of the Established Church, as proposed by Mr Gladstone, must be followed almost immediately by the extinction of Protestantism in Ireland. The first effect of the change will be to root out, from three-fourths of Ireland, the clergy and their families. One by one these centres of civilisation and charity will disappear, amid the triumphant shouts of the priests, and to the great material loss of the poor and needy. The landowners, principally Protestant gentlemen, will find it impossible, after their rent-charges are taken from them for secular purposes, to maintain for their own benefit and that of their families each a Protestant chaplain. For a while they will try to go on without public worship, and the daily consolations of religion which they now receive. But one or other result will inevitably come to pass. Such of them as fear God and are firm in the faith will quit their homes, and settle probably in England, where as yet the free exercise of their religion is open to them. Such of them as are indifferent will either live without God in the world, or conform, for the sake of appearances, to the Church of Rome. As to the Protestants who move in a more lowly sphere, these, few in number, and no longer protected in the worship of their fathers, will be subjected to such an amount of passive persecution as will drive them to choose between emigrating elsewhere or going over to Romanism. But we are not yet done with this part of our subject. Mr Gladstone, by the most extraordinary perversion of legal right, proposes, while confiscating the old rent-charges, to leave the Protestant Episcopal clergy in possession of their more recent endowments. For how long will this state of things be permitted to continue? Does anybody suppose that a Romish archbishop of Dublin will leave, for the use of the disestablished Church, the noble old cathedral of St Patrick, he continuing to celebrate mass in a church of recent construction merely because a recent Act of Parliament requires that he should do so? Has the Roman Catholic hierarchy of to-day observed the pledge which the Roman Catholic hierarchy of 1825 and 1827 entered into in the name of their Church? And will they not, within a few years of the promised peaceful settlement, demand that all the old churches in the land, St Patrick's among the rest, shall be restored to the uses from which the Reformation withdrew them? And after the clergy of the Protestant Established Church are all driven from their manses and places of worship, how long may the Presbyterian and other Protestant ministers in Ireland expect to be left to the peaceable discharge of their duties? Protestantism, we venture to predict, will not in Ireland survive the passing of the Gladstonian measure a quarter of a century.

Leaving Mr Cardwell, Mr Coleridge, and to a certain extent Sir Roundell Palmer also, to get over as they best can the exposure of their blunders in the matter of the royal supremacy, we must

ask leave, before touching on other matters, to advert to the speech of the late Liberal Attorney-General at Richmond, the tone of which contrasts in a striking manner with that of his former and possibly future associates in office. He has not pronounced, at least not decisively, for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church in Ireland. He professes, indeed, to be a supporter of Mr Gladstone; but gives the feeblest possible support to Mr Gladstone's policy. His address is one of the most remarkable, as well as important, of the manifestoes which the approaching election has called forth. And this fact must serve as an excuse for noticing it in detail.

Sir Roundell Palmer's speech divides itself into two portions. His first object seems to be to vindicate the character of the statesman whom he declined to support a few months ago in his attack on the Church in Ireland. His second is to explain how far, and under what circumstances, he himself is now prepared to co-operate with the same statesman, and to bring him if possible into power. The following are the terms on which he seeks to attain the former object, and we beg our readers carefully to analyse and sift them. Let not Mr Gladstone's letter to the Warden of Glen Almond College be lost sight of while this process is going on, nor its date, 1865. The letter in question emphatically treats the overthrow of the Church in Ireland as a matter far beyond the ken of the existing generation. The measure is described as one in which he, Mr Gladstone, the writer of the letter, cannot contemplate the possibility of his ever being required to interfere. Now, listen to Mr Gladstone's friend, Sir Roundell Palmer, on this subject:—

"He was now approaching a subject which some of them had expressed a wish for him to speak upon. Although he might not upon this subject altogether agree with Mr Gladstone, he had, in his judgment, been much maligned and misrepresented with reference to his conduct on the Irish Church. There had been people who had said, 'You would never have heard anything about the Irish Church question from Mr Gladstone if the Tories had not been in power and he had not wanted to get their place.' To his certain knowledge that was not true. He could mention what had happened between Mr Gladstone and himself; and he did so the rather because it did justice to Mr Gladstone, and would show them that his own mind had been particularly addressed to that subject, to which he had paid some degree of attention some years before the present time. In the year 1863 [mark the date], at a time when no one was bringing forward this question, or seemed very likely to do so, Mr Gladstone had told him privately that he had made up his mind on the subject, and that he should not be able to keep himself from giving public expression to his feelings. How far or near that might be practicable he (Mr Gladstone) could not foresee; but, under the circumstances, he wanted his friends connected with the University of Oxford to consider whether or not they would desire for that reason a change in the representation of the University. This communication, made so far back, had taken him by surprise at the time, but thenceforward he had known that Mr Gladstone's mind was made up on the subject in the sense he had lately given expression to before Parliament; and his mind being so made up, whether we agreed with him or not, it would be the most extravagant absurdity and injustice in the world to say, that when he saw a favourable opportunity of making the question practicable—to which he attached great importance, and on which he entertained a strong opinion—he was not right in taking advantage of that opportunity and asserting his view."

We should but waste our own time, and insult the understandings of our readers, were we to point out in detail how absolutely Sir Roundell Palmer's account of his friend's views and intentions contradicts the declaration of these same views and intentions as they were set forth by Mr Gladstone himself. No doubt Mr Gladstone's letter to Dr Hannah is so expressed as to be open to a double interpretation;

and it will not at all surprise us to find Mr Gladstone himself, either in the House of Commons or out of it, referring to that letter as if it had clearly foreshadowed the events which have since come to pass. But will he venture to assert that his object in writing it was not to remove from the minds of the electors of Oxford all misgivings in regard to his policy, all doubts as to whether he would or would not defend the union of Church and State in Ireland whensoever and by whomsoever attacked? Besides, why did he, if his convictions were so strong in 1863, fail to press upon the Cabinet of which he was a leading member in 1866 the necessity of legislating in this direction, and of bringing all the weight of a Liberal Cabinet to bear upon the question? It will not do to say that the pear was not then ripe. Lord Palmerston, who would have undoubtedly resisted the proposal, was out of the way; and Lord Russell, as subsequent events have shown, might have got the better of his scruples quite as easily in 1866 as he did in 1867. Sir Roundell Palmer, therefore, with the best intentions in the world, has only thrown a deeper shadow on the character of his friend's consistency by attempting for him a line of defence which is quite untenable. Let us see next how he qualifies his own avowed intention of supporting in opposition, and acting by-and-by in the same Cabinet with a statesman pledged to strike such a blow at the constitution in Church and State as it has not sustained since the great rebellion of 1640.

After fencing (we hope that a gentleman for whom we entertain great respect will pardon the use of the expression)—after fencing in the most extraordinary way with the Coronation Oath, the Act of Union, and the Queen's supremacy, the ex-Attorney-General of one Liberal Government and the proximate Lord Chancellor of another thus enunciates his views and opinions on the subject of the Church's property in Ireland:—

"For the sake of restoring peace, harmony, and contentment in Ireland, he should not feel himself bound in principle to object to the appropriation of and surplus revenues now enjoyed by the Irish Church in places where they were disproportioned to the wants of the resident Irish population. That appeared to him to be a different course from disendowment, as it assumed that the revenues were not wanted for the purpose for which they were given, and did not practically do the good they were intended to accomplish in these places. With reference to the distinction between disestablishment and disendowment, the latter merely related to the possession of property—which might be more or less—which might have come from public or private sources. Endowments might be enjoyed, and were useful to be enjoyed, by non-established Churches as well as those which were established. Most non-established Churches did enjoy endowments in some form, and would be willing to enjoy them still more. A political establishment consisted—and this was an important point—in the admission of the ecclesiastical law of the Church into the public law of the land, giving legal and coercive jurisdiction to the officers of that Church to compel by process of law the execution of their own laws. As no public benefit was likely to result from the disendowment of the Established Church in Ireland, as the property was in possession of people who were using it for purposes in themselves good and excellent—as the Roman Catholics did not ask for endowment, but rather disclaimed and repudiated it, knowing that the effect would be to bring them under State influence and control, in a manner inconsistent with their own ecclesiastical principles—it was not fair to disendow the Irish Church. It was not a question of competing classes, but of mere confiscation. There was no definite secular purpose to which the money was proposed to be applied, and no man had the least idea of what would be done with the revenues so obtained; and he contended that those who were in possession of endowments, unless they had done anything deserving of forfeiture, ought not to be deprived of their just properties. He wished to put the condition of those Irish Protestants before them a little more closely, because he did think that their case was a very strong one. Who would be the

sufferers by this movement? Not the clergymen, for it was admitted by every one that it was only just that the incumbent should retain his living during the remainder of his life. Of course the evil effects of this movement would only be felt by the class of Protestants who permanently belonged to the Established Church, and who, if this property were removed, would be obliged to provide for their spiritual administrations out of their own pockets, and being in many cases unable to do so, would be left without a minister. Such a course reminded him of that policy which

> 'Visits ancient sins on modern times,
> And punishes the Pope for Cæsar's crimes.'

When the claim of the Protestants had been undisputed for 300 years; when they had done nothing to disqualify them from the future use of that property; and when, even if it were taken away, there was no recognised body on which to bestow it, he was certainly inclined to think that it ought to remain in its present hands. A question had been asked why the Established Church in Ireland should not support herself, like many others, on the voluntary principle? The answer to that was, that for centuries legislation had taught Protestants to rely on this State support—that in view of such dependence, all their associations, arrangements, and organisations were formed—and that, therefore, it was evident they had not the same opportunity of advantageously employing the voluntary principle as those who had adopted it in their primitive condition. He hoped that it would be thoroughly understood that with the same sense of justice he would oppose any discontinuance of the grant to Maynooth College, its recipients having been taught during half a century to rely upon such support. There was no disproportion, he considered, between the Protestant populations and the endowments. In the first place, the ancient part of the property consisted of a charge upon the land, or tithes, and the greater part of that land was in Protestant hands. It seemed to him, then, that the owner of the land would have a better claim than strangers. In the next place, there were very considerable gifts of land, which constituted, especially in the province of Ulster, by far the greater part of the Church endowments. These gifts were given in a great measure after the Reformation. He agreed that they were given by kings, and therefore that they were in a sense public endowments; but he would have them bear in mind that they were given under circumstances which made the case of the Irish Protestants very strong indeed."

The stanchest Tory among us—the most constitutional of Conservative statesmen—could not put the case of the Irish branch of the Established Church more strongly than this. And all who read Sir Roundell Palmer's speech must be struck with one little sentence in it. If there is to be confiscation, "it seems to him that the owner of the land would have a better claim to the spoil than strangers." We heartily agree with this judgment; indeed we cannot see how the owners of the land can be expected to submit patiently to legislation which shall plunder them quite as much as it plunders the Church, if the tithes or rent-charges be appropriated to any secular purpose whatever. The original owners of these estates burthened their estates with the maintenance of religious worship and instruction among the dwellers upon their lands. Their successors, whether by inheritance or purchase, hold these estates on the same tenure, and have never, so far as we can learn, objected to fulfil the conditions required of them. Whether the special worship and teaching be Protestant or Roman Catholic, Episcopalian or Presbyterian, is nothing to them. The law of the land must determine that point. And if the opposition move were one for transferring the Church property in Ireland from the Protestant to the Roman Catholic Church, however little a body of Protestant landowners might relish the transfer, they would have no more legal or moral right to protest against it than their ancestors had when the Legislature took away these same tithes from the Church of Rome and bestowed them on the Reformed Church. But it is a very different matter if the Legislature is to step in and say, Though you make no objection to the tenure on which you hold your lands, we ob-

ject to it; and we therefore intend to dissolve your compact with the Church, and to compel you to pay a tenth of the produce of your acres to some other purpose, which we shall define when the proper time comes. We are inclined to believe that the Irish landowners will scarcely assent to this arrangement, and, in our humble opinion, they will be both morally and legally justified in resisting it. Their argument is this: You may disestablish and disendow the Church if you please, but we shall certainly not pay tithes to any other than a religious institution if we can help it. If the Church, whatever form it takes, whether Anglican, Roman, or Presbyterian, fail to claim them, the tithes, as a matter of right, become our property, and we will not consent to pay a farthing for any other purpose, the cost of effecting which ought to be fairly distributed among property of every kind. If this reasoning be sound, then in the measure to which Mr Gladstone and his party are pledged we have the certain cause of disaffection among the Protestant portion of the Irish people. What will its effects, if carried, be upon the Roman Catholics? The 'Times,' while supporting the measure with all the power of its eloquence, shall answer the question. On the 25th of August last, in an article devoted to criticising Sir Roundell Palmer's speech, the leading journal thus expresses itself:—

"No reasonable being pretends to hope, or to think it possible, to satisfy either the Irish people or the Roman Catholics generally. Little blame to them that, as their pretensions are beyond the range of possibilities, they never can be satisfied. No reasonable being can expect to be able to close the long account between us. Their ambition ascends to the temporal and spiritual dominion of the world; and even though they would not avow what they cannot at present hope for, they would find it impossible to point to the goal beyond which they could never aspire. There is not only ground to be recovered and long arrears to be made up, but a new world is to be added to the old, since the great schism which lost half Europe to Rome. There is no known, no imaginable scheme, of peace and amity that Rome could make with this, the chief Protestant Power in the world. That title twenty-five millions of us still claim; that title five millions of us abhor. So long as the course of politics—which in this case is the spontaneous development of the principles of religious liberty — is working for Rome, as it cannot but work under certain circumstances, there is no need for the Roman Catholics to put themselves out of the way. It would be only trying to help the rush of the cataract, or to accelerate the falling avalanche. They will reserve their strength for times when it may be wanted. Let all be conceded that can be conceded next year, and the Irish Catholics will be neither thankful nor satisfied."

It appears, then, that without so much as the hope of satisfying or rendering the Roman Catholics of Ireland thankful, the great Liberal party is about to perpetrate, if a majority in the House of Commons be obtained, an act which will outrage the best feelings of the Irish Protestants, and place the whole body of Irish landholders in a situation such as the owners of property never before occupied in any country of the world. Elsewhere, if Church lands be seized by the Government, they are sold upon the spot to private persons. These become, by right of purchase, the lords of the soil, and not unfrequently the lords of the soil themselves redeem their liabilities, just as, a few years ago, proprietors of the soil in England were invited to redeem the land-tax. But now it is proposed to rob, not the clergyman—for he is to hold his benefice for life—but the owners of the land of their money, and the people of their right to free religious instruction, in order that the hatred of the clergy of one religious body towards the clergy of another may be gratified. Honestly, we cannot see our way out of this difficulty. We only know that they who raised

it are answerable for the consequences, which, whatever results may attend their efforts, are sure in the long-run to be most disastrous.

Having thus disposed of such reasoners as Mr Gladstone and Sir Roundell Palmer, we do not think it worth while to pay much attention to Mr Coleridge. Enough is done if we recommend him to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest what Mr Gleig has written for his edification in the 'Standard,' before he again ventures to say, either to the electors of Exeter or to anybody else, that "the parallel between the cases of Scotland in 1689 and of Ireland [as he proposes to deal with it in 1869] is exact," or that the Queen's supremacy will be as perfect in Ireland after the disestablishment or disendowment of the Church as it is at this moment. Bold as he is, and somewhat reckless, we doubt whether his courage will carry him thus far. But is it not deplorable that men of education and character such as he, and still more that Mr Gladstone, Mr Cardwell, Mr Frederick Peel — the inheritor of his father's name, but not now the inheritor of his father's principles— and Sir Roundell Palmer, should, on any account whatever, or for the promotion of any object, make common cause with Mr Mill, Mr Beales, Mr Odger, Mr Miall, Mr Bradlaugh, Sir John Grey, and—alas that we should be obliged to add! —Mr John Bright? Have these statesmen, and others like them, any ideas in common with the chiefs of the Liberal party? When this move is gained, if gained it be, will the party obey the behests of its leaders, or the leaders be swept onwards with the party? Who can doubt what answer this question deserves? But we will not contemplate so terrible an issue. Mr Gladstone is right. The matter is in the hands of the constituencies; and not till the inevitable truth is forced upon us can we bring ourselves to believe that they will betray this ancient constitutional monarchy in its hour of greatest danger.

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DOUBLES AND QUITS: A COMEDY OF ERRORS.—PART II.

"Double, double,
Toil and trouble."

[The publication of the first part of this tale has elicited from a Mr O'Brien the following communication, which we deem it expedient to publish, more particularly as it affords us the opportunity of saying that we cannot notice any farther correspondence on the part of this gentleman or the Double whom presumably he possesses, or of other persons afflicted with Doubles, or *their* Doubles:—

"Grand Hotel,
Paris, 14*th Nov.* 1868.

"Sir,—My attention has been directed to the number of your Magazine for November. I am not in the habit of reading it; but the notoriety recently acquired for it here by its seizure, led me to look into a copy which had escaped the vigilance of the police, and in it I find the first part of a tale entitled 'Doubles and Quits—a Comedy of Errors,' the author of which, whoever he may be, appears to have possessed himself of some facts in my private history, and to be using them, and to purpose further using them, for his own objects as a literary adventurer.

"In this part I find my personal appearance turned into ridicule; for, gross though the caricature may be, the *outline* of a likeness, taken in conjunction with facts in my history therein alluded to, is quite sufficient to draw upon me universal recognition as your author's victim under the name of Captain Burridge. In this part I also find him trenching upon revelations which will be painful and insulting to me and my relations if persisted in.

"Now it is not pleasant for a man of my position to be dragged thus before the public gaze, and I decline to be victimised for the amusement and profit of your readers and yourself; and therefore, being a man of

few words, I simply wish to warn you and your author that any farther liberties taken with my personal history, appearance, or family connections, will subject you and him to such proceedings as will probably make you regret having interfered with, sir, Your very humble servant,

LARPENT O'BRIEN."

We much regret that Mr O'Brien's feelings should have been outraged by any article appearing in this Magazine—which he never reads. The author of the tale in question assures us that, so far from taking liberties with the private history, &c. &c., of Mr O'Brien, he never even heard of that gentleman before—a predicament in which, we are ashamed to confess, we also find ourselves. We all know how apt the victims of morbid self-consciousness are to establish parallels and even identities between incidents and characteristics introduced in works of pure fiction and those which belong to their own private history. Mr O'Brien evidently suffers under this form of mental aberration. We are sincerely sorry for him, but it is clearly impossible for us to conduct this periodical so as to avoid collision with the monomanias of all the lunatics loose about the world. The only consolations, therefore, which we can offer him are,—that as he never reads this Magazine, he need not, if he only sticks to his rule, undergo farther exasperation; and that, after all, we have but a limited circulation compared with the vastness of the sphere in which he must move who can describe his own likeness as being "universally" recognised.—ED.]

CHAPTER IV.

The evening, the events of which were detailed in the last chapter, had been a very exciting one; and as my ordinary life was quiet and uneventful, I was all the more affected by the strange incidents which it had presented. I was not sorry, therefore, that Jack took the unchristian line of parting with me in the sulks, for otherwise he would inevitably have favoured me with his society in my quarters, and I was anxious to be alone. Alone, however, I was not to be, for on opening the door of my hut I saw with much irritation that the room had already an occupant.

Seated in front of the fire, with his abominable coarse ammunition-boots disposed one on either side of the chimney-piece, was my professional ally Blackstock.

A glass of whisky-punch dispensed its steamy aroma about the room, and the atmosphere was additionally clouded with the fumes of some very rank tobacco. The spectacle was not unusual; almost any night of the seven my room might have been seen under similar conditions; for I had taken Blackstock up and patronised him, in consideration of his professional attainments and the enthusiasm with which he shared my devotion to the minutiæ of the service, in which respect I was otherwise without congenial society in the regiment. The spectacle was therefore by no means unusual, and would have been, on any previous night, welcome; but to-night everything seemed different.

On the instant I conceived a fierce loathing for Blackstock, tipple, tobacco, tactics, and all, and I could scarcely repress an exclamation of wrath and disgust when I saw him lolling familiarly in my arm-chair. Somehow scales seemed to fall from my eyes in the matter of Blackstock. He was getting too big for his boots; and then his abominable tobacco and whisky—faugh! it was insufferable. Poor Blackstock, unconscious of the sud-

den revulsion of feeling against him, threw his head familiarly back without moving from his seat, and observed,—

"'Ulloa! 'ere you are at last."

I have already mentioned that he had been raised from the ranks, and I may add that he had not brought many "h's" up with him from that sphere of usefulness.

"Yes," I said, grimly, taking off my overcoat, "here I am."

"A precious wait I've 'ad of it for you," he continued.

"What?" said I, more grimly.

He repeated the observation.

"I never asked you to wait, did I?" said I.

"No, but you'd 'ave been wild 'ad I gone to bed without showing you wot I've got here."

"I think I would have survived it," I said, chafing horribly.

"You don't seem keen about it," continued Blackstock.

"Very likely; I'm certain I don't feel keen—I'm sleepy;" and I began to light a candle.

The unconscious enthusiast began to unfold a sort of chart he had been making, and went on,—

"Your idea about skirmishers in Cocked 'At wood won't wash at all."

"Won't it?" I growled between my teeth.

"No, it won't; I've done it out here geometrically. You see cavalry approaching Cocked 'At wood from the left front would have an immense advantage; we mustn't forget that. Cocked 'At wood is not a thing to be blinked, mind you. Once let your enemy lodge his skirmishers in Cocked 'At wood——"

"Oh! confound Cocked Hat wood!" I roared, incapable of farther self-restraint.

I believe Blackstock turned pale. In his view it was much as if Job had followed the reckless advice of his wife. He looked up at me with horror in his eyes, and said solemnly,—

"'Ulloa, Bruce; I say, *'ave* you been drinking?"

"Yes, of course I have; men generally do when they eat dinner, don't they?"

"Yes; but are you sure you're '*regular*'?"

"No, I'm sure of nothing but one thing, and that is that I'm going to bed."

"'Old 'ard, old feller, 'ere's something that will fetch you, I know. I put it in my pocket expressly to show you when I came over. It's very neat—there!—a new idea for the tongue of the havresack-buckle. What think you of that?" and he stood back like an artist when he lovingly surveys an art-gem of his own creation—and then, approaching the table, sat down to expatiate on its merits.

He looked so coarse and dirty, my temper fairly gave way, and I thundered out,—

"Take away your huckstering inventions out of my hut; I won't have them here. I tell you I'm sick of your everlasting pipeclay!" and so saying, I dashed into my interior den and went to bed.

Poor Blackstock! how many a pang of remorse I have felt since for my brutal conduct. He looked stupefied. I heard him sorrowfully buckling on the sword, without which he never left his quarters, and, as he retired from the hut, sadly murmuring to himself, "Wot a norrible example! Drunk and using disrespectful language of the army and its accoutrements! The senior captain, too. 'Orrid!"

I had wished to be alone that I might think. Well, now that I was alone, I found this no easy matter. I wished to review the whole events of that evening from the beginning—to live over again the drama in which I had certainly played no small part, and which, although it had been strange enough, yet seemed to have left my mind in a state of excitement rather difficult to account for even by its events.

I would begin my review methodically, I thought. I would begin with the dinner; and I figured to

myself Mary Richmond sitting radiant with her sunny hair, and launching upon me those glances which were meant for the infamous Burridge. Then rose the figure of her cousin—those divine eyes, that graceful little head, the harmonious undulations of her figure, her bright silvery laugh, her strange glance at me. Then Badger, bald, blatant, florid, and hearty—the exquisite contour of the neck, those tresses that might have tempted the wooing of every Zephyr that—hulloa! wandering; it was Badger I was at; yes, Badger, bald and blatant, with his immense white waistcoat, his cheery laugh, and those lips—ah! those lips, formed but to utter a music —— tut, tut! this was nonsense. I couldn't think. I was feverish. I would compose myself; I would count eight hundred and go to sleep. I got up to the nineties. Ninety-five — ninety-six — ninety-seven — ninety-eight — ninety-nine — one hundred. One hundred years! in one hundred years it will be all the same. But will the waterfall be still working then? Will the joss-house be—a hundred-and-one—two, three, four, &c. &c. &c. —eighteen. Ah! sweet eighteen! ah! that is the age, accompanied with those divine eyes, that aureole-like hair, and—nineteen, twenty —one, two, three—if I were with thee, how happy I'd be!—tweedledum, tweedledee! Pshaw! this was drivelling. I had lost command of my thoughts. I got out of bed, plunged my head in water, drank copiously of the same element, rolled back into bed again, and at last slept; but what slumbers! what dreams! Never for an instant could I get rid of the infernal joss-house. It was a temple of fame, on the top of which Mr Badger pirouetted on his head. Lady Rose and Miss Richmond leaned from a window on either side of it, sounding sweetly upon key-bugles "the alarm" and "the assembly;" while around it, hand in hand, the entire Stock Exchange of London uproariously hoofed in the Maypole dance. Suddenly it became a "lock-up," in which the vicar, loudly singing 'Spankadillo,' was incarcerated for debt, while on a light and lustrous cloud Lady Rose floated above, kindly applauding the imprisoned minstrel. Then I was sitting in it, now very much shrunk in its dimensions, and fitted as a second-class railway carriage. It was placed on a truck, which was dashing across the desert at a hundred miles an hour. As the truck violently oscillated, the joss-house was in perpetual danger of falling over. The seat on which I sat was too small for two, but Badger insisted on sharing it with me; and as one succeeded occasionally in shoving the other close to the edge, horrible cries of terror were raised by the sufferer. Then, suddenly, a sweet voice—oh! so soft and sweet—came in through the roof and said, "This must stop; this *must* and *shall* stop," and my troubled dreams were over.

One does not awake very fresh from slumbers of this sort, and when I awoke and heard the bugles sounding the warning for parade, parade appeared to me impossible—everything appeared impossible; so I wrote a hasty note to the colonel for leave, and again threw myself down; and there I lay all that day —at least all that forenoon—sometimes asleep, sometimes awake, but in either condition it was evident I was passing through some mental phase of which hitherto I had had no experience. Because I had been taken for another man under rather peculiar circumstances, was that a reason why I should become a sort of lunatic? True, it was painful to have unwittingly become possessed of a lady's secret. I was very very sorry for Lady Rose, and, with her high spirit and refined mind, that she should be placed in such a position was most distressing; but, after all, though I seemed always to bestow my commiseration on her, it was Miss Richmond who was the

real sufferer by "that base unmanly Burridge"; and there, too, another thing—why on earth was I so bitter against this man? I had only had a faint glimpse of the situation—a one-sided view of the matter. Burridge might be innocent after all; Burridge might explain. Perhaps Miss Richmond was a vixen—hysterical people often are. Burridge might probably do the right thing in the end; and even if he didn't, he wasn't trifling with *my* affections. What reason had *I* for this furious animus against the man?

It was useless reasoning. On recurring to the idea of Burridge, he always took the shape of a base unmanly scoundrel, an infamous rascal, a detestable palterer, and so forth; and my heart swelled with the feeling that I could throttle him, when I thought upon the cruel injuries he had inflicted on Lady Rose; but then it was Miss Richmond he had injured—if, indeed, he had injured any one. Round and round in a circle thus went my feverish thoughts, and my mind felt bruised and hammered like the ground on which the unceasing mill-horse batters his heavy hoofs.

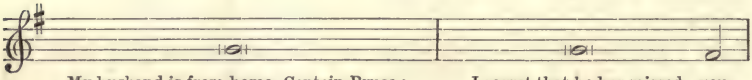
The regimental dogs, who were all my fast friends, came one by one to look after me, and went away saddened and surprised, in that boots and shoes were hurled at them. Jack Leslie came to apologise and make it up, and was grimly told that "it didn't signify." Blackstock, meekly arriving under pretence of looking for the model tongue of the havresack-buckle, attempted to recover favour by reintroducing that subject. It surpassed his belief that sobriety should contemn what supposed inebriety had insulted, but so he found it. At last I sat up and soliloquised. "I see what it is, Donald Bruce, you're hipped—that's what you are; you've been bored by that stupid old 'Ranker,' with his chin-straps, and his knapsacks, and his 'true position' of the everlasting soldier. Yes, you've been badly bored, dangerously bored, and the consequence is, that when you get a little excitement—like last night's adventure, for instance—it's too much for you. But this must stop; ha! this must and shall stop. What you want is change and amusement. So you get up and dress, have some luncheon, one large glass of sherry, or even two if you like, order your pony and take a ride. You're bound, by the by, in common civility, to make an apologetic and thanksgiving call on Mrs Badger; so up with you." I did as my spirit bade me, and began to feel better from that moment.

Having fulfilled the earlier part of the programme laid down by my counselling spirit, I mounted my well-bred little chestnut, "Captain Crosstree," and rode away in the direction of F——. After the feverish night I had passed, the fresh air and the bright sun, coupled with the exercise, were peculiarly grateful, and before long I began to feel restored to something like myself. "A queer fellow I must be!" thought I, as I rode along. "What could have been the matter with me? Perhaps there is a latent strain of insanity in our family, or perhaps Badger's turtle wasn't so fresh as —— no, hang it!" and I was quite unreasonably angry with myself for this solution; and as it was apparent that if I began to think about it again I should have another relapse, I "concluded," as the Yankees say, not to think at all; and availing myself of a nice springy bit of turf on the roadside, I gave Captain Crosstree a breather till the outskirts of F—— were in sight. Here I was suddenly reminded of Mr Lewis, my host-that-should-have-been of the previous evening, and of the propriety of paying my devoirs at his residence in the first instance. Oddly enough, the very first of the series of villas proved to be his; there it

was, "Carysfort Villa" emblazoned in large white letters on the gate-post; and Jack and I must have passed it unnoticed the night before, because it stood exceptionally apart from the principal cluster, and it was only on reaching them that we began to think of looking for it. It was indeed a great contrast in its aspect to the florid magnificence of Mr Badger's abode.

Mr Lewis was from home, but I was shown into a small and dingy drawing-room, where I was received by his wife, whose whole air, manner, and aspect suggested the idea of a loss of colour; she seemed to be washed out; her eyes, her hair, her cheeks, her cap-ribbons, and her dress, all were faded; and when she spoke, the flat and lugubrious tone of her voice revealed a spirit to which light and sunshine were strangers. She communicated her ideas in short sentences delivered in one unvarying key, and in the warily *staccato* manner of a parson reading the Psalms, and afraid of being run into by the responses.

"My husband is from home, Captain Bruce; I regret that he has missed you." She intoned this, and, musically reported, she spoke on this wise:—



My husband is from home, Captain Bruce; I regret that he has missed you.

"I am very sorry indeed," I replied, "but will you kindly convey to him also the apology which I have to make to you for my non-appearance last night?"

"He knows, he understands the reason," she said; "it was laughable" (and she looked as dismal as a mute), "it was laughable; but perhaps you were a gainer by the mistake."

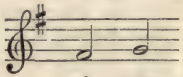
"On the contrary, my dear madam," I began—

"You were a gainer by the mistake," she insisted, "in a certain sense. Our poor house is not to be compared to Mr Badger's in temporal things: we cannot entertain: we are not entitled to entertain: and we do not entertain."

I tried to get up a complimentary speech to the effect that if there *was* a residence whose entertainments the public were likely to approach with more than ordinary avidity, &c. &c., but I broke down, and she went on,—

"And therefore I say that you were a gainer. We should not have ventured to ask you: but our good friend Mr Rasper: spoke of you in a way: that emboldened us to do so: he seemed to think that you might relish: the change of a quiet evening: and we invited you: but as far as creature comforts are concerned: you were a gainer in Mr Badger's home." I certainly began to agree with her, but I loudly disclaimed the idea. She continued, "Mr Badger has himself called to-day: it was well meant, but he is a boisterous man: and I fear a worldling. He explained your absence: and invited us to his home: to dinner next Thursday: at seven o'clock. We have respectfully declined: it was well meant: we are bound to think charitably of our brothers: it was well meant, I dare to say: but we declined it: we are not given to mirth and revelry:" (her looks did her the grossest injustice if she was) "and Mr Badger's home is spoken of: as a place: where cards: and wine: and dancing are permitted: therefore we respectfully declined."

Here she paused a moment, and I could hardly refrain from responding



A - men.

"Had you been with us last night," she went on, "you would have met a precious man: a Scotchman like yourself: Toozle M'Foozle, the missionary from Tongaloo. He told us sweet facts: his trumpet-tongue has been heard: there is an upheaving in the island. Whiki-Whacky, the king of the Bouples: has had his eyes opened. I regret that you missed him: it was a blessed refreshment."

"Ah! it must have been, my dear madam," said I, hastily rising to take my leave, and blessing the accident that had spared me the trumpet utterances of the M'Foozle.

"Will you not rest awhile? the day is hot: will you drink some whey?"

"Thank you very much, I have a most pressing engagement, and could only permit myself the pleasure of a flying call on this occasion; another time I hope to be more fortunate;" and I was off—"and if ever," thought I, "I enter this house again, may I be——whey indeed!"

Receiving Captain Crosstree from the hands of a sad-looking gardener, I rode away in the direction of Mr Badger's house. There was no difficulty in recognising it; it towered above its neighbours, and in its *bizarre* construction impartially favoured every order of architecture. As I entered the gates (it was too great to have its name—the Hermitage—inscribed thereon), I looked out for the Araucaria, and was glad to see that it flourished intact; the track of Jack's erratic course on entering was, however, painfully legible in a neatly-defined arc cut in the well-shaven turf of the semicircular lawn; and it was awfully evident that a Syrinx in stucco had very nearly been permanently relieved from the pursuit of her stucco persecutor.

Mr Badger had gone to London, the servant said, but the ladies were within; would I have my horse put up? Like master like man; this was hospitable; such was evidently the custom of Badger Hall. No, I wouldn't have my horse put up, but I would go in and see the ladies; and in I went. I felt a little queer as I ascended the staircase; perhaps I felt the awkwardness of meeting Miss Richmond after the crisis of last evening—I don't know; at all events, I was spared that trial. When I entered the drawing-room Mrs Badger was there alone. The worthy lady received me most cordially.

"I seem," said I, "to have so many apologies to make, Mrs Badger, that I scarcely know where to begin."

"Apologies, Captain Bruce! Nothing of the sort—quite the contrary; if there is an apology to be made, it is my husband should make it for misleading you; but I assure you *we* all consider it a very fortunate blunder, and I hope you do too" (ha! I had made a favourable impression, then); "and you took it so nicely and easily, and made us all laugh so with your fun about the 'impostor,' and all that—my gracious! how we *did* laugh! Badger says he thinks he's broken a rib; I say he's too fat for that; but, anyhow, he's not laughed so much for an age, and that's saying a good deal; and he's wild to get you to come back and dine again and meet your 'double;' and you will, won't you, very soon?"

"I shall be only too happy, I assure you. Pray, how is Miss Richmond to-day?"

"Ah! poor Mary, she's had a sad night of it! that's the only unpleasant part of our party. She had another fit of hysterics, and didn't sleep all night; but she's sleeping now, and her uncle is to bring her something from town that I hope will do her good. It was the heat yesterday, I'm certain."

"No doubt," I said; "it was very thundery last night; I couldn't sleep myself: and I hope Lady

Rose is not the worse of being out so late in the dew?"

"Oh! Rose is perfectly well; we were just going out to take the air in the grounds—and here she is to speak for herself."

I experienced a temporary relapse into some of the sensations of last night as she entered: the blood ebbed suddenly from my heart, flashed into my temples, tingled in my feet, and throbbed in my hands. I rose, and, rising and looking at her as she advanced, there suddenly flitted across my mind the lines of Tennyson—

"To whom
Coming through heaven like a light that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the gods
Rise up for reverence."

Then from amid these verses started out a fierce and crying conviction that my face was red, my voice thick and husky; that my boots were a great deal too big for my feet, and my feet for the rest of my body; that the sun had taken the skin off the bridge of my nose; that I had cut myself shaving that morning; that the uncicatrised wound was going to bleed copiously, and that, if it did, I had left my pocket-handkerchief at home; —all this flashed through my mind like something revealed by lightning as I advanced to meet her.

Her greeting was kind, unconscious, and calm—as, indeed, why should it be otherwise? and my mind speedily regained its composure, and I recognised, in detail, that, dressed in white with a white straw hat, garlanded with a wreath of wild-flowers and trimmed with violet ribbon, with which also her hair was confined, her beauty showed to still greater advantage than in the more elaborate toilet of the evening. I noted all this in a second or two.

"You are not afraid, then," she said, with a smile, "to come back to the scene of your last night's imposition? Perhaps you don't know that my uncle is a magistrate—a very formidable person indeed?"

"I suppose," said I, "I have the audacity of my craft."

"And I hope you have not been very severe with your poor groom. I never could forgive you if you were. That climax of our mystification was really too delightful; but you missed the best of it—my uncle's righteous indignation. But at last he was mollified; we all laughed so, he was fairly compelled to join in the chorus, and he admitted that, if there was no damage done to the Araucaria, it was not such a bad joke after all."

"I am ashamed to recollect the fellow's conduct," I said; "I have not decided what to do with him yet;" and I tried to look as grim as if my intentions oscillated between the bastinado and the knout.

"Oh, aunt! intercede for him. Captain Bruce, you must forgive him—consider the amusement he afforded. Do, pray, let him off. Is he in the guard-room now?"

"N-n-n-no, not exactly; he's under surveillance; but, since you throw yourself into the scale with Mercy against Justice, why, of course, Justice has no chance; the man must be forgiven," and I said this with an air of self-sacrifice.

"'To err is human, to forgive divine,'" said Lady Rose; "and since you have behaved so well, you shall be rewarded. You shall go out with us into my uncle's wonder-land and see the waterfall, after last night's disappointment."

"What?" broke in Mrs Badger, "did you not get to the fall after all? What ever were you about?"

Lady Rose and I exchanged glances, and somehow this little confidence was delightful to me.

"Oh!" I said, carelessly, "it was too dark last night to see all its mechanism."

"Well, I'm afraid you must put off seeing it till your next visit, for the gardeners are terribly busy today with some new mushroom-beds,

and I don't know who to get to pump it on."

"Oh! thanks; it will be something to look forward to another time."

"But let us go out and look about us, and take the air; it is a pity to lose such a lovely day. Come away, Rose."

We passed into the Badger fairyland. There was the joss-house and the other grotesque things which had furnished my visions of the night. I felt half surprised to see them looking so tame and innocent. And there was the angle in the walk where Lady Rose had turned upon me with fierce denunciations. Was it possible that this was the same Lady Rose? with that quiet playful manner? those gentle eyes? that silvery voice? Was it possible that the Heré of last night, flashing scorn and splendid indignation, stood before me now, clothed, by some wondrous transfiguration, in the tender graces of Aphrodité? "Idalian Aphrodité—beautiful! Fresh as the foam new-bathed in Paphian wells." Oh exquisite loveliness! oh perfection of beauty, incomparable in either mood!

She saw that my eyes were fixed upon her, and, probably divining the tenor of my thoughts, said hurriedly and with a blush,—

"Oh, aunt! I must not forget—some flowers for Mary; let us go to the greenhouse. Are you fond of flowers, Captain Bruce?"

"I like everything that is beautiful, Lady Rose," I replied.

"Ah! that is a Scotch answer," she said; "you won't commit yourself."

"Now tell me," I retorted, "how an Irishman would have answered."

"Oh! that is another thing. I'm not bound to criminate myself."

"Ah, ha! there is one to mark for me," I cried.

"How?"

"Why, you're not an Irishman."

"Then we're equal," she laughed, "and may start fair again."

"Well, Lady Rose, I will throw off my national caution, and admit that I am intensely fond of flowers, but I'm so dreadfully ignorant of the science that belongs to them, even of their names, that I am shy of alluding to my passion."

"If the passion was a true one, would you not learn the names of your charmers?"

"Yes; but when one only gets a fleeting glimpse of the adored object from time to time, how is an intimacy to be arrived at?"

"Are there no flowers at the camp?"

"Lady Rose, have you ever seen it?"

"Oh! I forgot; you said it was exactly like the Sahara," she replied, very demurely.

"So it is, and there are not many flowers there, you know; but," and I changed the subject hurriedly—"but tell me the names of your special favourites."

"Oh! the time would fail me; for I am very catholic in my tastes, and have so many special favourites that they can hardly be called special. Now help me" (as we entered the greenhouse) "to select a bouquet for my cousin;" and we set to work, discussing and selecting, I cutting the flowers decided on.

Mrs Badger very soon got bored, and went away on the pretext of keeping Miss Richmond company, and we were alone. A week ago, could I have penetrated the future, and seen myself—a bird, timid, *farouche*, and shy, as far as the fair sex were concerned—could I have seen myself, I say, thus caught and tamed not unwilling, cheerily hopping from spray to spray, and twittering back unabashed the bright sallies and ringing mirth of a beautiful young lady, how would I have stared with astonishment! But, after all, what a lot of things there are that would make us stare if we could only see them; and what

saith the Persian bard with a hard name, which I decline to spell, "The bee, the serpent, and the bird, are they not quelled on a sudden by the glamour of their charmers? then why not mortal man, whose breath is in his nostrils?" Certainly, why not? also Amen.

"You have spoken to your cousin, Lady Rose?" I asked, suddenly.

"On several occasions," she replied, archly.

"Yes; but I mean — but I mean——"

"Oh yes, I have spoken to her about what you mean—that is, as much as I could venture at the time. You are quite exculpated; pray do not be uneasy."

"Oh! I wasn't thinking of that; but I mean—I mean—it is very sad—I am infinitely distressed—this Captain Burridge—I mean——"

"I know exactly what you mean; you want a flower for your buttonhole, and you shall have it; here, this red geranium will be most appropriate," and she gave it me with a sort of wicked smile.

My little attempt to get up a confidence (why should I be so anxious for a confidence?) had broken down; but why couldn't I say something neat and telling in acknowledgment of the flower? I couldn't, at all events. I received it clumsily, said "I——," stopped, placed it in my button-hole, coughed, said "I——" again (confound it! where were my ideas?), and had the satisfaction of seeing her fall into a paroxysm of laughter.

"Oh! Captain Bruce," she sobbed, "forgive me—forgive me; the Scotch are a most respectable nation, but——" and she was off again.

Hang it! I didn't like this; I would sulk a little; I did so. She was full of penitence at once.

"Forgive me; I don't know why I should laugh so. It was something about——" but she couldn't finish her sentence, and after another recovery said,—

"Come and have some tea, and scold me all the way—I deserve it." Who could resist this?

I hate being laughed at—who doesn't? If Tom Smith laughs at me, I punch his head, morally or physically, as may seem most expedient; but if "Idalian Aphrodité—beautiful" does so, and apologises, why—well, well.

When we got back to the house Mr Badger had arrived, and afternoon tea was discussed to the loud symphony of that boisterous worldling's laughter.

Badger rather jarred on me today, but I took good care he shouldn't know it. Indeed, I felt that I was solicitous for Badger's good opinion. We compared notes as to our respective interviews with Mrs Lewis, over whom he nearly fractured another rib.

At last I begged to have Captain Crosstree ordered, and he was brought round.

"Oh, what a lovely pony!" cried Lady Rose, looking at him from the window. "What is his name?"

"'Captain Crosstree is his name,'" quoted I, from the popular song of that drama whose popularity lately became a little too tiresome and monotonous.

"I *must* go down and speak to him;" and she went, bearing biscuits for the fortunate animal.

Badger and I followed. Badger had taken a fancy to me (why not?), asked me to "name a day," or to "come any day and take pot-luck." "It's a pleasure," he explained, "after a hard day in the city, to have a talk and a laugh, and send one's worries to the devil;" and I readily consented to assist at the desired elimination. When we reached the hall-door, impulsive Lady Rose was fondling and caressing "the Captain," feeding him with biscuits, and kissing the white star on his forehead.

"I have quite fallen in love with Captain Crosstree," she cried.

I nearly had a fit of apoplexy in trying to recall an appropriate quo-

tation from the prevailing drama, but again I failed. Dolt!

"And he shall have a nosegay too," she said, patting him on the neck, and plucking from the wall two sprigs of jessamine, with which she decorated the head-band of the glorified quadruped.

"When Captain Crosstree wakes to-morrow," I cried, "he will say with the Athenian weaver, after Titania's caressing touch had been laid upon him, 'I have had a dream—a dream—past the wit of man to say what a dream I have had;'" and having said this, I felt that I had not lived that day quite in vain, and rode off ecstatic.

I trotted rapidly through the outskirts of the village, never for an instant taking my eyes from the jessamine sprigs which bobbed in front of me; but when the last villa was invisible, and I was myself under the friendly shade of wayside trees, I pulled up, and dismounting, basely despoiled "the Captain" of his ornaments. I put them in my hatband for safe keeping, apologised to the pony for the theft by patting him on the neck and fondling his nose, and then casting a nervous glance up and down the road, I hastily imprinted a guilty kiss on his white star, and remounting, galloped off covered with shame and confusion of face. It was a heavenly afternoon; rain had lightly fallen in the early morning, but the sky had been serenely blue ever since, and the sun was drawing forth new freshness on wood and meadow, as yet unjaded by the summer heat. The hay-harvest was nearly finished, and the air was enriched with its fragrance, rich with the blended perfumes of a myriad wild-flowers that "ran riot, garlanding" hedgerow and bank, draping all that was unsightly and commonplace—prosaic paling and decrepit wall—with the transfiguring mantle of their glorious bloom and their exuberant youth. Even the stolid Hants labourers dimly recognised the fitness of things by decorating hat and sun-bonnet with the flowers and blossoms which nature seemed to thrust upon them; even they, touched by an unconscious inspiration, lifted up their voices and sang. Mellowed by distance, their strains came pleasantly from far-away meadows, blending in the woods around me with the full-toned chorus of the birds, and with the humming of a brook that went glimmering through the sylvan arcades and vistas. Glimpses of lucid cloud, gleams of liquid blue, rays and flashes of mingled green and gold shot through the young foliage of the boughs that here and there quite over-canopied the road. Life, light, beauty, fragrance, music, joy! Nature was in an ecstasy herself, and calling ecstatic on the heart of man to rejoice with her and to be glad. I accepted her summons: I sang—I shouted; whereupon consentaneous "Captain Crosstree" took the bit between his teeth and ran off with me, *nolens volens*, for a good two miles, and only stopped in deference to a long hill which restored to me the mastery. I then threw the reins upon the pony's neck, and as we sauntered up the long ascent, I grappled with myself,—that is, two spirits, a questioning and an answering spirit, undertook to carry on within me an investigation, and when we had reached the summit a solution had been arrived at.

"Am not I," began the inquiring spirit who represented myself—"Am not I, Donald Bruce, now turning thirty years of age?"

"You are, indeed," was the reply.

"Have not my sisters stuck flowers in my pony's head any time these fifteen years?"

"They have."

"Did I ever take them out and stick them in my hatband?"

"Never."

"Did I ever kiss Captain Crosstree's white star before?"

"Certainly not."

"I have often ridden on this road before, I think?"

"Dozens of times."

"On summer evenings when the sun was as bright, the sky as blue, and the trees as green, the perfume of the woods and the meadows as fragrant, the song of the birds and the haymakers as sweet?"

"Of course—of course."

"Was I ever affected by these things as I am now?"

"No, you never made such an ass of yourself in all your life before."

"I was sober last night, I think?"

"As a judge."

"Yet my mind was in a frenzy?"

"Absurdly so."

"I invariably sleep well?"

"Heavily."

"But last night I lay awake till dawn?"

"You lay awake till the bugle went for recruits' drill."

"Is it conceivable that, twenty-four hours ago, I should have recognised a musical combination of letters in the word 'Badger'?"

"It is quite inconceivable."

"Yet to-day I do?"

"To-day the word Badger is by no means uneuphonious to you."

"Was I ever conscious of having large boots and clumsy feet on a previous occasion?"

"You were always confoundedly proud of them."

"I have no organic heart-complaint, I think?"

"You are as sound as a prize-fighter."

"Yet my heart palpitated as I went up-stairs this afternoon?"

"True it did, furiously."

"Why?"

"Because you are ill of a strange disorder."

"What produced it?"

"Look into the hedgerow there beside you."

"Why?"

"Because you can read an answer there."

"What is there?"

"A flower."

"Oh! I see—a rose—a rose;" and as I plucked it a sweet and already well-nigh revealed apocalypse flashed full upon me. "I love her—I adore her—I worship her. I have seen her but twice; this, then, is love at first sight, disbelieved in by the many, contemned by the most. What matters it? I love her—I adore her. Had it been but one fleeting glimpse, I should have loved her for ever; and have I not spoken to her?—have I not listened to the ineffable music of her voice, and received into my inmost soul the heavenly scintillations of her angel-eyes? Am I transformed by some magic spell—seeing with new eyes and hearing with new ears? Was I alive till yesterday? Did the sun ever shine before? Or is this a new heaven and a new earth—a wonderland of beauty and brightness and song, from which the stroke of a magician's wand shall cast me back again into outer darkness? No, no; this is the same world of yesterday, but I read it by the light of a new revelation. It is Rose's world—and I love her—I adore her!"

I turned and looked back. I saw the deep groves in which F—— lay embosomed. Her beautiful image seemed to stand out from the background of their dark masses. I scattered the leaves of the divining flower to the breeze that blew towards her, murmuring, with an unconscious alteration, the sweet words of Waller—

"Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that shares thy name with thee
That now she knows,
When I compare her unto thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be."

Then I turned and rode away.

CHAPTER V.

It was late when I reached the camp—that is, from a mess-going point of view; and as I entered my hut the last bugle for that festive meal was sounding—that tocsin of the soul to how many worthy fellows who carry their souls in that part of the body where the Dutch theorist placed the living and thinking principle of all mankind. To-night it was for me no tocsin of the soul. Eat dinner to-night!—impossible. The thought was almost nauseating. I would go to mess, though. Delightful as my thoughts were, I would go to mess that I might enjoy them the more by contrast afterwards. Having dressed with all speed, I tenderly placed the jessamine sprigs in water, and finding no buttonhole in my open red jacket wherein to bestow the geranium, I cut a place for it, inserted my treasure, and, thus decorated, repaired to the mess-room.

Dinner was pretty well advanced when I entered; but instantly there was a lull in the conversation, and certain indications in the faces of the less sophisticated told me at once that I had myself been the immediate subject of conversation.

"Ah! here you are, Bruce," said the senior Major. "We were just saying, 'what has become of our model of punctuality?' I hope" (with a grin) "you're better?"

"Better, Major!" said I, sitting down; "what do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. I heard you were ill this morning."

"I never was ill in my life."

"Well, Leslie there told us you were ill."

There was a general titter round the table. I saw how it was. Master Jack, having himself been "*ebrius Baccho*," had been making an amusing story about me, and transferring to me (with the common weakness of the overtaken) his own transgressions. At another time I would have laughed, but not so to-night. I fixed Jack with a stern eye.

"You said I was ill, Leslie, did you? Why?"

Poor Jack looked very red and unhappy, and said, "Well, you know you were very queer last night."

"What do you mean by *queer*, sir?" I inquired, in a dangerous voice.

"Why, Donald, don't snap my nose off. You know you were uncommonly crusty last night, and that's peculiar with you, you know; for no one ever saw you out of temper before"—(the truckler). "And then when I went to your hut after parade this forenoon you were still in bed, and that's peculiar with you, you know; and then when old 'Pilot,' the Major's dog, came quietly in to say 'good-morning,' you threw a candlestick at the old beggar, and that's peculiar with you; and then you swore at me when I said 'shame,' and that's—well, that's not common with you; so when I went away I said, and I never doubted, 'This poor, dear Donald is ill, you know,' and I told the Major and—and others, you know."

A great shout of laughter rang down the table, giving fresh revelations of Jack's antecedent narrative. I joined in it, but grudgingly; for I felt that I did not like these liberties. There was a coarseness about them I had not noticed on previous occasions. There was a coarseness about the whole thing to-night. The Major's whiskers, I noticed, looked exceptionally coarse, the thumbs of the mess-waiters grasping the dishes they offered were eminently unsatisfactory, and the doctor's method of feeding himself simply revolting. The conversation, too, sounded so stale. Who the dickens, who cared to know, did *not* know that the

odds against Bucephalus had gone from sevens to eights? and yet Brittles and Tomkinson repeated the statement six times each before the joints had been disposed of, reiterating on each several occasion, "By Jupiter Jingo! I wouldn't be in Lord Welsher's shoes;" and why discuss Miss Furtado's eyes and other features for ten solid minutes? We all know she is a charming actress, and has beautiful physical as well as dramatic traits, but why go on with her eternally? Why not talk of the Colleen Bawn, or Patti, or Miss Herbert, or Miss Oliver, or Miss Nelly Moore, or Marie Wilton, or some one else of at least equal distinction? Why hammer, hammer on one eternal topic? Damme! it was insufferable to-night. And that old ass M'Snorter, our Highland Major, whose only ideas were heather, haggis, and hollow squares—why should *he* say, in contradiction to me, that the late Duke of —— did not regret his great purchases in the north, when I knew to a certainty—I may almost say from himself—that he *did?* It was most irritating. And Snoaker, too, what did *he* know about politics? The shape of a cue, or a ballet-girl's ankle, were subjects on which he was entitled to a respectful hearing; but as to whether the franchise is a right or a trust—pshaw! what business had he to grapple with *me* on a subject of that sort?

Altogether mess seemed different to-night, and the coarseness, the wearisomeness, the flatness, the baldness, the ignorance, the iterativeness displayed in the conversation, had never presented itself to me before; and yet Snoaker, Brittles, Tomkinson, M'Snorter, *et hoc genus omne*, were they not to-night in possession of the same intellectual brilliancy which had illustrated them for the last decade? Revolving these thoughts, I sat at meat with a scourge-like expression of countenance.

"Donald Bruce has become a swell!" cried a voice from one end of the table.

"As how?" I inquired, full of watchful irritation.

"Who ever saw you with a bouquet" (the beast pronounced it "bucket") "at mess before?"

"Yes," said the Major, "I've been looking at that."

"Have you?" I sneered. "I thought your botanical interests were confined to the thistle."

I said this with so much "*intention*" that there was a general look of surprise, for I was commonly a placable and easy-going mortal.

"When Scot meets Scot," muttered a neighbour.

Now, if there is one association of men in which more than any other a sulky fellow or a man out of temper is unmercifully dealt with, that association is a regimental mess. There is no quarter to be found there for splenetic moods. Good-humour and blithe freedom of speech pervade the atmosphere; and he who violates the one or resents the other brings an old house about his ears; and so I did. Chaff of all sorts, light and heavy, played upon me like a hailstorm.

"The mess-president" (I then occupied that post), cried one, "has been settling with the green-grocer and getting discount."

"Is it to be a standing perquisite, Bruce?"

"Yes; can we hope for this splendour every night?"

"Or is it only a sample from a new tenderer?"

"I'd be hanged if I'd take it out in mere geraniums."

"Leave a canny Scot to make his own bargain; to-morrow night we shall have a camellia."

"Hadn't we better ask the General to dine some night when we can be sure of the camellia?"

"Seriously, Bruce, where did you get it?"

"Don't ask him, he's looking savage. To-morrow beer will have risen a halfpenny a glass."

"As to thistles," said the Major, who had all this time been excogitating a sarcasm in his turbid soul—"as to thistles—why, as to thistles, it strikes me, Captain Bruce—it strikes me that the less *you* say on that subject the better;" and he delivered his artless "*tu quoque*" with a look of triumphant indignation, as who should say, "*Habet.*"

The Major's delightful imbecility evoked no small mirth, and when it subsided, the professed lady's-man of the regiment remarked, "You lost a golden opportunity there, Major, of annihilating Bruce with even more brilliancy!"

"What do you mean?" growled the Celt.

"Don't you know the language of flowers?"

"Language of flowers! I should think not. Stuff! why?"

"Because, you know, the geranium, if given by a lady to a fellow (which in Bruce's case is, of course, absurd), conveys much the same idea as he wished to express about you when he spoke of the thistles."

I pricked up my ears.

"I don't understand you," said the Major.

"Why," said the lady's-man, "every flower, you know, has a meaning; if a lady gives you a myrtle, for instance, that expresses 'I love you constantly;' or a rose, that says 'I love you to distraction;' but if she gives you a geranium ——"

I looked at him with a hungry intensity.

"Don't look so fierce, Bruce, you quite frighten me."

"No, no," I said, with a forced laugh; "go on—let us hear the nonsense. What does the geranium say?"

"Well, the geranium says—not I, mind—the geranium says, like Dr Johnson, 'Sir, you are an ass!'"

A pang shot through my heart, but with a desperate effort I controlled myself, and said, "And pray where did you learn all this?"

"Learn it, my dear fellow? read it in the book, of course."

"What book?"

"'The Language of Flowers,' to be sure."

"You don't mean to say that nonsense of that sort is published?"

"It isn't nonsense; but 'The Language of Flowers' is published, and a very nice useful little book I find it, I can tell you."

"I should rather like to see the rubbish," I said, carelessly.

"Oh, I'll show it you any time!"

And I resolved that he should have a very early opportunity of doing so. The conversation now dribbled into our common domestic channels.

M'Guffigy of the band had burst a blood-vessel in blowing that tremendous brazen serpentcleide; steel scabbards were certainly going to be introduced for infantry at last: at last! high time too: what an unutterable mull the Colonel made of that new deployment yesterday (*N.B.* — Le Colonel, comme les absens, a toujours tort): there was to be a fortnight's leave for grouse-shooting on "the Twelfth," and no "Returns" for the grousers: that was the Brigadier's doing: what a brick he was! but then he was a Guardsman, and Guardsmen's ideas on the subjects of leave were thoroughly sound and practical.

"Tommy Hawk wasn't really going to trot his grey cob, 'The Scalper,' against old Feedle M'Doo's 'Ringtailed Screamer?'"

"Yes, he was."

"Then 'the Screamer' must be handicapped?"

"No, he mustn't."

"Yes, he must—heavily."

"Time would show."

"Some people think themselves so confoundedly knowing."

"How well Tommy Hawk shot in the big match at Ashburnham!"

"Nearly won it."

"Would have won it if he hadn't drank eleven brandies and sodas the night before."

"Nonsense!"

"Fact."

"Awful fellow to drink, Hawk!"

"Deuced clear-headed fellow, though!"

"Oh, deuced! and his billiards—something like, eh?"

"A fellow had arrived that day would see them all at billiards."

"Who?"

"Burridge of the —— Dragoon Guards."

(Burridge of the —— Dragoon Guards! my heart gave a thump at this intelligence.)

"Oh! had they come in?"

"Yes, the last squadron came in that morning."

"Burridge would see them all at billiards."

"Give any man ten."

"What! even Brittles?"

"Yes, even Brittles."

"Then he must be a nailer?"

And so on *ad nauseam*.

At last mess broke up; how insufferably wearisome it had been! and what difficulty I had felt in concealing my irritation, my *ennui*, my disgust!

"A rubber to-night, Bruce?" asked the Major, as I was leaving the mess-hut.

A rubber to-night! in the anteroom, where also there was a piano, and where that noisy Snorkins would reproduce for two hours the stale buffooneries of the music-halls. A rubber to-night! with such an *entourage!*—that Major was becoming too insufferable.

Arrived in my own hut, my first care was to look after the health of my jessamine. I experienced a shock. The "soldier-servant" is, in many respects, a useful institution; sometimes sober, frequently honest, very generally industrious, and always willing; but his ways are not as other men's ways, nor his thoughts (when he has any) as other men's.

My leal and trusty retainer observing, no doubt with surprise, the sudden indication of a floral taste in the glass on my dressing-table, had evidently thought to gratify me by enriching the, in his eyes, rather meagre collection; and gathering from the little garden which is now a common adjunct to the soldier's huts at the camp, a bunch of gaudy and graveolent flowers, had crammed them in beside the adorable sprigs of jessamine.

Had the fellow been present at the moment I believe something approaching homicide would have been done on his person: as it was, I snatched his offering from the sacred shrine which it profaned, was trampling under foot the contaminating vegetables with horrible imprecations, when a deep voice remarked, "'Ave you smorged him? A beetle—was it?"

By all the thunders! Blackstock again! His shaggy head was thrust familiarly through the window, and, accepting him as a ram caught in the thicket, I swooped upon him accordingly.

"What do you mean by prying into my private room, *Mister* Blackstock?" I inquired, indignantly.

"No hoffence, hold fellow," said the astonished Blackstock, who had done so unrebuked fifty times—"no hoffence; I was just passing round the 'uts, and saw a light in yours, and looked in to see that hall was right."

"Well, all *is* right; are you satisfied?"

"Ho! certainly."

"Good-night, then."

"Wy, Bruce, wot's come to you?"

"An unwelcome visitor," I snarled.

"'Ow 'av I got your back up, my dear boy?"

"You needn't 'dear boy' me, Mr Blackstock; and now, if it is quite convenient, perhaps you will bring this intrusion to a close."

"Ho! hintrusion is it? ho! to be sure—I forgot; I should 'ave

remembered my horigin: I won't forget again, I promise you;" and, surprised and indignant, the Quartermaster flounced away from the window. Immediately I felt that I was a ruffian and a snob, and rushed out to call him back and apologise; but the worthy fellow was too much offended, and marched away into the darkness, tossing his head like an infuriated drum-major. I would make it all right with him to-morrow, I thought, and, calmed with my thunderstorm, proceeded to replace the water in the flower-glass which had been contaminated by my servant's contribution.

This had been a tumultuous day following a tumultuous night; I seemed to be cut off by centuries from the life of a week ago. Objects of the highest interest then were distasteful now, and things then indifferent had become revolting. I had heard of love at first sight; I had heard of it only as a more violent development of an imbecility which could never personally affect me. If I had speculated on it at all, it had been in a scoffing and sceptical spirit; and now——well, now faith came, because the existence of such a phenomenon was proved to demonstration in myself. Was I ashamed of it? No; I accepted it as a devotee accepts a mystery — inexplicable, unfathomable, but, above all things, true. I had never been similarly affected, but was that strange? No; I was fastidious, perhaps, and insensible, and it required the most powerful of magnets to draw forth the latent capabilities of my nature. But then had I not been subjected to such an influence? Oh yes! who could resist her?—this creature, so mysteriously attractive—so clothed in harmony and grace? Then came an unpleasant gleam of recollection about the geranium, and I looked doubtfully at the flower, but only for a moment. Pshaw! what trumpery nonsense!—the babbling of that ass Peterson at mess; was I to be affected by that? The language of flowers!—childish rubbish. What did Lady Rose know about it? Hem! ha!—well, suppose she did—what then? She was infinitely playful and sportive; it was but a genial little sally, and she was too well-bred to have made the innuendo unless she had felt the irony of it. In that point of view it was complimentary; very much so indeed. So I promoted the geranium to a place beside the jessamine, and went to bed in content.

The next two days were passed, one in a long field-day, the other in a tedious court-martial, during which the preoccupation of my thoughts sadly interfered with the efficient discharge of my duties. It was not till the afternoon of the second day that I could make my escape from the camp, and then, need I say that I turned Captain Crosstree's head in the direction of F——? The jessamine and geranium both looked rather fading and thirsty, so I took them out for an airing in my button-hole. I would go, I thought, and drop in, according to Badger's invitation, at the Hermitage. I *would* go, I was entitled to go, I must go. It was but civil to inquire after Miss Richmond's health, and I hadn't been there for ever so long—why, not for forty-eight hours at least! Badger would be hurt if I didn't go; and I would go. So on I rode, and I rode on, passing rapidly through the scenes of my mental conflict, through the revealing woods and meadows, and down the unforgotten hill, seeing with a thrill the first glimpse of the dark woods of F——, which were for me an oasis indeed. When I came to Mr Lewis's house I began to experience new sensations—fear, shame, shyness, a lumpiness about the throat, a faintness about the heart, an indescribable impulse to turn back and go campwards at the top of Crosstree's speed. I overcame it. "Courage!" I said to myself, "the visit is perfectly in form; I am going to visit Badger." I repeated the last words several times,

and went on. Ha! there was the Araucaria. "I am going to visit Badger." There was Pan. "I am going to visit Badger." Oh! what was that? "I am going to visit ——;" but I wasn't; for a moment after I found myself sweeping past the Hermitage at a sharp canter, my face burning, my eyes fixed on Captain Crosstree's ears; and not till F—— lay a good half-mile behind did I draw rein.

POLTROON! IMBECILE! IDIOT! how I abused, how I despised myself: I a lover! of a worthy type, indeed. I, a great hairy soldier, to blush and tremble and run away like a thief from the house where of all others I wished to be. I would go back; but then, perhaps, I had been seen passing, and, indeed, I had had a vague tail-of-the-eye impression of white dresses on the lawn. What then? I *must* go back some time; there was no other road. I couldn't spend the rest of my life half a mile on the wrong side of F——; and did I always mean to fly from Rose like this? No, of course not; but why hurry? where *was* the call for hurry? I would saunter on a while and enjoy the delightful air, and then go back. So I did saunter on, and did at last prevail upon myself to turn back. I turned just before coming to a sharp angle in the road, and had hardly done so when I heard the sound of horses' feet briskly cantering behind me. The horse was apparently pulled up short on getting to the head of the road. I myself pulled up, almost involuntarily, to see who was behind me, and the next moment found myself confronted by Miss Mary Richmond.

It was profoundly unpleasant, but there was no escape for either, unless the young lady took her horse over a stiff "post-and-rail" on the left, or I mine over an eight-foot fence on the right.

I felt almost overwhelmed with the awkwardness of the meeting, but did my best to take my hat off with an air of unconcern, feeling far more for her than for myself. Woman-like, however, she showed herself much more equal to the situation than I did. She bowed gravely but politely, and I drew my horse aside to let her pass. Instead of doing so, however, she reined up beside me, and said,—

"I have wished to see you, Captain Bruce, as I have to apologise for having twice placed you in an awkward position. How annoyed I have felt at having made such a scene the other night, you will, I am sure, easily understand; but I hope you will also make allowance for the very painful position I was placed in on discovering the mistake I had made that fatal night at the opera, when—though I can hardly expect you to believe what sounds like an impossibility—your wonderful likeness, at a little distance, to a gentleman with whom—who is—that is to say—he is an intimate friend; and then the note I wrote you——"

"Pray, make your mind easy about that, Miss Richmond," I said; "it is paying your handwriting a poor compliment—but the light was bad too; anyhow, your note was unintelligible; and being much engrossed in the music (for I am music-mad), and feeling sure it was a mistake, I am afraid I was ungallant enough not to take much interest in it, and tore it up mechanically, while listening to that divine air Patti was singing at the time, without understanding a word of it."

Not strictly true, perhaps; but if the end can, in any case, justify the means, this falsehood was justified.

She looked at me sharply for a moment, then smiled kindly and said,—

"I understand; thank you. Now, suppose we trot on, we shall be just in time for tea; you'll come and have some, won't you?"

I could not refuse such a pretext and such an opportunity, so we trotted on amicably together.

On reaching the Hermitage we found Badger in the act of arriving from his daily visit to town. His wife and Lady Rose were on the lawn receiving him, and I was in the middle of the group before I had time to become frightened.

"Which of you is it?" roared Badger, who loved and appreciated his own joke.

"The Impostor," I replied, and Badger's ribs were imperilled.

"Well, come away in; send your pony to the stable. Now I've got you, I'll keep you. You must stay and take pot-luck with us."

I muttered something about my dress.

"Oh, dress be hanged! if it wasn't for that cat Polly and her finery I would dine in my dressing-gown and slippers."

"I shouldn't wonder if you went farther, uncle, and dined without them."

"I wish I could. If I was quite alone I would dine in nothing but my spectacles."

"How is Captain Crosstree to-day?" said Lady Rose, again honouring this singularly favoured animal with her notice and her caresses.

"Captain Crosstree has become insufferably conceited since you adorned him the other day," I replied.

"Ah, poor fellow! he shall have a new bouquet to-night. You have no flowers to give him at the camp, or they must be dusty sickly flowers if these are specimens you have in your button-hole, Captain Bruce; how *can* you wear such melancholy-looking objects?"

Crosstree's stolen jessamine sprigs and the doubtful geranium! I had forgotten all about them. Would that the Badgerian lawn might open and whelm them and me in everlasting oblivion!

"Ah! these are some—these are some flowers——"

"*Were*, I should say," replied Lady Rose.

"Yes, they are a little withered; but I can't afford to part with them just now—not till they are replaced," said I, making a wonderful rally.

"Oh, you're begging! Well, I see something suitable in the middle of that plot, but no one dares tread that sacred ground but my uncle. His foot is so light and fairy-like, you see, it leaves no mark. Uncle, dear! please fetch that heavenly peony, and give it to Captain Bruce."

Uncle Badger brought the thing (it was as big as a Portugal onion), and I was obliged ruefully to deck myself withal, affecting gratitude which Lady Rose demurely accepted.

"You didn't have a very long ride, Captain Bruce?" she said.

"N-no, not very."

"Do you always ride as you did to-day? You can't pick up many impressions of the scenery."

"Ah! you saw me, did you?—the fact is there was a court-martial to-day, and——"

"Oh! and you sentenced the man to be hanged, and are a prey to horrible remorse, and were riding with fixed eyes, like Macbeth seeing the ghost: do you see him now?"

"No; how could I *here?* but the court-martial was very long and tiresome, and the room very hot, and after it was over one felt the necessity of fresh air and rapid motion."

"My aunt and I were standing at the door as you passed, and we were quite frightened; you looked exactly as if you were going for a doctor: there was no one really much hurt, was there?"

"I beg your pardon, I don't quite understand—where?"

"How should I know?" and she flitted away into the house—playful, teasing, but inexpressibly an angel!

I believe Badger's dinner was excellent; he was in high spirits, and uncorked freely both his wine and his jokes—the age of the former atoning in some sort for that of the latter. He was in high spirits; a new listener—what a boon to a talkative man with a limited *repertoire!* What a boon I was to Badger! And as for myself, I was well pleased to sit and listen dreamily to his babblement, while my spirit was far away in a delightful dreamland. We did not go into the garden after dinner, we went into the drawing-room, and there found the three ladies. Miss Richmond certainly looked not exactly sad, but her whole style suggested the idea of a creature who *ought* to be all sparkle and sunshine, and she certainly was not *that;* she looked wearied, *ennuyée*, springless; and it was only now and then, in reply to the rallyings of her uncle, that she flashed out into what were evidently her real characteristics. Poor Mary! she was a beautiful creature, and the suggestion of a secret sorrow increased the interest of her appearance.

"Rose, dear," she said, after tea, "Captain Bruce is music-mad, and so am I; do, pray, soothe our dark spirits with some of your wonderful songs."

"Oh! pray do, Lady Rose," I seconded.

"I shall be charmed," she replied, "but in what mood am I to encounter your dark spirits? Grave or gay?"

"Oh! a little of everything, from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

"Grave for Polly, gay for myself, lively for my uncle, and severe for the gentleman who has spent the day in condemning his fellow-creatures to all sorts of pains and penalties." She seemed to remember little things about me; I liked that.

For the next hour I was in Elysium. What a voice she had! a beautiful soprano, in which she poured forth a selection, indeed such as we had named; now a gem from Verdi or Rossini, now a gay Neapolitan, now a wild Andalusian air; but I preferred her in those songs from which real genius and true feeling can draw such "heart's-own-country-music," the wild, the pathetic songs of her fatherland.

I was in the seventh heaven.

CHAPTER VI.

"A Board will assemble in the South Cavalry Barracks to-morrow forenoon at eleven o'clock, for the purpose of examining and reporting upon the condition of a hay-rack in G stable there.

President.
CAPTAIN BURRIDGE, Dr. Gds.
Members.
CAPTAIN BRUCE, —— Fusileers.
LIEUT. ROPER, the Royal Welshers."

This was the announcement which I read in my order-book lying open on my table when I got home that evening. At last, then, I was to meet this man; at last I was to speak to him, a man whom, years ago, I had regarded merely with a half-comic animosity, but who had involuntarily been the cause, within the last few days, of altering the whole complexion of my life and my ideas. But a week ago the rencontre would have been looked forward to as, at most, the subject of a joke; and now I could not but regard it as a matter of interest—as, somehow or other, a link in a chain of important events; for I had formed a hazy sort of half resolution, half presentiment, that Burridge should be made to subserve what had suddenly become the engrossing object of my thoughts.

At the appointed hour next fore-

noon I duly repaired to the Cavalry Barracks, and on inquiring at the orderly-room as to the place where the Board was to assemble, was referred to G stable as the place where its members might probably go, in the first instance, to examine the subject to be reported upon. I found no symptoms of a Board at G stable, and accordingly "drew" the mess-room for Captain Burridge. Captain Burridge was not there either, but I ascertained that his quarters were No. IV. C staircase, and in about a minute I was knocking at his door. Successful at last; a voice shouted, "come in," adding, as I turned the handle of the door, "if you are not a dun or a pay-sergeant," and I was in the presence of my "double." He was considerably altered since I had last seen him five years ago. He was stouter and redder (was I stouter and redder too?), and these five years, aided by care, climate, or dissipation, had registered themselves pretty legibly in the lines about his mouth and eyes. Here and there, too, in his high-coloured whiskering, might be detected the tares which Time, the enemy, had prematurely begun to sow. He was lounging in an arm-chair by a window, smoking a cigar, and playing with a terrier. His body was enveloped in a loose dressing-gown, and on his head was a smart smoking-cap; the equipments of his legs and feet—regimental overalls with boots and spurs—were the only indications that he contemplated professional occupation that day. He sat up when I entered, and looked at me pretty stolidly.

"Captain Burridge, I think?" said I.

"Oh, of course; you know that just as well as I know you're Captain Bruce. Good morning; sit down," and he kept looking at me with the gravity of an owl, silent, for about a minute. I was not going to be out-stared, so I followed his example, and scanned his countenance like a mesmerist, devoting my attention a good deal to his right whisker, which I took to be a weak point, from the presence in it of one or two very rampagious white hairs.

"A lark, eh?" he remarked at last, laconically.

"Where?" said I, resolved not to be outdone.

"Why, here," he replied.

"I protest I don't see it," I said; and again there was a silence, and we stared away like basilisks.

"It *is* a lark," he insisted again.

"Is it?" I said, shifting my attention to his nose, in which there was a slight appearance of heat.

"What a beggar you are to stare!" he said, breaking down in the lark theory.

"Is it wonderful?" I rejoined. This posed him, and he was silent again for a while, at length remarking,—

"I see you're like me."

"So ill-natured people used to say," I replied. A low gurgling in his throat seemed to indicate that he was amused, and he said, with more animation,—

"Come, that aint like me; I couldn't have said that. I said you were like me because you didn't seem to have any ideas."

I fairly laughed out at this, and Burridge gave a phlegmatic "haw, haw!"

"I had an idea, though, all the time I was looking at you—fact—I had two ideas."

"Yes?"

"Yes." And he submitted his boots, spurs, and overalls to a very searching inspection.

"What were they?" I hazarded.

"The first was, what a dam odd thing it is that you and I never made each other's acquaintance before; I suppose I hated you too much, though."

"You don't fancy the feeling wasn't reciprocated?"

"What! did you hate me too?" he cried, with some surprise.

"Like poison; and I'm not at all sure I don't do so still."

Again Burridge produced the same fat sounds of mirth, and relieved the intellectual strain he was undergoing by burning the terrier's nose with the end of his cigar—a process which the animal resented with savage growls and snappings.

"You had another idea, hadn't you?" I inquired.

He disengaged himself from the dog, and vacantly asked, "When?"

"Just now, when you were staring at me."

"Oh yes, of course; I was thinking how you've aged, and how confoundedly yellow you've got. Am I as old and yellow?"

"As old and yellow? Why, you look as old as the hills; no fear of my being taken for you now. My father might—in fact, you rather remind me of him. As for yellow, no, you're not yellow, but you're worse—your face is like a lobster; I never saw anything so red in all my life—as red as your whiskers used to be before they turned white."

"Really? Upon your honour? What a bore!" and he went heavily to the chimney-glass and closely examined himself.

"It's all these three confounded summers at Bangalore," he said, sorrowfully. "But, hang it! red's healthy, yellow isn't."

"But I'm not yellow."

"Oh, the devil you arn't! I like that," and he sank into his chair again. "You smoke?" he inquired.

"I do."

"Pipe or cigar?"

"Cigar."

"Thought so—have one? Beer or brandy-and-soda?"

"Brandy-and-soda."

"Could have sworn it! In a deep tumbler?"

"In a deep tumbler."

"With little bits of ice bobbing about in it?"

"With little bits of ice bobbing about in it, if possible."

He sat up interested—almost energetic.

"Now, I'll make a bet you're fond of Gruyère cheese?"

I admitted it.

"And caviare?"

"Yes."

"And plover's eggs?"

"When they're fresh."

"And pickled oysters?"

"Certainly."

"Exactly—all my own tastes; I suppose our palates are quite the same shape?"

"Perhaps."

"What's your Christian name?"

"Donald."

"Donald! what a name! Fancy being like a fellow with a name like that!"

"I consider it a very handsome name."

"No?" (with great earnestness).

"Yes, I do. Pray what is yours?"

"Adolphus."

"Adolphus!—hideously namby-pamby!"

"No, it's not, it's so soft; in Italian it would be Adolfo—that's pretty. If an Italian Marchesa was in love with me she would say, 'Adolfo mio!' or 'Adolfino mio!'"

"Well, I suppose if an Italian Duchesa was in love with me she would say, 'Donaldo mio!' or 'Donaldino mio!'—twice as sonorous and musical."

"I can't say I agree with you. Here, Flyn! Flyn! bring a great deal of brandy-and-soda-water."

He certainly was a quaint specimen! He had that peculiar blending of stolidity and *naïveté*, of the elephant and the squirrel, of the imbecile and the humorous, and a certain kind of drollery which made it a toss-up whether one laughed *with* or *at* him, which I don't think is to be found in any other mortal save only the British Plunger—of which he was, in some respects, an exaggerated type.

"But," I said, these personalities

being ended, "there was a Board, you know; how about it?"

"Oh, that's all right! that ass Roper was here, and I sent him over to look at the stable, and he came back; but I wasn't going to have him hanging about in my quarters, so I told him to say what he thought of the rack, and he began a long yarn, but I cut him short, and when he had said it was 'in a horrid condition,' I gave him a weed and a glass of dry curaçoa and sent him away. After you've had your brandy-and-soda, we'll stroll over and look at the thing, and I'll show you a new horse I've just bought. How do you like this hole?"

"Oh, pretty well."

"Go much to town?"

"Not so much as I used to go from Canterbury, five years ago."

"Ah! you were too much in town then."

"That's what I used to say of you."

"What do you make of yourselves here?"

"Oh! there's rowing on the canal, and cricket, and rackets, and fives, and I ride about a good deal myself."

"It's too hot for all that; know any people hereabouts? Are they civil?"

"I knew no one till three or four days ago, and that puts me in mind that I owe you a dinner."

"How?"

"I ate yours the other day."

"You're chaffing."

"No, I'm not. I was asked to dine with a man I didn't know near F——, the other day, and I got into a wrong house where you were expected. The people only knew you very slightly—had hardly seen you, in fact; and, without knowing it, I passed for you the greater part of the evening, and never suspected that I wasn't being entertained by the man who had invited me."

"That beat's cock-fighting; who were the people? But, stay, I do remember getting a note on the march one day, asking me to dine somewhere; but I forgot all about it, and don't believe I even answered it. What was the man's name?"

"Badger."

"Yes, Badger, of course; some one asked him to be civil to me, he said."

"Old Timbrel did."

"What, do you know old Timbrel?"

"No, I don't, but I heard enough about him the other night; *he* was your friend."

"To be sure, he told me he would introduce me to a capital dinner: was it good?"

"A 1."

"And the people?"

"As jolly as possible."

"Were they savage about the mistake?"

"Quite the reverse; asked me back, and said they would ask you as soon as you came down, to have the fun of seeing us together and comparing notes."

"And it was a good thing to be in for?"

"Unquestionably."

"All right; when shall we dine with Badger?"

"He's sure to ask us as soon as he knows you're here; but, in fact, he told me to come any day and take pot-luck."

"What a brick! he must have an early benefit; is he old?"

"Oh yes, as the hills — looks older than you, even."

"Bar chaff."

"Yes, he's really an old fellow, with an old wife and a large fortune."

"Kids?"

"None."

"Any chance of his adopting a fellow?"

"I should not say so; he has two nieces staying with him."

"Jolly girls?"

"Very."

"Pretty?"

"Beautiful: one of them, Lady Rose, is quite beautiful, though some people might, perhaps, admire her cousin Miss Mary Richmond —— hulloa! what's the matter?"

Burridge had bounced across the room, and seizing the unoffending terrier, then slumbering peacefully on the sofa, had begun to kick him round the table.

"The little beggar's always gnawing the bear's skin," he exclaimed. "Ah! ware mouthing—ware mouthing! will you do it again? will you? will you? will you?"

Eventually the dog was sent flying under the sofa.

"Ah, ha!" thought I—"*rem acu tetigi;* kick away, Captain Burridge—I see through you."

His face was very red and its expression much awakened at the conclusion of the dog episode; exercise might do that, of course.

"You said old Badger had nieces, didn't you?" he inquired, with a most elephantine attempt to recover his *insouciant* manner.

"Yes, Lady Rose O'Shea and Miss Mary Richmond—very nice girls both. By the by, you must have met Miss Richmond; her father is, or lately was, the General up in your last district."

"Ah! General Richmond; yes, I think—to be sure—a fair-haired girl?" he gasped.

"Very fair, indeed."

"Yes, met her at the assize ball at—at somewhere, and—and—take another weed, and let us stroll over to the stable."

We did so; we "sat upon" the hay-rack, condemned it in pompous language on portentous foolscap; we inspected Burridge's new purchase, and the rest of his horses; we then adjourned to luncheon in the mess-room: but Burridge was not again that day the Burridge he had been at eleven o'clock A.M. On leaving him I expressed a hope that he would come and "look me up," to which he very heartily agreed; but, on my suggesting that we should take steps for an early "pot-luck" with Badger in concert, he seemed to have changed his mind on that subject. "I've been knocking about too much lately," he explained—"too many big dinners; and then the march: I'm not quite myself just at present; and I'll not make myself known to Mr Badger yet awhile."

He didn't seem a bad fellow at all, but the contrary; and the expression of his face when Miss Richmond's name was mentioned, clearly indicated anguish and sorrow rather than guilt and shame. I felt sorry for him—in spite of myself I compassionated Burridge; but it was all very mysterious.

From this time my visits to the Hermitage were neither few nor far between, and Captain Crosstree would have been astonished if his head had been turned in any other direction. Sometimes, as I approached the house, I had dreadful relapses of shame and shyness, but no other disgraceful panic-flight took place. I was enabled to conquer these feelings by contrasting present pain with the far superior horrors of subsequent desolation and remorse; for, in truth, to see Rose daily was a crying necessity, and the sun that went down upon a day when I had not seen her, was a sun whose rays had no brightness for me.

I developed immense cunning in devising pretexts for returning to the Hermitage. One day I had been enamoured of an air, and must borrow the music to have it arranged for the band; the next, I must ride back to ask some question on behalf of the bandmaster; the next day the music had to be returned, and it was—but minus a page; then the page had to be returned; then I would go without an excuse; then would come Badger's "pot-luck;" then Badger

would dine with me; and (I blush to record it) one day I was mean enough to filch Badger's spectacle-case from the mess-room table, with the view of riding over with it next day,—and so on. Love laughs at locks and bars, and it wasn't likely he was going to be baffled in a case like this. I was, like Joe Bagstock, "amazing sly." Burridge not only fulfilled his promise of "looking me up," but became a constant *habitué* of my hut; indeed he occupied the vacant position of Blackstock, that unappeased Achilles continuing to sulk in his tent, "cherishing dark thoughts in his shaggy breast." Burridge, with his plunging frankness, swore he had taken a violent fancy to me—said it was a kind of Corsican brother feeling; and ere many days begged to be allowed to celebrate the commencement of our friendship and endear our future relations by addressing me as "Donald," "Donaldo," or "Donaldino;" and this boon being conceded, he necessarily became "Adolfo," "Adolfino," or "Dolly." A fortnight ago I could as easily have conceived myself apostrophising Blackstock as "Blackstocko," or "Blackstockello," but times were changed. In my dreamy and abstracted mood it suited better that this heavy and *insouciant* dragoon should lounge about my hut, careless whether his stolid remarks and harmless prattle were responded to, than that Blackstock, full of eager, vulgar animation, should clamour for my attention while he discoursed of "pivots" and "points of appui," of "knapsacks," "sea-kits," and the enhanced price of blacking. There was a gulf between me and all that sort of thing now, and a hedge of roses through which I could not look back. Burridge was a welcome visitor. I soon found that his presence in my hut was like the undisturbing presence of a docile dog, which gives one all the advantage of solitude without the forlorn feeling of being quite alone. He dropped in almost every night after mess, and when I was in a humour to be spoken to, would inundate me with questions, all relating more or less to the subject on which alone I found conversation bearable at present. His good-breeding might have dictated this, but I soon discovered that he too was amazing sly. His questions invariably bore upon my visits to the Hermitage—to the place itself—to its inmates—to their manners and customs; and the quaint approaches by which he skirmished up to his object were often most ludicrous.

"Badger in town, to-day?" he would begin, carelessly.

"Yes, he was."

"Very hot for him."

"Very."

"Fat, isn't he?"

"Yes, decidedly fat."

"He must feel the heat awfully?"

"Looks as if he did."

"Drinks a lot of cooling stuff at dinner likely?"

"Oceans."

"Claret-cup and things of that sort?"

"Yes."

"And sleeps after dinner?"

"Sometimes."

"Bore for you?"

"Oh no, I contrive to amuse myself."

"Empty his bottles, eh?"

"No, I don't drink much."

"You sleep too, then?"

"No, I don't; sometimes I go out into the garden."

"Oh! I see; solitary weed among the flower-beds?"

"No, I seldom go out alone, and never smoke there."

"Oh!"

"Never."

A pause.

"Mrs Badger goes out with you, I suppose?"

"No, very seldom; she sleeps too."

"I forgot, you said he had nieces staying with him—they go out with you then?"

"Yes, they go out with me."

"Nice girls, you said?"

"Charming."

"Jolly for you?"

"Not unpleasant."

"And after you go in what happens?"

"There is music."

"What! does *she* sing?"

"Who? Mrs Badger?"

"No, hang it!—that is, yes, of course."

"No, Mrs Badger snores."

"Badger doesn't sing?"

"No, Badger snores too."

"Snores too, ah! The nieces sing then?"

"One of them."

"What, what! the fair one? I mean Lady what's-her-name?"

"No, the fair one is Miss Mary Richmond, your old acquaintance, you know."

"Oh yes! the fair one is Miss Mary Richmond, my old acquaintance" (and he dwells lovingly on each letter of the name).

"She sings?"

"Never."

"Never!" and poor Burridge heaves a sigh and becomes silent; and, touched with a sudden sympathy, I recognise that the poor fellow's heart, filled like my own with love, requires, like mine, some daily sustenance, however small, to satisfy its intolerable cravings. This sort of thing went on for some time, till at last one night Burridge, plying his usual catechism, selected "dress" as his "cover" in skirmishing up to *the* object. He began by inquiring into the state of the Badger liveries; was anxious to know if the men wore gold garters; had had an idea that stockbrokers' servants always wore gold garters and red plush waistcoats; but perhaps Badger wasn't a dressy stockbroker: how was he as to that personally? Wore voluminous white waistcoats and immense gills did he? Voluminous white waistcoats did very well on big men; what should I say was Badger's measurement round the chest now? and then Mrs Badger's dress gradually came on the tapis,—the colour of her dress and cap-ribbons, *her* probable measurement round the chest, and so the ball passed on to Lady Rose. White—a pretty colour. Always wore white did she? It wasn't a colour, wasn't it? What the deuce was it then? And her ribbons? Violet? Pretty that for a brunette, but wouldn't suit her cousin by my description. Miss — Miss—, yes, Miss Richmond.

"No," I said, "she generally wears green ribbons."

"Green ribbons, does she? ah!" and Burridge's eyes stared dreamily into vacancy, as if he were conjuring up a vision of Mary with her sunny locks thus attired.

"And Lady Rose's ornaments?"

"Oh, very simple—a pearl cross to-night."

"A pearl cross!—chaste, that; and Miss—her cousin's?"

"Oh, she wore none. Stay, she had on something I noticed to-night; yes, a plain thick gold locket, with some diamond letters on it."

"What! A E I?" exclaimed Burridge, springing up and upsetting the table.

"Yes, that was the word; but what is the matter?"

"My dear Donald, give me your hand! I'm not so utterly wretched yet. God bless you, Donald! You'll think I am mad. I daresay I am. I'll explain it all to you to-morrow—to-night I can't stay—A E I! A E I!" and he dashed out of the hut.

I was not the least surprised by this ebullition: I was prepared for it—I had seen it coming. Burridge was evidently brimful of love and sorrow, and his open and unartificial nature was yearning for

a confidant. A very short time had sufficed to show me that if he appeared to Miss Richmond to be trifling with her feelings, in doing so he was involuntarily compelled to play a part most distressing and distasteful to himself; for that he loved her with the whole of his simple heart it required no sage to divine.

Love is said to be selfish. It is well said, for I fear it is very selfish. The engrossing passion draws, in the lover's mind, an isolating circle round the beloved object and himself, and the rest of his kind are only thought of in so far as they can be used in ministering to the advancement of his wishes. Stray crumbs of charity may, indeed, occasionally fall from his table to the outer world; but on examination it will be found that, by some subtle contrivance, they are merely taking a circuitous route to the altar of all his worship.

At first I had had a dim feeling in the case of Burridge that it might be made of use to me. I had never minutely considered how; whether, foiled by the blackness of the Dragoon's villany, I was to stand forth in the eyes of Lady Rose as a being of extraordinary and shining virtues, or whether I was to unravel the tangled web of her cousin's sorrows and perplexities, and, by bringing Burridge to himself and restoring to Mary Richmond her lover, thereby make capital in favour of myself with Lady Rose, I know not. To-night as I went to bed I inclined to the latter theory, and felt it was well I should be Burridge's confidant. I felt kindly towards him. He was a good fellow. I might be able to help him, and thereby myself also—why not? Such is the unselfishness of a lover.

The next forenoon Adolphus arrived at my hut on horseback.

"I want you to come, Donald," he said, "for a long ride. I have a lot to say to you, and in these confounded huts you can hear your next-door neighbour thinking. Come away out with me, where we can really be alone, and I can speak."

I complied at once, but Crosstree and I both experienced a pang of disappointment when Burridge insisted that our heads should be turned away from F——. A day lost! a day without Rose! a day without a sun! Confound the fellow and his yarn! Such is the unselfishness of a lover. My companion rode along for a time in silence, not from stolidity, however, for he was evidently much agitated; but he was a veritable Anglo-Saxon, and we know what intolerable torture the verbal expression of any deep emotion brings to that remarkable race. Burridge was silent, then, at first, and it was not my part to commence the delicate subject. At last, after various shy sidelong glances and a cough or two, he did begin.

"Did you think I was mad last night, Bruce?"

"No, I did not—not the least."

"I am going to make a confession to you."

"I know you are—pray go on."

"Miss Richmond, you know—I've been a hypocrite about her, Donald."

"I know you have."

"How?"

"Never mind—go on."

"I knew her before, old fellow."

"Yes, you said so yourself."

"But I don't mean in that way—at a ball, or a hundred balls; I knew her intimately."

"Oh!"

"Tremendously intimately—in fact, couldn't be more so. Why shouldn't I tell you? I was in love with her, I am in love with her, I shall always be in love with her—there, you think I'm a fool, of course; what's the odds?"

"I don't think you're a fool; I admire you, I glory in you," I cried (thus wafting a little incense to my own private goddess).

"The oddest thing of all," he continued (and the foolish creature actually blushed), "is that she—she liked me tremendously, old fellow,—loved me, I may say, like the very—ahem! Oh yes! Mary was as fond of me as I was of her—if that was possible—I do believe; wasn't it odd?"

"Very; but there's no accounting for tastes."

"Well, loving her as I did, and as I do, and as I swear, by George, I shall do, for-ever-and-ever-amen, what have I done but gone and broken her heart?"

"How?"

"I'll tell you presently: did you ever break a fellow's—that is, a girl's heart, Bruce?"

"N-not many. No, I'm not sure that I ever *quite* broke one."

"Ah! you don't know what it is to break a heart that you love, at all events, and a heart that loves you. Damme, it's awful, sir, to think of that girl!—the best little girl, the jolliest little trump in Europe, suffering and pining, as I know she is, and all for my fault—I who, to save her any sort of grief or trouble, would be glad to have red-hot rusty nails hammered into the small of my back by the farrier-major, or be shod with red-hot shoes like—like St Paul or some one, or have my flesh torn by wolves and wild horses, like Miss Menken—I mean Mazeppa; it's awful, Donald—it's intolerable. I haven't got many wits, you know, but I shall lose the few I have if this goes on much longer."

"But what is the reason of all this? if you love her and she loves you, why should you break her heart? If you can't afford to marry now, tell her so, and wait in patience; better times will come soon. Uncle Badger is rich, and, after all, he and the General are but mortal, and——"

"No, no, no—stop; it isn't that—that's a trifle. I wish it was only that—I have plenty of money; it can do me no good: but I'll tell you the whole thing from the beginning."

"Well, Donald, I was on detachment with my troop last year at B——, up in the north; not a bad place B——, the biggest trout you ever saw in a little lake there—great yellow fellows, running up to three and four pounds; and you could hunt with three fairish packs; and the shooting was capital, and there were some really good houses in the country, and altogether it was a good detachment, and I managed to keep it for a year, which was luck, as things go nowadays, you know. Well, there was a fellow Stainton—a married fellow—who had been in the Fourth, kept no end of a good house about four miles from our place, and was always glad to see a soldier, as old soldiers ought to be, and generally are. We were always there—Tom Carleton and Baby Williams and I—always. Fellows used to ask if we had moved our barrack-furniture over there; and, upon my honour, I had two horses standing in his stables nearly half the winter: and then his claret—nothing but magnums and the date—seldom younger than '48, and often older, and everything else, you know, in the same farm. It was no end of a billet, was Charley Stainton's; but I'm afraid he's smashed in that infernal bank thing—what was it? I forget; but I suspect Charley *is* smashed, and there are no more coverts to shoot and magnums to drink for good fellows at B——; a bore, isn't it? these banks are always——"

"My dear Adolfo, let's get to the subject," I broke in, foreseeing that either his discursive habits of thought, or a shyness about entering on the real topic, was likely to lead him into a maze of singularly uninteresting statistics. "Put the spurs in, old fellow, and face it. You met Miss Richmond there, at Stainton's?"

"Yes, I did. The first time it

was at an archery-party. I can see her now standing looking on under a big chestnut-tree, with a little white hat trimmed with blue and a feather. What do you call these birds, Donald, that can only be caught at night, in the dead of winter, on the tops of the highest mountains?"

"Upon my life I don't know; but it doesn't signify, does it?"

"No, no. Well, it was a feather out of one of these birds she was wearing, and looking so jolly. You know her eyes?"

"Intimately." I had some reason to.

"Well, the moment I saw her eyes I felt—I'll be hanged if I can tell you what I felt!"

"Oh! I can imagine."

"All I know is, I saw nothing else all day—blue eyes, blue eyes, blue eyes everywhere. There was a carpet dance afterwards, and I was introduced. I felt such a fool, and she rather seemed to chaff me (some girls go in for that at first, you know), but not so bad as she chaffed Baby Williams. He was trying to make the running with her, you know—a conceited young duffer, too. He had just exchanged to us from the Blues, and was telling her lots of fine things he had been doing at Windsor, and she said to him, 'But what happens to your lessons all this time?' and the Baby couldn't understand, you know; and then she said, 'I wonder the provost lets you out so much;' and then the Baby knew what she meant, that she thought he was still at Eton, you know—ha, ha, ha! And wasn't he disgusted? And I laughed, and she laughed, and the Baby went away in a rage, and somehow I felt better, and then we went into supper, and got no end of friends. I thought she was an angel—and so she is, by Jupiter! and I'm the greatest ruffian in the hemisphere."

"Get on, Adolfo, and please don't trouble about details." He was going to be a bore evidently.

"Well, I saw her again at church on Sunday, and then it was the same story—nothing but blue eyes, blue eyes; and she rather looked at me, I thought, and I was ashamed of myself for staring. I spoke to her when she came out, and she dropped her prayer-book, and then a flower she was carrying, and I gave her the book, but asked her to let me keep the flower—confoundedly impertinent, wasn't it? But I couldn't help it, and, I suppose, she saw that, for she let me keep it, although I suspect she was a little angry at first. Anyhow, I kept it, and wore it till it died; and, would you believe it? I'm wearing it now next my heart, and I will wear it there till I die. I swear it. The next time I saw her was—let me see, where was it?"

"Oh, I don't think it matters," I broke in; "let us get to the results, my good fellow. It isn't necessary to recall every little incident."

"Yes, but there are some things I must tell you, you know. I don't quite remember where I met her next. It was immediately after, for she was staying first at Stainton's and then at another house in the neighbourhood, and there was a lot going on at the time. It was a picnic I met her next at, I believe. I remember Thornton, her father's aide-de-camp, was always hanging about her at it. I remember beginning to hate Thornton, though I had liked him before, and I was devilish glad when Tommy Carleton, by accident of course, let off a champagne cork into his eye and blackened it; and that was an odd thing to be pleased at, you know—so ill-natured, eh? Well, then, there was a dinner-party at Stainton's, and I took her in to dinner, and she was awfully jolly—seemed to take an interest in what I said, which nobody ever seemed to do before, you know, except my

grandmother, perhaps, who believes in me, and is a little touched in the upper story; and after dinner she sang something about a garden of roses, and I said something civil, and she looked queer and jolly, and blushed, and I felt queer and jolly, and I suppose I blushed too; and then neither of us spoke another word that night. When I got to barracks I said to myself, 'You've fallen in love with Mary Richmond, Adolphus, and you're the d—dest rascal out of the United States of America."

"But why?—why?"

"I'll tell you presently. Not long after that we gave a little dance in the mess-room at B——, and she came. We did it very well, I can tell you. Mrs Stainton came over and did hostess—a jolly old girl she was—and, of course, I was host. The people called me 'Paterfamilias,' and 'Papa,' I remember. Well, I suppose I was excited with the whole thing—entertaining the people, and so on—and rather lost command of myself, and couldn't conceal my love for Mary; and I kept asking her to dance with me, and she kept dancing with me, and people looked and giggled. I didn't care, and she didn't care; and she threw over Thornton, and that ass Ducksworth, the county member, and Tommy Carleton. At last she said, 'I really mustn't dance with you any more;' and I said I wouldn't dance another step that night then; and she said, 'What! not with Miss Mapleton?' (they had some humbugging chaff about Miss Mapleton and me); and I said 'No,' and went on talking a lot of nonsense about going into a monastery, and that sort of thing, for I was awfully excited. And then she said, did I really care so much about dancing with her? and that there were many other better dancers in the room; and then I fairly blurted out, 'But there's only one YOU;' and she looked at me with such a look in her eyes, Donald, and then looked down, and I said, 'Never mind dancing, if you're tired; only sit down and let me look at you.' Then she said, 'But you can look at me dancing with anybody else;' And I said, 'I can't bear to see you dancing with anybody else; it's agony to me: I could kill anybody else;' and then somehow I found myself (scoundrel that I was) telling her that I was dying of love for her, and she said—— well, it don't matter what she said; but at all events, Donald, she let me know that she was tremendously fond of me; and I took a glove from her, and her card and pencil, and a rose from her hair; and then Mrs Stainton came and said it was three o'clock—time to go; and I didn't know whether it was three o'clock in the afternoon or three o'clock in the morning. Then she went away, and I remember I went into the supper-room and drank two tumblers of champagne, and sang songs; and I remember a fellow saying, 'What's happened to you, old boy? I always thought you were an owl before, but to-night you're as good as a play;' and I felt mad and miserable and jolly all at once, for I knew I was a scoundrel. Oh Donald! I can't tell you what I felt next morning when I woke up and saw her glove and her rose and all her things lying on the table. I thought I might as well take a pistol and shoot myself, for I had deceived her and cheated her like a low thief; but I could not help it—upon my word of honour I couldn't—and I hadn't meant to do it; but it was done, done, and couldn't be undone, for I was MARRIED already."

"MARRIED already?"

"Yes, MARRIED already."

Neither of us spoke for some time after this astounding revelation. At last Burridge broke silence.

"You think me a scoundrel and a villain, Bruce, I know that, and

I deserve it; but I wasn't a designing scoundrel, and somehow I don't *feel* like a villain. If you knew all you would make allowances for me; and if you knew the infernal grief I've suffered, I think you would be a little sorry for me, and perhaps not turn your back on me. I can't be surprised if you do, or blame you for it, of course; but it is a dismal thing, with all this trouble on a fellow's mind, to have no friend—not a soul in the world. And I have taken such a liking to you, old fellow; do you think you really must desert me altogether?"

There was a tear in the poor fellow's eye, a pathos in his usually stolid voice, and a simplicity about the recital of his sorrow and remorse that touched me, and might have softened an austerer moralist; and who was I to refuse this artless sinner my sympathy and my friendliest offices?

"Turn my back on you, old fellow!" I cried, "I will not; I am sure you would never designedly do anything cruel, or unmanly, or unlike a gentleman. I won't turn my back on you—depend upon that. I can see you must have behaved with terrible weakness; but we're all weak miserable sinners, and I won't preach, for the chances are I would have done the same or worse myself."

"Thank you, Donald; you wouldn't, I know, but you're a good fellow for saying so."

"Will you tell me about this—this deplorable marriage?"

"Of course I will—a half confession is no confession; you would not understand anything if I didn't, besides. Let us get off and picket the ponies, and sit down under this big tree. It's awfully hot, and I think I can speak better when I'm sitting still."

We accordingly dismounted and disposed ourselves, he to tell and I to listen to Burridge's story.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

NO. VIII.—THE SAILOR.

THERE are few things which give so clear an idea of the multiplicity and diversity of life as the glimpses which history affords us of the different occupations carried on at the same moment by men belonging to the same age and educated under the same circumstances. No doubt the contrast continues through all periods, and becomes but greater as civilisation progresses; but yet the circumstances of life in the backwoods or in the bush, wherever our boys may have gone to carry on the conflict with external nature, are so softened by perpetual tidings of them, and by all the aids that science and knowledge can give, that it strikes the imagination less than in those days when the highest sophistications of artificial society at home were going on side by side with the most appalling struggles of primitive man amid the untamed winds and seas. In the eighteenth century science had not penetrated everywhere, inquisitive yet beneficent, with the lamp which is never so blessed as when it lights up those blank wastes of land and water through which the wanderer of old had to grope his darkling way. And nothing can be more startling and abrupt, for instance, than the contrast between such an impersonation of his period as Horace Walpole and the man whose brief story we are about to tell. About the first we know almost everything that can be known—his "long lean" form stands in the very front of the stage, bepowdered, belaced, bescented, not unkind or unattractive in its way, a thing of velvet and embroidery and fine arts and good taste, with his hands full of pleasant dainty occupations, in which every *dilettante* (and we use the word with no scornful meaning) must feel a certain tenderness of sympathy. Yet to think that while he was writing his letters and collecting his anecdotes about kings and princes and ministers of state, and Patapan, his white dog—while he was unpacking his curiosities and hanging his pictures and building pasteboard Gothic at Strawberry, Anson, for his part, was going round Cape Horn! And that the two men might have shaken hands at some antiquated street-corner, not many months before, and bidden each other a cheerful good-bye, with no particular sense of the difference between them! What a strange chaos would this world seem to any spectator, could we but come to knowledge of such, who had the power to watch its simultaneous scenes at a glance from some starry tower of observation or low-placed bastion of heaven.

Few men have come to such note as he did in his generation of whom there is so little to tell as of Anson, apart from the work which was his hour of revelation. About his origin and the preliminaries of his career we know not much more than we do about those of his ship—where she was built or what became of her, matters of little importance in comparison with what she, and what he, did in their moment of splendid service and action before the world. One small book, the scene of which is laid, not in the haunts of civilised men, but on the high seas and uninhabited islands of the Pacific, contains all our sailor's history, though it embraces only some three or four years of his life. Eleven big volumes are not enough for Horace, out of whose various editions, commentators, and critics, a whole library might be made. But we will not attempt to carry on the comparison. Anson was a sea-captain, evidently

known to his superiors as a man worthy of trust, but not otherwise remarkable, when he was chosen to head the squadron which made him famous. He was "of a family at that time new and obscure," says Lord Mahon, "nor had he the advantage of distinguished talents. After his expedition it used to be said of him that he had been round the world but never in it; he was dull and unready on land, slow in business and sparing of speech." A silent unexpansive man, thinking much and saying little, able to keep his own counsel, maturing slowly in his mind plans which no urgent need of sympathy in his nature tempted him to reveal prematurely: with a silent sense in him—disclosed not by words but by accidental indications of fact—of the beauty and splendour of nature, such as belonged to few men in his time: and with a steady force of resolution and modest undemonstrative valour which no difficulties could appal. Such is the aspect in which he appears to us dimly to do his work; not him but his work being the notable, ever-memorable thing. It is on the standing-ground of this achievement alone that Anson has any right to a place in the chronicles of his country. But to be beyond all rivalry in a nation like England, identified with naval adventure and the supremacy of the seas, the sailor of the age, is no small distinction. During the same period there is no English general whom we can identify as its soldier. Marlborough was over; Wellington was not begun. A crowd of incapable second or third rate commanders were doing what they could—as they have done more or less in all ages—to neutralise the steadfast valour of British soldiers. They gained us a defeat at Fontenoy, glorious, it is true, but no thanks to them; they made the army contemptible in Scotland; they did what they could to reduce its prestige everywhere. But in this unheroic age one man did vindicate for the sister profession its old laurels, and leave a tradition upon which the great seamen of another generation could be formed. He stands between Drake and Nelson, uniting in his sober person something of the romance of individual adventure impersonated in the former, with something of the legitimate warfare and national importance of the other. On him fell the splendid mantle of the adventurers of Elizabeth's time, though his unobtrusive figure bears little resemblance to theirs. While all the other public officers of England were wasting the public money upon unsuccessful expeditions and untrustworthy allies, Anson alone spoiled the enemy. The Spanish galleon, golden romance of merchandise, once familiar to the British imagination, rose again under his sober touch into a wealthy reality before the country's astonished eyes. The South Seas had but recently shaken the whole fabric of society in this island, and made the very kingdom totter. It was a sordid tragedy when played in Change Alley; but it took to itself a noble human investiture when carried out in a second exciting chapter amid the fairy islands and awful rocks of the Southern Seas.

For, in fact, Anson's expedition was but the *dénouement* and climax of the strange national whirlwind which had rapt England out of its senses, and all but destroyed its credit and mercantile standing in the world twenty years before. The South Sea Company, as has been already described in these sketches, had gained at this terrible price the privilege of sending one ship a-year to the supposed golden coasts of South America. Trade, which then as always was apt to have confused ideas of truth and honour, did what it could to *exploiter* to the best of its crafty powers this grudging concession; and as the best means of doing so, sent its one ship, attended by a little fleet of smaller vessels, the

office of which was to throw in endless contributions of their own cargo as the freight of the first became exhausted, converting the never-emptying hold of the privileged ship into a kind of inexhaustible Widow's cruse. The Spaniards became suspicious of this trick, as was natural. And when a Spanish ship, bigger and stronger than she, encountered on the high seas the seeming innocence of a little English trader, it is not wonderful, perhaps, that questions should be asked in an unamiable way and with disagreeable results.

Sea-captains, possessed or possessing themselves of an amateur right of search, are not distinguished for a gentle use of it, whatever their nation may be; and Spanish sea-captains, if tradition speaks truly—tradition which even in very recent times has been awkwardly justified—were exceptionably arrogant and cruel. About half-way between the explosion of the South Sea Company and the setting out of Anson's expedition—the opening and concluding acts of the drama—in the year 1731 a certain skipper, named Jenkins, master of the Rebecca, was met at sea and overhauled by a Spanish *guarda-costa.* As he had nothing contraband on board which could be seized, the unfortunate himself was laid hold upon by the spiteful visitors. They nearly hanged him, frightened him to death, and at last tore off his ear. "Carry that to your king and tell him of it," cried the insolent tyrants throwing it at him. Bleeding and furious the poor man made his way to England, and, "with his owners," hurried out to Hampton Court to lay the facts before the Duke of Newcastle. But Walpole was at the height of his pacific reign, and the Ministry had no desire to be made acquainted with facts which might disturb the peace of the nation. Poor Jenkins carried his ear away with him and exhibited it in the clubs, and had it written about in newspapers. The story became a historical matter, and rankled slowly in the national mind. Eight years after, when the country was tired of peace, and Walpole's opponents were vigorous enough to take the field against him, Jenkins's ear suddenly sprung into sight and worked England up into fury. The events thus fall into each other with a logic rarely to be found in matters of fact. The South Sea Company dishonestly abused the privilege (such as it was) of sending one ship a-year to South America. The Spaniards, seizing the first small stray that came in their way, avenged this big dishonesty on Jenkins, innocent victim, who had nothing to do with the matter. And so it came about that the English nation, feeling one of its Berserkar impulses of battle coming on, blazed up into a sudden explosion of long-smouldering wrath, and declared war with Spain. The first, and, as it happened, last step taken in the matter was the sending forth of two naval expeditions; one with much flourish of trumpets and immense paraphernalia of war under Admiral Vernon, which came to miserable failure and ruin. The other, small, badly manned, neglected in all its preliminaries, which was to brighten to its pristine glory the naval renown of England, and add, perhaps, the only fresh and genuine laurel produced by the generation to the national crown.

"The Jenkins-ear question," says Carlyle, in one of those wonderful vivid glances across the mists of history which give his works their greatest charm, "which then looked so mad to everybody, how sane has it now grown! In abstruse ludicrous form there lay immense questions involved in it which were curious enough, certain enough, though invisible to everybody. Half the world lay hidden in embryo under it. Colonial Empire, whose is it to be? Shall half the world be England's for industrial purposes, which is innocent, laudable, conformable to the multiplica-

tion-table at least and other plain laws? or shall it be Spain's for arrogant-torpid, sham-devotional purposes, contradictory to every law? The incalculable Yankee nation itself, biggest phenomenon (once thought beautifulest) of these ages, this too, little as careless readers on either side of the sea now know it, lay involved. Shall there be a Yankee nation, shall there not be? Shall the new world be of Spanish type, shall it be of English? Issues which we may call immense."

Of such issues Anson knew nothing nor thought. His own conception of his mission is set forth with much straightforward perspicuity and absence of pretence by Mr Walter, his Chaplain, and the compiler of his narrative. "When it was foreseen that a war with Spain was inevitable, it was the opinion of some considerable persons then charged with the administration of affairs that the most prudent step the nation could take on the breaking out of the war was attacking that Crown in her distant settlements, for by this means it was supposed that we should cut off the principal resources of the enemy, and should reduce them to the necessity of sincerely desiring a peace, as they would thereby be deprived of the returns of that treasure by which alone they could be enabled to carry on a war."

Such was the cause and such the objects, conscious and unconscious, of Anson's expedition. To molest the Spaniard, steal his treasures, disperse his ships, acquire if possible a standing-ground on those golden shores from whence future expeditions might operate, and avenge the national honour which had been outraged. He had other intentions in his private mind besides;—a little science, beneficent sailor-thoughts of tracking out the pathless waters on the other side of the world, and leaving a clear road for those who should come after him—and floating dreams, perhaps, of the golden galleons which might make a man's fortune all in the way of his duty; but duty and obedience to orders first of all—the usual complication of motives which are present in every human enterprise, and link on every individual work by its sides and corners to the general plan of life.

The squadron sailed eight months later than had been intended, according to English use and wont, and in such an imperfect state of preparation as proves the unity of the official mind in all ages and circumstances. It had been intended that the expedition should be strengthened by a considerable body of effective soldiers—"Colonel Bland's regiment, and three independent companies of one hundred men each." But when the moment of embarkation came, Anson found that this fine promise of land-forces had been transmuted into "five hundred invalids to be collected from the out-pensioners of Chelsea College." No wonder that he was "greatly chagrined at having such a decrepid detachment allotted to him," all the more, no doubt—though of this the historian tells us nothing—that Sir Chaloner Ogle's expedition—"twenty-five big ships of the line, with three half regiments on board; fireships, bomb-ketches in abundance, and eighty transports, with six thousand drilled marines," going out to Jamaica to Vernon, to perish and come to nothing before Carthagena—was getting ready by his side, and snatching all the good things in the way of men from his very mouth. His vehement remonstrances, even though backed by those of Sir Charles Wager, a lord of the Admiralty, had no effect. The pensioners were "the properest men that could be employed," was the judgment of certain "persons who were supposed to be better judges of soldiers" than either of the Admirals, writes the Chaplain, with suppressed indignation. The invalids themselves, however, were of Anson's mind. "All those who had limbs and strength to walk out of Portsmouth deserted, leaving be-

hind them only such as were literally invalids, most of them being sixty years of age, and some of them upwards of seventy." Two hundred and fifty-nine of these unhappy victims of officialism came sadly on board the ship, Anson and his sailors no doubt standing by with disgust and pity. "It is difficult," says the sympathetic Chaplain, "to conceive a more moving scene than the embarkation of these unhappy veterans; they were themselves extremely averse to the service they were engaged in, and fully apprised of all the dangers they were afterwards exposed to; the apprehensions of which were strongly marked by the concern that appeared in their countenances, which was mixed with no small degree of indignation to be thus hurried from their repose into a fatiguing employ to which neither the strength of their bodies nor the vigour of their minds were any ways proportioned, and where, without seeing the face of an enemy, or in the least promoting the success of the enterprise, they would in all probability uselessly perish by lingering and painful diseases; and this too after they had spent the activity and strength of their youth in their country's service."

Nor was this all: his complement of sailors was deficient by three hundred men, who were to be supplied to him at Portsmouth; but in place of these all he could muster, after a weary waiting of five or six months, was a hundred and seventy seamen, made up by some odd marines and other accidental auxiliaries. Thus retarded and thwarted at every point, he managed to sail at last, in September 1740 (his instructions being dated January 31). His squadron consisted of his own ship, the Centurion, of sixty guns; the Gloucester, of fifty; the Severn, of fifty; the Pearl, of forty (these two were soon lost, and returned inglorious home); the Wager (which has a separate story of its own), of twenty-eight; and the little Trial sloop, of eight guns. This little cluster of vessels, with their imperfect crews and hollow-cheeked invalids, left Portsmouth, no doubt, with a glare of not ungenerous envy and high indignant mettle, at the "twenty-five big ships of the line," which were getting ready to go to their work the easy way, with every appliance for success, while this little devoted expedition went out to make a path for itself across the wildest waters known to man, at a bad season, and with everything against it. Not a word says the mild historian of any such contrast; had his record been the only one, we should never have known what a wealthy splendid squadron was preparing side by side with the Centurion and the Gloucester. Yet the reader may be permitted to imagine in such a case some sharper thrill of resolution, as he cast a last glance on the busy dockyards, darting through the Commodore's mind. To come home no worse, were least said, than these same brave gentlemen! let storm or foe do their worst to bring back to England some token of what a man can do when least supported by fortune and the great! He is silent, and lets fall never a word to tell us what was in his thoughts. But still it would be no wonder if that high stimulant of indignation, which is so often mixed in the cup of England's public servants, should have tingled through Anson's veins as he "tided" silently down the Channel, the wind already in his face, and his troubles begun. Had he known what the difference of the coming home would be, it might not, perhaps, have been so well for the discipline of his mind. But at this moment, at least, Vernon, a popular hero, had it all his own way.

And the very winds conspired with the Admiralty and its officials against the brave little squadron. Having been detained so long at home, their only hope of tolerable weather in rounding Cape Horn was that they should be able to

make up for lost time by speed at sea. On the contrary, they were forty days in reaching Madeira, a distance sometimes accomplished in ten or twelve, says the Chaplain, who pauses in his simple vivid story to describe that island and its excellent wines, "which seem to be designed by Providence for the refreshment of the inhabitants of the torrid zone," he says, with enthusiasm. Here they were slightly excited by a report of some strange squadron which had been seen at sea, and which was the Spanish fleet looking for them, full information having come of all their intentions. This fleet, however, never met the expedition of which it was in search. It drifted off into the great sea, into the storms, and came to destruction peaceably without any aid from Anson's guns. "The Spanish sailors, being for the most part accustomed to a fair-weather country, might be expected to be very averse to so dangerous and fatiguing a navigation," our Chaplain says, with insular complacency. His conviction, however, that the opposition between England and Spain is no thing of the moment, but an everlasting national feud, comes out in the simplest amusing way, though the fact was not the least amusing to him. It never seems to occur to him that an English ship is likely to visit these coasts with other than hostile intentions. And there is a certain Portuguese governor, Don José Sylva de Paz, of whom he writes as a 'Times' correspondent might write of an ill innkeeper, warning the British tourist against his house. This man not only ruled a port which geographers had declared to be healthy and convenient, but which the squadron found neither the one nor the other—a very sufficient ground of irritation — but secretly sent word to the Spaniard of the whereabouts of the English fleet. "The same perfidy every British cruiser may expect who touches at St Catherine's, while it is under the government of Don José Sylva de Paz," cries our Chaplain, with a vehemence which has something strangely humorous and pathetic in it, as his voice comes hushed across the dead century. How little the risk of being betrayed to the Spaniard would alarm any British cruiser nowadays! Indeed, at this special juncture of affairs, every reference to the yet unfallen, yet powerful, sea-going empire, with its colonies and fabulous galleons, strikes one as the most curious sarcasm. Spain and England rivals for the dominion of half a world! By what wonderful magic of evil can that old noble heroic country have come to be the insignificance it is?

This port of St Catherine's on the coast of Brazil was the second station at which the squadron paused, and already its wants and imperfections were apparent. Sickness had appeared in the crowded ships. The Centurion alone sent eighty patients from its thronged and airless forecastle to the big hospital-tent established on shore, — patients rather increased than diminished in number by the moist heat of the climate and other local disadvantages. Then some deficiency was found in one of the ships, the little Trial, one of the stanchest of the squadron, which had sprung her masts and otherwise disabled herself. While the sick men were carried on shore to gain what equivocal advantage they could among the mosquitoes on the marshy coast, and a busy scene of industry arose in all the ships—the carpenter's hammer and the sailmaker's needle going from morning to night — the Commodore in painful impatience overlooked these necessary but ill-timed labours, counting the days till he could set sail. It was "near a month" before the Trial was ready — a month every day of which was paid for by the lives of the men, since every day de-

layed the passage of Cape Horn, the point to which all looked forward with alarm but too well founded. They should have been rounding that dangerous headland when they were leaving St Catherine's, so far behind were they. And with hearts full of anxiety, and such fear as brave men need not blush to acknowledge, they set out at length, on the 18th of January, from the but half-friendly port. Twenty-eight graves at St Catherine's had been filled from the Centurion's crew alone, and yet ninety-six sick were mournfully re-embarked to take their chances upon the bitter seas. The Commodore, however, was fully aware of the dangers he was about to encounter, and prepared for them with characteristic prudence. In case of misadventure happening to one, each ship had its distinct instructions. There was a trysting-place at St Julian; another at the island of our Lady of Succour—much-needed patroness; another at Juan Fernandez, an isle which romance had already made her own. In the landlocked waters at St Catherine's the little council of commanders calmly looked the facts in the face and braced themselves to their work. Then they went forward with their lives in their hands. The story sounds more like that of a blind man groping his precarious way through a district full of snares and pitfalls, than of a daring British squadron traversing the subject seas. They went on sounding at every step; casting the lead, sometimes into measureless depths of ocean, sometimes in sixty, eighty, forty fathoms, the bottom varying as the depth did. All along the coast of Patagonia they proceeded in this cautious way, looking out with ever-growing anxiety for the worst, which was not yet reached. This caution was but half, if even so much as half, for themselves; they were groping for the good of England; making such sketches as their skill permitted, rectifying their charts, lighting up the seas with divine lights of safety for those who might follow. At St Julian, close to the scene of sternest danger, the Trial is again in trouble with those unlucky masts, which are too lofty for the latitude, and have to be cut and hacked and mended, while the Commodore painfully restrains his impatience, and the Chaplain has leisure to find out about the wild horses and wild cattle, and the wonders of the lasso, there first displayed to curious eyes. And then once more the fated squadron is under way. Going softly *à tâtons*, feeling its way, ship by ship steals forward with a certain solemnity to that awful strait of Le Maire, which was to carry them into the scene of their mission. Between the bristling coast of Tierra del Fuego and the wild rocks of Staten Land lay this horrible ghostly passage. In those days men had not learned to love nature in her grand and gloomy aspects; and perhaps it would be hard at any time to expect from the sailor any enthusiasm of admiration for two awful lines of deadly cliff, and the gloomy channel between them. Tierra del Fuego, the Chaplain tells us, was "of a stupendous height, covered everywhere with snow;" and, on the other hand, "Staten Land far surpasses it in the wildness and horror of its appearance; seeming to be entirely composed of inaccessible rocks, without the least mixture of earth or mould between them. These rocks terminate in a vast number of ragged points which spire up to a prodigious height, and are all of them covered with everlasting snow. The points themselves are on every side surrounded with frightful precipices, and often overhang in a most astonishing manner; and the hills which bear them are generally separated from each other by narrow clefts, which appear as if the country had been frequently rent by earthquakes; for these chasms are nearly perpendicular, and extend through the substance

of the main rocks almost to their very bottoms; so that nothing could be imagined more savage and gloomy than the whole aspect of this coast."

Had this description been written to-day, no doubt the voyager would have found a certain enthusiasm for this grand by-way through the seas. He would have discovered lights about it, and reflections unseen by the anxious practical eye of the eighteenth century. But we doubt whether Art itself could have made a more effective point than the contrast of this sullen awful passage through which the silent ships sped breathless, the little Trial leading the way — with the supposed brightness beyond, to which the mariners looked forward, seeing through those gloomy portals of rock only a silvery Pacific Ocean and the end of their enterprise. They held their breath, half, perhaps, from the shadow of death overhanging them in the pinnacles of those horrible rocks, but at least as much from expectation, feeling at last—were but this passage made—the grand difficulties surmounted, and their work within reach of their hand. "We presumed we had nothing before us from hence but an open sea," cries the Chaplain, bursting forth out of the cliff-shadows into a short-lived outbreak of the prevailing hope, "till we arrived on those opulent coasts where all our hopes and wishes centred. We could not help persuading ourselves that the greatest difficulty of our voyage was now at an end, and that our most sanguine dreams were on the point of being realised; and hence we indulged our imaginations in those romantic schemes which the fancied possession of the Chilian gold and Peruvian silver might be conceived to inspire." The morning was lovely, bright, and mild—the finest day they had seen since they left England,—the sun, no doubt, blazing upon the snow—though that is not a point which the Chaplain thinks worth mentioning. There was a brisk breeze, which hurried them through the dreaded passage in about two hours, though it was between seven and eight leagues in length. And the hearts of the anxious Commodore and his men rose within them. Surely here was fortune smiling upon them at last!

Alas! it was only now they were upon the dreaded Cape, their terror throughout their voyage. Instead of proving, as they hoped, a gateway into the soft Pacific, the wild channel was but the avenue to destruction. "The day of our passage was the last cheerful day that the greatest part of us would ever live to enjoy," says the Chaplain, mournfully; and it is here that the tragic interest of his narrative begins. Before they were well out of the shadow of the rocks, the terrible truth burst upon them. The blue sky darkened over, the wind changed, the tide turned—"furiously," says the historian. A violent current (he can use no milder words), aided by the "fierceness and constancy of the westerly winds," drove them to eastward. For forty days, almost without intermission, they were driven and tossed, playthings of the waters, up and down in miserable zigzags, about the awful Cape; now menaced by "mountainous waves," any one of which, had it broken fairly over them, would have sent them to the bottom; now dashed almost to pieces by the rolling of the ship—their sails torn off by the winds, split by the frost—their rigging covered with ice, their bodies benumbed and disabled by the cold. Sometimes a fog came on; and the Commodore, himself struggling for bare life, fired forlorn guns every half-hour,—flashes of despair to keep the perishing ships together. Yet all this time, in the height of their misery, there still lingered a cheerful assurance of hope. According to all they knew, they had been making their way steadily towards the Pacific. It could not

but be near at hand, and their toils near a close. And with every day of storm the longing for that sea of peace, for those isles and "opulent coasts," must have grown on the weary crews, who, any hour, any moment—so they thought—might suddenly glide into the rippling waters and sunny calm. It may be supposed, accordingly, what was the consternation of the sailors, thus strained to the supreme struggle, when they found that they had been betrayed by an insidious current completely out of their course, and saw once more the awful rocks of Tierra del Fuego frowning out of the mists upon their lee.

Before this time scurvy, most dreaded of all the dangers of a long sea-voyage, had made its fatal appearance among them. With their feeble old pensioners and rapidly made up crews, sickness had been rife in the ships from the very beginning of the voyage; and it is evident that Anson's good sense and good feeling had forestalled sanitary science so far as to do all that was possible for the ventilation and cleanliness of his crowded vessel. So early as November the sickly condition of the crews and the want of air between the decks had been reported to him; and by the time they arrived at St Catherine's it was found necessary to give the Centurion a "thorough cleansing, smoking it between the decks, and after all, washing every part well with vinegar,"—a precaution made needful by the "noisome stench" and vermin, which had become "intolerably offensive." This being so when things went comparatively well, it may be imagined what these decks must have got to be when every comfort and almost every hope had abandoned the unhappy mass of suffering men, drenched with salt water, frozen with cold, worn with continual labour, who flung themselves upon them to die. During their terrible beatings about Uape Horn, the scurvy took stronger and stronger hold upon them. In April they lost forty-three men from it on board the Centurion alone; in May double that number; in June, before they reached Juan Fernandez, "the disease extended itself so prodigiously that, after the loss of about two hundred men, we could not at last muster more than six foremast men in a watch capable of duty." The officers themselves (and, still more remarkably, the officers' servants) seem to have escaped the attacks of this disease, fortified either by the tremendous burden of responsibility, or by that curious force of high spirit and finer mettle which carries so many absolutely weaker men through the perils which slay the strongest. Our Chaplain records the characteristics of the disease with that grave and calm simplicity which distinguishes his style, revealing its full horrors, yet never dwelling unduly on them. Some of its victims, he describes, lay in their hammocks eating and drinking, in cheerful spirits, and with vigorous voices; yet in a moment, if but moved from one place to another, still in their hammocks, died out of hand, all vital energy being gone from them. Some who thought themselves still able for an attempt at duty would fall down and die among their comrades on attempting a stronger pull or more vigorous strain than usual. Every day, while winds and waves, roaring and threatening round, held over the whole shipload another kind of death, must the dim-eyed mariners with failing strength and sinking spirit have gathered to the funeral of their dead. By this time their companion ships had all disappeared, and the Centurion alone, with its sick and dying, tossed about almost at the will of the waves upon that desolate sea. At last there came a moment when, destruction being imminent, "the master and myself," our brave Chaplain, undertook the management of the helm, while every available soul on board set to work to repair and set the sails and secure

the masts, to take advantage once more in desperation of a favourable change of wind. This was their last storm; but not even then were the troubles of this terrible voyage at an end. They missed Juan Fernandez by one of those mistakes which come in with bewildering certainty at such moments of desperation to enhance all sufferings. "The Commodore himself was strongly persuaded that he saw it," but, overpowered by the scepticism of his officers, changed his course in over-precaution. Then at last the high hearts of the expedition gave way. The water was failing, to add to all the rest; men were dying five and six every day. "A general dejection prevailed among us," says the historian. It was at this moment, when hope and heart were wellnigh gone, that the island of their hopes, all smiling in the sullen seas, with soft woods and grassy slopes and sweet streams of running water, suddenly burst like a glimpse of paradise upon their hungering eyes.

Nothing can be more touching than the sober, simple story, as it describes this deliverance out of despair. The feeble creatures, to whom water had become the first of luxuries, hastened on deck as fast as their tottering limbs would carry them, to gaze with eyes athirst at a great cascade of living water flinging itself, with the wantonness of nature, over a rock a hundred feet high into the sea. The first boat sent on shore brought back heaps of *grass*, having no time to search for better vegetables. The spectre crew were four hours at work, with the assistance of all the ghosts from below who could keep their feeble legs, to raise the cable, when it was necessary to change their anchorage, and could not manage it with all their united strength. But yet the haven was reached, the tempest over for the moment. The ship had but settled to her moorings when a tiny sail bore bravely up upon the newly arrived, and proved to be the Trial, valorous little sloop, which had held its own against all the dangers encountered by the Centurion, and now found its way to the trysting-place, with only its captain, lieutenant, and three men able to stand by the sails. A fortnight later, some of the sailors, gazing out from a height upon the sea, saw, or fancied they saw, another sail faintly beating about the horizon. In five days more it appeared again, making feeble futile attempts to enter the safe shelter in which Anson lay. The watchful Commodore sent out instant help, risking his boats and refreshed convalescent men to save his consort, and by this timely help kept them alive, until, after three weeks or more of fruitless attempts, the Gloucester at last got into the bay, having lost three-fourths of her crew. Three weatherbeaten hulks, with torn sails and broken masts; three groups of worn-out men escaped as from the dead, looked each other in the face in this lull of fate. With the whisper of the soft woods in their ears, and delicious noise and tinkle of running water, instead of the roaring of the winds and the sea, what salutations, from the edge of the grave, must have been theirs! The brave Commodore set to work, without the loss of an hour, to remove the sick to shore: not a man among them laboured harder than he, the leader, and his officers followed his example, willingly or unwillingly. From one vessel after another the helpless and suffering were landed, to be healed and soothed out of their miseries. Green things of better quality than grass, and fresh fish, and flesh of goats, and new-made bread, consoled the worn-out wretches, and rest stole into the souls of the almost lost. Anson for his own part, with a touch of sentiment which speaks, out of the utter silence in which he is content to leave himself, with a power beyond that of words, chose for himself an idyllic resting-place in this moment of repose.

"I despair of conveying an adequat idea of its beauty," says our Chaplain,

—who, let us hope, shared it with his master. "The piece of ground that he chose was a small lawn that lay on a little ascent, at the distance of about half a mile from the sea. In the front of his tent there was a large avenue cut through the woods to the seaside, which, sloping to the water with a gentle descent, opened a prospect of the bay and the ships at anchor. This lawn was screened behind by a tall wood of myrtle, sweeping round it in the form of a theatre. . . . There were, besides, two streams of crystal water which ran on the right and left of the tent, within one hundred yards' distance, and were shaded by the trees which skirted the lawn on either side."

He thinks some faint idea of "the elegance of this situation" may be gleaned from a print which, unfortunately, is not to be found in the edition before us. A certain suppressed poetry of mind must have been in the man who, after such desperate encounter with primitive dangers, pitched his lonely tent between those running rills, with the bay and his ships at anchor softly framed at his feet by the sweet myrtle boughs. Does not the reader hear the sudden hush in the stormy strain,—

> "A sound as of a hidden brook,
> In the leafy month of June"?

With what a profound harmony does this momentary vision of repose and tender quiet fall into the tale, all ajar with the danger of warring winds and waves!

While Anson was drawing this breath of tranquillity and health, and taking up again, undismayed, the thread of his plans against the enemy, the other admiral, Vernon, with his splendid fleet and armament, had collapsed all into nothing. Long before, indeed, in April, while dauntless Anson, without a thought of turning back in his mind, was going through his agony round Cape Horn, the struggle was over for that rival who had outshone, outnumbered, and swallowed up his poor little expedition. The big fleet which sailed amid the cheers of England had beat back, all broken, disgraced, and discomfited, to Jamaica—driven miserably away from before the face of that old Spanish foreshadowing of a grim Sebastopol, known as Carthagena—ere our little squadron painfully got itself together in the bay at Juan Fernandez. Our Commodore, of course, could know nothing of that disaster, and indeed was still pondering in his mind how even yet, even now, his ragged shipwrecked band might carry something home to balance the conquests of those rustling gallants. Never could a greater contrast have been; and it was well for England that the chief seaman of so critical an age was not poor popular Vernon recriminating with his General at Jamaica, but Anson, musing alone on the island lawn, just out of the jaws of death, planning a thousand daring adventures, with his eyes fixed on the deceitful quiet of that Southern Sea.

And to carry out the other part of his character, it is evident that the Chaplain-secretary—who must by this time have grown to be a stout sailor, with clear eyes of his own and a modest courageous soul—got little rest even in this interval of repose. He has scarce drawn breath from his tragic narrative, and still labours at his breast with a suppressed passion, when he is about again, setting down his master's distinct seamanlike instructions, topographical account of the island, and guide to mariners. As Anson groped along the unknown coast, coming up to the climax of tempest which drove soundings out of the level of possibilities, so now he surveys the rocks and inlets about his island, indicating where the British cruiser may and may not attempt to anchor, and settling once for all in sound numbers where that isle of Safety is to be found. A mistake in respect to this had cost him seventy men—but never English sea-captain should pay so dearly again for the knowledge, if the Commodore and the Chaplain could prevent it.

Thus the two set to work for their country as soon as they had got their sick on shore, and were at liberty for a stroke of independent toil. How they found a goat with its ears slit, one of Alexander Selkirk's flock, our Chaplain tells us by the way; and Crusoe with his umbrella seems to come out of the woods as he speaks, and give a friendly nod to the narrator. For it is not the first time we have seen Juan Fernandez, or found it a shelter from the tempest. The reader pauses over the halcyon moment, almost longing to believe that it is a community of Crusoes that have now got possession of the isle, and that there, on the soft lawn between the brooks, the seaman will stay and forget his toils. Vain fancy! there where he sits, intent upon the distant bay and the ships at anchor, it is how to get at his work again, how to resume those toils, how to plunge once more into conflict with seas and Spaniards, rich galleons and prying *guarda-costas*—that is all the burden of his thoughts.

The reckoning which remained to be made, however, when the sufferers came to life again, and the ghastly death-angel departed from hovering over the ships, was enough to discourage the stoutest heart. Two hundred and ninety-two men had died out of the Centurion alone since the commencement of the voyage; the Gloucester, though a smaller ship, had lost an equal number; the Trial, about half of her crew. Out of fifty pensioners and seventy-nine marines on board the Centurion, only four of the one and eleven of the other survived. Every pensioner on board the Gloucester had perished; and of forty-eight marines only two remained. Thus the forebodings of the Commodore, and of the helpless veterans themselves, and of reason, if the authorities had cared anything about reason, were fully carried out. The three ships had started from England with nine hundred and sixty-one men on board—all that they could now muster among them was three hundred and thirty-five; "a number greatly insufficient for manning the Centurion alone," says the Chaplain, with dejection, "and barely capable of navigating all the three with the utmost exertion of their strength and vigour." A chill of bitter discouragement evidently overwhelmed the steadfast heart of the Commodore as he numbered his remnant. A Spanish squadron was out in search of him, he knew; and "however contemptible the ships and sailors of this part of the world may have been generally esteemed," says the historian, with a quaint mixture of national arrogance and self-pity, "it was scarcely possible for anything bearing the name of a ship of force, to be feebler and less considerable than ourselves." This was one very gloomy side of the question; but, on the other hand, there was the galling thought of the Spanish crow of triumph which should ring through all the seas should the English allow themselves to be driven home without striking a blow. "This was a subject on which we had reason to imagine the Spanish ostentation would remarkably exert itself," our Chaplain adds, stung by the thought; and yet, what was to be done under the frightful complication of circumstances? To make a snatch at "what few prizes we could pick up at sea," and get to Panama, where it would be better to be beholden to Vernon, no doubt triumphant by this time, for reinforcements, than to fail,—this would seem to have been the plan which formed itself in the Commodore's mind as he counted his men;—not altogether a cheerful conclusion, and yet the only practicable thing to do.

The first part of this programme, at least, was carried out at once. It was the middle of June when Anson arrived at his island in the condition we have described. On the 8th of September, the Centurion having just got herself clean-

ed and mended, a sail appeared on the horizon, which, after some doubt, the keen nautical eyes watching from their point of observation decided to be a Spaniard. "We immediately got all our hands on board, set up our rigging, bent our sails," and by five in the afternoon got out, notwithstanding want of wind, to sea; resolute, in the very fury of dejection, not to let an opportunity slip. The opportunity turned out to be a Spanish merchantman, laden with a miscellaneous cargo, which yielded with trembling and dismay, being totally unarmed and helpless, at the first summons. Besides her sugar and cotton,—peaceful commodities, which were not important to our sailors,—they found what they liked better—"seven trunks of wrought plate, and twenty-three serons of dollars, each weighing upwards of two hundred pounds avoirdupois." No contemptible prize. The Spaniards, with their heads full of the awful tradition of the Buccaneers, awaited with horror the will of their captors; and when our noble first-lieutenant went on board of them, with his lace tarnished by a hundred storms, and the *fine fleur* of courtesy which no storm can tarnish, the terrified crowd could but gasp and gaze upon this nautical angel, not able to believe that such beautiful politeness, such mercy and goodwill, could be true. The letters found in the prize put an end, however, to any hope Anson might have formed of help from his brother admiral—a hope which had already blossomed out into various great projects, such as that of capturing Panama, "which would have given to the British nation the possession of the isthmus, whereby we should have been in effect masters of all the treasures of Peru." The astounding news that Vernon's expedition had failed, no doubt acted two ways upon the valiant Commodore. It left him beyond hope of any help, and at the same time it left him entirely free to follow his own instincts, stung by the double necessity of silencing the Spaniard. It was fortunate that with such news came the wonderful stimulus of the prize to give everybody courage. They ascertained, at the same time, the destruction of the squadron sent out to look for them, and that they were comparatively safe in the seat of which they had taken possession. With this consolation, towing the big captive ship and her doubloons, the Centurion went back to her expectant comrades in the bay to revive their hearts. "And now the spirits of our people being greatly raised, and their despondency dissipated by this earnest of success, they forgot all their past distresses, resumed their wonted alacrity, and laboured indefatigably in completing our water, receiving our lumber, and in preparing to take our farewell of the island." The Gloucester was sent out "to cruise off the highland of Paita," and keep watch lest another Spanish expedition might be despatched from Callao to hunt the English. The Trial had already gone off "the very next morning" after the Commodore's arrival, to look out for further prizes; and on the 19th of September, about three months after her forlorn entrance into that island bay, the Centurion spread out her cloudy wings once more, and plunged forth, a wild yet lawful reiver—big, splendid, magnanimous bird of prey—into these wealthy seas.

For some time after the story is but a record of prizes; eager seamen's eyes intent on the horizon for a sail; flash and swoop of the great half-manned ship upon the trembling Spaniard; anxious investigation after doubloons; unexpected, incredible mercy and kindness to the captives. Soon the Trial had her spell of conquest too—"one of the largest merchantmen employed in those seas," though unhappily with but £5000 of silver on board. This seems, however, to have cost the brave little ship her own life, which the reader grieves to learn

as if she had been a living creature. Dismasted, leaking, crazy, parting at every timber, the little conqueror of the seas had to be committed to them like so many of her crew, her men watching by her in the prize they had just secured, no doubt with heavy hearts and a certain half religious solemnity, till the dead ship went down in the ocean she had breasted so long. But the Commodore had no time to dally by the grave of either man or sloop. The next prize had but £170 of money in her, which was a disappointment; and her goods, though valuable, were useless to her captors; though, indeed, our Chaplain piously reflects,—"though we could make no profit thereby ourselves, it was some satisfaction to us to consider that it was so much really lost to the enemy, and that the despoiling them was no contemptible branch of that service in which we were now employed by our country."

Soon, however, a larger enterprise dawned upon the little fleet, for fleet it gradually became as prize after prize was added to the Commodore's train. Lieutenant Brett, sent on with the ship's barge and pinnace to seize a flying sail, brought news of treasure at the little town of Paita close by, where some escaped vessel had carried information that the English were at hand, and set the whole coast a-tremble. The governor was about to remove the treasure, and there was no time to be lost. In every point of view the opportunity was tempting; the place was poorly defended and near at hand; the sailors were eager for conquest; a swift-sailing vessel, which the heavy old Centurion could never hope to cope with afoot, was about to leave the harbour with specie, and must be caught, if at all, in port. And, to crown all, there was here an opportunity of getting rid of the prisoners, an inconvenient and unsafe cargo, numbering half as many as their captors. Among them were three women—a mother, with two beautiful daughters—whom Anson treated with the most chivalrous respect, to the utter amazement of their fellow-captives,—but whom, no doubt, he was very glad to get rid of at the earliest opportunity. That very night, the Commodore being little fond of delay, the expedition bore down upon Paita; and Lieutenant Brett, once more in his boats, set out by ten o'clock in the darkness to the work of conquest. The boats' crews steered into the harbour of the sleeping town with all that air of frolic which English man-of-war's-men carry into the most desperate encounters. "The shouts and clamour of threescore sailors who had been confined so long on shipboard, and were now for the first time on shore in an enemy's country, joyous as they always are when they land, and animated besides, in the present case, with the hopes of an immense pillage; the huzzas, I say," cries our Chaplain, himself a little excited, "of this spirited detachment, joined with the noise of their drums, and favoured by the night, had augmented their number in the opinion of the enemy to at least three hundred." The whole affair passed over almost as bloodlessly as any other frolic. The terrified inhabitants fled in their nightgear, leaving everything behind them. And thereupon arose such a scene of grotesque good-natured schoolboy riot as perhaps a conquered town never witnessed before. While the serious work of removing the treasure was going on, every man in his disengaged moments foraged for himself. They found the laced coats and hats of the townsfolk in their deserted houses, and with the wild humour of their class immediately seized upon this opportunity of sport. In the confusion of the night—there being, thank heaven, no worse outrage, it would seem, to turn the farce into a tragedy—the rough fellows fluttered about under the torch-light in the spoil they had won, putting on "the glittering habits" over their own dirty trou-

sers and jackets, "not forgetting, at the same time, the tye or bag wig and laced hat, which were generally found with the clothes." Some, "not finding men's clothes sufficient to equip themselves," the Chaplain thinks—or, more probably, to enhance the effect of the boisterous masquerade—put on women's gowns and petticoats, "provided there was finery enough." One can imagine the strange scene, the grotesque forms, the horse-laughter and shouts of rough merriment, making night hideous. But yet, so far as appears, there is no blacker story to tell; and a conqueror who only plays such pranks before unoffended heaven is no terrible sight. The Spaniards generally, according to the account given by our Chaplain, had fallen into a mild craze of wonder over the innocence of their daring invaders. Lieutenant Brett did not know his own people as they danced about fantastic under his wondering eyes, but all the time kept a steady watch over them, and saw to the swift and sure collection of the treasure. Next morning the English flag made itself visible on the flagstaff of the fort, and the Centurion anchored in the bay, receiving boat-loads of silver, wealth to the full extent of their hopes. By this time the fugitives from the town, under their fugitive governor, had begun to assemble on a hill behind, with much demonstration of force. They had mustered a body of two hundred horse, fully equipped, and of imposing appearance, who consoled themselves by parading on the heights, and lending the strains of their band to amuse the threescore begrimed and disguised seamen labouring at their work of destruction below, but made no attempt to recover the town, or stop the transport of goods which was going on under their very eyes. The concluding act in this wild extravaganza had a tragical air enough. Having secured their prisoners in a church, safe and out of the way, the boarding-party made a conflagration of Paita and all her stores—a proceeding which, as Lord Mahon says, "can scarcely be defended in civilised war," and has "imprinted a deep blot on the glory of Lord Anson's expedition." A Spanish historian goes so far as to declare that it was done without Anson's knowledge, and *lui avait fort déplu.* The courtesies of war, however, are a matter above all others ruled by the character of the age in which that war is made; and Anson's historian has already given his opinion on the subject—which, no doubt, was that of his Commander—in a passage we have quoted. It is perfectly clear that it never occurred to them to consider the property of private individuals. A bigger or smaller impersonation of Spain was all the Commodore and his squadron saw in Paita, or in the innocent merchant-ships they took. To molest Spain was their special mission; and to know that the goods thus destroyed was so much lost to the enemy, was, no doubt, once more a pious satisfaction to the authorities of the expedition, both secular and ecclesiastical. The Chaplain neither regrets nor justifies the firing of the town: to him it is clearly a matter of course. He is proud to record the wonder of the Spaniards over Anson's unparalleled clemency to themselves; and, in a lesser degree, it gives him sensible pleasure to tell us that but one man of the invaders forgot himself so far as to take "too large a dose of brandy" during the bloodless sack of the place. But the vast bonfire which destroyed so many houses and fortunes does not touch him at all. It is so much loss to the enemy. He has no other thought.

When the Commodore received his victorious detachment back again with their spoils, leaving the unhappy townsfolk free to return to the ashes of their dwellings, he was not without his own troubles. Quarrels arose on the question of the booty, the men who had remained on board and missed the

fun feeling it hard naturally to miss the profit as well. This disturbance was quieted by an order from Anson that all private plunder was to be produced and divided, which was done accordingly; and a curious Rag-fair the decks of the old ship must have presented as every man's hoard was displayed. When the division had been made, the magnanimous Commodore presented the actual victors with his own share, congratulating them on their achievement; and so peace was secured.

The Gloucester, which all this time had been cruising on her station, making such prizes as she could find for her own hand, without any share in the glory and amusement of this exploit, was encountered shortly after, having laid hold of two inconsiderable vessels only, though one of them had £7000 on board. The other was a barge laden with cotton in "jars"—a curious kind of package—the crew of which professed to be of the poorest, yet were found, to the bewilderment of their captors, eating pigeon-pie out of silver dishes. When, however, the pretended cotton was looked into—a matter which must have been settled at once, one would think, the first time a jar was lifted—it was discovered that the cotton was but a covering to a silvery mass of doubloons, twelve thousand pounds' worth of them—which must have gone far to reconcile the Gloucester to her absence from Paita. Thus the English adventurers accomplished their mission merrily, wind and tide and fair weather in their favour, and everything granted to them for which the British sailor most sighed—plenty of prize-money, plenty of work, a little fighting, and a little danger to sweeten their wellbeing, and the consciousness of having retrieved their fortune by their own endurance, patience, and valour. Success, instead of satisfying, did but stimulate the Commodore. No doubt, with the prick of their comrades' defeat at Carthagena so fresh in their minds, the destruction of Paita was sweet to them, an event over which no Spaniard could glorify himself; and after such a feat, the squadron could no longer content itself with dabbling in little prizes and jars of hidden treasure. The galleon which had flitted across their dreams since ever they left England was now near enough and sure enough to quicken the beating of many a heart. It was no longer a mere vision of romance—a Cleopatra's galley with Wealth sitting enthroned on her gorgeous deck—but an ascertained certainty, an apple of gold just ready to drop into the eager mouth. Blessed Indians, creatures undeniably genuine, had actually seen and been on board of the glorious vision, and could answer for its reality. Once a-year, from Manilla to Acapulco, this ship of fortune made her way, and there was nothing in the world to prevent the English sailor from standing in across her bows and securing to himself her golden delights. On this, accordingly, the Commodore fixed his eye. As soon as the little squadron had come together again, and settled into working trim by destroying a few prizes, and generally shaking itself down, Anson directed his course towards the north, steering for the port of Acapulco, where he hoped to arrive in time to intercept this prize of prizes. By this time the expedition numbered five sail, after the destruction of the least satisfactory vessels. Thus they set out again on the scarce-known way, sheathing the cutlass for the moment, and taking to the lead and the pencil. Lieutenant Brett—he of the boats, the conqueror of Paita—seems to have been the artist of the expedition, as Mr Walter was its historian. It is tantalising not to be able to refer to his plates of every headland and bay and island that struck the Commodore's eye. Full of hopes about the galleon, and speculations as to her whereabouts, the ships bowled clumsily along the wealthy shores

of Peru, across the great gulf of Panama, doing their duty by their country in a more peaceable way than by the burning of Spanish towns and ships—sounding, noting, making sure of everything—doing a solid spell of work for posterity, which represented itself to the stout seamen, chiefly, as has been remarked, under the shape of the British cruiser doing perennial battle with imperial Spain.

We pause, as our historian does, for one moment on the way, for the sake of those chords of softest harmony which nature has taught him to strike here and there in the midst of the discords, to note the island of Quibo—paradisiacal vision which burst upon the seaman's sight when once more the monotony of the waves had begun to tell on him. Not in search of the picturesque, but of wood and water, more urgent necessities, had the squadron sought this second Isle of Rest. "Never was such a place for these needful purposes," says our Chaplain. "The trees grow close to the high-water mark, and a large rapid stream of fresh water runs over the sandy beach into the sea;" as if for once nature had thrown aside her tricksy ways, and soberly provided for her sailors' wants. Nor is the place without curiosities: there are pearl oysters in heaps along the sea-margin, and turtle in such quantities that the wanderers carry away a month's supply, to their much comfort and benefit. But these material blessings were not all. The Commodore, while exploring the island, came upon something which moved him, silent man, to us saying nothing about it, as only a poetic soul can be moved. The Chaplain speaks as if he had not been present at this exploration; and if so, the impression it made must have been vivid indeed to be thus transmitted to us at second-hand. It was a waterfall they saw; and here is Mr Walter's picture of it, fresh as of yesterday. No doubt the same water dashes over the same rock unchanged at this moment, though the description has become a thing of the old world:—

"It was a river of transparent water, about forty yards wide, which rolled down a declivity of near a hundred and fifty in length. The channel it fell in was very irregular, for it was entirely composed of rock, both its sides and bottom being made up of large detached blocks; and by these the course of the water was frequently interrupted, for in some parts it ran sloping with a rapid but uniform motion, while in others it tumbled over the ledges of the rocks with a perpendicular descent. All the neighbourhood of this stream was a fine wood, and even the huge masses of rock which overhung the water, and which, by their various projections, formed the inequalities of the channel, were covered with lofty forest-trees. Whilst the Commodore and those accompanying him were attentively viewing this place, and were remarking the different blendings of the water, the rocks, and the wood, there came in sight (as if still to heighten and animate the prospect) a prodigious flight of mackaws, which, hovering over this spot, and often wheeling and playing on the wing about it, afforded a most brilliant appearance by the glittering of the sun on their variegated plumage, so that some of the spectators cannot refrain from a kind of transport when they recount the complicated beauties which occurred in this extraordinary waterfall."

There is something in the circumstantial simplicity of this picture—a certain sense of novelty in the idea of describing such a thing as a waterfall at all, and in the suggestion with which it is introduced—that (in the Commodore's opinion) "it surpassed . . . everything of this kind which human art or industry had hitherto produced!" which is very quaint and characteristic. The science of the picturesque was a novel science in those days; and perhaps even our Chaplain — though his eye is so clear, and his imagination cannot refuse to be moved, even at second-hand, by this grand ravine in the lonely isle, kept by God for his own pleasure up to that moment—has still a lingering belief that Kent or Brown, the landscape-gardeners,

might yet produce a masterpiece to match it. Such was the fashion of his time.

The squadron then proceeded to Acapulco, about the shores of which it lingered from January to May, fondly imagining for a long time that they were in time to intercept the galleon, or to snap her up on her return voyage. But the galleon had arrived before Anson reached the coast, and was stopped in her return by the governor of the place, an uneasy consciousness of the English sea-lion prowling about those lonely waters having crept over the Mexican shore. When the Commodore had at last and reluctantly admitted that hope was over, nothing was left for it but to turn his back upon those "opulent coasts," and follow his original plan, which was to make for the port of Macao on the way to England and the civilised world. It was not a cheerful resolution, nor was the voyage a cheerful one. The comparative calm which they had for so long enjoyed, the constant neighbourhood of pleasant isles, where wood and water and rest might be had when needed, the excitement of burning towns and taking prizes, had now to be exchanged for a dreary voyage across the Pacific, in which they had neither experience nor information to guide them, but had once more to grope their way unsustained by any exciting hope. The galleon faded like a dream from the monotonous sky; weary weeks of sea, unbroken by a sail, or an islet, or an adventure, followed the excitement and variety of their cruise, and with the natural effect. They had calculated on making their passage to China, with the help of the trade-wind, in about two months; but this auxiliary failing them, they found themselves with scarcely a fourth part of their voyage accomplished when seven weary weeks had passed. Monotony, disappointment, and privation took heart and courage from the men; and, as a natural consequence, notwithstanding all their precautions, their abundant supply of water, their stock of turtle, their anxious attention to ventilation and cleanliness (on which the Chaplain specially insists—a man before his age), their deadliest enemy, scurvy, again appeared among them. By this time the prizes had all been sacrificed, the survivors of the crews being inadequate even to the manning of the two English ships. Now, in the midst of the dull Pacific, the Gloucester's days were numbered. With sprung masts, starting planks, seamen fainting at the pumps, and all round them a hopeless horizon, waste of sky and sea, with no refuge hidden in it to encourage them to prolong the hopeless struggle—no other end was possible. In August, when already the two ships had been for more than three months labouring along their weary course, the Gloucester, emptied of her crew and such of her stores as could be got at, fired off her guns solemnly one by one as the fire reached them, and went down in sullen smoke and dull explosion into the sea, the Centurion looking sadly on from a distance. Henceforward the Commodore was alone on the untracked waste, vexed by contrary winds, and calms almost as contrary, with a leak in his ship which could not be subdued, with eight or ten or sometimes twelve burials a-day—his few sound men failing, and nothing in the shape of land yet appearing out of the obdurate blank. Over the dull level of the seas brooded a dull ignorance more trying still. He thought they must be driving to the leeward of the Ladrone Islands. He feared that the eastern coast of Asia would prove the nearest land—a coast upon which at that moment the monsoon was at its height, so that the strongest ship would find it impracticable; and the men kept dying, the water rushing in. Black despair came upon

the sickening crew—when lo! suddenly out of the mists uprose the joyful speck of green, which meant safety and healing, and the tragic strains once more drop into soft pastoral breathings of tranquillity and rest.

The isle of consolation this time was Tinian, one of the Ladrones, a paradise of fruit and plenty, where the sick speedily came to, and the healthy took courage. The place was so beautiful that our Chaplain here pauses to compliment nature. It "did by no means resemble an uninhabited and uncultivated place," he says, "but had much more the air of a magnificent plantation, where large lawns and stately woods had been laid out together with great skill, and where the whole had been so artfully combined, and so judiciously adapted to the slopes of the hills and the inequalities of the ground, as to produce a most striking effect, and to do honour to the invention of the contriver"—a kind of praise most quaintly characteristic of the eighteenth century. Bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, oranges, and vegetables of all kinds—not to speak of herds of wild cattle, fowls, and pigs—made the island celestial. But it is chiefly memorable as the scene of a most moving and almost tragic accident, which might have been the most serious of all they had yet encountered. A sudden storm came on one night while the Centurion lay in the bay with less than half her crew on board, her guns unsecured, her shrouds loose, her topmasts unrigged, her Commodore and most of her officers on shore. In the darkness of the sudden tropical storm the luckless ship was driven out to sea, dragging her anchor; and when the morning broke, not a trace of her could the wistful sailors see from Tinian as they strained their anxious eyes over the desolate ocean. Nothing but a miserable little Indian boat of fifteen tons burthen had they left; and the only alternative to the total loss of the Centurion with which the deserted could console themselves was the idea that she might still make her way to Macao and save herself if not them. The Commodore, not more hopeful in reality than his men, put at least a better face upon it. He had been ill with scurvy himself, as was not wonderful, and had consequently removed to a tent on shore, pitched, according to the instinct for the beautiful which seems to have been in the man, on "a most elegant spot." Here, after the first silent chill of discouragement, his busy brain found out an expedient of escape. Perhaps he believed in the possibility of using it, perhaps he only felt that it was necessary at all hazards to employ and keep a little hope in his five or six score wretches abandoned in the lonely seas. His proposal was to cut their little Indian ship in two, and lengthen her to such a size as might make it possible for her to embark the whole of them. After some hesitation on the part of the despairing men he got them set to work. The smith's forge was established on the shore; one party, with the Commodore himself working first among them (since their work was the hardest), cut down trees and sawed them into planks; another party attended to the commissariat. They made a little dock for their ship; they made even the bellows which were needful for the smith's part of the undertaking. All at once the solitary tropical island grew into a busy naval building-yard—the men working with not uncheerful readiness from daybreak till night, filling leafy Tinian with sounds of axes and hammers, and stirring shouts of industry. A few days after their labours began, an incident occurred, insignificant to the crowd, but which to the Commodore brought the bitterest pang he had yet known. A sail was seen on the horizon, which the sailors conclud-

ed with joy was their ship returning; but as they gazed, a second apparition came in sight behind the first, confounding them in their speculations. Anson, silent as ever, a man of few words, turned his glass upon them, and discovered that they were two boats. A thrill of despair went through his heart. He immediately concluded that the Centurion had gone to the bottom, and that it was the remnant of the survivors who were thus making their painful way back to the island. The silent man said not a word to the eager and curious group around him, but turned into his tent and faced this last stroke in solitude, with such feelings as may be supposed. "There he passed some bitter moments in the full belief that the ship was lost, and that now all his views of further distressing the enemy, and of still signalling his expedition by some important exploit, were at an end." When, however, the Commodore, swallowing the anguish of disappointment, which for the moment had been too much for him, emerged again into the daylight, he found the two boats which had so disturbed him to be but Indian proas passing on some indifferent mission of their own, and went back to work at his shipbuilding, no doubt with a revulsion of feeling and new vigour in his courageous heart.

Three weeks, however, had come and gone, and the work was so far advanced that the day of embarkation in the enlarged vessel had been fixed, when one of the men, casting a careless eye upon the sea in some pause of his work in the sultry afternoon, suddenly saw the Centurion herself, and no other, bearing down upon the island. "The ship! the ship!" shouted the discoverer, setting off at full speed down the hill, wild with sudden joy. One voice after another echoed the cry. A nimble lieutenant of marines catching up the shout, flew with it breathless to the spot where Anson, at the head of his people, was calmly labouring at his logs. The Commodore threw down his axe: "for the first time," says our Chaplain, "his joy broke through the equable and unvaried character which he had hitherto preserved." The humbler workmen round following his example, flew helter-skelter to the beach "in a kind of frenzy," scarce daring to believe their eyes. The Centurion, meanwhile, had been having her own troubles for these three weeks, but was here safe and sound at last, making home, England, even Manilla galleons and distress of the enemy, still practicable to all.

After such an adventure, it is but natural to suppose that nobody desired to linger in a spot where danger of so desperate a kind could never be completely guarded against. They made all speed, accordingly, to get to sea; and after a voyage of nearly a month, comparatively without events, got to the Chinese coast; and with a satisfaction which it is easy to realise after a two-years' cruise, interrupted by so many moving incidents, found themselves in "an amicable port and a civilised country,"—the port, to wit, of Macao, where they found letters and news from home for the first time since the commencement of their voyage, as well as the naval stores and other necessities of which they were destitute. Did our space permit, the story of Anson's negotiations with the authorities, Portuguese and Chinese; his humourous solemn assumption of state; the most well-looking of his crew dressed up in marine uniform to receive a celestial visitor, and all the punctilios of a representative of his country set up at a moment's notice to impress the Chinamen not only with the importance of the visitor, but with the superlative claims of his nation to instant attention and honour—might amuse the reader. He had a great deal of trouble to get the repairs he wanted, and various very solemn interviews with the mandarins, to

whom he gravely pointed out the improbability of his men, however patient, starving in the midst of plenty, while strong enough to take what they wanted; and "to this the Commodore added, that if by delay of supplying him with provisions, his men should, from the impulses of hunger, be obliged to turn cannibals, and to prey upon their own species, it was easy to be foreseen that, independent of their friendship to their comrades, they would, in point of luxury, prefer the plump well-fed Chinese to their own emaciated shipmates!" "The first mandarin acquiesced in the justice of this reasoning," adds the Chaplain, with the mild inward laugh which befits his position. And here, alas! our Chaplain leaves us, getting permission from his Commander, along with two or three other travel-worn officers, to return home by a ship which was just leaving the port. The cruise and its dangers and excitements were over, as everybody believed; and the Centurion, too, as soon as she had got herself put in sailing trim, was to follow. So everybody thought, and so the silent Commodore let them think, keeping a close eye upon his stores, his repairs, everything necessary for the long voyage before him, and meanwhile turning his own plans over in his deliberate self-sufficing mind. It was only when he had left the port, bound, as the world supposed, for Batavia and England, with Dutch letters on board for the Dutch port, and not a doubt of his destination on any mind either aboard or ashore, that he called his people to him on the quarter-deck, and opened his mind to them. That galleon! could they go back to England without it, leaving the Spaniard to brag of their failure? Were they to acknowledge themselves foiled, and give in, English seamen not understanding the meaning of such words? It had well-nigh broken his heart to give it up that time when he thought the Centurion lost; and now Batavia and the Dutch letters must take their chance—the galleon was the port to which he was bound. The sailors, clustering round to listen, answered, as sailors could not choose but answer to such a proposition, "with three strenuous cheers," and about went the ship, every soul in her walking on air. Hopes, which had been abandoned by everybody but the Commodore, sprang up again in full luxuriance; "they should yet be repaid the price of their fatigues, and should at last return home enriched with the spoils of the enemy." All the misfortunes of their former voyages seem to have died out of the memories of the men—not a doubt of their success occurred to them. When the Commodore asked for mutton, his steward pathetically begged leave of his honour to keep the two sheep which were left for the entertainment of the general of the galleons. This time the crew, as one man, felt convinced they could not fail.

Nor did they. The doomed galleon approached from among the islands serenely unconscious of the weather-beaten man-o'-war that waited for her. Even when she perceived her enemy advancing, with short-lived courage she advanced upon him, trusting in her greater size and more numerous guns and men. It is needless to repeat the particulars of the usual story. In about two hours' time the big Spaniard struck her flag. The Commodore reappeared, to the amazement of the Chinese, within three months of his leaving, in the port of Macao, with a prize half as big again as his own ship; twice his own number of men kept fast, with such mercifulness as was possible, in the Centurion's hold; and such masses of virgin silver and heaps of shining pieces-of-eight as the imagination refuses to reckon, making a moonlight splendour in the old Centurion's lockers. At last he had done the piece of work he had set his heart on—so much

against Carthagena, so much to stop the Spaniard's bragging mouth. And now our sailor had the heart to go home.

The total amount of treasure taken altogether by the Centurion amounted to £400,000, "independent," adds the historian, eager to make his hero's full merits clear, "of the ships and merchandise which she either burnt or destroyed, and which, by the most reasonable estimation, could not amount to so little as £600,000 more; so that the whole damage done the enemy by our squadron did doubtless exceed a million sterling. To which if there be added the great expense of the Court of Spain in fitting out Pizarro, and in paying the additional charges in America incurred on our account, together with the loss of one man-of-war, the total of all these articles will be a most exorbitant sum, and is the strongest conviction of the utility of this expedition, which, with all its numerous disadvantages, did yet prove so extremely prejudicial to the enemy." With this utterance of calm exultation the Chaplain winds up the extraordinary tale. And surely, though we may have changed our minds a little about the Christian duty of being thus "prejudicial to the enemy," there never was a story of wholesale plunder and destruction more splendidly relieved by those qualities which are among the highest possessed by human nature, and which the one thing most fatal to humanity, war, has ever had most share in calling out—dauntless courage—steadfastness beyond compare—patience, devotion, loyalty—a dutiful and unhesitating obedience in the face of every difficulty—a noble, silent, magnanimous reign of one man over his fellows. Be the object what it might, such a narrative could not but move the hearts of men; and the object, as Anson saw it, was, by his lights, one of the purest principles of patriotism—to magnify, glorify, and enrich his country—to make the very name of her a terror and power—to make her feared by the greatness of the pains she could inflict, yet loved for the unparalleled mercy she could extend. Such was his aim, inarticulate, and never put into words; but written in fire and flame, in panic-stricken and grateful hearts, along all the shores of that Southern Sea. The galleon and its ingots were necessities of the work—the garment of fact and potential secondary impulse which are indispensable to human action, but not its pervading motive, nor anything but a big shadow upon its simple heroic soul.

The fine climax of the story—the sudden, silent, swoop into the Southern Seas, and stroke as of fate upon the long-dreamed-of victim—is told with less picturesque effect than the other part of the voyage. We miss our Chaplain's eye, which was ever open to those details which make up a picture. Time does not permit us to follow him into his more philosophical chapters—not even into the story of the galleon itself, and all the precautions observed upon its yearly voyage; or his grave survey of the effects which might and ought to have followed had the squadron but started a little earlier. The only other quotation we shall make is one interesting only as showing what a strange sarcasm a hundred years can make out of words spoken in the most perfect gravity and good faith. The writer is discussing the probable results of his Commodore's generous treatment of the Spanish captives:—"Nor let it be imagined," he says, "that the impressions which the Spaniards thus received to our advantage is a matter of small import; for, not to mention several of our countrymen who have already felt the good effects of these prepossessions, the *Spaniards are a nation whose good opinion of us is doubtless of more consequence than that of all the world besides!*" Strange whirligig

of time which brings about so many revenges! Whatever the future may be which remains for this extraordinary nation, where is there a people in the world whose good opinion is of so little importance now?

Anson had the gratification of bringing at once the news and the results of his good fortune to England without being forestalled by any flying rumour. In the very Channel he escaped, without knowing it, a danger as great as any of those he had more painfully surmounted in the Pacific, having sailed through the midst of a French fleet in a fog, which concealed him from them, with all his dollars on board. "Anson is returned with vast fortune," writes Horace Walpole in June 1744. "He has brought the Acapulco ship into Portsmouth, and its treasure is computed at five hundred thousand pounds." The latter circumstance, however, is a mistake: Anson sold his galleon at Macao, and came home in the Centurion, valiant old hulk, the only one which had survived the cruise.

It is very strange, after the clear revelation of this man which has come to us among the waves and seas, to find him disappear the moment he touches English ground. If it is the want of our Chaplain, whose office in nature it was to elucidate his silent Commodore, or if it is that his work was done, and humanity had henceforth no need of him, it is hard to tell; but the fact is very clear that he disappears forthwith from all knowledge of man. True, he won a victory over the French three years after, notable enough in its way, and was made a peer, and has left honourable Ansons after him to the present generation. He was even promoted to be a Lord of the Admiralty ten years later, in which capacity Lord Waldegrave reports of him, that "Lord Anson, as usual, said little;" though it is found "he had done everything in his power that our fleet might be in the best condition." He held this appointment for a very short time, but seems to have been again called to office at a later period. "He was in reality a good sea-officer," Lord Waldegrave says, with a certain fine patronage, "and had gained a considerable victory over the French in the last war" (Cape Horn and Paita and the galleon evidently not considered worth speaking of!) "but nature had not endowed him with those extraordinary abilities which had been so liberally granted him by the whole nation." Thus the fine stream of story sinks into the mud of contemporary gossip and loses itself, gleaming out now and then, soiled with the witty insinuations of that sweet-spoken age, in Horace Walpole's letters. The narrative of the great sailor's voyage is "very silly and contradictory," Horace thinks, jeering nastily at our Commodore. Fortunately posterity, in that as in some other things, has not been of Horace's opinion. "A real poem in its kind, or romance all fact: one of the pleasantest little books in the world's library at this date," says Carlyle. A book all reality, full of a straightforward occupation with its own business, which is one of the highest evidences of truth.

Thus arose, without preface or exposition, one of the few men of the eighteenth century who had an absolute and most distinct piece of work to perform in the world. He did it, "as usual, saying little;" and, having done it, subsided into that peaceable obscurity upon which even a peerage throws little light. The modesty of his exit chimes in with our favourite ideal of that British sailor whom England loves. There were incompetent admirals enough, as there were incompetent generals, in his time. Anson alone handed down out of one century into another, to Nelson and all his captains, the old glorious English tradition of empire over the sea.

KINGLAKE'S HISTORY OF THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

It is a ghastly but a striking picture of the battle-field of the Alma with which Mr Kinglake opens his third volume. "The breadth of the lands and the seas which divided this simple Crim Tartary from the great seats of European vice, had hitherto defeated the baneful energy of those who came out to prey upon armies by selling strong drinks, and robbing the dead and the wounded. Armed and clothed as he stood when, receiving his death-wound, he heard the last of the din of battle, so now the soldier lay. Many had been struck in such a manner that their limbs were suddenly stiffened, and this so fixedly, that, although their bodies fell to the ground, their hands and arms remained in the very posture they chanced to be in at the moment of death. This was observed, for the most part, in instances of soldiers who had been on the point of firing at the moment when they were struck dead; for, where this had happened, the man's hands being thrown forward and fixed in the attitude required for levelling a firelock, they of course stretched upwards towards the heavens when the body fell back upon the ground. These upstretched arms of dead men were ghastly in the eyes of some: others thought they could envy the soldier released at last from his toil, and encountering no moment of interval between hard fighting and death."—(Vol. iii. p. 3.) There are touches in this description which no one could have given who had not gazed on that still hillside when the battle, with its tumult and its pride, had swept by.

But while the spectator could mark the dismal sight, and whilst the victors were busy tending the wounded, one of the most difficult problems presented by the art of war had to be decided on by the chiefs of the confederate army. A landing had been effected, a victory had been won; but what step was next to be taken? The Russian soldiery had disappeared in hasty retreat behind the rolling swells of ground which lay towards Sebastopol. Were the victors to stand still gazing idly on the empty field?

With his blood yet fired by the battle, and some of his divisions fresh and nearly unscathed, Lord Raglan was eager to pursue at once, but St Arnaud declined to join. The next day, however, the great question had to be met. Its terms were these: On the Allied right was the sea; two days' march in their front was the north side of Sebastopol; on their left the great road from thence to Simferopol; and beyond it, on the southern coast of the Crimea, the deep harbours of Balaklava and Kamiesh.

Three courses lay before them. 1. To advance straight to their front and storm the intrenchments which defended the north side of Sebastopol. 2. To abandon the enterprise should these works be deemed too strong. Or, 3. To secure a good harbour, and, basing themselves on it, to undertake an attack on the south side of Sebastopol, by abandoning their base on the west coast, and marching to the south-east across the country, by the Mackenzie Heights and the plain of Tchernaya, to the harbour of Balaklava.

The first official record of opinion on this point is contained in an admirably-written memorandum by Sir John Burgoyne, Chief Engineer of the English army. It is dated

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The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake. Vols. III. and IV. Second Edition. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1868.

on the 21st September, and submits that,

"Unless some impeding circumstances occur, which cannot now be foreseen, the combined armies should at once move round to the south side of Sebastopol, instead of attacking Fort Constantine" (by this the Star Fort on the north side is meant), "by which the following advantages may be anticipated: (1.) That instead of attacking a position naturally strong and of limited extent, to which a powerful support will be given by Fort Constantine, which is a permanent fortification, though by no means formidable if insulated, *the enemy would have to defend a very extensive line, divided by valleys*, and, from every information, very imperfectly, if at all, intrenched, and which *would probably be forced rapidly.* (2.) As the advance is from the north, our attack will rather be expected on that side, and not on the south:"

and proceeds with additional and cogent reasons for the same course.

This memorandum was drawn up by Sir J. Burgoyne at Lord Raglan's request, and submitted by that officer in person to St Arnaud.

From the singular and almost morbid dislike to discussion upon any subject which Lord Raglan had, and from the care with which he avoided in any official document, and even in his private letters, recording his opinion upon any point, it is extremely difficult to ascertain with certainty the views which he actually held at the different crises of the campaign.

There were two men, however, who were both, alike from their official position and Lord Raglan's appreciation of their characters, in his confidence. The one was Sir Edmund Lyons, second in command of the Black Sea fleet; the other, Sir R. Airey, Quartermaster-General of the army in the field. The latter is alive, and his testimony is that of an eyewitness and a living man. The former is dead, but there exists a memorandum of a conversation held with him, upon the 16th February 1856, by Mr George Loch. This document contains the views of both Lord Raglan and Sir E. Lyons on two of the most important events of the campaign. It was read over and approved by Sir Edmund at the time, and was afterwards seen and corroborated by the Duke of Newcastle upon a point which could scarcely have been known to any one but himself, and was of a peculiar and extraordinary nature.

It is hardly possible to conceive any evidence better authenticated than this; and accordingly, upon it Mr Kinglake has founded in great measure his view of Lord Raglan's opinions on the points of which it treats. Of course, in a conversation such as that recorded eighteen months after the events took place, anything like great accuracy in precise dates was not to be expected, though upon broad facts, such as statements of opinions, its evidence would hold as decisive.

Now in this document it is clearly recorded that Lord Raglan at the time expressed his opinion to Sir E. Lyons that an attack should have been made on the north side of Sebastopol immediately after the battle of the Alma, and that he proposed to St Arnaud "at once to advance on the Belbec, cross that river, and then assault the forts," * but that the French Commander declined, urging, first, that his men were tired, and, subsequently, the strength of an earthwork thrown up by the Russians at the mouth of the river Belbec. Discouraged at this view of St Arnaud's, and fearing for the progress of the expedition, Lord Raglan seems to have gladly accepted, as an alternative plan, that submitted by Sir J. Burgoyne; and he did this the more readily that, as he himself says, he had "always been disposed to consider that Sebastopol should be attacked on the south side."—(Lord Raglan to the Duke of Newcastle, 28th

* Mr Loch's Memorandum.—Kinglake, vol. iii. p. 490.

Sept. 1854. Vol. iii. p. 72.)* Ultimately it would seem to have been arranged that, as soon as the wounded were embarked, the whole army was to advance direct to the Belbec; if, when there, the works in their front were found too formidable, then the flank march to Balaklava and an attack on the south side of the town was to be undertaken. Thus the progress of the invasion in any event was sure.

On the 21st the French embarked their wounded, and were ready to move on the 22d. But the English had far more wounded, and a much greater distance to transport them. They had not finished their task till the evening of the 22d. On the 23d, then, the onward march began. But those days of rest were big with the fate of thousands. With truth has Mr Kinglake said, "The victory of the 20th September gave Sebastopol to the Allies on condition that they would *lay instant hands on the prize.*" While they tended their wounded on the banks of the Alma the golden opportunity slipped away never to return, and the bones of an English army now whiten the plains of the Chersonese.† Had Napoleon halted two days after the 14th October 1806, Jena would have been a common battle!

On the 23d the Allies slept by the stream of the Katcha, with the English light horse in advance on the Upper Belbec. On the morning of the 24th the united host crested the summit of the ridge which lay between them and the Belbec, and looked down with eager gaze on the fair city they had come so far to win.

But instead of moving direct on the river in their front, they obliqued a little to their left, and descended into the smiling vale of the Belbec some way up from its mouth. An earthen battery thrown up in the left front of the Star Fort, which commanded, with three guns, at a range of nearly two miles, the mouth of that stream, caused great dread to fall upon the French, and led to this deflection.

And now the decisive moment had come. A great and instant decision must be made. There was no good harbour on this north-western coast, where a base of operations could be established from whence to undertake regular siege operations. On the morrow the works in the Allied front—the north side of Sebastopol—must be stormed, or the flank march to seek a new base on the southern coast must be undertaken.

Let us now see how it fared in the Russian camp and city. The admirable work of Todleben enables us day by day to follow what was passing within the opposing

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* This passage has frequently been quoted as proving that Lord Raglan never wished to attack the north side; but this inference is untenable. What it proves is, that Lord Raglan originally wished to land on the south coast and attack from thence; and that when circumstances rendered the north side unassailable to him, he willingly reverted to his original military opinion. But, having landed on the western coast and won a great victory there, he was too good a soldier willingly to throw away its two great fruits—viz.: 1. The power of carrying the north side by a short and vigorous attack; and, 2. The power which his position on that side gave him of seizing the great Russian line of communications: for when the Allies descended the Mackenzie Heights, the power of investing Sebastopol—won by the battle of the Alma—passed like a vision from their grasp.

† The blame of this delay must, we think (and here we differ from Mr Kinglake), be *equally shared between the French and the English commanders;* for if St Arnaud refused to move on the 20th and 21st September, it was Lord Raglan who did so on the 22d, when the French wished to advance. True, the French had, and he had not, completed the embarkation of the wounded, but that was no adequate excuse in opposition to the great advantages of an immediate move to the front. Had the light division, which had suffered most, been left to complete this duty, it would have run no risk with the marines in support, and the fleet to retreat to.

lines. With Russian talent, but with German accuracy, he has, from a Muscovite point of view, traced the great story of the defence. On the night of the 20th the retreating army of Mentschikoff slept on the banks of the Katcha, but its commander pushed on to Sebastopol. On the 21st he had intended to take up a flanking position between the Upper Belbec and the Mackenzie Heights, where he might at once have secured the road to Simferopol, his only line of retreat, and threatened the flank of the Allies operating against the north side of Sebastopol. But the report of his Engineer that no position strong enough to be held with hopes of success by a defeated army could there be found, caused this plan to be abandoned. All hope of defending the north side with the army was given up; and on the 21st, the disorganised but not dismayed host fell back to the north side, was ferried over the roadstead, passed through the town, and encamped on the high grounds beyond. On the 22d, in spite of the opposition of Vice-Admiral Korniloff, who wished to sally forth, and, with the whole Russian fleet, assail that of the French and English, it was decided by the Russian Commander finally to abandon any attempt to contend with the Allies on the waters of the Black Sea; to sink five line-of-battle ships and two frigates across the entrance of the roadstead of Sebastopol, so as to block the way to the Allied fleets; and to devote the whole power of the navy, not to the sea, but to the land—not to assail the hostile squadrons, but to defend the threatened town. Early on the morning of the 23d the ships were sunk. The way into the harbour was blocked to the Allies, and the strength of the 18,000 sailors who manned the Black Sea fleet was brought to bear on the land defences of the town. It was a great resolution, and the credit of it belongs to Prince Mentschikoff alone.

Another resolution was at the same time taken by the Prince, of vast moment to the future of the war. He determined to intrust the defence of the town and its dependency of the north side entirely to its ordinary garrison, 8000 strong, together with the 18,500 seamen of the fleet, and 2600 marines—in all, nearly 30,000 armed men; and to march with the whole field-army on the night of the 24th over the valley of the Tchernaya, up the Mackenzie Heights, on to the Simferopol road, where he would recover his communications with the interior of Russia, regain 10,000 men hastening to his aid from the outlying parts of the Crimea, and ultimately secure the large reinforcements on the march from the Danube. From thence he would hang on the flank of the Allies, and prevent them assaulting the north front by the fear of an immediate attack in flank or rear.

He left in command of the north side of Sebastopol, where the attack was expected, Admiral Korniloff, with a force, principally composed of sailors landed from the fleet and the sunken ships, of 11,000 men. Admiral Nachimoff and General Möller commanded respectively the sea and land troops who occupied the southern or unthreatened side. These forces were all in position on the evening of the 24th, when the Allies were bivouacking on the Belbec and Mentschikoff was departing with the field-army.

Thus it fell out that on the 22d—a day on which the Allies, by a vigorous advance, might with ease have appeared before the north side—the Russian army had *in despair abandoned that position* as untenable, *while the sailors*, who were ultimately thrown in for its defence, *had not yet disembarked from the fleet.* So great but so fleeting was the opportunity which fortune

threw down on their path! And so it will ever be in war—swiftness is its great characteristic—the opportunity of to-day never recurs with the morrow.

Let us now see what the engineering defences were, on the 24th September, of that north side, before which 55,000 victorious French and English lay, behind which 11,000 Russian sailors stood, and from which the defeated Russian field-army, 30,000 strong, was hastening away.

The north side of Sebastopol is a triangular peninsula, bounded on the north by the sea, on the south by the roadstead of Sebastopol, and covered on the eastern or land side by the Belbec river. Its interior consists of an elevated plateau, which slopes gradually upwards towards the banks of the Belbec. Beneath its southern and south-western edge, on the margin of the roadstead, lay the sea-forts of Constantine and Michael, and several large barracks and magazines. To prevent their being captured by an attack in rear, the Star Fort, a regular, but weak and dilapidated, octagonal work, had been constructed on the summit of the plateau overhanging them. As this plateau sloped upwards towards the Belbec, it was commanded from the higher ground there, and this was the direction where the Allies now lay over against it. An attempt to defilade it by raising the rampart had failed, from the mass of fresh earth heaped up having broken down by its weight the weak scarp which supported it, and cast it down into the ditch—the defence itself had made a breach for the assailants! All the efforts of Todleben, the gifted engineer intrusted with its care, were directed, by throwing up slight auxiliary works on its flanks, to lap with fire the approaches not raked by the guns of the fort, and especially two ravines which lead up to it from the side of the Belbec. Two batteries were, moreover, cast up to the north-west of the fort, to play upon the sea; and two or three guns from the shoulder of one of these commanded at a distant range the mouth of the river. This work it was which exercised such a force on the imagination of the French. By the morning of the 25th there were altogether twenty-nine guns mounted, the fire of which could be brought to bear from the works on the advancing columns of the assailants. The front exposed to attack was about a mile in length, and the defenders, as we have seen, mustered about 11,000. The right of the position would receive aid from the fire of the Russian ships in the roadstead, which would also cover the retreat of the defenders.

To attack this position the Allies had one immense advantage,—they could assail it at once on two out of its three sides. Whilst the land armies, 55,000 strong, assailed the plateau from the banks of the Belbec, the fleet could throw a pitching fire of shells on to its whole sea-front, and engage directly Fort Constantine and the two new earth-batteries. The trenches which flanked the Star Fort on the Russian left were, moreover, liable to be taken in reverse by the fire of the fleet; and two ravines winding up to the front of the Star Fort from the river gave cover for a considerable distance to the stormers.

Such was the question which the Allies had to decide on the evening of the 24th September, but such was not the aspect in which it appeared to them; for if they did not know that the whole power of the fleet, on the one hand, was directed to aid the land defence, they were equally ignorant, on the other, that the field-army had withdrawn from the struggle. As it was, however, we know that Sir E. Lyons—and there is every reason to believe that Lord Raglan also—was confident in the result of an attack, and eager to attempt it. Todleben, the engineer who directed the defence, has re-

corded his opinion that an attack must have been successful; and Korniloff, the admiral who commanded the defenders, said, on repairing to his post, to Captain Gendre of his staff: "From the north side there is no retreat. All of us who are there will also find our graves. Death does not terrify me. Only one thing makes me uneasy: if wounded, one cannot defend one's self; and to be taken prisoner!" So absolute was his hopelessness that he sent all his staff, except one, to the south side, that they might not share his fate.*

It has been urged with great ability by Sir John Burgoyne, that to incur any serious loss in attacking the north side would have been unjustifiable, because, if won, it would have led to no useful result, inasmuch as its capture would not have caused the fall of the south side, where were all the resources of the place; and that the result proved this,—because after the fall of the south side the Allies held peaceable possession of it, and destroyed the docks, though the north side remained in the possession of the Russians.†

But a careful examination of the facts leads, we think, to an opposite conclusion. 1. The capture of the south side actually necessitated on the part of the Russians the instant sinking of their whole remaining fleet. 2. The south side gently sank down to the water's edge from the line of the outer defences, and thus all the public establishments, which were low down, lay quite exposed to a distant but effectual fire from the north.‡ This is proved by the fact that the Allies after its fall made no attempt to occupy the lower part of the town permanently, but merely held it militarily, as they would have done trenches or any other work under an enemy's fire. They blew up the docks without loss, as they might have run mines from the trenches without loss. The truth is, the Russians had no inducement to waste ammunition in firing heavily upon the tenantless ruins of an abandoned town. 3. After the capture of the north side, the Allies could at once have occupied the Mackenzie Heights and great Russian line of communications, and thus, had the movement taken place before Mentschikoff's flank march, have cut off the army within from all succour from without—if after that event, have secured the isolation and blockade of the garrison; for the Woronzoff road, which leads through an impracticable country along the south coast, in many parts open to the fire of the fleet, is useless as a means of communication. §

The momentous interview which took place between the Allied Commanders on the evening of the 24th, was much influenced by the state of the French Marshal. As Lord Raglan remarked at the time, St Arnaud was dying. His bodily frame, long racked at intervals with the most agonising pains, was worn out,—the hand of death was upon him; and though the keen spirit still wrestled with the last enemy, its vital energy was gone. Under

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* Kinglake, vol. iii. p. 186.

† See Sir John Burgoyne's very able letter of the 4th August 1868, published in the 'Times.'

‡ The writer was frequently under the fire of the Russian artillery when in the south side after the fall of the place, and can speak decisively on this point. Of course it would have been necessary to land the heavy guns from the fleet in order to reach, and search out, the south side and the ships, but *with the mouth of the Katcha now in our power*, this could easily have been done.

§ The writer is well aware that another road leads down from the Aitodar Pass upon Tchorgoun; but having frequently ridden over it, he is decidedly of opinion that it was practically useless as a military line of communication in the presence of a strong force in possession of the Mackenzie ridge.

these circumstances we cannot wonder that the proposal instantly to assault—when the great risk and certain loss of that assault must chiefly have fallen on the French—was negatived by him; and the alternative of making a flank march to secure a sure base of operations on the southern coast, and thence to act against the south side of Sebastopol, adopted. Though Mr Kinglake does not say so, we believe some of the French staff wished this movement to be made by the shorter turn of the Inkermann road, which, descending from the Allied left, crossed the Tchernaya at its mouth, and ascended the plateau where the battle of Inkermann was subsequently fought. But the result of a reconnaissance executed by Lord Cardigan that forenoon, had shown that this road was carefully guarded, and was, moreover, under the fire of the shipping at the head of the roadstead. This proposal was negatived, and Sir John Burgoyne's plan of a flank movement to the Simferopol road, and descent by it down the Mackenzie Heights to the plain of the Tchernaya and Balaklava, adopted and fixed for the morrow.

From the position of the armies it was the English who were to lead and Lord Raglan to arrange the march;—and here it may be well to remark that, in criticising his arrangements, it must be borne in mind that the danger actually came to threaten from exactly the opposite quarter from that which he anticipated. He believed the Russian army to be in Sebastopol, and, consequently, that his right flank was the point of danger. In reality, by the morning of the 25th it had passed across his front, and it was on his left that the thunder-cloud lay. Looking at it from his point of view, the great object was to gain the spot where the Simferopol road crosses the Mackenzie Heights with *the least possible delay. So far his right flank was in no danger*, being protected from any counter-stroke of the Russian army on the plateau above Sebastopol by the deep bed of the Tchernaya and the line of the Mackenzie Heights. This point won, his front also was secure. The fatal strength of that position we had since too much reason to know. From this, the first step in the movement, the next object was to gain, as rapidly as possible, the bridge over the Tchernaya lying at the foot of those heights, and the Fedioukine ridge beyond: this opened the entrance to the plain of Balaklava, and up so far no opportunity was given for a flank attack from a Russian army on the plateau of the Chersonese. *Beyond this the risk seemed great*, for the march on Balaklava must be conducted through the open plain lying beneath the overhanging position where Mentschikoff was likely to be in force, and where Balaklava, in the enemy's hands, lay in front. From this it follows that *speed was the great object to the Mackenzie Heights* and the Traktir Bridge—but *from thence care, and readiness for action* at any moment.

Now it chanced that this supposed position of affairs was *exactly inverted* during the night of the 24th September. Mentschikoff marching from Sebastopol descended the steep sides of the Chersonese, crossed the Tchernaya at Traktir Bridge, and, ascending the Mackenzie Heights by the Simferopol road, passed over them into the valley of the Belbec beyond, where he halted on the forenoon of the 25th. From this position he thus came to threaten, not the right, but the left flank of the Allies; and the point of danger thus really became to them the advance to the Mackenzie Heights, where they thought themselves comparatively secure from serious attack — not that over the Balaklava plain, where they imagined the chief danger lay.

On the morning of the 25th the flank march began. Lord Lucan, with the cavalry division and Law-

rence's battalion of Rifles, was to move straight across the tangled woodland country which lay towards the Simferopol road, and was to endeavour to strike it at Mackenzie's Farm, at the point where it passes over the Mackenzie Heights and begins to descend to the Tchernaya. A narrow lane was believed to lead thither, and the division was to make use of it if possible. It was to halt at Mackenzie's Farm, watching but not occupying the Simferopol road, and reporting whether it was free. Lord Raglan, after making a reconnaissance in person towards the head of the roadstead, intended to follow Lord Lucan. The infantry divisions were to come next, as best they could, through the forest, marching by the compass. Cathcart's division was left behind on the Belbec to embark the sick and keep up the communications with the fleet at the mouth of the Katcha. The French were to move up as soon as the advance of the English left the road clear. Now it chanced that Lord Lucan, getting entangled in a byroad, lost his way and wandered through the brushwood to his right, so that Lord Raglan, falling with his escort into the appointed path when he had completed his reconnaissance, and joining there Maude's troop of horse-artillery, and the field-batteries of two infantry divisions, became, without knowing it, the advanced-guard of his own army; and actually debouched by this forest-path upon the Simferopol road at Mackenzie's Farm at the very moment that the last of the Russian rear-guard were filing by. He was thus for some moments, until Lucan's horsemen were found and brought up, exposed to considerable personal danger. The slight skirmish which ensued between the Greys and some foot-Cossacks was the only blood spilled in this memorable movement. The road down the Mackenzie Heights now lying open, and the movement of a considerable body of Russians in retreat in the direction of Baktchi-Serai being ascertained, the troops descended the heights, advanced to Traktir Bridge, and rested for the night on the banks of the Tchernaya, the light division holding the Fedioukine ridge beyond. The French, following on the track of the English, but delayed by their necessarily late start, slept on the summit of the Mackenzie Heights. Cathcart's division lay alone by the distant stream of the Belbec.

The peril to which the Allies were exposed during this day's march, had Mentschikoff kept his army well in hand on the banks of the Belbec, and himself properly informed (as with his numerous Cossack horsemen there was no excuse for his not doing) as to their movements, is thus admirably put by Mr Kinglake:—

"The orders which the Prince might have issued, after making this discovery" (that of the flank movement of the Allies), "would have enabled him to stay the march of his army towards Baktchi Seräi, to face it about, and to dispose it in such way as he might think fit in the woodland and broken ground lying east of the paths by which the Allies had to cross the mountain. He then would have had at his back the country traversed by the great road to Baktchi Seräi, and opening to him his communications with the interior of Russia; whilst, before him, he would have seen the Allies moving painfully across his front in all the helplessness of an army broken up into a trailing column, with a depth so great as to make it a day's march from the rear to the van, and a front so narrow as to consist of one gun and one horseman—and all this defiling through forest or steep mountain-paths. Some of these roads, too, and especially the mountain-road descending from the Mackenzie Heights to the valley of the Tchernaya, there would have been time to break up or obstruct. To add to his advantages, the Russian army would have had abundant water in its immediate rear, whilst the Allies, after draining the last turbid cupful from Mackenzie's Farm, would have been condemned to bear the torment of thirst, with a liability to have their sufferings aggravated indefinitely by the detention, and the labour which the necessity of having to

combat, or prepare for combat, could not fail to occasion.

"Nor can it be rightly said that any inferiority in point of numbers, or any depression occasioned by late defeat, unfitted Prince Mentschikoff's army for operations against the uncovered flank of a lengthened string of soldiery and waggons pursuing its difficult way through woodland or mountain-roads; for during at least some hours the bare numbers of an army thus caught in the process of journeying, with a day's march between van and rear, would have no more served to repress an enemy assailing its uncovered flank, than the length, the mere length, of a far-stretching thread can avail it against a knife. . . . .

"Such was the occasion which fortune stood proffering to Prince Mentschikoff from the morning of the 25th of September to the forenoon of the following day. But in vain; for on the 25th he had not only suffered himself to remain in sheer ignorance of the movements of an army of between 50,000 and 60,000 men, which had bivouacked at a distance of half an hour's ride from his quarters, but was even so content with his state in this respect that he avowedly postponed to the morrow the business of seeking this precious knowledge."—(Vol. iii. p. 163-65.)

The morning of the 26th saw the Allies in motion. The English moved straight across the plain of the Tchernaya on the harbour of Balaklava, and occupied it after a mere semblance of resistance from a few Greek militia who had taken post in the ruined castle. As Lord Raglan drew up his horse at the head of the narrow inlet, a small vessel bearing the English flag came gliding in between the enfolding hills. The English land and sea forces had once more met—the danger of the flank march was past — a secure base of operations on the south coast was secured. That night the French army, having descended from the Mackenzie Heights, encamped on the Tchernaya.

The same day (26th Sept.) Cathcart, having embarked the sick and sent on all the baggage-trains, broke up from the Belbec, and, passing over the Mackenzie Heights unmolested, descended also to the Tchernaya. Thus the last hold which the Allies retained on this the most important strategical point for the siege of Sebastopol was relaxed, and the greatest fruit of the victory on the Alma resigned. With the Mackenzie Heights was abandoned—1. The power of investing Sebastopol; 2. The power of operating against the Russian line of communications; 3. The power of bringing the Russian field-army to an engagement. The moment the Russian Commander re-occupied the abandoned heights he secured at once his communications with the interior of Russia, and with Sebastopol by the north side, and hemmed the Allies into a corner of the Crimea from which there was no escape by land. Henceforth they were reduced to attack a town which they had no means of investing, and to hazard an assault on it with an enemy's army lying in an unassailable position on their flank.

It would seem absolutely incredible, were it not proved by the most undoubted evidence, that this day, when this all-important position was slipping from the grasp of his opponents, and Cathcart's isolated division was marching across his front, Mentschikoff, with an overwhelming force of admirable light cavalry at his disposal, was positively ignorant of these movements, and was actually, after leaving 13,000 men on the Upper Belbec, engaged in withdrawing the remainder of his army to the Katcha, where he remained awaiting reinforcements until the 28th. Thus both armies at the same time were marching away from the most important strategical position in the Crimea, which for some days remained absolutely unoccupied by either ! ! !

The next day (27th Sept.) was a memorable one for the future operations of the war, for the English and French armies, having abandoned their last hold on the Mackenzie Heights, now changed places in the field, and decided not

to storm Sebastopol without first bombarding it.

When the French, marching up from the Tchernaya, arrived at Balaklava, they found the narrow inlet crowded with English shipping, the small village crammed with English soldiers. It was at once evident that the place could not suffice as a base for both armies.

"The French acted, however," says Mr Kinglake, "with great forbearance; and nothing, indeed, could be fairer than the course which Canrobert took. He justly represented that the French had hitherto had the right side of the Allied line, and that, of necessity (on account of the position of the place) the army which was to be on the right must have Balaklava as the port of supply which would be in its immediate rear; but seeing the English already installed in the port and the town, and inferring that to call upon them to move out and make way for the French, would be likely to create ill blood, he generously and wisely proposed to give Lord Raglan his choice. Either Lord Raglan might continue, as before, to take the left place in the Allied line, with an understanding that, in that case, he would have to give up Balaklava to the French; or else he might keep Balaklava, but, as the consequence of doing so, must take his place on the right of the Allied line. To take the right was to add to the toils of the siege the duty of withstanding any enterprises which might be undertaken by the enemy's field-army; to take the left was to be sheltered from molestation on all sides except that of the town. But, on the other hand, the privilege of occupying Balaklava seemed at the time to be one of great value, because the fitness and the ample advantages of the bays of Kamiesh and Kazatch had not been then recognised."—(Vol. iii. p. 102, 103).

Lord Raglan, acting on the advice of Lord Lyons, chose Balaklava and the right of the Allied line. He made the worst choice, but it was a free one.

The French, now ascending the plateau of the Chersonese by the Col de Balaklava, passed on to the westward towards Kazatch, and took up their new position on the left of the Allied line; and both they and the English began to establish their troops on the summit of the plateau facing the south side of Sebastopol. Cathcart, breaking up from his bivouac on the Tchernaya, did not follow the track of the armies up the Col, but moved straight to the top of the plateau by the Khantor pass. He took up an advanced position on the right of the English opposite the Redan. From this point, as he wrote to Lord Raglan,

"You can see everything in the way of defences, which is not much. They are working at two or three redoubts, but the place is only enclosed by a thing like a low park-wall, not in good repair. I am sure I could walk into it with scarcely the loss of a man, at night, or an hour before daybreak, if all the rest of the force was up between the sea and the hill I am upon. We could leave our packs and run into it even in open day, only risking a few shots while we passed the redoubt. We see the people walking about the streets in great consternation."—(Vol. iii. p. 238, 239.)

The same afternoon the French and English commanders, pushing on a few troops, made their first reconnaissance of Sebastopol. It lies, as all the world now knows, where the northern side of the plateau of the Chersonese sinks down to the southern shore of the deep bay called the roadstead of Sebastopol. Including the Karabel suburb, it formed a semicircle, subtended by the great bay or roadstead, and split into two segments by the deep creek which formed the Man-of-War Harbour. The western segment formed Sebastopol proper, and contained the admiralty and the arsenal; the eastern segment included the docks, large barracks, and the Karabel suburb. The Man-of-War Harbour completely separated these two, so that no one could pass by land between them without going round by the head of the creek. There was, moreover, another ravine, which subdivided the town, and yet another, which cut the suburb in two. The

town was thus built on four ridges, separated by ravines, which ravines grew deeper as they approached the roadstead, and greatly impeded the defence by hindering lateral communication. On the summits of these ridges the main defences of the place were built. To begin with the western segment, where its flank rested on the sea at Artillery Bay: on this side the defence was much aided by a wide and deep ravine running parallel with the boundary of the place. Here the Artillery and Sea Quarantine Forts were,—enclosed works leaning on the sea, and mainly for sea defence. The former was connected along the summit of the ridge overhanging the ravine by a strong loopholed and bastioned wall, with, first, the Land Quarantine Bastion, and next, the Central Bastion, and its adjunct of the Schwartz Redoubt. Here a ravine interposed, and on the ridge separating it from the Man-of-War Harbour stood the Flagstaff Bastion. The line of this segment here terminated on the head of the Man-of-War Harbour. On the eastern segment less had been done. To proceed from the Man-of-War Harbour: on the top of the hill dividing it from the Dockyard ravine stood an earthwork open to the rear called the Redan; on the crest of the ridge beyond was the Malakoff Tower, a plain stone tower, with guns on the top; beyond it, on the other side of the same ridge, was an earthwork called the Little Redan; and finally, thrown back, where the deep ravine of Careening Bay running down into the roadstead formed the flank of this segment, was a battery resting on a substantial stone barrack;—but all these works were entirely isolated from one another. The length of this semicircular front was about four miles. It was generally under the fire of an enemy established on the Chersonese; but each of the ridges, along which attacks could best be pushed, was occupied by a work of some kind, and the ravines between were open to an upward fire from ships placed for that purpose in the roadstead or Man-of-War Harbour. By the position of the Allied forces it would fall to the French to attack the western segment, to the English to deal with the eastern segment.

Such was what appeared to the Allied Commanders when they made their reconnaissance of the place on the afternoon of the 27th. They knew that the army of Prince Mentschikoff had retired on the Belbec, and they were aware that the sinking of the ships was a sign that the power of the fleet in men and material was now consecrated to the defence. Under these circumstances they had to decide whether, having taken the enemy at a disadvantage by transferring the attack to the side of the town where they were not expected, they would endeavour to carry the place by a prompt and determined assault, or whether they would resort to means for first subduing its fire—that is, commence siege operations, thereby giving the enemy time to undertake defensive counter-works.

The view taken of this question by the English and French Engineers, and by the French Commander, is thus admirably explained by Mr Kinglake:—

"The works which cover the place, though not at all strong in themselves, are nevertheless well placed and powerfully armed. The line of these defences is unassailable at both flanks. The ravines descending into the town and the suburb are all of them open to a raking fire, either from the land batteries, or from the broadsides of the ships for that purpose moored in the creeks; and it is along one or more of the intervening ridges that the assailant would have to advance. Of the ridges available for such an attempt there are three; but each of them is powerfully defended—the first by the Flagstaff Bastion, the second by the Redan, and the third by the White Tower" (Malakoff). "Our troops, in approaching either of those three works, would have to move under the fire of the enemy's batteries

for a space of some 2000 yards. They would have to traverse ground quite unknown to them. Any attack upon the enemy's defences must be made from an extended diverging circumference; and besides, our assailing forces would be so split by these deep, intersecting ravines, as to become divided into isolated bodies of men incapable of giving one another any mutual help.

"Including the sailors now acting as a land force, the garrison is probably from 25,000 to 30,000 strong; and, within a day's march of us, Prince Mentschikoff is in the field with an army which might act formidably upon our flank and rear—which might attack us whilst in the act of assaulting the place. To storm an intrenched position thus held by a force 25,000 strong, and to provide at the same time against any enterprise on our flank or rear which Prince Mentschikoff might undertake, we have only some 50,000 men. In case of failing, we should find ourselves in danger of being driven into the sea. If we were to storm at once, we should have to do this with nothing but field-pieces at our command; and our troops would be exposed, for a distance of upwards of a mile, to a galling fire of more than a hundred pieces of artillery, besides the guns of the shipping. Remember that the force engaging in such an attack would be without any retreat in case of a reverse. The place appears to be in such a state, and the garrison so busily, and with so much apparent confidence, engaged in improving it, that, with a fine battering-train on board ship close at hand, we ought not for a moment to contemplate so rash an act as that of storming at once. To do so would be utterly unjustifiable—would indeed be almost a crime."—(Vol. iii. p. 242-44.)

This was the view of the majority; but there were counter-considerations of great weight. 1. When the Allies made their flank march they finally resigned all power of investing the town, and left its communications with the interior of Russia free. By an extraordinary piece of good fortune Prince Mentschikoff has withdrawn his field-army, evidently in search of reinforcements, towards Baktchi-Serai: the place is thus left for the moment without assistance from without, and there is no immediate pressure from the Russian army on our flank or rear. But this hopeful interval cannot be expected to last above eight-and-forty hours at the most, and is quite certain never to recur again. 2. The disadvantages arising to the attacking party from the natural configuration of the ground will not be diminished, but largely increased, by time being given to the defenders to turn them to advantage by all the art of the engineer. 3. The upward fire from the ships' guns will no doubt cause loss to the troops descending the slopes from the defensive works into the place; but the loss from this cause will *not be diminished by delay*. It applies equally to an assault three weeks hence or on the morrow. No guns from distant siege-batteries can drive the shipping away. If this argument holds good at all, it is fatal to our ever assaulting.* But, 4. it is impossible to make omelettes without breaking

* The argument of the fire from the ships has been much insisted on; but it is evident—1. That at whatever time the assault was made it would equally embarrass the assailants. 2. That, even supposing it should prevent the troops descending, during the daylight, into the place, it could not prevent their establishing themselves in the works; for cover against such a fire could always be got, either within the works or behind the exterior slope of their parapets, until a trench could be run across the gorge or along the crest of the hill. Moreover, the supporting troops could be massed in rear of the captured redoubts, where the ground dips towards the Allied position, and where they would be out of reach of any direct fire from the roadstead. Frequent personal examination of the ground after the place fell has convinced the writer of this. 3. The works themselves, with the guns of position they contained, once carried, the place must have fallen, for their situation was decisive. 4. In the absence of the whole regular infantry (except one battalion) with the field-army, there was no force within the place equal to the task of retaking them. Sailors just landed from their ships will be good gunners, but bad infantry in the open. 5. The final result bears decisively on this question. When the Allies assaulted Sebastopol in September 1855, they lost many of the

eggs, and it is equally impossible to take a place not invested otherwise than by storm; sooner or later a storm must come, and will be attended with heavy loss. Is the loss likely to be less if undertaken three weeks hence than now? 5. By that time the two siege-trains of the Allies will be landed and placed in battery, with such additional aid, in men and guns, as can be spared from the fleets. 6. But in the same time the defensive works of the besieged will be strengthened by all the resources, in guns, troops, labourers, and *matériel*, of the Russian fleet, arsenal, dockyard, and field-army. 7. At present the works on the Flagstaff Bastion, Redan, and Malakoff are, though well placed, not in themselves strong or very heavily armed, and, above all, they are *entirely isolated from one another*, and are probably open to the rear. Ere the besiegers' siege-train can be disembarked, dragged up to the front, and put in battery, these defensive works are sure to be armed with the heaviest guns the fleet and arsenal can afford—to be much strengthened, and to *be connected by a continuous chain of field parapets.* 8. By that time the field-army, largely reinforced, must be in a position to operate powerfully, both by aiding the defence and threatening our rear. 9. Under these circumstances, is the *relative gain*—that is, the power of the Allies to storm, or of the Russians to resist—caused by delay, *likely to be on the side of the attack or the defence?* Will the place be probably carried with less loss now or three weeks hence? This is the real question.

Let those who went forth to the assault of Sebastopol upon the 18th June and 8th September give the reply.

But at the time the arguments seemed evenly balanced; and though Lord Raglan was really though not actively in favour of an instant attack, and though Lyons and Cathcart were urgent and importunate to have it made, it was resolved, and the resolution was adhered to, not to attack until the siege-guns had been brought up to subdue the fire of the place.

This resolution was taken on the afternoon of the 27th September, and the work of disembarking the guns began the next day.

There are few points of Mr Kinglake's work which have been more severely questioned than his assertion that Lord Raglan was in favour of an immediate assault on the south side of Sebastopol; and this on the grounds — 1. That Lord Raglan never, either in any public or secret despatch, or private letter, stated that he had wished to attack at once; 2. That Sir John Burgoyne, his chief engineer, has stated, in his letter of the 30th June 1868, that Lord Raglan never consulted him on the subject, and that he believed he never entertained the idea; and, 3. That Marshal Canrobert has stated (in a letter dated 18th July 1868) that Lord Raglan never proposed to him to assault Sebastopol immediately upon the arrival of the Allies before the place.

But, in the face of this negative evidence, we think Mr Kinglake establishes his proposition by *positive* testimony of the most powerful and convincing kind. 1. There were two men who, more than any others, were in Lord Raglan's confidence—these were Sir E. Lyons and Sir Richard Airey; now both of these positively assert that Lord Raglan did desire to do this. Sir E. Lyons is dead, but the memorandum of Mr Loch, authenticated by himself, remains to prove this. Sir R. Airey is alive, and his testimony is equally clear, and to the same point. Besides, 2. Sir John Burgoyne's statement that Lord Raglan never consulted him as to

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works which they at first carried by the attacks of the Russian infantry; they were driven from *none* by the fire of the guns from the ships.

the expediency of an assault, so far from being contradictory of, is in exact accordance with, what Mr Kinglake expresses on the subject; for he says, "Even in eliciting Burgoyne's opinion, he [Lord Raglan] did not, it seems, disclose his own" (vol. iii. p. 264). 3. Of Marshal Canrobert's letter the same holds good; for in place of saying that Lord Raglan had ever made such a proposition directly to him, Mr Kinglake uses these words, "He [Lord Raglan] probably did no more than utter the few syllables which were necessary for inducing the French General to declare his opinion" (vol. iii. p. 264); and he goes on to remark that he avoided "the certain evil of discussion," because "Canrobert and Burgoyne being the two men whom Lord Raglan must needs have desired to see in agreement with him upon this question, it presently appeared that each of them was resting his opinion upon grounds of such a kind as to leave no opening for persuasion" (vol. iii. p. 264, 265). 4. Mr Kinglake has collected various passages from Lord Raglan's correspondence, showing clearly that he fully perceived the advantage at first gained by the Allies in coming unexpectedly before the south side, and how this was subsequently lost by delay. Thus, on the 28th September, he wrote to the Duke of Newcastle, "We have taken the enemy quite aback by a manœuvre for which they were *not by any means prepared;*" but on the 8th October he designates the attempt to subdue the enemy's fire "as an almost hopeless task, considering the number, weight, and metal of the guns they have in position, and the *cover they have been able to give them since* they saw the necessity of strengthening the south side of Sebastopol" (vol. iii. p. 477, 478). 5. In so cautious a correspondent as Lord Raglan, and one who evidently avoided with care any expression of opinion on the subject, it carries much weight that no similar passages tending to a contrary view can be detected.

Whilst the Allies are disembarking their siege-guns and preparing their batteries, let us see how it fared within the place.

To the generality of readers, that portion of Mr Kinglake's work which relates to the defence of Sebastopol, and the attack on it by the Allied fleets, will be the most novel and the most interesting. They are written with all his charm of style, and from singularly minute and valuable materials.

When the Allies were descried from the summit of the Naval Library pouring down from the Mackenzie Heights, their object was clear to those within the town. Prince Mentschikoff had left Admiral Korniloff in command on the north side, where attack threatened; now the danger was transferred to the south, where General Möller and Admiral Nachimoff held divided authority. In face of this instant and unlooked-for peril, Möller and Nachimoff requested Korniloff to assume the chief command. With the self-reliance of a great and disinterested man he instantly accepted the responsibility, and, transferring his 11,000 sailors to the south, proceeded, in company with the engineer Todleben, to face the coming storm.

It is thus Mr Kinglake draws the character of the hero of Sebastopol:—

"From the traces we have of this chief, it can hardly be shown that he was gifted with original genius, still less with a piercing intellect; and the soundness of his judgment in the business of war may well be denied, or, at all events, brought into question; but it is not from the mere tenor of his words, nor even, indeed, altogether from his acts, that the quality of his soul is to be gathered, but rather from the visible effect of its impact upon the souls of other men. . . . By the fire of his spirit there was roused so great an energy on the part of thousands of men as has hardly been known in these times; and he so put his people in heart that not only the depression created by de-

feat, but the sense of being abandoned and left for sacrifice by the evading army, was succeeded by a quick growth of warlike pride, by a wholesome ardour for the fight, by an orderly, joyful activity. . . . The 'enthusiast,' in general, is a man very prone to hopefulness, and the flame he is able to impart to others is that which burns in his own bosom. With Korniloff it was not thus. The hope, the assurance of victory, with which he could inflame other men, he did not at all share himself; for though he was very sure that in the ultimate designs of Providence the triumph of 'Holy Russia' must needs be secure, he believed that bloody disaster must first come; and he seemed to have made up his mind that—for himself, at all events, —there was no issue out of the trouble except an honourable death."—(Vol. iii. p. 173-75.)

Todleben, the other great defender of Sebastopol, had come to the Crimea shortly before on a mission from Prince Gortschakoff to Prince Mentschikoff. His presence there was thus altogether accidental, for he held no official position on the staff of the Crimean army. His character is drawn with singular discrimination by Mr Kinglake:—

"Towards the creation of all this confidence, both his manner and his expression of feature were conducing. For although, as might be expected from his race and his Courland birthplace, he had that northern, that North German conformation of head and countenance which denote a man fitted for violent bodily conflict lasting out to the death, and although he even seemed to be one to whom the very labours of fighting, and of exterminating the weaker breeds of men, must be an easy and delightful exertion of natural strength, he had joyous, kind-looking eyes, almost ready to melt with good-humour, and a bearing and speech so frank and genial, that people were instantly inclined to like, and, very soon after, to trust in him. From his looks and demeanour it could not at all be inferred that he was a man who had devoted his mind to a science; and, for this very reason perhaps, he had the less difficulty in making people yield to his judgment. No one who had so much as seen him could imagine that his power of doing the right thing at the right time had been at all warped by long study of the engineering art. No one who had once conversed with him could doubt that, body and soul, he was a man of action; nothing more, nothing less. A race, corrupted by luxury and the arts of peace, knows instinctively that it must succumb to a nature of this kind. I imagine that few men of great intellect have ever attained so closely as he did to that which the English describe when they speak of a man as being 'practical.'

"It was supposed at one time in Europe that Todleben had made discoveries which altered and expanded the old science of fortification. This is hardly true. It was in applying his science — in applying it to novel and changeful circumstances—that his excellence lay. He had the power of instantly recognising, and at once understanding, all the material conditions upon which from time to time he had to found his resolves. If these conditions were new and startling, he did not the less hasten to accept them. . . . There are few who, in war, can thus steadfastly look upon the present, discarding those things in the past which have only just lost their import. And often the most industrious man is the one least able to exert this power; for when change of circumstance comes, it finds him carrying on with a great momentum in a direction which has ceased to be the right one, and he can hardly at once change his course. It was not so with Colonel de Todleben; for although he had been gifted, as we shall see, with rare energy, his mind was at the same time so nimble that the force with which he had been acting in one direction did not hinder him from acting in another, the moment a change of action was called for by a change of conditions. . . . All that was fanciful, or for any reason unpractical—all that was the least bit too high for him, or the least bit too deep for him—all that lay, though only by a little, beyond the immediate future with which he was dealing—he utterly drove from out of his mind, and his energies, condensed for the time upon some object to which they could be applied with effect, were brought to bear upon it with all their full volume and power. It was certain that he would strive to do the very utmost of what could be compassed by mortals; and nothing more. Under guidance so firm and sure there could be no waste of energy, no waste of bodily labour."—(Vol. iii. p. 180-84.)

We have given this long extract as embodying, in a remarkable

manner, both the merits and the defects of Mr Kinglake's style. No one can help feeling the clearness and power of the picture thus presented of the great Engineer, and the singular beauty of the language in which it is expressed; on the other hand, it is really wonderful the number of words in which this image is conveyed. Though selected with the most infinite care, they show an amount of almost painfully-minute word-painting. Tacitus would have drawn the same character in half-a-dozen lines; Mr Kinglake, with his exquisite finish, finds difficulty in compressing it into as many pages.

But the following sketch is brief as well as graphic:—

"When the Russian field-army undertook its flank march, Colonel de Todleben remained at Sebastopol. Admiral Korniloff and he had come to be as one man. They lived in the same room. What Todleben judged to be right, the Admiral impelled men to do. If Korniloff was the soul of the cause, the great Engineer was its mind. Whilst the sentiment which Korniloff inspired was one so exalted that men might call it holy, the robust sanguine nature of Todleben, and the immense vital forces he had at command, brought joyousness, nay, even brought mirth, to help the toil of the defenders. The enthusiasm kindled by the Admiral might more or less cause men to look for heavenly aid; but the very presence of Todleben was enough to assure them that even in this world there was something at least to hope for, and plainly a great deal to do. The character in which Colonel de Todleben acted, and (till long afterwards) continued to act, was that of a volunteer."—(Vol. iii. p. 184, 185.)

The forces which Korniloff and Todleben had at their disposal wherewith to defend Sebastopol amounted to about 30,000 men, of whom 18,500 were sailors and 2600 marines. In the whole garrison there was but one battalion of the line and one incomplete one of sappers. There were, besides, 5000 labourers in the dockyard, who would be of great use in throwing up earthworks and constructing and arming batteries.* According to the Russian accounts, after deducting the gunners required to man the sea-forts and other batteries and the guard of the north side, not more than 17,000 men were available to act as infantry along the threatened front.

When the Allies appeared before Sebastopol, the line of the defences from Artillery Bay to the Central Bastion might be considered as secure against a *coup de main*, but from that point to Careening Bay it was quite open to attack; the defences there only consisting of new works—the Flagstaff Bastion, Redan, and Malakoff Tower—on the summits of the ridges, wholly unconnected with each other, in themselves weak, with low parapets, which gave little cover to the gunners, mounted with artillery of light calibre, nearly all *en barbette*.

"The problem, as stated by one who toiled at Korniloff's side, was to maintain a line of four miles against powerful armies with only a small body of sailors and militiamen; whilst the way to attempt its solution was by making the defences so formidable as to *induce the enemy to forsake the idea of an immediate assault*, and proceed to a regular siege."

The opinion of the Engineer who defended Sebastopol as to its power to resist an assault at this time is given with no uncertain sound. "Neither," says Todleben, "the

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* This force was distributed nearly as follows:—

One line battalion and part of sapper battalion,	1,200
Reserve battalions,	5,000
Artillerymen attached to the coast batteries,	2,708
Marines,	2,666
Sailors,	18,501
	30,075

—See Kinglake, vol. iii. p. 135 and 195, 196; notes and authorities there quoted.

exaltation of the troops, nor their resolve to fight to the last extremity, *could have saved Sebastopol, if the enemy had attacked it immediately after his passage of the Tchernaya.*" *

But a knowledge of this only stimulated the ardent zeal of the Russian Engineer to fresh exertions. There was always the hope that the Allies would not storm at once; every hour of delay would add to the strength of the defences and the risk of an assault; could a few days only be gained, this risk might increase so much as to induce them to give up the idea, and break ground before the place.

Governed by two great conditions—"stress of time on the one hand, and, on the other, the command that he had of all the ships' guns and munitions, he went on to frame his plan for strengthening the lines of defence, and with that view resolved to choose a position as little extended and as near to the town as the nature of the ground would allow, and to arm its principal points with a formidable artillery; to connect these points one with the other by trenches to be defended by musketry; to establish there separate batteries, each armed with some pieces of cannon, and in this way to concentrate upon all the approaches of the town a powerful front and flank fire of artillery and musketry, endeavouring to sweep with as much fire as possible all the bendings of the broken ground by which the enemy might approach." †—(Vol. iii. p. 205.)

Fired by the devoted heroism of Korniloff, directed by the dire skill of Todleben, the Russian garrison and people—high and low, rich and poor, young and old—strove day and night at the intrenchments. The soldier from his barrack, the sailor from his ship, the convict from his prison, the citizen from his counter, came thronging to the work. The very women from the household, the children from the school, flocked with high will but feeble hands to join in the good task, for the priest had blessed it in the name of God, and Korniloff had enjoined it in that of the Czar. Night and day, by sunlight and by torchlight, the ceaseless toil went on. All the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th they strove earnestly. No storming columns came pouring down from the Allied heights to stop their labour, and by the evening of the 29th, such progress had been made that a continuous intrenched position, extending four miles on the arc of a semicircle, now covered Sebastopol; the Malakoff Tower was wrapped in an envelope of earthen batteries; the salient points of the Central Bastion, Flagstaff Bastion, and Redan, were strengthened. Heavy guns had taken the place of light ones on the principal stations, and on every point where the stormers might come, a concentrated and pitiless fire was in readiness to receive them.

The next day the advanced-guard of Prince Mentschikoff's army reappeared on the north side, and with it the great crisis for the defenders seemed to pass away. But at first Mentschikoff was unwilling to let his field-army join in the defence. He wished to hold it together, and to aid the garrison only by operating against the flank and rear of the besiegers with its unbroken power. It was now raised by reinforcements to over 40,000 men. This resolution of the Prince's reduced Korniloff to despair. He protested in the most earnest language against it. "If that take place," said he, "then farewell to Sebastopol." Mentschikoff, after pausing for a night, gave way. On the 1st October fourteen battalions of the line were ferried over to the south side, and joined the ranks of

* Todleben, vol. i. p. 257.

† It is curious to observe that the principles here enunciated by Todleben were exactly those acted upon by our own engineers in constructing the lines of Torres Vedras.—See Jones's 'War in Spain and Portugal.'

the defenders. Every hour the strength of the works increased. There was hope now in the hearts of the besieged, for the time of their isolation was over. On the 6th October successive reinforcements had raised their strength to 38,000 soldiers and sailors, exclusive of 2600 marines and 2700 gunners attached to the sea-front batteries; in all, to about 43,000 men. The despondency of Korniloff departed: that night he wrote, "Notwithstanding the number of our enemies who have surrounded Sebastopol on the south side of the bay, we have no fear of not repelling them, unless God forsakes us."—(Vol. iii. p. 338.)

Incredible as it may appear, it was not until the 7th October that Mentschikoff reoccupied the Mackenzie Heights, abandoned by the Allies on the 26th September, and thus finally secured the "priceless advantage" of uninterrupted communication alike with Sebastopol and with his own base in the interior, and the power of descending upon that of his adversaries.

The Allies, meanwhile, were busy landing their siege-guns, and dragging them up to the front. The resolution of the 27th September had changed the whole prospects of the war. "Till that time," as Mr Kinglake well says, "they had had to do with a provincial governor, far away from the centre of power, incredulous of the rumours which heralded their coming, surprised by their descent on his coast. Now—for so they had chosen—they were going to be confronted by the *gathering strength of a nation.* Now—and hardly before—they were brought face to face with the Czar."—(Vol. iii. p. 281, 282.)

The position of the Allies on the plateau of the Chersonese, where they were to spend so many dreary months of suffering and of toil, was this. In their front lay Sebastopol, held by the Russians; on the left the sea, ruled by their own fleets; on their right and rear the eastern face of the plateau. This consisted of a high ridge called the Sapounè Heights, rising to an elevation of from 500 to 700 feet above the valley of the Tchernaya and the plain of Balaklava. One end of this ridge descended into the head of the roadstead of Sebastopol, the other broke down into the sea in rear of the deep inlet of Balaklava. The only two points where it was assailable were the north-eastern angle, where it sent several spurs down to the junction of the Tchernaya with the roadstead; and the Col de Balaklava—a dip where the road from that harbour to Sebastopol passes up to the plateau.

The French army, now on the Allied left, basing upon the harbour of Kamiesh, undertook the attack upon Sebastopol proper. One corps, under Forey, was charged with the siege duties; the other, under Bosquet, guarded the edge of the plateau in the rear from the sea to the Woronzoff road—that is, its south-eastern side, overhanging the plain of Balaklava. Along its summit they threw up trenches for musketry. The English army, now on the right, undertook the attack on the Karabel suburb, and was also to guard, along the rear, the summit of the Sapounè ridge from the Woronzoff road to the roadstead, where it looks down on the valley of the Tchernaya. But it had no properly-arranged reserve or covering corps; all its divisions took part in the duties of the siege. As it drew its supplies from the harbour of Balaklava, which lay beyond the south-eastern limit of the plateau, Lord Raglan undertook the guard of that place also. Twelve hundred marines held the Marine heights which cover it to the north. The 93d Regiment and a field-battery kept watch over the gorge leading to it from the plain. The whole English cavalry were quartered in the low ground towards the Tchernaya. An outer line of defence, consisting of a chain of re-

doubts on some heights across the valley, was to be constructed by some 4500 Turks, who served under the orders of the English leader.

The French seem to have experienced no great difficulty in disembarking and bringing up their heavy guns, shot, and siege material. But the English, who had to drag theirs up seven miles from Balaklava, "and then, sitting down as besiegers, to pit themselves against the garrisoned resources of Sebastopol and the vast empire lying behind it," found the task an almost overwhelming one; so utterly unprepared were they for the undertaking, that they had but forty-six light country carts to represent their land-transport, and it was only by pressing every baggage and spare ammunition horse into the service that the work could go on. The sailors, with a boundless energy and zeal, and with much shouting and laughter, dragged up the guns and ammunition contributed by the fleet by their own unaided strength. "The courage of the sailors," says Kinglake, in one of his happiest conceits, "is of the kind that enables him, in the midst of slaughter, to go on cheerfully swearing and steadily serving his gun."

The plan of attack adopted by the Allied engineers was to overwhelm by the fire of their siege-guns the Flagstaff Bastion and the Redan; so that the stormers, establishing themselves in these works, should break through and sever the enemy's line of defences on each side of the Man-of-War Harbour, at the point where nature herself had nearly made the separation complete. As the Central Bastion and the Malakoff Tower, and some intermediate batteries, flanked these two points, it was also necessary to get down their fire as much as possible.

Their design was

"To provide cover for their siege ordnance in positions near enough to the place to allow of a cannonade which should prove effective against the enemy's (chiefly earthwork) defences, and yet so distant that each position might be seized and fastened upon at once (under shelter of darkness) without the necessity of having to creep down to it gradually by dint of pickaxe and spade. After that cannonade, if it should prove as destructive as they expected, the Allies did not mean (as is done in regular siege) to dig their way on to close quarters, and there establish new batteries, but at once to undertake an assault."—(Vol. iii. p. 304.)

With this view the French were to establish their batteries in a single line on the crest of Mount Rodolph, opposite the Central and Flagstaff bastions, and about 1000 yards from them: the English to dispose theirs on two separate ridges—one chain of batteries, or "attack," on the Green Hill, between the Flagstaff Bastion and Redan, and the other on the Woronzoff Height, opposite the Redan, between 1300 and 1400 yards from the defenders' works.

By the second week in October the Allies were ready to break ground, but already the speed with which the counter-works of the Russians had risen up had modified the opinions of our engineers. Sir J. Burgoyne, who had been very confident of success at first, had come to see "insuperable difficulties in carrying on his engineer works within breaching-distance, under the heavy fire which could be brought to bear upon them, and that the English must make up their minds to consider their position as principally one of bombardment, and as contributing to divert the enemy from the attack on the left" (vol. iii. p. 307, 308). It is a remarkable instance of prescience that Sir R. Airey wrote to Lord Hardinge so early as the 3d October—"My own opinion is that we are here for the winter, maintaining only a strong position until we can be reinforced."

On the evening of the 7th October the French pushed forward and

established behind the crest of Mount Rodolph nine battalions of infantry; and the English began to construct, at the great distance of 2800 yards from the works, two batteries for Lancaster guns. But it was on the night of the 9th that the siege-works began in earnest. That night the French broke ground on the summit of Mount Rodolph, and by the morning they had thrown up—unobserved by the Russians—a trench 1100 yards in length. On the following night the English opened their trenches on the Green Hill and the Woronzoff Height.

Great was the joy in Sebastopol when the morning of the 10th October showed the crest of Mount Rodolph scarred by a long bending seam of fresh-turned earth. It marked that the immediate danger had passed away—that the Allies were seeking now to encounter them on the comparatively equal ground of works and counter-works. "If only," says Todleben, "men chance to know what siege warfare is, they can imagine the joyful impression which we must have experienced at the sight of those works. . . . Every one in Sebastopol rejoiced at this happy event. People congratulated each other upon it; for each man saw in it a guarantee of success, and the hope that the town would be saved."—(Vol. iii. p. 340.)

On this and the following day Todleben formed his plan: he prepared, by bringing up all the resources of the place, to overwhelm the besiegers' batteries by a mightier power of ordnance. To oppose the French guns on Mount Rodolph he established five new batteries, and altered and strengthened the armament of the Land Quarantine, Central, and Flagstaff bastions. To meet the works of the English he increased the power of the Redan and Malakoff batteries, and established a flanking fire from a work in rear of the Flagstaff Bastion. Struck, however, with the nearness of the guns on Mount Rodolph, he thought the danger there most pressing, and exerted himself most to bring them under a dominant fire. He did not fear so much the more distant batteries of Burgoyne; but the event showed he was wrong. The heavier metal of the English ordnance, and their position raking the opposing works, more than compensated for the longer range. In the hour of trial they proved the more dangerous opponent. His error in this respect all but lost Sebastopol.

Both parties now toiled on unceasingly. By the evening of the 16th the besiegers had accomplished their task, and 126 guns—53 French and 73 English—stood ready to open fire on the following morning. Todleben also was armed for the strife. So earnestly had he striven, that whereas when the Allies appeared before the south side on the 26th September there were 172 guns, carrying 3000 lb. weight of shot, in position, he was now able to meet the Allied fire with 341 pieces, carrying 8000 lb. weight of shot. Of these 118 were designed to engage the Allied batteries, the remainder were laid to sweep the approaches, and meet the rush of the stormers at close quarters.

But the Allies did not design to attack by land alone. The fleets were to join in the struggle by assailing the sea-front. The Admirals at first were disinclined to this measure, for they were of opinion—1. That the sinking of the ships had rendered any attempt to force the entrance of the roadstead impossible; 2. That their mission being to defend the existence of the land forces by maintaining the dominion of the sea, they could not risk crippling the fleet by closing with the sea-forts; 3. That to engage at long range was to incur the certainty of failure, and the loss of its prestige to the navy. The French General, however, had the Admiral under his orders; and the English Commander addressed a letter in such cogent and pressing terms to Ad-

miral Dundas that he was forced to yield. It was therefore determined that the fleet was to co-operate with the land batteries; and it was finally arranged that the ships were to engage at half-past ten o'clock on the morning of the 17th, keeping in movement, and delivering their fire in succession.*

On the morning of the 17th, however, when the combined fleets were at their anchorage at the mouth of the Katcha, Admiral Hamelin came on board the English Admiral's flag-ship with a new proposal. This was, that instead of the operation being effected by the ships kept in motion whilst engaging the forts, they should be anchored in line in such a position across the mouth of the roadstead as would leave them at a range of from 1600 to 2000 yards from the forts. This plan was utterly repugnant to the ideas of the English, and Dundas at first refused to comply; finally, however, he yielded, on the French Admiral declaring that he must have this line or none,—that if he could not have the English fleet with him, he must act alone.

We agree with Mr Kinglake in thinking that in doing this Dundas erred. When he agreed with the French Admiral as to the *time* and *point* of attack, he had done all which the alliance required. The French had no right to dictate to the English as to the *mode* in which the English fleet was to engage. This was the same as if St Arnaud had insisted, on the morning of the Alma, that the English were to attack in column, because that was the order of battle used by the French. In a combined action, each nation must engage in the way best suited to its national custom and the genius of its chief.

In the breaking grey of morning, on the 17th October 1854, three shells springing from the lines on Mount Rodolph gave the signal for the siege-batteries to open. At once, along the whole line, from the left of Mount Rodolph to the right of the Woronzoff Height, gun after gun belched forth in the Allied trenches. Nor was the answer long of coming. Sebastopol beat to arms; and then, from the Central to the Flagstaff Bastion, thence across to the Redan, and onward to the Malakoff, pealed loud the ceaseless cannonade. No breath of wind was stirring, and the Russian sailors, firing as if at sea, in rapid broadsides, "piled up above and around them huge, steadfast, opaque banks of smoke, which so narrowed the field of every man's sight that he hardly could see the outline of a comrade's figure at a distance of two or three paces." Beneath this sable pall the work of destruction went on. "To be serving the guns; to be swiftly repairing the havoc from time to time wrought in the parapets (and especially in the revetments of the embrasures) by the enemy's round-shot and shell; to be quenching the fires which were constantly seizing upon gabions, fascines, and timber; to be replacing guns; to be tending or removing in litters the men newly wounded; and to be toiling thus, hour by hour, in the midst of a dim pile of smoke, with a mind always equal to an instant encounter with death,—this was alike the duty of the French, of the English, and of the Russians, who worked the power of artillery in the conflicting batteries."—(Vol. iii. p. 356).

For some hours this strife of giants continued without any apparent result on either side, but gradually it became evident that,

* So anxious at this time was the Duke of Newcastle to secure the co-operation of the fleet with the army, and such confidence had he in Lyons and so little in Dundas, that he actually took the extreme step of writing, on the 9th October, to Lord Raglan to say that he would support Lord Raglan and Sir Edmund Lyons, if Sir Edmund, in concert with Lord Raglan, should take upon himself to act independently of his chief.—See Kinglake, vol. iii. p. 324, and the note there; also, p. 492, 493.

on the one hand, the Russian batteries were beginning to acquire a superiority over the French gunners on Mount Rodolph; and, on the other, that the heavy English ordnance was becoming more than a match for the lighter metal of the Muscovites in the Redan. The persistence of the Russian sailors in firing by broadsides, and consequently without careful aim, had somewhat retarded the effects of that superiority of fire with which Todleben had expected to crush the French; but his dispositions were at last telling, when on a sudden "the earth shook; a volume of flame sprang up from the ground; there was a roll of sound, not harsh nor deafening, yet such as to outthunder great guns; and from the spot whence the flame had issued there was reared up on high a black, steadfast volume of smoke. A shell from one of the Russian batteries had blown up a French magazine." —(Vol. iii. p. 371.) About fifty men were killed or wounded by this explosion; the work in which it occurred ceased to fire; the Russians redoubled their discharge against the unextinguished batteries; a second magazine blew up; the French guns replied no longer. By half-past ten o'clock the attack from Mount Rodolph was silenced.

Shortly after this a grievous loss befell the garrison—the brave Admiral who had so nobly conducted the defence was killed. Korniloff, after riding in the early morning, during the severest burst of the bombardment, through the Flagstaff and Central bastions, had a short interview with Prince Mentschikoff, and then ascended to the Redan. Observing that though the seamen and gunners in the batteries were standing well to their pieces, yet the infantry massed in rear were suffering severely, and showing symptoms of discouragement, he ordered them in great part to be withdrawn to more sheltered situations. Passing on through a storm of shot from the Redan to the Malakoff, he found the Tower there silenced and abandoned, but the batteries at its feet in full play. On the seamen cheering him as he entered the work, he said, "When the English batteries are as silent as the French yonder, then, and not till then, we will cheer." He was preparing to pass onwards, when a round-shot struck him and shattered the upper part of his left thigh. He had just power to say, "Defend Sebastopol," when he became senseless. On recovering consciousness he received the last sacrament; and seeing that men feared to pain him by lifting him, he, "by a singular effort, contrived to throw his mangled body upon the litter which awaited him." When placed in the hospital, the extremity of his pain wrung from him more than once a shriek of agony; but during one of the intervals of suffering he placed his hands on the head of his chief of the staff, and said, "Tell everybody how pleasant it is to die when the conscience is quiet." He prayed, "O God! bless Russia and the Emperor—save Sebastopol and the fleet!" When informed of a report (false) that the English guns were silenced, he collected his failing strength and cried "Hurrah!" then fell back insensible, and ceased to breathe. Thus passed away the great Russian hero in the fulness of his glory.

Now, when the French batteries on Mount Rodolph were lying silent, and the English guns on the Green Hill and the Woronzoff Height were thundering on the Redan, the Allied fleets came into action. Though they sailed at half-past ten A.M. from their anchorage at the Katcha, it was one o'clock ere the French fleet, which led the advance, reached its ground. To one who looks into the roadstead of Sebastopol from the sea, the great stone-casemated forts of Alexander and Constantine seem like two couching lions guarding the entrance on either hand. To the right, Alexander mounts 56—to the left, Constantine bears 97 guns. Further to the right than Alexander lies the Qua-

rantine Sea-fort, an open work, armed with 58 cannon. On the left of Constantine, on the summit of a cliff 100 feet high, was the Telegraph Battery of 5 guns; and still further to the left, where the cliff attained an elevation of 130 feet, stood the Wasp Tower, having 8 guns, 5 of them pointing seaward. The French were to attack Fort Alexander and the Quarantine Fort; the English, Fort Constantine and the Telegraph and Wasp batteries.

Constantine was a stone horseshoe fort, having 60 guns in casemates, and 27 in the open battery on the top, looking towards the sea or roadstead. The works on this side were all covered by a shoal, the outer boundary of which was 600 yards from the Wasp Tower, and which ran in a parallel line with the coast till within 800 yards of Fort Constantine, where it bent suddenly outwards, and ran out to a distance of 1200 yards. There was thus one point where ships of the line could come within 800 yards of Constantine, and it so happened that this point was one to the right rear of the fort, upon which very few guns could be brought to bear by the work, but from which it could be obliquely raked.

Taking skilful advantage of this circumstance, Dundas divided his fleet; and while with six ships of the line he followed the French Admiral, he sent an in-shore squadron of four ships of the line and one 50-gun frigate, under Lyons, to close with Fort Constantine along the edge of the shoal. Some of the ships had screw-propellers, but the majority were moved by steamers lashed alongside. By half-past two o'clock the fleets were all in their places at anchor and engaged. They formed a great arc which enclosed the approach to Sebastopol, with a span of about two miles, at a distance of about 2000 yards from the entrance of the roadstead, and of from 1600 to 1800 yards from the nearest of the forts. The right wing of this arc consisted of 13 French and 2 Turkish ships; the left wing, of 6 English vessels. But to the left front of this array, and in echelon with it, within from 600 to 800 yards of the nearest batteries, lay the five ships constituting the English in-shore squadron.

The main body of the Allied fleet engaged for some hours the shore batteries at long ranges, with little result as far as they were concerned, but not without sustaining severe loss itself. "Their position," says Kinglake, "was in some degree hazardous, but thoroughly impotent." The whole interest of the fight centred upon Lyons with his in-shore squadron. Lyons in the Agamemnon (91) there led the way, followed by the Sanspareil (67) and London (90), and soon after by the Albion (90) and Arethusa (50). It was five minutes to two o'clock when the Agamemnon dropped her anchor within 800 yards of Fort Constantine at the bend of the shoal. The three leading ships immediately opened on the fort, and they were aided by the fire of some steam-frigates. From their position they raked the open battery on its summit. An explosion of ammunition soon took place amongst its pieces; the battery itself was brought to ruin, 22 of its guns were silenced, and the gunners sought refuge in the casemates below. Appalled by the disaster, the casemates for ten minutes gave forth no sound, then they recommenced, but fitfully and by starts.* It was now half-past two, but it was already evident that, while the ships had ruined the open-air batteries of the fort, they could yet do almost nothing against the casemates beneath them.

* On going over Fort Constantine immediately after the peace, the writer was informed by an officer of its garrison that the smoke in the casemates during the engagement was so dense that many of the men were carried out insensible.

The Arethusa and the Albion, meanwhile, engaged the cliff defences—the former taking post opposite the Telegraph, the latter against the Wasp; but it was soon proved that in this contest between the cliff batteries and the ships the latter had no chance. The five guns of the Telegraph earthwork exerted the greatest power. The Arethusa was speedily set on fire and had some of her planks started: in an almost sinking condition she had to haul off. The Albion next took fire in three places, and was with difficulty got out by her attendant steamer. The London, exposed to the same plunging shot, to which it could give no effective reply, had to sheer out. Finally, the Sanspareil was obliged from the same cause to alter her position. So that Lyons now lay alone in the Agamemnon exposed to the concentric discharge of the whole three batteries.

In this extremity the stout sailor signalled for aid. The London immediately again stood in, the Sanspareil resumed her old place, and three line-of-battle ships—the Bellerophon, the Queen, and the Rodney—were detached by Dundas from the main squadron to his support. Still the terrible cliff batteries maintained their ascendant. The Bellerophon was quickly on fire and had to be towed out; the Queen, also getting on fire, drew off; and the Rodney, bravely endeavouring to place herself ahead of the Agamemnon, got aground on the shoal under the guns of Constantine. It was now ten minutes past five o'clock. Lyons saw that it was useless to continue the strife: cutting his cables, he steamed out of action, the London and the Sanspareil followed; but the Rodney still lay on the shoal under the enemy's guns. At half-past five the Allied main fleets ceased firing and hauled off. The Rodney, with her attendant steamer, lay alone engaged with the whole Russian power. The gunboat Lynx went in to her aid. After an hour of unceasing exertion the two steamers got her afloat. At half-past six, having been two hours aground, she passed out of fire. Her loss was trifling in the extreme.

The Allied fleets brought 1100 of their guns to bear. The Russians suffered a loss of no more than 138 men killed and wounded. The Telegraph Battery, which wrought such havoc, did not lose a man or a gun. In killed and wounded the French lost 203, the English 317 men—in all, 520.

Mr Kinglake thus admirably summarises the results evolved by the conflict :—

"1. At ranges of from 1600 to 1800 yards, a whole French fleet failed to make any useful impression upon a fort" (the Quarantine) "at the water's edge, though its guns were all ranged in open-air batteries and firing from over the parapet.

"2. An earthen battery mounting only five guns" (the Telegraph), "but placed on the cliff at an elevation of 100 feet, inflicted grievous losses and injury on four powerful English ships of war, and actually disabled two of them, without itself having a gun dismounted, and without losing even one man.

"3. At ranges of from 800 to 1200 yards, and with the aid of steam-frigates throwing shells at a range of 1600 yards, three English ships in ten minutes brought to ruin and cleared of their gunners the whole of the open-air batteries (containing 27 guns) which were on the top of a great stone fort" (Constantine) "at the water's edge.

"4. The whole Allied fleet, operating in one part of it at a range of from 1600 to 1800 yards, and in another part of it at ranges of from 800 to 1200 yards, failed to make any useful impression upon casemated batteries protected by a good stone wall from five to six feet thick.

"5. Under the guns of a great fort by the water's edge, which, although it had lost the use of its topmost pieces of artillery, still had all its casemates entire, and the batteries within them uninjured, a great English ship, at a distance of only 800 yards, lay at anchor and fighting for hours without sustaining any ruinous harm."—(Vol. iii. p. 466, 467.)

"Whilst the fleets plied their thunder in vain, and the still silent guns on Mount Rodolph confessed

the ill plight of the French, there was yet one part of the field where the cause of the Allies seemed to prosper; this was in the English batteries." These works were so placed that, whilst the artillery on the right of the Woronzoff Height played on the Malakoff, and that on the left of the Green Hill on the Flagstaff Bastion and Garden Battery, the heavy guns in the centre—both those on the left of the Woronzoff Height, and those on the right of the Green Hill—crossed their fire with fearful effect on the Redan. Each face of that work was thus at once battered in front and enfiladed, —for there it was that the English Engineer had undertaken to drive a pathway for our assaulting columns by the weight of his guns, to silence the Russian fire by the power of his artillery.

And he was keeping his word. After nine hours of firing his ascendant was decided. The Malakoff Tower was deserted, though the earthworks at its feet maintained their ground with resolution; but the Redan was going down—gun after gun was being reduced to silence—the embrasures were crumbling away beneath the impact of the iron shower. In vain the Russians, with a stubborn courage, replaced the dismounted guns, renewed the slaughtered gun detachments, repaired the falling embrasures. "By about three o'clock in the afternoon, one-third of the pieces which armed the work had been dismounted; and even where guns were yet in battery, the cheeks of the embrasures lay in ruins. The loss in men had been heavy. Twice over the gunners of several pieces had had to be replaced by fresh hands. Of 75 men sent to the Redan from on board one of the ships, as many as 50 were killed or wounded." —(Vol. iii. p. 472.) Against the commanding position, superior numbers, and heavier metal of the English pieces, the Russian gunners still stood firm. But they were overmatched, and toiled and died in vain. A few moments after three o'clock "there occurred a disaster which completed the ruin of the work. A shell blew up the powder-magazine established in the salient. When the smoke lifted, it disclosed a dire spectacle of ruin. . . . At the fore part of the work the parapet had been heaved over into the ditch, and so filled it in. The ground was laden with fragments of platforms, with guns dismounted, with gun-carriages overthrown and shattered. On all sides there were the blackened bodies of men scathed by fire." —(Vol. iii. p. 473.) The cheers of the English were heard above the roar of the artillery, but great silence fell on the Redan. To the ceaseless roar of guns and the loud words of command succeeded at long intervals the discharge of a single cannon. The stillness was broken only by the groans and the entreaties of the wounded. Appalled by the great calamity, the troops who had been massed near the gorge of the work to meet an assault fell back, and glided down for shelter behind the cliff overhanging the Man-of-War Harbour and the Marine Hospital. There remained in the deserted work five gunners, and they strove to work two guns. "Thenceforth," says Todleben, "there disappeared all possibility of replying to the English artillery. The defence in that part of the lines was completely paralysed." The way lay open to the stormers; but minutes passed away, and the red-coated columns of the English came not on through the driving smoke. Then the angel of victory, wearied of casting her favours before the feet of men who would not stoop to gather them, rose slowly up, and winged for a time her flight away.*

* In this day's fight the Russians lost, in killed and wounded, 1112 men; the French, 96; and the English, 144—amongst the forces serving on shore only. The

Todleben and Burgoyne, the Russian and the English Engineers, are both agreed that the Redan now lay at the mercy of the English General; and, from its position, the seizure of the Redan was the fall of Sebastopol—it cut the place in two.* The English Engineer had done his work—why did not the English General lay hands upon the glorious prize?

Mr Kinglake says, because, according to the understanding between the French and the English headquarters, the assault by the one nation on the Redan was not to go on without that of the other on the Flagstaff Bastion. And this, we believe, was the reason; and so Sebastopol did not fall this day. Mr Kinglake considers it the fourth, *but the least*, of the lost occasions since the Allies landed at the Alma.

In this we cannot agree with him. We consider it the fourth, but, in so far as the English were concerned, the *greatest*, of the lost occasions, and the one which reflects most upon Lord Raglan's reputation as a general.

After the Alma, before the north side of Sebastopol—and again, after the passage of the Tchernaya before its south side—Lord Raglan was bound by the Alliance in a way he could not prevent. No movement could then be undertaken by him without the co-operation—and the willing co-operation—of the French army. But now the case was different; the prize lay before him, and the power to seize it hung on his decision alone.

An allied army cannot engage without a perfect accord as to the *time* and *place of action*, and the *object to be aimed at;* but these points once arranged, and the *action itself begun*, then each army, whilst straining at the common goal, must operate in its own manner, and according to the judgment of its own chief. It was thus at the Alma — it should have been thus on the 17th October. Lord Raglan should no more have hesitated to pour his columns on the Redan when it lay unmanned and defenceless before him, than he hesitated to send the Guards and the Highlanders against the Kourgané Hill. The failure of the French on Mount Rodolph had no more to do with the one measure, than their hanging back behind the summit of the cliff upon the Alma had to do with the other. *In action* each general's hands should be untied; and this — not a regular siege, but an attack on fortified lines, where the end pursued was victory by a sudden rush—comes under the category of an action. In war, the opportunities that arise are so fleeting, that he who will not pounce down on them with an eagle's swoop need never expect to win. When Lord Raglan consented to go into action with his hands thus tied, he gave up the fairest chance of success. True, it was a great and a noble error—the error of an utterly unselfish and heroic mind, for he sacrificed himself and his glory to preserve in its integrity the Alliance; but not the less an error, for the Alliance was but a means to an end, and that end was the capture of Sebastopol. All the Alliance could claim he granted when he commenced the contest in unison with Canrobert on the morning of the 17th, with a common and well-defined object in view. But when that object could have been attained and he would not seize it, because the French could not seize it with him, he sacrificed the end to the means—he preserved unshaken the Alliance, but he lost Sebastopol.

(*To be continued.*)

French threw from their batteries 4000 shot and shell; the English, 4700; the Russians, 20,000.—Kinglake, vol. iii. p. 479, 480.

* See Official Journal of the English Engineers, p. 34.

DEAN MILMAN.

One of our most distinguished men of letters has departed from us. It will not be said, even by a panegyrist, that Dean Milman had excited in any one class of readers that vivid enthusiasm which exalts the writer into a leader of men, or which makes of him a hero amongst thinkers, the founder for the time being of some sect of worshippers; but, on the other hand, there was hardly a living man in what is still sometimes called the republic of letters who was the object of a more general esteem, or of a wider, though temperate, admiration. Known in the earlier part of his career as a successful poet, and in the later as a liberal and enlightened historian, we saw in him the thoroughly accomplished writer, the highly-trained and well-balanced intellect. In him the imaginative and reasoning faculties held each their own ground. A cultivated taste (except, perhaps, in some of his very earliest productions) presides over his poetry; and when he exchanges verse for prose there is never any undue or misplaced effort of imagination—nothing of the poet remains except a peculiar refinement and harmony of language.

It was chiefly as a historian, we believe, that this veteran of letters had of late been regarded; and probably he has a better title to be remembered as the author of 'The History of Latin Christianity' than as the author of those splendid sacred dramas which the younger part of the present generation may perhaps have looked upon as things of the past. Yet it cannot be surely said of these that they are defunct. They were not original poems in the higher sense of the word: they did not strike out any new mode of thought, or spread some peculiar sentiment like wildfire through the land: but they have a very distinct style, and marked characteristics of no mean order. They are distinguished by a descriptive power which never quails before the most arduous enterprise. Is it required that all Babylon should rise up before us, the poet does not hesitate a moment, but, with full confidence, builds up his visionary city. He has no fear that the vision will desert him, or that words will fail him to describe it. They are distinguished also by a lyrical power lofty and sustained. The hymn of triumph flows forth with masterly ease. Are the cymbals heard in the street, our poet can at all times match them with the fit accompanying strain. He is sustained by a consciousness of a wealth of diction, imagery, and sentiment which cannot be easily exhausted.

We need not dwell much on this point, for we believe there is, and there always has been, an almost unanimous opinion amongst critics on the poetry of Milman. So far as we can call to mind, the taste, the skill, the culture it displays, the grace of its lyrical movement, the magnificence of its descriptions, have been ungrudgingly admitted. But the critic always stopped short in his praise. There was a great want unsatisfied. Our hearts had not burned within us. There was kindled in us no sentiment which we carried away to be our blessing, or perhaps our plague, for years to come. No deep reflections had been revived: we were the same after we had read his poems as before.

The truly original poet is often a great sinner against the plainest canons of criticism, and as time advances, and his works are calmly compared with those of other poets, his peculiar faults become more and more palpable. Nevertheless, with the greater distinctness of his faults will also emerge, in equal distinctness, that pre-eminent merit by

which he obtained his popularity. Let any one take up now a volume of Wordsworth. Unless he is very fortunate in the volume he has selected, he will be painfully alive to the prosaic tendencies of the poet. He may stumble on some sonnet where the tamest thought is voluminously expressed in, doubtless, irreproachable language. Some one line or epithet in the middle or end of the elaborate composition, is all his reward. The sonnet crawls on with this one jewel in its head. The reader is impatient, and wonders where the charm was that at one time riveted him to the poetry of Wordsworth. Yet as he turns the pages he will hardly fail to come upon some old familiar strain which explains and rekindles the enthusiasm of past days. Those sentiments come back which this poet had first infused into his mind. He understands and appreciates the nature of the boon he has received. Strike out from English literature the poetry of Wordsworth, and you feel that a gap is made—there is a blank spot left in the mind of England.

Instead of a volume of Wordsworth, let us suppose that you take up a volume of Milman's poetry. You will read it, we think, with as much pleasure as you ever read it; you will admire the flowing movement of the verse, the opulence of a learned imagination, the constructive skill, the lyrical harmony. But you have associated no advance of your own mind with any one poem, or any one verse you may encounter. No image of your former self rises before you as you read. You owed it nothing; and if you ask the question here, What would be the loss to England if all such poems were expunged? you could not say that any type of thought or sentiment would be lost—you could only say that some specimens of good workmanship would be destroyed.

There was, however, a certain originality of form, of construction, of measure and movement in the sacred dramas of Mr Milman—so much so, that we find contemporary critics discussing this introduction of the *dramatic poem* as a species of composition to be carefully distinguished from the drama. These sacred dramas were not the first production which brought the youthful poet before the public. While a student at Oxford, and before he had taken orders, he wrote the tragedy of 'Fazio.' It was written for the stage, but was not offered to any theatrical manager. It was simply printed and published. But, without consulting the author, it was subsequently brought upon the stage; at first in a surreptitious manner, at one of the minor theatres, under the title of "The Italian Wife," and afterwards at Covent Garden, where Miss O'Neil performed the part of Bianca. It seems to have met with considerable success.

The venerable Dean of St Paul's, the historian of Latin Christianity, looking back at this production of his college days, must have almost doubted of his personal identity. If he really had the courage, in the later period of his life, to peruse his youthful tragedy, with what a strange mixture of feelings must he have sat in judgment upon it! Perhaps, in spite of that indulgence we are all supposed to have for our literary offspring, he would have been a severer judge than a perfect stranger or quite impartial critic. It is not, we think, entirely without merit of a certain kind. There is skill displayed in the construction of the plot, and the style of the dialogue is anything but dull. The personages, it must be confessed, all deal in what may be called the "stage language" of passion, in what is less courteously described as rant. They talk as no human beings ever talk, by which we do not mean that they talk in verse and metaphor, whereas all of us are content, in our most passionate moods, with plain prose; but the current of ideas is

not like anything which is known in real life. It was not Shakespeare, we think, that the Oxford student had been most sedulously reading when he sat down to compose 'Fazio;' although from Shakespeare a man may obtain examples and influences of all kinds. We suspect that he had come fresh from the study of such dramatists as Massinger and Ford. His parasites, Falsetto and Dandolo, are faint copies of certain caricatures of humanity we remember to have encountered in their plays. And that tendency he has to make the language of passion border on that of insanity, is very marked amongst the second order of Elizabethan dramatists. What we recognise as the conventional stage representation of intense and violent emotion, was doubtless *founded on truth*—had some natural tendency for its basis; it was the extravagant and repeated use of something in itself true to nature, which transformed it into a conventionality. It is a fact, for instance, that a man is slow to believe ill news—at least some men are; others are rendered credulous by fear; but when it becomes a habit in the dramatic personage to say, You lie! to the messenger of disastrous intelligence, we see in it only a trick of the playwright. So a man in certain moods asks whether he is awake or dreaming, and half doubts the reality of the scene or the transactions about him; but when such a passing mood as this is dwelt on and exaggerated, it assumes the air of an improbable fiction. It is felt to be the trick of the writer, and not a curiosity in nature. 'Fazio' is replete with this artificial exaltation of thought. Yet while the hero and heroine are bordering on distraction, they exhibit a subtle power of self-analysis, and link thought to thought with the utmost ingenuity. With all this, however, 'Fazio' is readable—readable even now. There is a spring and vivacity, and a rapidity of march *in the style*, that bears us on. There is the faculty of the *writer* already manifested. And although there is much rant in the expression of passion, the alternation in the passions themselves is justly conceived. Bianca's jealousy, driving her to denounce the very husband she still intensely loves, is terrible, and yet not improbable. There are but few passages one would care to quote, yet there are some touches that may deserve to be remembered. Bianca, in her jealousy of Aldabella, says, speaking of her Fazio :—

> "Now henceforth all our joys,
> Our delicate endearments, all are poisoned.
> . . . . . And if he kiss me,
> He'll pause and think which of the two is sweeter."

Here, too, is a reflection which Bianca makes upon the laws of society, which, from her point of view, is not without its pertinence :—

> "Ay, ay, your laws! most equitable laws!
> Who robs his neighbour of his yellow dust,
> Or his bright sparkling stones, or such gay trash,
> Oh, he must die, die for the public good.
> And if one steal a husband from his wife,
> Do dive into her heart for its best treasure,
> Do rend asunder whom Heaven linked in one—
> Oh, they are meek, and merciful, and milky;
> 'Tis a trick of human frailty. Oh fine laws!
> Rare laws! most equitable laws!"

The next in order of his poems was "Samor, Lord of the Bright City," a long epic in blank verse. Then followed "The Fall of Jerusalem," "The Martyr of Antioch," "Belshazzar," and "Anne Boleyn." On these four his fame rested. They placed him amongst the bright cohort of the poets of his day; not certainly in the first rank, but they gave him an undisputed place amongst those whom the literary historian will be bound to enumerate and criticise as the poets of the age. The three sacred dramas have a common character, and they are too well known to readers

of poetry to need that we should enter into any analysis of them. We will venture on one solitary quotation, to remind such readers of the highly-finished melodious verse with which they abound. It shall be the first strophe of a hymn to Christ: it will suggest to them the remainder:—

"For Thou wast born of woman! Thou didst come,
O Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in Thy dread omnipotent array;
And not by thunders strew'd
Was Thy tempestuous road;
Nor indignation burnt before Thee on Thy way.
But Thee, a soft and naked child
Thy mother undefiled,
In the rude manger, laid to rest
From off her virgin breast."

The fourth on the list, "Anne Boleyn," is, in part, a reversion to the form of the English tragedy. It is not, however, written for representation. It holds a station midway between the dramatic poem and the acting play. With a few omissions, we imagine, it might be made as suitable to the stage as many other historical plays. Whether it would succeed or not is another question, and we certainly would not take upon ourselves to advise the experiment. There are eloquent passages in it, much powerful writing, but there is very little of that dialogue where mind really conflicts with mind—where man is felt to be acting upon man. The admirable passages are in the nature of soliloquies: they might have served for such, though they do not take that form.

The prominent character in the piece is the Jesuit Angelo Caraffa, and nowhere could be found a more terrific description of the Jesuit than is put in the mouth of Angelo himself. It is through his intrigues, through his most cruel and perfidious inventions, that the tragic fate of Anne Boleyn is here brought about. He persuades Smeaton to give false evidence against the Queen, to proclaim himself a criminal, under the delusion that by so doing he will *save the life of the Queen.* He represents to him, that if the King can certainly obtain a divorce, which he would on clear evidence of the guilt of Anne Boleyn, he will be contented with this means of getting her out of his way; otherwise he will destroy her in order to marry Jane Seymour. The enthusiastic youth sacrifices himself to save the Queen, and is, of course, the instrument of her destruction.

Let us hope that such a moral monster as the ideal Jesuit here drawn never existed; and that some approximation to such an ideal is the utmost that humanity can be charged with. The supposition is, that because the Jesuit has a great end in view, means the most vile and detestable are sanctified to him. Because the Jesuit has no personal interest in his crimes—because he is as ready to go to the stake as to destroy others, he believes himself to have an immunity from all guilt. By yielding implicit obedience to his order, he releases himself from all personal responsibility. It is thus that Angelo Caraffa expounds to the proud churchman Gardiner the principles of the new order, of which he is a distinguished member:—

"I've sunk,
For ever, title, rank, wealth—even my being;
And, self-annihilated, deem myself
A limb, a nameless limb, of that vast body
That shall bespread the world, unchecked, untraced—
Like God's own presence, everywhere, yet nowhere—
Th' invisible control by which Rome rules
The universal mind of man. On me
My father's palace-gates no more shall open,
I own no more my proud ancestral name,
I have no property even in these weeds—
These coarse and simple weeds I wear; nor will,
Nor passion, nor affection, nor the love
Of kindred touch the earth-estrangèd heart;
My personal being is absorbed and dead.
. . . . . A noble born
Of Rome's patrician blood, rich, lettered, versed
In the affairs of men—no monkish dreamer
Hearing Heaven's summons in ecstatic vision—

God spoke within this heart, but with the voice
Of stern, deliberate duty, and I rose
Resolved to sail the flood, to tread the fire—
That's naught—to quench all natural compunction,
To know nor right, nor wrong, nor crime, nor virtue,
But as subservient to Rome's cause and Heaven's.
I've schooled my haughty soul to subtlest craft,
I've strung my tender heart to bloodiest havoc,
And stand prepared to wear the martyr's flames
Like nuptial robes,—far worse, to drag to the stake
My friend, the brother of my soul,—if thus I sear the hydra-head of heresy."

With this quotation we will terminate our brief record of the poetry of Mr Milman; we will turn to the other phase of his literary character and say a few words of him as a historian. We must leave to others who had the happiness of knowing him personally to treat of the man himself, and of those social and moral qualities in which we understand him to have been eminent. It is of the author only we can speak, and as an author he came before the world first as poet and afterwards as historian. Perhaps we shall be told that we omit the theologian, the Churchman. Now we have not the least doubt that Dean Milman had formed his own mature conclusions on all the various controversies that disturb the quiet of the Church, but he never wrote specifically as a theologian. So far as we are aware, it is only as a historian of the Jews, or of the Christian Church, that his theology is brought forward; and even then not a word more is said of his own personal convictions than is absolutely necessary. Theological controversy appears never to have been attractive to him. He was prepared to write the history of such controversies; he had no disposition to descend into the arena and become a controversialist himself. He was a good Churchman, as that phrase was understood some quarter of a century ago, when it was possible to have an affectionate respect for the Church as a whole, and it was not thought necessary to enrol one's self as a declared partisan of some section of it. There was then a type of Churchman (and indeed there still is, and we trust that it is a type which will never become extinct), not clamorous, yet very sincere in their faith, and, above all things, solicitous to extend those sentiments of love and piety which constitute the essence of Christianity. They regarded the Church as a truly sacred institution, because it had this sacred object, this exalted purpose, to inculcate and sustain the love of God and the love of man. They knew that these great sentiments might be—and, as things are, could not help being—united with very different schemes of Christian doctrine. But these differences were subordinate in their minds to those great sentiments recognised by all intelligent Christians as the very *fruit* for which any tree of doctrine had to be planted. They had no vain hope of subduing all such differences of scheme or system, but they trusted (perhaps in too sanguine a temper) that, in a cultivated clergy, what all acknowledged to be the essence of Christianity would constitute a bond of union strong enough to counteract the tendency to division which dogmatic differences must create. To this type of Churchmen, we apprehend, Dean Milman belonged. It was as the result merely of his historical works that his name became conspicuous for a time in the theological controversies of the day. The history first of the Jews and afterwards of the Christian Church became the favourite subject of his study; it was a subject in perfect harmony with the sacred profession he had adopted; and as a member of that profession he had gravely to decide how, and according to what principles, a history of the Hebrews should be written, the documents for whose

history were invested with a peculiar character as the revealed Word of God. At this point, and this point only, so far as the reading public are concerned, did Milman step forward as a theologian. He did not write his history to support any theological views. Occupied in the search of historic truth, he came unavoidably upon a question of theology. It would be idle, therefore, to make a distinction between Milman the historian and Milman the theologian, because in estimating him as a historian we have to deal with the only point at which he reveals his own theology.

The three historical works of Dean Milman, 'The History of the Jews,' 'The History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire,' and 'The History of Latin Christianity, including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicolas V.'—form together a connected series, in which the reader will find a full and impartial history of that religion which became, and still is, the centre of European civilisation. We are introduced to that peculiar people amongst whom it arose, we see it caught up by the Greeks and elaborated into a system of philosophy, we see it fashioned by the Romans into an instrument of universal government. Mr Milman, as a historian, is distinguished by his moderation, by a clear good sense, which refuses alike the prejudices of party and the fascination of novel theories. Pre-eminently judicious, a man of compromise, not given to follow out any line of thought to hazardous results, and withal lively and often eloquent in his narrative, it would perhaps be difficult to point out any writer on ecclesiastical history who would be a safer guide or a more agreeable instructor.

We shall take a rapid glance at each of these three histories in the order in which they naturally place themselves; and, however rapid our survey, we cannot fail to indicate the manner in which they treat, in succession, of the great epochs in our religious history.

The History of the Jews.—When we just now characterised Mr Milman as pre-eminently moderate and resisting the temptation to theorise, our readers, perhaps, remembering the excitement which the first appearance of this work produced, will mentally have excepted *this* at least from the praise of peculiar moderation. But although Mr Milman has with one party the credit, with another the discredit, of having been the first to introduce amongst us that critical spirit for which the Germans are so distinguished, yet any one who now peruses 'The History of the Jews,' and reads the introduction to the last edition of it, written so late as 1863, can hardly fail to be struck with the *caution* of the author. The work was received by a large portion of the religious world with something more than murmurs of dissent, because the position in which they found themselves was somewhat novel—because, in fact, they had never been accustomed to read the Hebrew Scriptures with what has been lately called an "historical conscience." They regarded those Scriptures as the depositories of religious truth, and therefore, very naturally, but mistakingly, invested every portion of them with an equal sacredness; looking on them as equally authoritative when dealing with ordinary facts of mundane history, or even of physical science, as when declaring the creative power and moral government of God. And when suddenly called upon to determine questions of *historical truth*, they were unprepared for the necessary examination of these Scriptures, and the unavoidable distinction which had to be drawn between their authority as teachers of religious doctrine and their authority as ordin-

ary historical documents. But the last thirty years have advanced the education of most of us, and it is now pretty generally understood that if the history of the Jews is to be written at all, the documents on which it is founded must submit to historical criticism. If of two conflicting passages in the Hebrew Scriptures one must be chosen and the other set aside; if an approximation to a consistent narrative cannot possibly be obtained while every portion of those writings is pronounced to be infallible; it follows that either the attempt must be for ever relinquished to form any conception of the early history of the Jews, or that a certain liberty of critical examination must be permitted.

After an interval of thirty years, Mr Milman was requested to prepare a new edition of his work. To this revised and extended edition he added a preface, in which he discusses the principles which ought to govern a Christian writer in dealing, as an historian, with the Hebrew Scriptures. To treat the history of the Jews as a sort of forbidden ground, not to be inquisitively scanned, would be idle. They were a people of like passions with ourselves, and must have had a history in great part like the history of other people. They had their revolutions, their wars, their social habits springing from ordinary causes, as soil, climate, and relation to neighbouring nations. Historical investigation must enter here as elsewhere, and if the Christian were to refuse to partake of it, he would only throw the work entirely into the hands of the non-Christian.

"Such investigations, then," continues Mr Milman, "being inevitable, and, as I believe, not only inevitable, but the only safe way of attaining to the highest religious truth, what is the right, what is the duty, of a Christian historian of the Jews in such investigations? The views adopted by the author in early days he still conscientiously maintains. These views, more free it was then thought, and bolder than common (he dares to say not irreverent), have been his safeguard during a long and not unreflective life against the difficulties arising out of the philosophical and historical researches of our times; and from such views many, very many, of the best and wisest men whom it has been his blessing to know with greater or less intimacy, have felt relief from pressing doubts, and found that peace which is attainable only through perfect freedom of mind. . . .

"The revelation of moral and religious truth is doubtless the ultimate, I should say the sole, end of the Bible; nor is it difficult, according to ordinary common sense, and to the moral instinct or judgment vouchsafed to man, to separate and set apart moral and religious truth from all other human knowledge. For the communication of such truth, lawgivers, prophets, apostles were gifted. This was their special mission and duty. This, as far as His character of teacher, was that of the Saviour Himself. Lawgivers, prophets, apostles, were, in all other respects, men of like passions (take the word in its vulgar sense) with their fellow-men; they were men of their age and country who, as they spoke the language so they thought the thoughts of their nation and their time, clothed those thoughts in the imagery, and illustrated them from the circumstances, of their daily life. They had no special knowledge on any subject but moral and religious truth to distinguish them from other men—were as fallible as others in all questions of science, and even of history, extraneous to their religious teaching. If this had not been the case, how utterly unintelligible would their addresses have been to their fellow-men! Conceive a prophet or psalmist or apostle endowed with premature knowledge, and talking of the earth and the planetary system according to the Newtonian laws, not 'of the sun going forth as a bridegroom to run his course.' Conceive St Stephen or St Paul stopping in the midst of one of his impassioned harangues and setting right the popular notion about the delivery of the law, or the time of the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt. They spoke what was the common belief of the time according to the common notion of things and the prevalent and current views of the world around them, just as they spoke the Aramaic dialect."

We think that there are not many intelligent Christians who would refuse to subscribe to the distinc-

tions laid down in this passage between moral and religious and all other truths. We have still occasionally the wearisome spectacle of some over-zealous champion who insists upon finding in the first chapter of Genesis the modern science of geology. But the great majority of Christians will echo the sentiment of Mr Milman :—

"I cannot conceive, notwithstanding the Scriptural geologists, that the account of the creation in Genesis was a dark prophetic enigma, of which no living man could comprehend the true sense for more than three thousand years, and which was only to be disclosed by the discoveries of our day. I am content with the great central truth, the assertion in its words, unapproachable in their sublimity, of the one omnific Creator—of that Creator's perpetual presence and universal providence."

So neither are we to expect to find in the Hebrew annals all that the ethnologist or the philologist may discover of the early history of mankind, nor are we to suppose that those annals are to be read without any discrimination, even where they concern the history of the Hebrew nation.

When the reader passes from this preface to the history itself, his surprise will perhaps be that the liberty of investigation, so ably vindicated, has been so cautiously made use of. A great portion is but an uncritical paraphrase of the Old Testament. It is probable that, if the author had re-written the whole work, it might have worn a different aspect. It would still, however, we may be sure, have borne that impress of sobriety and moderation which characterise all his histories. For Mr Milman shows constantly a wise distrust of conjectural criticism or conjectural history.

We have quoted the sound and rational defence which Mr Milman makes for such boldness as he manifested in the treatment of his subject, but that part of his preface which, at the present moment, is most valuable, is the protest he makes against—not precisely the sceptical spirit, but against—the spirit of excessive confidence which some critical historians have displayed.

"I must acknowledge," he says, "as regards the modern German schools of criticism, profane as well as sacred, that my difficulty is more often with their dogmatism than with their daring criticism. If they destroy dominant theories, they rarely do not endeavour to compensate for this by constructing theories of their own—I must say, in general, on the most arbitrary conjecture—and assert their theories with as much certitude, and even intolerance, contemptuous intolerance, as the most orthodox and conservative writers. This dogmatism appears to me to be the inherent fault of the 'Geschichte des Volkes Israel.' It is a book which no one can read without instruction, few without admiration of the singular acuteness in bringing remote and scattered incidents to bear on some single point, the indefatigable industry, the universal erudition, the general reverent, I would willingly write religious, tone throughout; and this notwithstanding the contemptuous arrogance with which Ewald insulates himself from all his learned brethren, and assumes an autocracy not in his own sphere alone, but in the whole world of religion, letters, and politics. But Ewald seems to have attempted (he has no doubt of his own success) an utter impossibility. That the Hebrew records, especially the Books of Moses, may have been compiled from various documents, and, it may be, at an uncertain time, all this is assuredly a legitimate subject of inquiry. There may be some certain discernible marks and signs of difference in age and authorship. But that any critical microscope in the nineteenth century can be so exquisite and so powerful as to dissect the whole with perfect nicety, to decompose it, and assign each separate paragraph to its special origin in three, four, five, or more independent documents, each of which has contributed its part,—this seems to me a task which no mastery of the Hebrew language with all its kindred tongues, no discernment, however fine and discriminating, can achieve."

We have been lately perusing that portion of Ewald's history which has been brought before the English public in the admirable translation of Mr Martineau; we read it with great interest, and will venture to express a hope that the rest of the work, or the other German works of a kindred nature,

may have the advantage of the same translation or editorship; but we found ourselves quite staggered by the demand made upon our docility and submissiveness, and are happy in having the opportunity of expressing, in words far more authoritative than our own, the impression which its curious dogmatism made upon us. We look with profound respect, with a feeling akin to awe, on the vast erudition of such a man as Ewald; *some* knowledge such a man must evoke from the past; only we desire to keep our self-possession, and to read with a suspended judgment. We prefer to seize upon a few leading events on which there can be no rational doubt, and where we must be content with conjecture we would maintain *the mental attitude of conjecture.*

Where it is possible to take two different views of any Biblical authority, Mr Milman leans, as might fairly be anticipated, to that which is most in accordance with the traditions of the Christian Church. The age and authorship of the Pentateuch is a subject of interminable discussion. Some critics assign the books which compose the Pentateuch to different epochs; some assign them, in the form we have them, to the reign of Hezekiah or Josiah, or to even a later epoch, admitting, however, that the author who gave them their present form worked upon materials of an older date; while other critics adopt the traditional belief which assigned them to Moses, admitting, however, that there have been many interpolations and modifications of a subsequent period. The last is the view which Mr Milman prefers. So far as the historical value of the Pentateuch is concerned, this must depend on the *proportion* of older and later which the critic admits. He who believes that the Pentateuch was written by Moses, but that it has received extensive additions and modifications, and he who has concluded that it was composed in its present form at a much later date, but that it includes materials which descended from the time of Moses, have arrived substantially at the same result. All will depend on the proportions each assigns to the earlier epoch.

Mr Milman does not hesitate to pronounce for the delivery of the Law from Mount Sinai in the desert. He answers objections by showing that objections of equal weight apply to any other theory. That "the laws of a settled and civilised community should be enacted by a wandering and homeless horde" may seem improbable;

"Yet," he continues, "at this time, judging solely from its internal evidence, the Law must have been enacted. Who but Moses ever possessed such authority as to enforce submission to statutes so severe and uncompromising? Yet, as Moses incontestably died before the conquest of Canaan, his legislation must have taken place in the desert. To what other period can the Hebrew constitution be assigned? To that of the judges? a time of anarchy, warfare, and servitude! To that of the kings? when the republic had undergone a total change! To any time after Jerusalem became the metropolis? when the holy city, the pride and glory of the nation, is not even alluded to in the whole law! After the building of the Temple? when it is equally silent as to any settled or durable edifice! After the separation of the kingdoms? when the close bond of brotherhood had given place to implacable hostility! Under Hilkiah? under Ezra? when a great number of the statutes had become a dead letter!"

Thus he encounters difficulty with equal difficulties. There is one hypothesis which he does not in this summary allude to, but which doubtless he would find sufficient reasons for dismissing—that those who composed the Law, in some of the subsequent periods he mentions, designing to obtain for it the authority of Moses, studiously avoided allusions that would betray a flagrant anachronism to their contemporaries. There is one great subject on which Mr Milman could hardly hope to give satisfaction to any party—his treatment

of the miraculous. He would not, of course, satisfy the so-called philosophical party, because, in many instances, he retains the miracle as the essence and substance of the narrative; and of his Christian readers he would be sure to offend some whenever he offered a natural explanation of what is described in the language of miracle, or in any other way removed the supernatural from his path. It is a matter of peculiar difficulty to the historian.

For it must be borne in mind that on this great question of the supernatural it is not only that he has to encounter the objection of the man of science, who adopts as an axiom or first principle the permanency of what, for want of a better name, we call the laws of nature. Let it be supposed that he has come triumphant out of this purely philosophical discussion, and that a belief in the miracle (as an abstract or general proposition) is fully justified, there still emerges a new difficulty. Because miracles were really wrought amongst the Hebrews, does it follow that this people were in a supernatural manner guarded from that play of passion and imagination which over all the earth has produced so many legendary miracles? Did wonder and fear and joy never transport them, as it has transported all other people, into the region of imaginary beliefs? If they were thus guaranteed from the usual effects of passion acting upon simple-minded men, a standing miracle was performed as wonderful as any that are recorded, and of which, nevertheless, we have no intimation. If, on the contrary, there was no such guarantee, then along with the real miracle there must have been room for the growth of the imaginary miracle. The task is thrown upon the historian to discriminate between them. Is it a task he can possibly accomplish?

To take the first instance that occurs to us: when Mr Milman describes the siege of Jericho, he relates, as with simple faith, the miraculous fall of the walls of the city. He even, to heighten the effect of the narrative, transports us in imagination within the city itself; we see the inexplicable procession parading round the walls, and, for all warlike assault, a solemn blowing of trumpets. On the last day of this strange ceremony the walls suddenly crumble to the earth, and the enemy is master of the city. So Joshua wins Jericho. But in a subsequent battle, when the same Joshua commands the sun to stand still in the heavens that he may complete his conquest and exterminate the foe, our historian has not the courage to proceed; he grows timid and scrupulous. Why is this? Is it because the miracle is *greater*—that is, a still more violent departure from the ordinary course of events? But this, surely, is not logical. Can there, in fact, be any *degree* in the miraculous? "I have no scruple," he says of this miracle in the note, "in avowing my opinion that it is pure poetry. It is given as a quotation from the Book of Jasher." But if a poem had been written on such an event, would this convert it into a fiction? And might not the siege of Jericho have been a poem also? We have no wish to aggravate the inherent difficulties of the matter—it is sufficient to point them out. Perhaps if we analyse our own thoughts we shall find a secret tendency to adopt the not very logical course of admitting, under the name of miracle, what can still *be conceived* as a natural event, while we reject the miraculous event which is pre-eminently and indisputably miraculous because it *is* entirely out of the known order of things. The old walls of a city suddenly burdened with fresh engines of defence, and crowded with the inhabitants, *might* fall, or a sufficient part of them *might* fall, just as the Hebrews rushed forward to assail them. But a sudden pause in the rotation of the earth—this

we find a difficulty in conceiving. We admit the one miracle and reject the other—that is, we admit the first, and are willing to *call* it a miracle; while, by an under-current of thought, we are contriving a possible standing-ground for it amongst the natural events of the world. We do not say that such under-current of thought was in the mind of Mr Milman, but we have detected something like it both in ourselves and others.

The question of *numbers*—what we should call in modern phrase the statistics of the Hebrew records—is not one which need occasion much perplexity or distress to the Christian historian. The early writers of most nations deal very vaguely with numbers, and the Hebrews are no exception to this rule. Added to which, "the manner in which the numbers are denoted in the present copies of the sacred books is remarkably liable to error and misapprehension." Plainly, the most scrupulous need not feel themselves bound to accept the numbers as we read them in our version. These numbers present to us a host which must have overwhelmed the land of Canaan—a resistless host, for it could have *lived* on no other condition than that of spreading over and devastating the land. "The whole number of fighting men was 603,550." But the narrative of the campaign in the Book of Joshua is quite inconsistent with the supposition of so great a multitude. There can be no hesitation in admitting that these numbers are, from some cause or other, erroneous.

Where Mr Milman laid himself most open to animadversion was, in the few instances in which, while rejecting the miracle, he *sought history underneath it.* His explanation of the passage of the Red Sea and the miraculous supply of manna in the desert, have been great stumbling-blocks with his Christian readers. We think, on the lower ground of historical criticism, he was in error in these instances. We do not pretend to lay down any rule applicable to all cases where the historian refuses to accept the supernatural part of the narrative and yet does not reject the narrative altogether. Each case must be left to the sagacity and prudence of the historian. In some cases the substratum of real fact may be easily separated from the miraculous interpretation which a pious narrator has given to it. To adopt an illustration of Mr Milman's: if a contemporary writer had attributed the fate of the Spanish Armada to a tempest sent directly by God, this would, to no perceptible degree, have vitiated the narrative, or detracted from the authority of the narrator. But when the historian has to ask himself, What is the historical fact which gave rise, or might have given rise, to this which, as it stands before me, I call a legend? then he has plainly entered into the region of conjecture, and must advance at his own peril. It is quite true that even a poetic legend must have been suggested by a fact of some kind. But that fact may not be the historical fact we imagine; it may not even be a historical fact at all, but one belonging to the order of nature. Thus, in this unfortunate instance of the manna, if you will not in simplicity accept the miracle, and understand that the Israelites were, for a certain time, supported in the desert by a food supernaturally sent them, which is here called *manna*, from a resemblance to a natural product bearing this name—if you will venture to see in it a poetic legend, and then ask yourself what is the historical fact which is described in this poetic manner—you are merely involving yourself in unsatisfactory conjectures. Is this which we call manna a substance of that nature that, even if it had been gathered in unusual quantities, the Israelites could have been supported on it? Say it may be eaten in small quantities; then this eating it in small

quantities, combined with other food, may be the historical fact you are in search of; nay, if we imagine the legend composed at some distance of time and place, the simple natural fact that such a substance was occasionally to be found in the desert, would be sufficient to direct a poet's imagination. The imagination grows out of some *kind* of knowledge, but it may very well dispense with what we call an historical basis. So in the miraculous passage of the Red Sea. If you will not accept the narrative as it stands—if you venture to regard it as a legend, composed, perhaps, long after the Israelites had been settled in the land of Canaan—then what historical fact can you draw from it? A certain wind occasionally drives back the sea, it is said, at a certain narrow part of the channel, and it is inferred that the Israelites passed over while such a wind was blowing; but if it is really a legend, this natural fact that a strong wind does occasionally drive back the sea might have been sufficient to suggest it. There may have been no passage at all of the Red Sea. That there was such a passage is the inference which most of us would draw, but it would still only be an inference, to be confirmed or rebutted by other facts.

As to the main current of events, the leading facts of the history of the Hebrews, we shall find ourselves in safe guidance under Mr Milman. There is no subtle theorising about their early religion. He repels with some indignation the attempt to confound it with the worship of Moloch, or any such barbarous faith. Tribes, of what we should popularly call Arabian origin, had obtained a settlement in the Egyptian empire. They had a monotheistic faith accompanied with a sacrificial worship distasteful to the Egyptians; they were reduced to a state of bondage, and made to labour on the public works; they rebelled, and under their great leader, who was also their great prophet, they broke from the Egyptian rule and sought for themselves a settlement in the land of Canaan; they not only acquired a settlement, but were in their turn conquerors of a foreign people, and, as it has happened before now, the simplicity of their faith was corrupted by those whom they had conquered. Moreover, a mixed population brought with it a struggle of creeds, and the national *establishment* might change without obliging us to suppose that many individual Hebrews deserted their monotheistic faith. Solomon and his successors reigned over a mixed population. Then came disaster, and the Hebrews were swept into captivity. But this disaster operated most beneficially on them as a religious people. When they returned from the captivity to rebuild Jerusalem, they returned a united people—the return itself was a religious movement. They returned also, it is supposed, with some knowledge, or some ideas, gathered from their sojourn with the Persians. Henceforth we have a people devoted to the worship of the one unseen and omnipotent God, the creator of the world, who had, moreover, given to them a law by which they were to live. This law was their morality, their government, their jurisprudence, dictating their conduct both to man and God. If in the changing current of events a supplement was needed to the law, they found it in the Prophets. Such was the people amongst whom Christianity was to arise.

Mr Milman's next historical work takes up the wondrous tale where the first had broken off. 'The History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire,' goes over a period of human history assuredly the most momentous that could be named. We are not aware that it throws over any part of this period a new light, or gives any new version of the events that

are crowded into it. But wherever we have opened the book, we have found the same clear judicious statement, and an invariable candour and moderation. The early chapters contain a succinct account of the state of religious sentiment and belief in those countries of Europe and Asia which were called upon to assist in, or to receive, the new development of religious faith. And here we notice an instance of the caution combined with liberality which we have signalised as the distinctive character of our author. His feet are always arrested just at that point where the inclined plane threatens to lead to some position on which a Christian could hardly stand. Thus far and no farther! And just when some are trembling for his orthodoxy, and others are impatient at his timidity, he makes good his footing and stands firm. That he has a *right* to stand firm where he does, will of course be disputed, both by those who think he has advanced too far, and those who insist that he ought to advance still farther. That is inevitable; but still he stands, and as firmly, perhaps, as most people.

We are first introduced by the historian into the progress which had been silently going on in the Hebrew mind; and the main step in this progress was one for which the Hebrew was assuredly not indebted to any other nation. His own prophets are working out his freedom from the trammels of a ceremonial law. Not sacrifice, but the offering of a pure heart—that is the true worship of God. "And now, O man, what does the Lord God require of thee but to do justice, and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God." While the Pharisees were building tradition upon tradition, there were those of a higher mode of thinking who, like St Paul, were waiting only for a fuller authority to throw aside altogether this outer garment of righteousness. They thirsted for this — that God should take possession of their very souls, and make *them* clean and pure for ever.

The doctrine of immortality had grown up and taken a permanent place in the Hebrew mind. Mr Milman observes, and we think with perfect accuracy, that there was no period of Jewish history in which some vague belief in the continuous existence of the human spirit may not be traced. Some vague belief of this kind is indeed found amongst all people who have any speculative belief whatever, and who are not so engrossed with the care of preserving subsistence that they have no scope even for the play of imagination. But the belief in immortality is not the first religious faith which so takes possession of the human mind as to be a steadfast motive of conduct: an earlier faith, that the gods reward and punish in this life, is that which first steps in to govern and control, and secure obedience to the law. For it is far more easy to make laws than to get them obeyed; and if the same human mind which is so swayed by gusts of passion had not also produced this great governing faith to overawe the passions, the first attempts at civilised society might have failed — the social combinations made in one age might have been destroyed in the next. It was no peculiarity in the Hebrew that he should have first of all believed in temporal rewards and punishments: his peculiarity was the strength of this faith. The doctrine of immortality more slowly crept in; but after the return from captivity it became the profession of the most religious and zealous part of the community. It took the form of a belief in the resurrection of the dead. Another *life* brought with it the conception of another body.

There was one article of religious faith, however, which was peculiar to the Jews. In other nations, amongst a few poetic minds, a like belief may be traced; but there was no other *people* amongst whom

there existed the vivid expectation of a Messiah. It is here that our historian lays his finger—here he sees the *proximate* cause of that great event which was to ensue—the birth of the new religion. At the epoch of the teaching of Christ "the confidence in the immediate coming of the Messiah was working with vague and mysterious agitation in the hearts of all orders." The very vagueness of the faith permitted it to adopt new phases, and to be shared by all descriptions of men. The prophecies attributed to Daniel seem to have given to it the form nearest to that adopted by the early Christians.

"No question," continues Mr Milman, "is more difficult than to ascertain the origin, the extent, the character of this belief, as it prevailed at the time of our Saviour's coming—how far it had spread amongst surrounding nations—or how far, on the other hand, the original Jewish creed, formed from the authentic prophetical writings, had become impregnated with Oriental or Alexandrian notions. It is most probable that there was no consistent, uniform, or authorised opinion on the subject; all was vague and indefinite; and in the vagueness and indefiniteness lay much of its power over the general mind."

The historian next turns to the heathen world. He finds the ancient mythology utterly discredited amongst the thinking part of the community. A monotheistic belief is extending largely. But monotheism, as a mere creed of philosophy, presents little to work upon the affections, and gives nothing to the imagination. Throughout all the cities of the empire there was a considerable class who could no more be contented with the abstractions of philosophy than with the tales of mythology. Some effort was made by the *Rationalists* of the day to re-interpret the religion of Homer or Æschylus, but it was a vain attempt. The religion of the Jews was making proselytes; but that religion would be, we apprehend, to any *but* a Jew (living really under the Mosaic law), little more than such a system of monotheism as philosophy might produce.

"We return thus again to the question," writes our historian, "What remained for minds thus enlightened beyond the poetic faith of their ancestors, yet not ripe for philosophy? how was the craving for religious excitement to be appeased, which turned with dissatisfaction and disgust from its accustomed nutriment? Here is the secret of the remarkable union between the highest reason and the most abject superstition which characterises the age of imperial Rome. Every foreign religion found proselytes in the capital of the world; not only the pure and rational theism of the Jews, which had made a progress the extent of which it is among the most difficult questions in history to decide; but the Oriental rites of Phrygia and the Isiac and Serapic worship of Egypt, which, in defiance of the edict of the magistrate and the scorn of the philosopher, maintained their ground in the capital, and were so widely propagated among the provinces that their vestiges may be traced in the remote districts of Gaul and Britain."

In short, such was the condition of the religious sentiment of Jew and Greek, that the religion of Christ might seem to develop itself out of the materials set before us. But it is just here, where the speculative reader might be giving way to dangerous thoughts, that Mr Milman steps in with a firm and almost authoritative dictum, which redresses the balance and draws a proper limit to the teaching of history. He says, in conclusion:—

"While, however, Christianity necessarily submitted to modifications, I strongly protest against the opinion that the *origin* of the religion can be attributed, according to a theory adopted by many foreign writers, to the gradual and spontaneous development of the human mind. Christ is as much beyond his own age, as his own age is beyond the darkest barbarism. The time, though fitted to receive, could not by any combination of prevalent opinions, or by any conceivable course of moral improvement, have *produced* Christianity. The conception of the human character of Jesus, and the simple principles of the new religion, as they were

in direct opposition to the predominant opinions and temper of his own countrymen, so they stand completely alone in the history of our race; and, as imaginary or less than real, altogether transcend the powers of man's moral conception."

Mr Milman conducts us with much skill through the subtleties of gnosticism. We see how the Oriental exaltation of the idea of God—subliming it till it passes beyond the bounds of human conception—converting it into "the ineffable, the inconceivable, the nameless"—necessitated the introduction of some intervening or mediatorial spirit, representable to our intelligence. By such spirit the world was supposed to be created; to such spirit was given over the providential government of man. Gnosticism assigned to Christ the place of the "first of æons." We are next introduced to the Greek refinements manifested conspicuously in the Trinitarian controversy. Finally, we have an elaborate system, established through imperial authority, at Constantinople, the new capital of the world.

The History of Latin Christianity, including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicolas V.—Religion has two great phases: it is an explanation of the mystery of the world—the solution of those problems of our own existence which, sooner or later, every man brings before himself; and it is also a great means for the moral government of mankind. These two phases or functions of religion cannot be separated; but it is very possible for a people to view religion pre-eminently as a system of speculative truth, or pre-eminently as a means of such moral government. If the Greek mind has the reputation for subtle disquisition, the Roman is accredited with a genius for government. When we turn to Latin Christianity, we are struck with amazement at the grand system of polity into which Christianity was converted. The withdrawal of the Emperors from Rome gave full scope for the development of ecclesiastical rule; and, as it has been well and often said, that same universal sway which had fallen from the hands of the Senate and the Emperor was taken up by the Roman priest.

Mr Milman in this his last, longest, and most meritorious work, traces the origin and progress of the great Western Church. It is, as might be expected, the most mature and masterly of his writings. There is a conspicuous freedom in the march of the narrative. His theme carries him over ground where we have a right to assume that the erudition of the author is fully equal to his task. There is no Egyptology here to be canvassed, received, or dismissed; India and Persia, or the vague mysterious *East*, do not here intrude themselves; sound Greek and Latin scholarship is all that is needful; the theology and metaphysics we have to encounter are such as are still familiar to us; and we have not, with great effort, to throw ourselves into trains of thought altogether foreign to our intellectual habits. Mr Milman is thoroughly at home on this soil, and we with him: we feel as with our own immediate ancestors.

Near the commencement of the first volume we find ourselves in the Pontificate of Innocent I., and are listening to language such as is still heard from the Vatican. But when we spoke just now of the great development which now took place of religion as an instrument of government, we were far from limiting ourselves to the peculiar power or the exalted claims of the Popes to preside over kings and emperors and all the nationalities of the earth; we alluded rather to the power of the clergy in every nation and people to mould its moral and religious character. The bishop and the priest were throughout Europe working in harmony at this great task, and *making of Europeans essentially one people under the name of Christendom.*

These six octavo volumes form altogether too large and massive a work to be reviewed in so brief a space as we have at command. But this magnitude need not deter us from selecting a few specimens, whether of narrative or reflection. In the chapter on Pelagianism (vol. i. p. 110) we meet with several instructive observations on the controversy between grace and free-will, and on the relation between this controversy and sacerdotalism. The Church of Rome at first adopts the theology of Augustine, but modifies it at a later period.

"The Pelagian question agitated the West during the later years of Innocent's Pontificate. This has been the great interminable controversy of Latin, of more than Latin, of all Western Christianity. The nature of the Godhead and of the Christ was the problem of the speculative East; that of man, his state after the Fall, the freedom or bondage of his will, the motive principles of his actions, that of the more active West. The East might seem to dismiss this whole dispute with almost contemptuous indifference. Though Pelagius himself, and his follower Celestius, visited Palestine and obtained the suffrages of a provincial council in their favour—though, from his cell near Bethlehem, Jerome mingled in the fray with all his native violence,—there the controversy died rapidly away, leaving hardly a record in Grecian theology, none whatever in Greek ecclesiastical history. . . .

"All great divergences of religion, where men are really religious, arise from the undue dominance of some principle or element in our religious nature. This controversy was in truth the strife between two such innate principles, which philosophy despairs of reconciling, on which the New Testament has not pronounced with clearness or precision. The religious sentiment, which ever assumes to itself the exclusive name and authority of religion, is not content without feeling, or at least supposing itself to feel, the direct immediate agency of God upon the soul of man. This seems inseparable from the divine sovereignty, even from providential government, which it looks like impiety to limit, and of which it is hard to conceive the self-limitation. Must not God's grace of its nature be irresistible? What can bound or fetter Omnipotence? This seems the first principle, admitted in prayer, in all intercourse between the soul of man and the Infinite: it is the life-spring of religious enthusiasm, the vital energy, not of fanaticism only, but of zeal. On the other hand, there is an equally intuitive consciousness (and out of consciousness grows all our knowledge of these things) of the freedom or self-determining power of the human will. On this depends all morality, and the sense of human responsibility; all conception, except that which is unreasoning and instructive, of the divine justice and mercy. This is the problem of philosophy; the degree of subservience in the human will to influences external to itself, and in no way self-originated or self-controlled, and to its inward self-determining power. In Christianity is involved not merely the metaphysic nature, but the whole Biblical history of man; the Fall, and the sin inherited by the race of Adam; the redemption of Christ, and the righteousness communicated to mankind by Christ."

Against Pelagius, the great champion of Omnipotent grace was Augustine. The controversy was referred to Innocent, who decided in favour of the Augustinian theology. But as the Church continued to unfold its great ecclesiastical system its views undergo a modification, which is described here with much subtlety:—

"Latin Christianity, in its strong sacerdotal system, in its rigid and exclusive theory of the Church, at once admitted and mitigated the more repulsive parts of the Augustinian theology. Predestinarianism itself, to those at least within the pale, lost much of its awful terrors. The Church was the predestined assemblage of those to whom, and to whom alone, salvation was possible; the Church scrupled not to surrender the rest of mankind to that inexorable damnation entailed upon the human race by the sin of their first parents.

"Through the Church alone, and so through the hierarchy alone, man could be secure of that direct agency of God upon his soul after which it yearns with irrepressible solicitude. The will of man surrendered itself to the clergy. In the clergy, divine grace, the patrimony of the Church, was vested, and through them distributed to mankind. Baptism, usually administered by them alone, washed away original sin; the other rites and sacraments, of which they were

the exclusive ministers, were still conveying, and alone conveying, the influence of the Holy Ghost to the more or less passive soul. This objective and visible form, as it were, which was assumed for the inward workings of God upon the mind and heart, by the certitude and security which it seemed to bestow, was so unspeakably consolatory, and relieved especially the less reflective mind from so much doubt and anxiety, that mankind was disposed to hail with gladness, rather than examine with jealous suspicion, these claims of the hierarchy. Thus the Augustinian theology coincided with the tendencies of the age towards the growth of the strong sacerdotal system, and the sacerdotal system reconciled Christendom with the Augustinian theology. But the invariable progress of the human mind as to this question is in itself remarkable, and necessary for the full comprehension of Christian history. All established religions subside into Pelagianism, or at least semi-Pelagianism. The interposition of the priest or the sacrament, or of both, between the direct agency of God and the soul of man, for its own purposes, gradually admits a growing freedom of the will. Conformity to outward rites, obedience to orders or admonitions, every religious act is required on the one hand, as within the self-determining power of the will, and is in itself a more and more conscious exertion of that power. The sacerdotal system, in order that it may censure with more awfulness and incite with more persuasiveness, admits a greater spontaneity of resistance to evil and of inclination to good. It emancipates to a certain extent, that it may rule with a more absolute control."

The organising power of the West was not only displayed in the great hierarchy, but was conspicuous in those spontaneous societies of the monks which play so important a part in European Christianity. The contrast between the monks of the West and the East is very remarkable. What the Western monks were, and what they did, is familiar to every one. Perhaps the character of the Eastern monks is not so generally known. At all events, it has not often been described with the vigour we find it here :—

"But that which is the characteristic sign of the times" (we are in the beginning of the sixth century) "as a social and political as well as a religious phenomenon, is the complete dominion assumed by the monks of the East over the public mind, and the depravation of monasticism from its primal principles. Those who had forsaken the world aspire to rule the world. The minds which are to be absolutely estranged from earth, mingle in its most furious tumults. Instead of total seclusion from the habits and pursuits of men, the Cœnobites sweep the streets of the great cities in armed bodies, displaying an irregular valour which sometimes puts to shame the languid patriotism of the Imperial soldiery. Even the Eremites, instead of shrouding themselves in the remotest wilderness, and burying themselves in the darkest and most inaccessible caverns, mount their pillars in some conspicuous place, even in some place of public resort, and while they seem to despise the earth below, and to enjoy the undisturbed serenity of heaven, they are not unconscious that they are the oracles as well as the objects of amazement to the admiring multitudes around; that emperors come to consult them as seers and prophets, as well as infallible interpreters of divine truth. They even descend into the cities to become spiritual demagogues. The monks, in fact, exercise the most complete tyranny, not merely over the laity, but over bishops and patriarchs, whose rule, though nominally subject to it, they throw off whenever it suits their purposes. Monks in Alexandria, monks in Antioch, monks in Jerusalem, monks in Constantinople, decide peremptorily on orthodoxy and heterodoxy. The bishops themselves cower before them. . . . Bloodshed, murder, treachery, assassination, even during the public worship of God—these are the frightful means by which each party strives to maintain its opinions and to defeat its adversary."

What more terrible infliction could befall the world than a democracy of fanatics!—a mob of furies conceiving themselves to be saints! We willingly turn from the spectacle to that of the great spiritual authority growing up in the West. Here, if the hierarchy rules, it rules on condition that there is order and obedience within the hierarchy itself. Here there is, at all events, a grand ideal presented to the imagination—an ideal which now and then seems on the

point of realisation. Passing from the Pontificate of Innocent I. to that of Innocent III., in which this spiritual power is generally reputed to have reached its climax, we shall find in this history some excellent remarks on the subject of the Papacy. Dean Milman has no fear of truth; he can see and utter it, whether it is the truth of reprobation or the truth of approbation. The caution which distinguishes him is not the caution of timidity, but of equity. He is not blind to the grandeur of that scheme which the Western Church proposed to itself. It was not merely that unity of doctrine which *dilettante* divines are even now amusing themselves with who write amicable epistles to Greek priests, with whom they have as little vital or organic relation as if they were inhabitants of the moon. The unity of doctrine was but the means to unity of government. All Christians were to believe the same doctrine, in order that they might submit to the same rule and discipline. It was a grand conception, and rose spontaneously out of the belief that there was but one revelation of God's will, and there could be but one organisation to carry it out faithfully over the whole earth. One God, one Revelation for all mankind, and one Church to secure obedience to it. "The essential inherent supremacy of the spiritual over the temporal power, as of the soul over the body, as of eternity over time, as of Christ over Cæsar, as of God over man,—was now an integral part of Christianity." How could it be otherwise? what was the meaning of religion but the government of God? and God's code had now been revealed. So far well: what was wanted for the completion of the theory was a band of sacred officials raised for its administration above the level of humanity, and having an immunity from the failings and passions of mankind. The grand conception could not be carried out with inadequate instruments. What becomes of the code, if the judges are open to bribery and all manner of corruption? We Protestants think that the code was addressed to each man's heart, and that each man must, with God's help, administer it to himself. But perhaps the idea which animated the Catholic Church, though it could only in the best of times be partially realised, was more suitable to the early epochs of Christianity than that which distinguishes the Protestantism of Luther. That idea was, that a great ecclesiastical organisation was necessary to carry out the revealed will of God.

The contrast between the pomp and splendour that surrounds the magnates of the Church, its scarlet and purple dignitaries, and the modest life of Christ—and, still more, the contrast between the love of power and dominion which finds entrance under the scarlet and the purple, and that humility and self-sacrifice which distinguished the Founder of our religion—has been the frequent theme both of eloquence and of satire. But satirical and even gravely eloquent men have not always recognised that the contrast or incongruity, however illogical this might be, *really existed in these Churchmen themselves*—that is to say, that the same men who partook of the ambitions of a Cæsar, were not without the humility and self-denial to be learned of Christ. This was the real secret of their power. The Pope, who was supreme over kings, was also servant of servants. And this was not only the language of the high Pontiff, but the sentiment often existed, and Christendom at large gave more or less credit to its existence. If Pope and Emperor strove together, and the Pope were worsted, he suffered nothing from it in the eyes of Christendom; the sacred character stood out the clearer, and men kissed his foot with the greater reverence. "The humiliation of the Emperor was degradation; it

brought contempt on the office, scarcely redeemed by the abilities, successes, or even virtues of new sovereigns; the humiliation of the Pope was a noble suffering in the cause of God and truth, the depression of patient holiness under worldly violence."

"And after all," continues our historian, "none of the accessory, and in some degree fortuitous, aids could have raised the Papal authority to its commanding height, had it not possessed more sublime and more lawful claims to the reverence of mankind. It was still an assertion of eternal principles of justice, righteousness, and humanity. However it might trample itself on all justice, sacrifice righteousness to its own interests, plunge Europe in desolating wars, perpetuate strife in states, set sons in arms against their fathers, fathers against sons,—it was still proclaiming a higher ultimate end."

This is a severe catalogue of charges; and after making them the historian may well admit, without any accusation of favouritism, that this higher end—that of reducing all Europe to one faith and one morality—was in some rude measure attained.

If the theory of the Church, Mr Milman observes, could have been carried out under any Pontiff, that Pontiff would have been Innocent III.; and then he proceeds to disclose to us in his narrative the terrible mistakes and shortcomings of even that able ruler. The history of this Pontificate is written in an admirable manner, and the reader, however familiar he may be with the subject, will not fail to peruse it with interest. We see that, granting the good intentions of the Pope, we find our vicar of Christ often misinformed on the true nature of events in the distant kingdom he was bent on governing; we see that, granting not only the good intention but the sound judgment and perfect knowledge of the Pope, the means by which he could alone enforce his judgment were such as added evil to evil: he incited one monarch to war against another, or he laid a whole kingdom under an interdict for the sin of one man. What is to be said of this last terrible engine which the Pope wielded against both France and England? Philip of France will not live with his wife Ingeburga, to whom he has taken an invincible repugnance, and will live with Agnes de Meran, whom he loves extremely. The Pope is resolved that he shall be faithful to his wife. His mere decree is impotent; so many words, so much parchment—nothing more; he must strike some blow: he strikes it at France; he closes all the churches, forbids every sacred rite except those of baptism and extreme unction. It answered its end; the people clamoured, and the King was compelled to yield. But why was this sin of one man to be corrected by a measure which must have had for its result to multiply the sins of the whole community? When the heretic was committed to the flames, and some murmured at the severity of the punishment, the answer was, we kill the body to save the soul—to save many souls. But here, to save one man's soul, the souls of many thousands were imperilled. The terror of the interdict fell on the peaceful and the pious; the best subjects of the Pope were those who suffered most by it. To them it was the most appalling of events.

"At midnight, each priest holding a torch, were chanted the Miserere and the prayers for the dead, the last prayers which were to be uttered by the clergy of France during the interdict. The cross on which the Saviour hung was veiled with black crape, the reliques replaced within the tombs, the host was consumed. All religious offices from that time ceased; there was no access to heaven by prayer or offering. The sobs of the aged, of the women and children, alone broke the silence."

It must be confessed that this "High Priest, this representative of God's eternal and immutable justice upon earth," was ill supplied with means for enforcing his decrees. The same terrible and vicarious mode of

punishment was employed against England to oblige King John to receive Stephen Langton as Archbishop of Canterbury. It is hardly possible to conceive that in a Catholic country, by Catholic authority, the churches should be all closed, the Eucharist no longer administered except to the dying, and the dead sent out of the towns and buried like dogs in any ditch or place where they could be hidden away. What would be the effect if a Pope should launch an interdict in the present day against France or Spain? or can we imagine such a thing as possible? England, it seems, bore the penalty with a singular stolidity. France was ripe for rebellion against its powerful sovereign before a year had expired. England endured the interdict for four years; and, had John been a popular king, might have endured it so long as to have found some substitute for the functions of the Catholic priest. Innocent, however, triumphed ultimately in England as he had done in France.

The Pope, it seems to us, deserted the true theory of his own Church, or manifested a want of confidence in his purely spiritual right, when he extorted from John an oath of fealty to him as his suzerain. He already held Sicily and Arragon by this sort of feudal title. Was it part of his policy to extend this feudal suzerainty over Europe? If so, it was bad policy, because, in proportion as he rested on this quite temporal claim would he weaken that high spiritual right which he derived from God alone. What man gives, man can take away. Such feudal suzerainty could only have involved him in political strife — into which, indeed, his own peculiar claim as vicar of Christ was sufficient to lead him.

We must pause here. These volumes of Mr Milman have an inexhaustible interest. They are just the books to open anywhere to read and *to talk about*, and to our own talking we feel there would be no end but for limitations *ab extra*. The Crusades introduce, as an admirable episode, the history of Mohammed and his religion, and the Crusades themselves are brought before us in new and varied relations. While, on the one hand, they were serviceable to the Church (the Popes being able to levy a tax on Christendom for their support, and also occasionally to exile a fractious monarch on some hopeless expedition against the Saracen), they were, on the other hand, not so friendly to the Catholic faith. It is your stay-at-home that is likely to be soundest in the faith. Beating about in the world, and familiarising yourself with foreign habits and foreign ways of thinking, is an unsettling process. Both Philip of France and John of England found that Mohammedanism had one good quality—it was without a pope. So much *liberality*, if we may so call it, had stolen into the human intellect, that it had lost that especial horror of Mohammedanism which had stimulated the Crusades.

We end here our rapid survey of the literary works of the late Dean Milman. We are aware that there are many brief compositions, both in prose and verse, which we have not mentioned. But our object has been obtained, which was to bring our late distinguished contemporary before the reader in his twofold character of poet and historian. We reckon him amongst the fine noble-minded men whose departure is a loss to society, to letters and to the Church. To the Church, for it can ill afford to lose such men as unite candour and liberality of view with genuine Christian faith. The Bishop of London, in a sermon preached to his memory, has given a just appreciation of him as a Christian and a divine. To this, and to biographical notices written by those who had the happiness of knowing him, we must refer for fuller description of the refined gentleman, the courteous dignitary, and the open, candid, but nevertheless firm and sincere Churchman.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

ORATORY.

THERE was, some fifty years ago, in Ireland a small patriot, a certain James, or more familiarly known as Jemmy Potter, a creature of the Beales order—at least, in so far as is permitted to a blatant Irishman to be as dull and commonplace as a Cockney. This Potter, on being canvassed to give his vote for Henry Grattan, asked rather indignantly what Mr Grattan had done for him?

"For your country, Mr Potter, he has done much; and, if no more, he has made it illustrious by his oratory."

"Orathery—orathery," repeated Potter, once or twice to himself; "now, look here, sir," said he aloud, "if there's anything I detest in this world it is that same! And if the king upon his throne, or the judge upon his bench, was to say to me: Jemmy Potter, what's the ruin of Ireland? by the vertue of my oath, I'd say, It's orathery; devil a thing else but orathery!"

In my zealous and honest endeavours to keep up with the course of events as detailed in the daily papers, I have been forcibly reminded of Jemmy Potter's declaration. I take it that those prudent purveyors of passing events would not have presented the lengthy harangues I speak of had there not been readers to read them; but who peruses them with profit or with pleasure? who affects to say he follows the speaker with instruction or with interest, I cannot imagine! It is not alone that we never hear from any speaker anything that he has not told us before—perhaps scores of times; but what is worse again, we are certain to find his whole argument condensed in a few petty sentences in a 'Times' leader, with a running commentary, all to nothing better than the original score.

Two table-spoonfuls of this essence will make any number of quarts of the decoction, even when the speaker is that great orator who lately decanted four columns at Southport.

First of all, there is an amount of irresponsibility in making a speech that is not to be replied to that leads the best-intentioned of men into unnecessary length.

Again, there is another temptation scarcely less perilous. The man who is alone to occupy an audience, knowing of what composite materials that audience is formed, how many-sided are the minds that compose it, will, perforce, attempt to be versatile. Versatility is not every one's gift, nor is it always the accompaniment of very great powers, and he who may be lucid in his statistics and logical in his deductions, may be but a sorry wit and a very meagre humorist; and when we read the words "*laughter*," "*loud laughter*," italicised in the report, we are insensibly led to infer what an opening there would be in that neighbourhood for a new edition of 'Joe Miller.'

Now I don't want our public speakers to be witty; if I did I'd wish them something better than an English audience to listen to them: but I insist upon their not attempting a vein that is denied them; and yet it is by these miserable attempts at drollery they try to enliven a ten times delivered discourse, just as a hotel-waiter decks out with fresh parsley that rib of beef that has been figuring for a fortnight on the sideboard.

But have we not had too much of this "orathery"? Are we not Amercanising ourselves to a fearful ex-

tent? Shall we not soon come to that pass, in which a Yankee observed to the crowd at an execution, "Brother Crane having yet four minutes before he's turned off, will favour us with a few remarks on the new tariff"?

Do we need all this speech-making, or is it done less in the interest of those who listen than of him that talks? Is there one amongst us with a moderate memory who couldn't say all the abusive things that have been uttered against the Irish Church during the whole discussion?—and Seely on Ironclads is just as tiresome as Gladstone on Deaneries.

When the old Pope, whose education had been neglected, stopped the troublesome Latinities by saying "*soit pour dit*," he embodied fully what I feel in surveying the closely-printed columns of one of those discourses—"*soit pour dit*," especially as it has been said so often.

As for the Church, there is scarcely an argument against it will not apply with about equal force against the use of the English language in Ireland—"it is alien, and an insult;" and on these two phrases, which have just that amount of meaning any hearer likes to charge them with, is based the whole attack and assault; and surely it does not need four columns to tell us this.

When a well-known Irish Viceroy once promoted a junior chaplain to a large living, he gave as his reason that he was "ten minutes better than the Dean." Why can't we introduce this measure into politics? Why not encourage a race of talkers who will be brief, purpose-like, and succinct? What would we give for him who would be "ten minutes better than Roebuck," or even five minutes less dreary than Bouverie? Even Mr Gladstone has grown marvellously tiresome through long-windedness. It is clear that the question of the Irish Church has a special attraction for him; there is so much in it in which he has to explain and define and even recant. It offers, too, a wide field for those splendid platitudes by which great orators dilute their statistics, as though to show how they have a soul above decimal fractions, and a mind that soars over compound interest. But its crotchety character is a positive birdlime to him; and the thought of purifying the Church by starving its ministers, and upholding religion by extinguishing its ordinances, is a temptation irresistible. I remember a cruel old schoolmaster of mine who always accompanied his flagellations by assuring us that we'd bless him yet for this scourging, and that the time would come we'd thank him on our knees for these wholesome floggings; but, after a long lapse of years, I have felt no gratitude, nor ever met a schoolfellow who did. I suspect the Irish Church has the same sort of misgivings at the right honourable gentleman's chastenings, and pretty plainly guesses the motive that has prompted them. At all events, no tiresomeness of the explanation will serve to make the project more palatable. The patient will not be better reconciled to the torture of the operation by the needless flourishes of the knife. If South Lancashire like these exhibitions, it must be a very tiresome place to live in; but the mill and the factory may teach patience for repetitions, and even "orathery" be a relief after cotton-spinning. "Orathery" is essentially different from the eloquence of debate, at least it was so that Jemmy Potter understood and condemned it. What he reprehended, and what he characterised as the curse of Ireland, was that irresponsible spouting where no reply is expected. This is peculiarly dangerous when addressed to masses far inferior to the speaker in knowledge and acquirement, not only because it stimulates the orator to efforts which, before a more cultivated auditory, he would repress; but it emboldens him to the use of illustrations in lieu of arguments,

that he may make his meaning more easy of comprehension by a not over-quick-witted audience.

These illustrations, which have the semblance of reason, are occasionally so palpably false as to be contemptible; but still they do their work, and the humble man carries home with him a parable which he would have thrown from him with scorn had he but known its rottenness. Take the following, for instance, in that speech of Mr Gladstone at Wigan, where he took his adversaries to task for asserting that the Irish would only accept the destruction of the Established Church as an instalment of what was due to them: "And I ask," said he, "why should they do more? If any of you should happen to be a creditor of a solvent debtor, who put you off from time to time with two or three shillings in the pound, what would you do? You would take the first three shillings if you could do no better, but you would very soon demand another; and when you had got ten, you would begin to think of fifteen. You would say it is want of will. And that is what Ireland has a right to say of England; and Ireland has a right to ask of England not five, nor ten, nor fifteen, but twenty shillings in the pound." (Loud and vociferous cheering.) Let us supplement one word. If the creditor's demands were not for his just debt, but for an amount to which he had not the most shadowy pretension—if he claimed not twenty but two hundred shillings in the pound—if he declared that till his claims were complied with, he'd make the debtor's property in his neighbourhood profitless and unmanageable, taking each concession made him simply as an agency to enforce more—if he asserted that the length of time he had been pressing his demand by vexatious and troublesome litigation should all be recompensed to him, and damages should be decreed him for what he might have become if his claim had been earlier conceded—what would you say, then, men of Wigan?

The Irish Church is to be sacrificed on account of Fenianism. Of this there is no doubt, nor any denial; but what are the demands of Fenianism? SEPARATION and INDEPENDENCE! Are these twenty shillings in the pound? What instalment is represented by confiscation of the lands of Ireland? and how much did that meeting in the Rotunda last month agree to take in acquittal of the debt due to them?

It is only "orathery," however, makes such appeals as this; and such "orathery" is just as baneful, just as unsound, in Lancashire as Jemmy Potter declared it was in Dublin.

If such be the mock pearls we get from the most consummate rhetorician of his day, what are we to expect from his followers?

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

It once occurred to me to be requested by an American friend to negotiate a somewhat difficult point for him with his landlord, whose language—Italian—he could not speak. My friend had taken a lodging for a certain fixed period, but being suddenly called away before its expiration, he desired to cede his tenure and be freed from his contract.

There was not a particle of right on his side to urge this concession. Not a word occurred in the agreement between them which could warrant the demand. It could only be moved for on grounds of courtesy, and by an appeal to that conciliatory spirit which lodging-house people are somewhat prone to be proud of. I entered upon the negotiation with little hope of

success indeed, but with a seeming conviction on my mind that it was a request had only to be made to be complied with.

My adversary was a Tuscan, and, I need not say, much more than my match at this game of craft. He knew every trick of my fence before I had given a thrust; and though his politeness never forsook him, nor did he once betray himself by a word of wrath, he maintained his position unflinchingly, and would not concede an inch. He admitted that nothing could be more natural than my friend's desire to return home where a sick uncle had sent for him—that such affectionate zeal was positively touching in one so young—that the display of feeling contrasted powerfully with what a European nephew would have manifested under like circumstances: regarded under every respect, his wish to go back was a trait of feeling that, in a world of selfishness and narrow-mindedness, was at once encouraging and refreshing. On the other side lay, however, the contract—a contract for two years, of which above fifteen months remained—a contract drawn out by an able lawyer, and without a discoverable flaw, and to the terms of which he, the landlord, must hold him. He used the word "must" with a peculiar emphasis, as though some strong power stood behind him coercing and compelling, against which his personal wishes could make no resistance whatever; conduct the more inexplicable that the man had not a wife. From this stubborn determination nothing could move him, and he waved the written paper with a sort of proud defiance before us as though it were a flag he would die rather than surrender.

"Wall," said my friend at last, "don't he see it?"

"No," said I, "he does not; he insists on being paid to the uttermost cent, and says even then it's very civil of him to take charge of the premises."

"Did you tell him he's a skunk?"

"No, I did not. Amongst other reasons, I'm not sure I know the Italian equivalent for that beast."

"Say skunk! skunk!" repeated he, looking the landlord fiercely in the face while he shouted the word at him.

Foreseeing that the discussion might soon pass into a stage where diplomacy would be helpless, I whispered to my friend an advice to pay the money and end the transaction.

"No, sirree," said he, sucking away at an unlighted cigar—"no, sirree; that aint my grit no ways. Jist you take a turn in the Cascini, and leave me to deal with him."

Not very sorry to make even an inglorious escape from an unpleasant situation, I made my bow and retired. In less than an hour after I espied my friend sauntering along the Arno, and made for him.

"Well, what did you do with the Signor?" asked I, half quizzingly.

"Settled it off downright," said he, calmly.

"But how, in heaven's name?—but how?"

"Just this way," said he: "I put him down beside me on the sofa, and I said, 'Signor, you have got to take them keys,' and I put the whole lot of 'em on his lap; and every time he said anything in his confounded gibberish, I said, 'You've got to take them keys;' and when I said that six or seven times, you see, he began to think there was something in the way I said it meant mischief, leastways he didn't like to provoke me to more, and he took 'em and gave me the contract, and it's all right."

Now, small and insignificant as this incident is, it has a wonderful bearing on national character; for the way in which my friend dealt with his landlord is precisely that in which American diplomacy deals with European governments—overbearing opposition by simply ignoring it; and by a steady per-

sistence, backed by a resolute determination there can be no mistaking, carrying out the policy of its will against any amount of resistance. When the time came that America felt her hands free, and was able to call France to account for her presence in Mexico, she did not begin the negotiation by opening a diplomatic correspondence, whose preliminaries would be a sort of history of recent events —how Maximilian came to be there, and how institutions, in their very form inimical to those of the United States, came to be introduced in consequence. She did not philosophise on the merits of self-government and the defects of the monarchical principle, nor did she waste time in showing that the foreign occupation must prove a failure. She simply said to Louis Napoleon: "You've got to go back to where you came from, and to do it at once. I'm not about to argue the point with you. All I say is, 'you have got to take them keys;'" and the Emperor, wise wherever caution is wisdom, understood the hint and withdrew.

It was a great rebuff—the very greatest he ever had to endure. It was one decidedly his great uncle would never have stomached. It is only legitimacy that can safely put up with such insults, since, in a transmitted power, the day to acquit a debt may be postponed to another generation. The usurper has no dynasty, and must assert himself at every hour of his reign. Not less imperious was the tone assumed towards Austria when the Imperial Cabinet had sanctioned recruitment for service in Mexico. The American Minister was instructed to say that his Government would not look on with indifference at the arrival of Austrian soldiers in Mexico; that there was but one plea on which Maximilian's sovereignty could be accepted, that of popular choice, and that if this were to be rendered equivocal or "suspect" by the support of foreign auxiliaries, the United States would unquestionably intervene. The despatch peremptorily demanded that the enlistment should cease; and the same spirit that said, "You've got to take them keys," again was triumphant and again successful.

With a people less ready to back their words with deeds there would be something intolerably insolent in this tone; but when we read these declarations as plain outspoken expressions of a strong sentiment, in which any mistake or misconception would be hurtful—when we see that the policy indicated is one to which the State attaches a vital importance, and would rather fight for than relinquish—we begin to see that we are dealing with a people so thoroughly in earnest, negotiation is reduced to its most simple conditions. It may not be pleasant to be told, You shall do this or fight—but it is at least intelligible; and with a people who use such language, what is called drifting into war is not likely. In fact, all the unpleasantness of such procedure is no more than what we experience in daily life by intercourse with a man whose frankness is excessive, and who would infinitely rather be thought candid than polite.

The diplomatic relations of European States are based so much on the results of the changes around them—the necessity of being on good terms with this one, or of securing the neutrality of that:—there are, in fact, so many contingencies to be thought of, so many compromises to be held in view, that peremptory action is the last thing to be looked for. You may not be on the best of terms with this or that government, but you may be a long way from provoking its hostility. America, however, has little occasion for these temporisings: she has not much to do with the Old World nations; and when she has, her policy is little hampered by casualties. She likes and wishes

this, or she dislikes and dreads that; and she does not want to bargain for the price of small surrenders of her opinion by petty contingent advantages.

There is, besides, a rude sense of justice in a young nation that would distrust protracted or knotty negotiations. They think a certain thing ought to be done, and they fancy there's only one way of doing it; and statesmen even, if not themselves, imbued with the national sentiment, are forced to respect and obey it. And then there is something in prompt and vigorous action very congenial to a bold and active race, who treat their daily difficulties in very summary fashion, and never suffer an obstacle to affright them. "That's all very well for you," I've heard an American diplomatist say; "but our people wouldn't stand such reasonings; and I'd be very sorry to be the man to go home after such a negotiation."

I remember, when in that troublesome case of Mr Mather, the Englishman who was cut down by an Austrian officer on the streets of Florence, happening to converse with an American commodore, then in command of a squadron in the Mediterranean, I was endeavouring —I will not say very successfully—to show him that the circuitous course of a diplomatic correspondence was in reality the shortest road to an equitable settlement of the question. "No, sir," said he, somewhat bluntly; "you'll not persuade me to that. I'd settle the matter any forenoon." Being rather curious to know by what dexterity of treatment a knotty point could be so easily resolved, I asked him the question. "I'll tell you, sir," said he; "I'd roll up my sleeves"—a strong emphasis on the *my*—"and go in there"—his fleet was anchored off Leghorn at the time—"and I'd take the largest and comeliest craft I could find there under Tuscan colours, sell her at Gibraltar, and give Mr Mather the money. If they didn't like it, and would wish to fight, they've only to say so, and we'll come over any day they name and see it out."

Here was a mode of settlement which, however satisfactory to Mr Mather, would scarcely have occurred to F. O., nor would exactly have been certain of Parliamentary approval; but the American commodore was perfectly justified in believing that if the man had a right to the money, and it was simply diplomatic trickery had delayed the payment, his people at home would have endorsed the act, and taken every responsibility that might come of it.

It is only fair that I should say that this peremptory style of settling a question has been very rarely adopted by America in dealing with ourselves; and as no fear of what might follow rejection could influence men whose readiness to fight not even detraction has disputed, it is certainly flattering to us that a more kindly and conciliatory spirit has marked her dealings with us.

I ask for no stronger evidence of what I say than the characters of the men she has sent to represent her in England. Everett, Buchanan, and Adams were all most justly popular amongst us; and Reverdy Johnson is now receiving ovations which testify what value we all attach to the friendship of America, and how gratefully we feel the choice of a Minister who is ready to assure us that our good-will is re-echoed.

It will be a crowning glory to the present Ministry in England if they can announce to a new Parliament the settlement of all outlying difficulties with America. The Abyssinian Expedition repaired one Whig blunder; and if the Alabama claims be satisfactorily disposed of, it will be the second instance in which a spirit of energy, tempered by conciliation, will have remedied the faults of negligence and petulance. But however great the triumph of the skill that shall achieve this success, let us not forget how much we shall owe to the

thoroughly healthy tone of popular feeling in America towards us, and to that honest and able Envoy who now represents it amongst us.

I am not speaking "without book" when I say that the feeling of America towards England at this moment is markedly generous and kindly. The gauge by which I measure the sentiment is this. There is not throughout the States any class of the population who, from tradition as from instinct, look on us with as much coldness as the officers of the American navy. They are men of education and intelligence, the equals of any service afloat. They are courteous, hospitable, and well-mannered; but I have always found that their reception of a Frenchman, a Russian, or an Italian on board one of their ships was distinguished by a heartier and more genial welcome than they extended to ourselves. Whether the fault was our own—whether a certain British arrogance which we find it hard to divest ourselves of checked and arrested any budding cordiality—or whether old memories of conflict, with all their oft-disputed results, imparted a coldness to their courtesy, I cannot say; but I can answer for the fact that American naval men were more cordial with foreigners than with us—more at ease in their intercourse, and less troubled with reserve.

Now I am rejoiced to say that all this belongs to the past. I have lately seen an American squadron, under the command of an officer who, even in a land of brave men, stands conspicuous for gallantry; and I can declare that, without an exception, from the bronzed weather captain, the hero of fifty battles, to the youngest middy afloat, I heard nothing but words of kindness and good-will towards England—good wishes for her prosperity, and a hearty God-speed to her course among the nations!

BEGINNING LATE.

There is nothing more quickly detected in a hunting-field than the riding of the man who has taken to the saddle somewhat late in life. He may be—he generally is—a bold rider—he may go straight, flinch nothing, and keep a good place throughout; but there will be scores of things, some of them small ones, which will show that his cover experiences have not dated from his boyhood, and that his first "Tally-ho's" did not issue from a young throat.

Without pausing to particularise a number of things in which the late rider differs from him who has been brought up to it, there is one I would single out as eminently significative, which is, that these men, no matter how well they ride, or how ardently they love the sport, never attain to that nice knowledge of the etiquette of the field which distinguishes other sportsmen, or understand the many little *egards* which constitute the courtesies of the cover. In that instinctive feeling that saves a man from flurrying the hot horse of his neighbour, from charging a fence at the spot another is riding for, from jostling or cross-riding in a narrow bit of road, these people are ever more or less deficient. The way an old sportsman avoids one of these fellows—giving him what sailors call "a wide berth"—is remarkable enough. An unerring instinct warns him against the man, and he regards him as far more dangerous than a double ditch.

The same remarkable traits attach to him who has taken to dancing in his late manhood; and you will see in the careful preoccupation of his mind, and in the conscientious performance of his steps, the zeal of one not only determined to make up for a neglected education, but to

surpass those who have had the start of him.

Palpable as these things are at the cover-side and in the drawing-room, they are far more striking in Parliamentary life. If there be an arena in the world in which the spirit, the colouring, and the tone must be caught in early life, it is the House of Commons. Of the two or three men who, adventuring late in years in that assembly, have imbibed any amount of its marvellous freemasonry, its graduated deferences, its thorough tone of fair-play, its hearty contempt for shabbiness, and its scorn of a trick—all felt unostentatiously and quietly as simple matters of daily usage—of the two or three, I say, who have fallen at once into understanding these things as matters of "caste," each has been a man of great adaptiveness and great geniality. It would be invidious to single out from those now before us, and so I will only quote one name—of one who has long left us, but left a memory not easily forgotten—John Dogherty, the Irish Judge. If any one doubt what efficacy geniality has in public life, if any one has not heard of how Lord Melbourne could conciliate and Lord Palmerston could win over by the honest exercise of the same qualities in public which make friendships in private, Dogherty's brief Parliamentary career would teach him how a man, without the influence of rank or fortune, could in his second session of Parliament do, as Shiel, an adversary, said of him, "what he liked with the House."

He had, it is true, great personal advantages—with a towering stature and a bearing singularly dignified and imposing, he had a countenance in which all the fire of intellect was blended with an overflowing good-humour, and with these he had a voice of surpassing richness. He spoke with a brogue, you will say; be it so. Dogherty, like O'Connell, was tainted with a Doric; but they who listened to those mellifluous accents soon forgot to criticise the recitative in their admiration of the rhythm; for there was a rise and fall in his periods perfectly musical. But why am I recalling poor Dogherty? why, in the heat of a contest in which he has not a share, has his name occurred to me? Is it on some principle of mnemonics, like that which led Mrs Nickleby from roast-pork to canary-birds? I verily believe this is the case; for what drew me into the channel of geniality in politics was not John Dogherty but John Mill!

If ever there was a party that wanted geniality as an element it is the present Liberal party, and every new recruit they enlist in their ranks seems to exaggerate the show of this deficiency.

Dean Swift calls a Dissenter a man who says, "It is not so;" and this is precisely what Mr Stuart Mill is in politics: he is a perpetual dissent — an eternal contradiction; and there is a degree of petulance about him that makes even agreement with him both unpleasant and unsafe. I have no sympathy with Mr Bouverie; he has very much of what the Germans call *windbeutel* in his nature — he is wearisome even to dreariness; but I forgive him these and more for the good service he has done the world in exposing Mr Mill's arrogance and Mr Mill's conceit.

While Mr Bouverie was quietly pursuing his canvass with his constituents, not so much as dreaming of any extraneous influence over his election, Mr Mill steps in and advises the electors to send Mr Bouverie packing and elect Mr Chadwick. He tells the constituency in plain words something like this: "You Kilmarnock folk are excellent people, with commonplace notions and very limited views, and not improbably would be satisfied to send back to the House of Commons the man who has long represented you; but I, who am a philosopher, know better. I know a much cleverer man than Mr Bouverie—indeed I'm not sure he is

not nearly as clever as myself; he is a consummate judge of drainage, and has a knowledge of sewerage that might appeal to a Scotch heart. If Mr Bouverie were a man of any delicacy it is quite clear what he would do—resign, and give place to his better; but Mr Bouverie is not a man of exalted sensibility, and he is perfectly capable of going to the poll without a thought of that superior creature of whose services he is defrauding you.

"I know you will say that you are content with the man who has hitherto represented you—that he worthily repeats your own ideas and modes of thought—that Kilmarnock is reflected in Bouverie; but I tell you, and I who speak am Stuart Mill—I tell you that he has not an idea on sanitary questions—that, noisy as he is on his own topics, he would be dumb on drainage. Take Chadwick—that is, if he will condescend to accept *you*—for he is a man Westminster might be proud of, if Westminster had not fallen upon *me*."

Poor Mr Bouverie cannot understand for the life of him why he is selected for sacrifice; he knows that he is not the only dull man in the House, and he naturally asks, Why has this stone fallen on my head? To this Mr Mill replies, You called your party a rabble, and your leader a sham. So did you, says Mr Bouverie, and a great many agreed with both of us; and here this elegant correspondence closes—at least let us hope we have seen the last of it.

As I have already said, I have no sympathies to waste on Mr Bouverie: he belongs to a school whose blatant extravagances have gone far to make Parliament a sham, but he is certainly ill used here; and he may well ask, On what pretence, or by what right, does Mr Mill dictate to the electors of a burgh the choice of the man they should send to Parliament? What is his knowledge of Kilmarnock—of its wants, its wishes, or its hopes—that he should know who best could represent them? And, last of all, does not the correspondence show throughout that, while he loves Chadwick much, he hates Bouverie more?

If we pass strong laws against bribery at elections, and try to frown down intimidation by the censure of public opinion, are we tamely to submit to an insolent dictation which, on the pretence of a superior judgment, would override the wishes and the consciences of a constituency? If Peers are to be restrained from influencing the conduct of an election, are Philosophers to be suffered to control it? There is scarcely a man now proposing himself to a constituency of whom Mr Mill may not know a superior—some one who, besides possessing Mr Mill's friendship, may have studied certain questions which Mr Mill affects or is fond of; and are we to wait—is the sun to stand still—till Mill has spoken, and told Middlesex or Yorkshire, as he has told Kilmarnock, the man that is fit for them?

Imagine—the thought is not pleasant—but imagine half-a-dozen Stuart Mills in England, dictating to the several constituencies, and sending down their respective Chadwicks, and what becomes of all we have been doing to enlarge the franchise and extend the vote?

He has found a clever man to-day, but he may discover a cleverer to-morrow, and a still cleverer one the day after. And are constituencies to be ever open-mouthed to see what Stuart Mill will send them?

This spirit of arrogant dictation could never have come from a man who had served his apprenticeship in political life, and who had rubbed off personal peculiarities and crotchets by years of intercourse with strong and vigorous intellects. It was the coming late into public life that betrayed him into this error—an error which a genial man with the same amount of ignorance would possibly not have made, but which the peevish and cantankerous petulance of the political philosopher was certain to fall into.

The Germans had once a parlia-

ment of men of this stamp, and a nice business they made of it. I don't think we run much risk of such peril with the coming House; but I suspect that men so disposed to meddlesome interference, so impressed with the unerring character of their own judgments, and the inferiority of all who differ with them, may become a very troublesome element in a free country.

Just as Curran declared patriotism to be the last refuge of a scoundrel, it may be said that philanthropy is the invariable resource of an irritable man. He who attaches few followers is sure to address himself to the wants of humanity in the gross; but this philanthropy is so tinged with a personality, that, like the celebrated cod-liver oil, it is only genuine when attested by a certain signature.

If the social *parvenu* is not usually a great gain to the class he moves in, the political *parvenu* is invariably an annoyance. The pedantry that attaches to a late acquirement seldom makes a man pleasant company. The late House of Commons had a taste of this quality once or twice, and did not seem to take to it over-well; whether the new House will be more tolerant or more submissive remains to be seen. At all events, it will be curious to see what line that man will take who asserts at the same time the widest independence of action and the most impassive obedience: who swears by Mr Gladstone and subsidises Mr Bradlaugh!

BARON BEUST UPON PEACE.

Baron Beust concluded his speech on the Austrian Army Bill by saying, "The peace of Europe at this moment is not threatened, but the situation requires a general disarmament, and Europe should be roused to support it by all the weight of an imposing military force."

Now, what should we say to a man convening a temperance meeting, and entreating the persons who proposed to attend it to come each of them with a bottle of whisky? This might not at first blush seem very logical; but if the intention was that the assembly, having indulged in an orgie, should on recovery from the debauch be brought more forcibly to appreciate the advantages of temperance, then there would really seem to be some, though not exactly a very well-reasoned-out, argument for the course proposed; but the Baron does not suggest that, when each State of Europe has provided itself with Krupp's cannon and Schnider's rifle, there should be a general *battue*, after which peace might be established on a lasting and safe foundation. Nothing of the kind. What he says is this, Arm, that you may enforce disarmament. Arm, that, in exhibiting your readiness for war, war may be rendered impossible; or, in other words, Put a cap on the nipple of your gun, and present the piece at your neighbour, that he may thoroughly feel the pacific character of your sentiments towards him.

I confess I am unable to feel the force of this argument any more than I can comprehend the sneer he uttered at "the want of a definite and clearly-marked policy by those statesmen who now rule the destinies of England." It is difficult to conceive anything more clear and explicit than Lord Stanley's late declarations on the foreign policy of England. He is for peace, not at any price—because that would imply the sacrifice of just susceptibilities somewhere — but peace above all things; and he maintains, with a very different logic from Baron Beust, that this is to be secured by disarmament. Lord Stanley assumes that there are no legitimate reasons now afloat for a war, and that a causeless rupture of the peace of Europe would be a disgrace

to humanity—the surest means to avert which is by each State reducing her army to a peace establishment, and leaving to time, and the moderation that time teaches, the solution of any difficulties that now threaten the mutual good understanding.

The Baron, however, is not candid. His reasons for increasing the Austrian army to the standard of war are not those that he alleges. He has been pressed by France on the one side, and by Prussia on the other, with offers of alliance; and while he hesitates to close with either, he desires to show the value of the acquisition these rivals are bidding for—that it is not Austria defeated and discouraged by Königgrätz and Sadowa — not Austria weakened by the undue preponderance of Hungary — not Austria stripped of Italian territory, deserted by her German allies, and reduced to a mere shadow of her former self,—but Austria able to bring 800,000 men into the field, equipped with the latest inventions in armament, and led by officers of tried valour and experience, and no longer overridden by those archducal traditions which have in so many campaigns proved disastrous to the Imperial arms. What he says is plainly this, What do you offer for an ally who can bring such resources to your side, and who can at any moment, by a patient neutrality, decide the fate of the great struggle you are preparing for? The crafty statesman is at no loss to read the intentions of England. The only fault they have in his eyes is that they are too outspoken, too explicit. A little mistiness, a shade of hesitation, a slight tinge of those doubts that hang upon eventualities, would have pleased him more, and been more favourable to his own game. The man who has kept over his cartridge has generally most to say at the end of a row, and Austria determines to do this. Nor can we have any objection to the policy: it is to the false issue it is based on we alone demur.

Austria desires certainly to stand neutral in the next war, but as she has good reason to believe that such a policy will be impossible, she wishes to back the winner. The poor King of Hanover wanted to do the same some time ago, but he stood on the wrong horse. Now the King of Hanover lives near enough to Schönbrunn to be a warning, not to say that we are living in an age where monarchies are "bowled over" like mercantile houses, and kings go into the Bankruptcy Court like "members for Lambeth." Very astute people are not prepared to say on which side they would "put their money." A great deal of the fate of a race hangs on the condition of the ground, which to-day may favour mere "strength," and to-morrow be more propitious to "speed." So in this war that menaces us much will depend on whether it be opened in summer or winter, and also on what precise character of ground the first encounters take place. Frenchmen fight well anywhere and everywhere, but they fight best where the *terrain* admits of the exercise of that individual aptitude for war, where the soldier wields a certain independent volition, which with the French soldier is a positive instinct. It is here that they excel all other troops. Prussians, on the other hand, have implicit confidence in the mass, handled with all the precision of a piece of mechanism. If the purely military spirit be higher on one side, the *morale* of the soldier is certainly superior on the other. The Baron may therefore be naturally slow to choose, though I cannot believe that his personal predilections incline him strongly to either side. It is not difficult for an Austrian to dislike France, and it is very easy for him to detest Prussia.

When the husbandman of the fable bequeathed to his sons a rich inheritance which they were to discover by carefully delving and trenching the soil of the farm, he gave a practical lesson in indirect

wisdom. May it not be the Baron's intention now to do something of a like kind? Is it not possible that, by stimulating his colleagues to the maintenance of an overwhelming force, he may desire to show the ruinous consequences of bloated armaments, and so exhibit to the other States of Europe the fate that such crushing expenditure is sure to bring down upon them? Nothing will more certainly insure peace than the inability to make war, and a couple more years of the present system of expectancy will compel a disarmament as effectually as all the decrees of a Peace Congress. Taxation has found its limit on the Continent; and though Baron Ricasoli defended the maintenance of a strong army on the ground that it was necessary to enforce the collection of the revenue, I am not so sure that he made many converts to his opinion.

There was, a short time back, a wonderful feeling of satisfaction diffused through the people in Austria at the declaration of the Minister, that large reductions should be made in the army, and every possible economy practised in other branches of the public service. Men began at last to see that Parliamentary Government meant something, and that responsible Ministers were not a sham. The least interested follower of events can appreciate a decrease in taxation, and the dullest intelligence understands the benefit of paying less. After this brief vision of renovated industry and recovering credit, which sensibly affected Austrian securities, now comes this declaration that, to insure peace, the army must be raised to a war standard, and England is rated for not adopting a similar policy.

The Baron is not, however, original in all this. What he has been saying at Vienna, Mr Odger has been declaring at Chelsea. This eloquent exponent of the working class tells us that England should make no wars save to enforce peace. This argument is sufficiently familiar to Irish ears. Who has not heard in a country fair, "Be quiet, will ye, or I'll bate the soule out o' ye;" and though the remedy savours of the heroic, it is not altogether a sure success—at least it leads to reprisals that are not always "peace-compelling."

It is said that Prince Napoleon, after his late tour of inspection throughout Europe, came back to declare, "*L'Autriche n'est qu'un cadavre.*" Is it possible that Baron Beust has been stung by an insolent sarcasm into this galvanic effort at vitality? Certainly that wise policy enunciated some short time back, and whose guiding principles were to be neutrality abroad and economy at home, would seem now to have been abandoned, and the alliance of a power with 800,000 men in arms is now in the market.

It is but fair to own, however, that the Austrian statesman has other anxieties than those that come from Western Europe. On the Lower Danube troubles are preparing of a very grave kind, for Russia is dealing with the Austrian empire pretty much as America dealt with us in Fenianism. The "Slavacs" are the Fenians of Austria. They have all the turbulent spirit, all the long-pent-up discontent, all the race-begotten jealousy of our own rebels, and only are unlike them in the want of that courage which, no matter how bad the cause, the Irishman is never deficient in.

Russian emissaries are everywhere through this population, feeding disaffection where it exists, and sowing it where it had not been. Though the Baron, then, may affect to look towards the Rhine, his glances are really turned towards the Danube. At this moment Roumania is little other than an arsenal; and we have no other fault to find with the increase of the Austrian army, than that the reasons for it were not more frankly and more boldly declared.

WHAT IS TO COME OF IT?

We are inclined to believe, in spite of many threatening appearances to the contrary, that the general condition of the country twelve months hence will not be, in any very essential particular, different from what it is at this present moment. No doubt much has been said and done of late to create a different impression, and it would be absurd to deny that the political atmosphere seems to be more charged now than at any former period we recollect it to have been with the elements of confusion. But there is that in the national character, or in what we believe to be the national character, which emboldens us to anticipate, nevertheless, that the atmosphere will clear itself without doing any serious damage in the process to our grand old constitutional monarchy. English noblemen and gentlemen—ay, and Scotch and Irish noblemen and gentlemen too—are not exactly, when brought together in the new palace at Westminster, what they seemed to be during the heat of a contested election. It is one thing to make wild professions on a hustings—it is quite another to incur the responsibility of wild legislation. And the electors themselves, or the great bulk of them, soon become convinced that those to whom they have delegated the power to act for them are, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, better able than themselves to judge how far it is wise to go towards the literal fulfilment of engagements entered into for electioneering purposes. We all know of what materials the House of Commons was composed when the ten-pound householders in cities and boroughs contributed mainly to its construction. Here and there a member could be found who was prepared to go all lengths in establishing a democracy; but the great body, though revolutionary in theory, were in action conservative enough; and it is symptomatic of the temper of the nation, as represented by its ratepaying householders, that precisely the same order of men has been sent to make laws for the empire that was sent two years ago. Indeed we may go further. Some of the most obnoxious of the Liberals who sat in the late Parliament can find no seats in the new Parliament—Mr Mill, Mr Milner-Gibson, Mr Bernal Osborne, and Mr Rearden, have failed to obtain constituencies; and as to the Reform League and its chiefs—Mr Beales, Mr Bradlaugh, Mr Odger, and the like—they are nowhere. Moreover, the Liberals have sustained defeats exactly in those populous constituencies among which they expected to find their steadiest supporters. Westminster has returned one Conservative: had the party been aware of its own strength, they might have carried two. The city of London, for the first time in a quarter of a century, has broken through its allegiance to the democracy. Manchester, Liverpool, Nottingham, Ashton-under-Lyne, Staleybridge, Salford, have all sent constitutional representatives to the new Parliament. Birkenhead has elected Mr Laird; Blackburn, Mr Hornby and Mr Fielden; Bolton, Colonel Gray and Mr Hicks; Boston, Mr Malcolm and Mr Collins. In Liverpool—the most noteworthy change of all—only one Liberal has come in upon the back of that very clause in the Reform Act which Mr Bright omits no opportunity to run down; and North and North-East Lancashire have both spoken in a tone which was never doubtful. These facts justify the conclusion that the great body of the English people is sound; and that though for the present

Liberalism be in the ascendant among those smaller boroughs where influence can best be brought to bear, even in these a reaction will take place as soon as the great institutions of the country are fairly attacked. As to Scotland, there is nothing to be said about her except that she has utterly disgraced herself. The defeat of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell in Perthshire, and of Lord Dalkeith in Edinburghshire, cannot but fill even the more moderate of the Liberals themselves with disgust. The substitution for one of the most accomplished gentlemen in all Scotland of an Englishman, an absolute stranger to the constituency, and known only as the *protégé* of Lord Kinnaird, may well cause the electors of Perthshire to feel ashamed of themselves, just as the rejection of the heir of the noble and kindly house of Buccleuch by her metropolitan county throws a deep shade over the character of all Scotland. On the other hand, Ireland has held her own wonderfully against the combined forces of tenant-right and religious terrorism. That the Constitutionalists should have carried both members for the county of Dublin is more than we had ventured to anticipate. That they failed to do the same in Belfast is owing entirely to one of those unfortunate personal disagreements which cost us our ascendancy both in Canterbury and Sandwich. Now these are satisfactory signs of the times; and because of these, if there were nothing better to fall back upon, we should cling to the persuasion that, the numerical issues of the election notwithstanding, the first House of Commons returned under the order of things established by the Tories will not prove itself to be a revolutionary House of Commons. It is necessary to add, however, that other reasons, perhaps as well founded as this, operate to produce our present convictions. Here they are.

From time immemorial it has been a trick of party, as often as a dissolution of Parliament became inevitable, to get up a "cry," as it was called, with which to go to the country. Generally speaking, in bygone days, the party in opposition was more intent upon getting up a cry than the party in power. The latter usually satisfied themselves with referring to what had been already done, bidding their supporters judge of the probable future by the certain past. The former, recognising the need of something less general and more aggressive, discovered or invented some wrong done to the people, and flung it, coupled with the name of a popular member of their own body, at the heads of the constituencies. "Wilkes and Liberty," "Fox and the Rights of the People," "Russell and Reform," "The People's Charter and Feargus O'Connor," each of these cries had its day and served its purpose. And though in three out of the four cases nothing whatever came of it, the cry, while it lasted, had the effect of persuading a certain number of persons that they were fighting for a great principle. Take away, however, from each cry the term which enunciates a principle, and what weight does any human being suppose would ever have been attached to the name of Wilkes, or Fox, or Russell, or Feargus O'Connor. They might have had—Fox and Russell must have had—their followers, more or less numerous, under any circumstance. But, apart from the principle which each was taken to represent, not one among them all ever could have been a power in the State.

The rule of which we have here spoken was, for the first time within the memory of man, departed from at the general election of 1865. The Opposition had then no cry; the Ministerialists had. The Opposition found fault with the general conduct of their rivals; but they set up no particular grievance to be gibbeted and redressed. The Ministerialists contented themselves with shouting at every hustings,

"Palmerston for ever!" Free-trade, remission of taxes, public economy, the honour of the British flag—these came up as contingent subjects of laudation wherever a Liberal candidate addressed a constituency. But the single loadstar of attraction, the one pledge given was this, "If you send me to Parliament I will support Lord Palmerston." The cry had its weight, because, without all doubt, there has been no English Minister since Pitt so popular as Lord Palmerston. Yet even before Lord Palmerston's name all Liberal heads were bowed not without a good deal of burning in many Liberal hearts. The fact is, that educated English gentlemen do not care to make themselves the bond-servants of any individual, be he ever so meritorious. They will live and die for a principle; but they cannot, without self-degradation, consent to become the creatures of one of themselves. And this Lord Palmerston would have probably found out, had he lived and retained his usual vigour a few years longer. He suffered once through excess of popularity, and the giddiness which excessive popularity is apt to induce. All his suavity of manner would have been taxed to prevent a second rebellion among his followers after his popularity had culminated as it did in 1865.

Lord Palmerston died, and the one bond of union which kept his followers together snapped asunder. The Liberal party became, soon after Parliament met, what Mr Bouverie well described it to be, a mere rabble. Lord Russell in one chamber and Mr Gladstone in another showed themselves alike incapable of controlling it; and the Government which took over Lord Palmerston's majority of 70, broke up within three months of the declaration of their policy. Of all that followed after Lord Derby's accession to office—of the hindrance to practical and administrative reform—the resistance offered, and offered in vain, to the Tory Reform Bill—the astounding means adopted to bring the broken fragments of the Liberal party together again, and the success which seemed to attend the device,—of these things this is not the occasion on which to speak. The results, however, are before us. Once more the Liberals as a party are at the feet of one Man. Once more the cry at every hustings has been the name of that one man. Wherever a Liberal candidate appeared, his confession of faith began and ended in this, "If you send me to Parliament I will support Mr Gladstone." Now we venture to say with all confidence, though we say it in a whisper, because the secret is supposed to be still kept, that to a large and influential portion of the Liberal party a cry of this sort is most distasteful. They bore it not without impatience in the case of Lord Palmerston, notwithstanding the belief that was in them that he was a safe Minister. They bore it, however, because his manner was genial, his temper imperturbable, his determination to keep down democracy quietly but effectually well understood; and if here and there he did foolish things in his over-eagerness to maintain the honour of the British flag, even for this they honoured though they occasionally blamed him. But Mr Gladstone's is a name which no thoughtful Liberal can associate with any one principle of action, unless it be self-aggrandisement. His policy, like his temper, changes with every wind that blows. Consider what his career has been, and then say whether it is possible for the least instructed among the constitutional Whigs to put the smallest confidence in him. Mr Gladstone began public life a Tory of the Tories. In 1832 the old Duke of Newcastle, "doing what he would with his own," brought him into Parliament that he might support Peel and the Duke of Wellington, then fighting at

a disadvantage against the Russells, the Cavendishes, the Fitzwilliams, the Grosvenors, and the great bulk of the middle classes, whom the Reform Bill had conciliated to their party. He spoke against them, he divided against them, he contributed not a little to break them down; and he took office in the very first Conservative Administration which supplanted their Administration. It is nothing to say that his commercial policy was always a liberal one. Most true. It was liberal, just as the commercial policy of Huskisson and Peel and the Duke had been liberal, before the Whigs, as Ministers, were heard of; and in its liberality it went, later in the day, far beyond the views of Lord Melbourne and his supporters. But in his case, as in the case of thousands besides, the advocacy of Free-trade was quite consistent, up to very recent times, with absolute devotion to the great institutions of the country. Mr Gladstone's great work, 'The Church in its Relations with the State,' is, and to the end of time must continue to be, a standing witness against either his principles or his common sense, or both. The history of the world offers no more extraordinary example than in him of a man passing from light to darkness, or from darkness to light, as the case may be; and what Whig of the old school can bring himself to accept as the leader of his party one whom nobody trusts, though thousands and tens of thousands are ready to make use of him for their own purposes?

The order of Mr Gladstone's conversion from the extreme of Toryism to what he now is, has kept pace wonderfully with the checks which have from time to time been given to his personal ambition. Though not in Parliament, he was in office at the time when Peel passed his Corn Bill, and heartily supported his chief in the Cabinet. There now lies before us a manuscript letter from one of the leading members of that Cabinet, in which the writer, referring to Peel's broken popularity, and to the support which Mr Gladstone and Mr Sidney Herbert still gave him, says: "It is well that these men, who are young, still stand by him; it would be better if others, who are older and have more experience, did the same; because it is only by keeping Peel in office, and surrounding him with English gentlemen, whether they call themselves Whigs or Tories, that we can hope to keep the Government from falling into the hands of Cobden and Bright and the Anti-corn-law League."

It appears, then, that in 1846 the opinion entertained of Mr Gladstone by one party in the State was this,—that come what might, he could be counted upon for resisting to the death such a constitutional policy as Mr Cobden and Mr Bright and the Corn-law League were expected to inaugurate. It is certain, also, that of the constitutional policy of the League, and the personal influence of its able leaders, the best of the Whigs were, in 1846, quite as jealous as the writer of the letter from which we have just quoted. Ask Lord Clarendon what he thought, so late as 1860, of Lord Palmerston's proposal to take Mr Cobden into the Cabinet. Ask Sir George Grey whether he and others of his school were not scandalised when it was first suggested that Mr Milner-Gibson should have a seat in their Cabinet. They yielded the point, it is true, because Lord Palmerston persuaded them to believe that a gentleman of Mr Milner-Gibson's temperament could be moulded, once he put on the livery of office, into any shape that was desired. But the name of Bright was then, and had always been, as objectionable to them as it was to Lord Palmerston himself, or—and we are quite aware of what we are saying—to Mr Gladstone and the rest of the Peelites.

As to the great Whig houses, there was not one among them all but would have separated itself from Lord Russell had he proposed, even in 1865, to give a seat in the Cabinet to Mr Bright. The Tribune of the people might be made useful in his own way, though even on that score the great houses entertained their doubts. But to associate with themselves in power—indeed, to place over them, as a Minister of the Crown—one who habitually denounced their order—there was nothing within the range of political combination on which they would have looked with greater abhorrence than that. And they took care to let Mr Gladstone know as much as soon as his disposition to coquet with the obnoxious demagogue became apparent.

Mr Gladstone and Mr Bright are now one. They pretty well understood each other, we believe, throughout the Parliamentary campaign which opened with the overthrow of the Russell Cabinet and closed with the passing of the Tory Reform Bill. They are now on terms of the closest alliance, and have been so ever since Mr Gladstone announced that "the Church in Ireland, as an establishment, must cease to exist." Wherever he goes, Mr Bright recommends the audience whom he addresses to pin their faith to Mr Gladstone. He held this language in Edinburgh, as well as in Birmingham, Manchester, and Rochdale. And though, for a while, Mr Gladstone appeared to fight shy of committing himself to a reciprocity of confidence, even that measure of prudence has of late deserted him. In the course of his latest electioneering tour in South-West Lancashire, Mr Gladstone went out of his way to vindicate the general character of Mr Bright as a politician, and to avow his own concurrence in some of the most extravagant of the opinions taken up and expressed by that gentleman. It may be worth while to reproduce one or two of these opinions as they were reported at the time of their delivery in the newspapers.

On the 5th of November Mr Bright visited Edinburgh, and spoke at great length, first in the morning to the Chamber of Commerce, and afterwards in the evening to a meeting of the working classes in the Corn Exchange, Grassmarket. With the leaders of the trade of Scotland he was of course economical and statistical. His address to the working classes took a more discursive range. He is not yet satisfied with the system of taxation which prevails in this country, and in the hall of the Chamber of Commerce he gives his reasons:—

"We have no import duties that are now levied for protection, but still we have import duties that are exceedingly oppressive, and the removal of which would stimulate the trade of the country to a great extent. I once advised the Financial Reform Association of Liverpool, who are against all indirect taxation, to hoist a flag with the motto, "A free breakfast-table,"—that, as the bread was no longer taxed, some effort should be made to untax the tea, the coffee, and the sugar. Now I need not tell you that there are great inequalities in our taxation, particularly with reference to the probate and succession duties, there being no probate duty, I think, on what is called real property, and the succession duty being levied in a manner that is scandalously unequal and unjust. Well, if that succession duty were made equal on all property—and if it exist at all it ought to be made equal—that would bring in a considerable addition to revenue; and if at the same time we were to bring down the expenditure of the country by about ten millions—which is perfectly easy to be done, and which any Government, if it found that there was a vote of Parliament to that effect, could immediately find the means of doing,—then we could get rid of the duties upon tea and sugar, which produce an enormous sum—I suppose, perhaps about twelve millions a-year—and also the duty upon coffee, which produces a much smaller sum. But if those duties were removed this effect would be produced—the consumption of those articles would be greatly increased. You see they are articles which enter now into the consumption of every family in the

kingdom. There is no woman who manages a house, however poor she may be, who does not spend something in tea, something in sugar; and even down to the very pauper who receives her 2s. or 3s. a-week from the parish, a portion of it goes for tea and sugar. If those duties were removed, we should, of course, have those articles as much cheaper as the duty,—and cheaper still further than by the amount of the duty, because the amount of the duty involves a large expenditure of capital, and altogether adds more to the cost of the article; so that if those duties were removed we should have an enormous increase in the consumption, and, as a matter of course, a corresponding increase in our foreign trade, and at the same time we should give, in a special manner, relief to the great body of the wages-receiving class, because they are the people who consume less than they would consume if these things were cheaper. People who are well off would not, probably, make their tea much stronger, and would not, probably, use more sugar in their cooking, and so on; but for the working classes it would be all a gift to them, and the demand for their labour would of course be stimulated by the increased trade. The rate of their wages would not be diminished. The whole of the twelve millions, or whatever was the sum that was remitted, would be an absolute donation. The great bulk of it would be a donation to the working classes of the country. Well, now, I propose that, not because I think the working classes of the country should pay no proportion of the taxes, and that legislation is merely for the purpose of making them comfortable at the expense of others, and at the expense of justice. But we must bear in mind, that of the seventy million pounds sterling of present revenue, including the licence duties, which are imposed on the sale of articles of general consumption, you find that the taxation is on articles the vast bulk of which is consumed by the working classes, amounts to no less than forty-five millions a-year; the amount, therefore, which they contribute, in proportion to their means and to their incomes, is very much larger than the amount which is contributed by other and richer sections of society. Consequently, I believe it would be the simplest matter of justice to them that this change should be made. But, in point of fact, their interest is not much stronger than ours, for we all have an interest in our ports being as much as possible thrown open, in our foreign commerce being stimulated, in our expenditure being reduced; and that, instead of its being squandered by a vicious system of government, it should be left to fructify and multiply itself in the pockets of the people, so as to give increased comforts to all classes of the population. We are all interested in this, and it seems to me that it is a question to which it would be quite proper for chambers of commerce throughout the country to turn their attention. Bear in mind that Ministers of the Crown, this Government and the last, or the next or any Government, have much to do, and that the great object of their lives when they get into office is to try and keep in. That is the first thing, the first duty of a Minister, to keep in office,—I speak from long observation; and he is much afraid of stepping the least out of his routine, because, if he drop anything new before Parliament, and there is a chance of an adverse division against him, it is an adverse division against the Government of which he is a member, and no doubt all the members of the Government immediately begin to peck at him and upbraid him if he has led them into any Parliamentary difficulty. The consequence is, that Ministers do not attempt these new things. The only adventurous Minister who has the greatness and courage to attempt things of this kind is Mr Gladstone. I need not tell you that this quality which is so admirable in him has often laid him open to the charge of not being a very safe Minister, and all those persons whose interests are disturbed will necessarily come to this opinion if a Minister like Mr Gladstone be in power. Now, what he would want, and I presume what everybody would want—at least everybody who thinks this view that I have been laying before you—is this. I have never heard Mr Gladstone express his opinion upon it; but any one taking this view will say that what is wanted is, that chambers of commerce would speak with authority upon these questions, should discuss them, and that they should not lay down their arms because they have got rid of the corn law, and the sugar monopoly, and navigation law; that they should investigate these questions, and see if there are not other things in which they can be just, beneficial, and useful to the country, as they have been in former struggles and victories. Now this point about a free breakfast-table, I think, would make a

very good flag; and if I were a candidate for a constituency that wanted some particular advantage set before it, I think I should hoist that flag, and thus show to all men and women who kept house in the town I was canvassing what a great advantage it would be to them at least twice a-day if they would return me to Parliament over my opponents. It would be a simplification of our tariff, a great addition to our commerce, a great stimulus to the demand for labour, a great relief to the majority of the population who live on wages, and it would tend more also to wean the people from the consumption of articles which are pernicious, and give something—what shall I say?—it would make the home, the domestic hearth, more tempting and more comfortable to workmen. Therefore, on all these grounds I think it would not be a bad undertaking for the chambers of commerce to jog Mr Gladstone's elbow when he comes into office, and to see whether we could not make another great step. I suspect, judging by all his past career, that if there were a public opinion powerful enough to remind him and to help him on, he would be as willing in the future as he has been in the past to bring before the country budgets combining a smaller expenditure and a greater relief to all classes of the people."

The tendency of this address, wrapped up as it may be in platitudes and cant, is obvious enough. It advises an agitation for the repeal of duties on all articles of general consumption. But as the affairs of the country cannot be carried on without a revenue, from some source arising, so the clear sequence to the proposal is, that the revenue should be raised exclusively from realised property. Now if this be not confiscation, what is it? There was a time when men complained of having their incomes taxed in time of peace. But if customs duties are to be abolished, the excise must follow as a natural result, and then nothing will be left on which to throw the burden of the State except the incomes of the owners of the soil, and the realised property of successful traders. And Mr Gladstone, according to Mr Bright's showing, needs only sufficient pressure from without to carry him into the adoption of this great financial scheme.

Speaking to the working class, Mr Bright, as was to be expected, indulged in larger generalities. He ran over the whole political gamut, causing each note to produce the exact sound which was most likely to be well received. Here is his version of the Tory Reform Act and its inevitable consequences:—

"We have got, then, now, without discussing exactly how it has been done, what may be called a popular and democratic, in fact, a republican, representation, so far as the boroughs of the United Kingdom are concerned. The principle of an exact representation, as it is adopted in the colonies and in the States of America, has been conceded. Several boroughs have been disfranchised because they were small; towns have been erected into new boroughs because the towns were large; counties have been divided because they were populous; and the only rule has been that we should make some approximation to the distribution of seats nearly according to the population of the country. Besides this, everybody can see now that another question is coming for settlement; a question which possibly may not excite so much interest in Scotland as in England and Wales and in Ireland; but it is, nevertheless, a question in connection with the representation; I mean the great question of the ballot. The fact is—and I will not say it with any expression of scorn or with any feeling of triumph—the aristocracy of the country who so lately governed the country have abdicated, and their most boastful leader, Lord Derby, as their chief, in their name, and for them, has capitulated to the people. One hundred and eighty years ago there was a revolution in England. The revolution of 1688 had this effect,—that it stripped the monarch of absolute power, and, pretending to confer it upon the nation, conferred it mainly upon the nobility. The Bill of 1832, combined with the Bill of last year, has given us another revolution. Power has not been taken from the Crown and given to the nobility, but it has been taken from the nobility, and has been given henceforth and for ever to the people. The form remains yet of aristocratic power, and, so long as it lasts in the country, with the possessors of

great wealth it will have power. I am not now complaining of it—I am merely stating, in fact, what must be known to all; although there is the influence of great wealth, still the spirit of the country has changed, and the centre of power has been moved. We are, in fact,—we will not attempt to conceal it from ourselves,—we stand at this moment on the threshold of a new career. Standing there, we need no longer have recourse to language such as we have often heard from platforms, and such as I sometimes have been the first to use. We have no longer a contest with the House of Lords; we have no longer charges to bring against a selfish oligarchy; we no longer dread the power of the territorial magnates; we no longer feel ourselves domineered over by a class;—we feel that denunciation and invective now would be out of place; we appeal to you,—not that you should rise and overthrow the power which hitherto has ruled you, but we appeal to you now with arguments, with facts—if it be possible, if we are capable of doing it, with words of wisdom,—that we may give you counsel that all of you now in the government of the country of which you are part may be known hereafter solely by your acts of wisdom. We feel—I feel—that the fate of this great nation is in the nation's hands, and that, come weal, come woe, the responsibility of the future must rest with the great majority of the people, admitted as they now are, at least within the boroughs, to a large share of representation and political power. But we have some little matters still to adjust, and all is not done, because the conferring of the franchise is but giving to every man a key by which, if he is wise, he may unlock the treasures which are open to a wisely-governed people. This very Reform Bill, so extensive and so remarkable as it is, has still many deficiencies. I will not go into details with regard to what is to be done in bringing the county franchise at least into greater harmony with the borough franchise. These are details that will, no doubt, come up before long for discussion before the people and before the Parliament; but there is one point to which I will refer, and which I have already mentioned, and that is the question of the shelter of the ballot."

Having combated Mr Mill's objection to the ballot, Mr Bright addresses himself to the Irish Church question, and to others which in his opinion, and we entirely agree with him, are inseparably connected with it. He speaks thus:—

"There is another question which is now before the public, and which has received great consideration, and, I believe, a wise verdict, from the people of Scotland, and that is the Irish policy of the Liberal party in the existing Parliament. We are about to try a great experiment, one of the most notable experiments ever attempted by any Government, or by any Parliament—we are about to see whether we can win over the affections and sympathies of a discontented and almost hostile people by one grand and generous and wise attempt to do them full and complete justice. It is unnecessary in Scotland to point out how much an alien Church is necessarily a root of bitterness; your history teaches you all this in a more marked manner, perhaps, than it has been taught by any other country. I feel that I need only second the appeals that have been made to you by the Liberal candidates throughout Scotland to give your thorough and hearty consent to the great attempt to establish perfect religious equality in Ireland. But there will be another question by no means without its difficulties when this question of the Church of Ireland is settled, and that is with regard to the ownership and tenure of land. You know nothing of this matter in Scotland from your own experience. Although you have the misfortune to have the land of your country in very few hands, still, the men who own it have been not a little alive—as Scotchmen are generally supposed to be—to their own interests. They have conducted their business as landowners and letters of land upon principles altogether unknown in Ireland. They have granted leases of reasonable duration, and, I believe, gave good encouragement. They have expended their own capital on the erection of bridges and in the making of certain permanent and necessary improvements. So that the farmer entering upon his farm could carry on his business with some hope of success. But then you are very different from the position of the Irish. In Ireland the land really is not in the possession of what I may call native proprietors, or natives of the country, to a large extent. It seems to be an essential thing for the peace of every country that its soil should at least be in possession of its own people. I believe that in Ireland

it will be necessary to adopt some plan —and I believe there is a plan which can be adopted without injustice or wrong to any man—by which gradually the land of Ireland may be, to a considerable extent, transferred from foreign, or alien, or absentee Protestant proprietors—transferred into the hands of the Catholic resident population of the country. I do not anticipate myself that, until something of that kind is put in process and in operation, we shall find tranquillity and content in Ireland such as we would wish to see it."

It is, we are afraid, labour lost, to point out the endless fallacies which disfigure these statements. Mr Bright will probably not take the trouble to read what we write; and if he did, it is quite certain that the very next time he has occasion to enter upon the subject, he will repeat every one of the misstatements that were introduced into his Edinburgh speech. But, for the sake of truth, we cannot allow this matter to rest exactly where he has placed it. It is not the fact that the abolition of the Protestant Church in Ireland, if it be effected, will smooth down one hostile feeling among that portion of the Irish people who are disloyal to the British Crown and to the British Constitution. It is not true that the history of Scotland furnishes any ground on which to arrive at such a baseless conclusion. The Scottish people were never at war with England on account of their Church. England never stirred a finger to impose upon Scotland an alien Church. The Scottish Parliament set aside Church after Church, according to the temper of successive generations, and adopted at last the Church which is now by law established, because the heads of the Episcopal Church refused to accept William III. as their sovereign. That portion of the Scottish people which had taken up arms for the Solemn League and Covenant, and after the Restoration continued to carry them in order to compel Charles II. to recognise its validity, were just as hostile to the Presbyterian Establishment as they had ever been to the Episcopate; and nothing short of William's strong arm kept them from rising again and bringing back the exiled family, as more fair in its dealings with their principles than he. All this Mr Bright must know. But it suited his purpose to state the reverse—just as it has suited the purposes of men more moderate than he; and, flattering a vulgar but entirely groundless prejudice, he carried his audience along with him. Observe where he leads them next:—

"Now, speaking of the land question in Ireland, I must say one word about the land question in the United Kingdom. Perhaps many of you are not aware that from year to year, from ten years to ten years, the owners of land in the United Kingdom are becoming a smaller and smaller number of persons —that the laws which we have in this country, having been based and supported by the territorial powers, are laws whose express object it is to maintain great estates in the hands of great families, and to make the land, not of Ireland only, but of Great Britain, a monopoly in the possession of a few. And the purpose of this is that these great families with vast estates may possess and wield great political power, and thus become, as they have been until now, the great governing party and power within this realm. If you will, for a moment, look at the question of land, you will see that in such a state of things there are constantly operating certain forces which tend to the accumulation of land; but there are certain other forces which tend as certainly to its dispersion. Those which tend to its accumulation will easily suggest themselves. Men think it a wise investment to put it in property. Some men like Dr Johnson's advice, who advises a friend of his to take a walk of two miles before breakfast, and, he said, if possible, it should be upon your own land. Others like investments in land because they like to dabble in agriculture; others, because the investment in land in this country gives a certain social influence which tends to repay them for the moderate rate of interest which they receive. On the other hand, you will see that there are also influences of dispersion: for in-

stance, a man may wish to have his investment upon land, which pays him 3 per cent, put into American bonds, which will pay him 7 per cent; or he requires to get rid of a portion of his estate to give him capital for his son; or he may have been unfortunate in some monetary speculation, and therefore he may find it necessary to sell it; or that which happens to all men happens to him—his life comes to an end, and then the property may possibly require to be sold. Thus you will see that nature has provided certain forces which tend to accumulation of estates and lands, and certain other forces which tend to its dispersion; and I maintain that the true policy of the Government and of the law — the just policy of the law—is to leave all the forces of nature, whether inducing accumulation or inducing dispersion, to their fair operation. And when they will make laws by which men who wish to buy property will be able to buy it, some in large and some in small quantities, the monopoly which exists in this country will be brought to an end. I am not proposing that there should be any law by which estates should forcibly be cut up and divided among families. I want to leave the owner, the man in possession of the estate, perfect freedom to decide whether he will leave the property to one, or divide it among the many of his children. The law of division obtained in France and in many countries of Europe is there believed by most people to be a good law; but it appears to me to be contrary to principles of political economy; and I prefer the operation of the law as it exists in the United States of America, which rejects the law of France, and rejects also our law. I conceive, therefore, that before long it will be the duty of the people of England, of the electors of England, and of Parliament, to remove from the Statute-book what is called the laws of primogeniture, to allow land, where it is left by a person who makes no will, to be justly and honestly divided by the law as other property other than land is now divided, and that the present practice of entails and settlements should be limited to persons who are living when the deeds are made; and when we come to that, I believe that it will be found that it is a wise thing not to sacrifice the public interests to family pride, or to the notion that you must build up great families to have great power, that they may exercise a paramount authority in a great country."

We leave those whom it more immediately concerns than ourselves—the Devonshires, the Fitzwilliams, the Russells, the Grosvenors—to consider to what issues the policy here recommended must inevitably lead; while we make one more quotation from a speech which, in whatever other respects it may fail to command our approval, cannot be objected to on the ground of lack of sincerity. Mr Bright is referring to the public expenditure — its causes, and the readiest means of diminishing it. He gives what he desired his audience to accept as an historical sketch of all the foolish things that successive Governments had done in striving to maintain the balance of power in Europe, and thus winds up:—

"But now, gentlemen, let us look at it in a reasonable view—I mean this question of the £26,000,000 as a debt, and the £26,000,000 for the army and navy, which means—what? It means something equal to a debt of another £800,000,000 sterling to that which our forefathers spent in folly and crime, and your taxes pay the interest upon it. There is another sum of £800,000,000, the interest of which you are paying in taxes to keep up a great army and a great navy. And when? not only in a time of profound peace, but when no country in the world menaces or distrusts us; when there is not a cloud in the horizon or in the sky, and when if ever there was a time when the United Kingdom may be said to be in tranquillity and peace, now is that time at which I am speaking. If you were to look back over the history of England, from the time of the Revolution—from the time of William III.—to the end of the Russian war, you will find that almost every war in which we were engaged was a war based on that utter folly and lunacy that this nation is called upon to maintain the balance of power in Europe. We have now abolished that policy and given up that delusion. We have got free from that aberration, and we are for a moment in a sound mind. May we not, then, calculate that if we keep out of the former hallucination, if we retain that sound mind—if we for the next fifty years, or one hundred years, will maintain our present policy of not meddling with the affairs of Europe—then we shall

be at least as free from wars in one hundred years to come as we might have been in the one hundred years that are past? If that be so, if there be any hope of it—and I believe there is—I ask why we should go on paying £26,000,000 sterling a-year for the enormous cost of the army and navy? I quoted a passage yesterday from perhaps the foremost name in English history—from John Milton—I may now quote another. He describes this as the draining the veins of the body to supply ulcers; and so from your veins, from the sweat of your brows, from the skill of your brains, and the industry of your hands, from that which you have worked for to furnish your houses, to clothe your families, to supply their wants—from all these this £26,000,000 is gathered up, not once in one hundred years, but every year, to support the army and navy, to maintain and keep up a policy which we have utterly abandoned. If you read the papers, which tell us nearly everything—I find they sometimes tell us things that don't happen—you will find they tell us something about the West Indian and North American fleet; something about the Pacific squadron; and something about the naval force of her Majesty in the China seas; something about what has happened to a great ship of war on the coast of India or the Cape. Then you hear of Lord Clarence Paget as here, or there, in some part of the Mediterranean, with a tremendous fleet. You hear, further, that there is always a great Channel fleet which is necessary for our home protection. There is no necessity whatever for these fleets on your coast, or traversing every ocean as they do now."

Up to this point, we regret to say, Mr Bright carried the sympathies of a majority of his auditors with him. They were ready to back him, or seemed so, in laying all the burden of the State on realised property. They were prepared to co-operate in subdividing the land, abolishing the Church, and clipping the wings of the aristocracy. But the moment he began to talk of leaving Great Britain defenceless, the common sense of the whole assembly revolted. Not a cheer answered his proposal to dispense with a Channel fleet; not a single voice said Amen to his suggested disbandment of the army. It was only when he returned again to his assault upon the condition and good name of the landed proprietors that he managed—though to a very diminished extent—to recover his hold on the attention of the meeting. "You will understand me when I say," he continued, "that I pity the Scotch lairds. I want them to get rid of these poor-looking rags of tradition, superstition, and error, and array themselves anew in the modern garments in which the most intelligent and cultivated of the Scotch people are arrayed. Why not step forward and take a place in the grand march which is to give greater freedom to their country, to elevate every class of the population, and to make the name of Scotchmen, and Englishmen, and Irishmen more respected henceforth than it is now, or has been at any former period?"

Mr Bright's reception in Edinburgh, though favourable on the whole, was by no means so successful as the 'Times' represents it to have been. We suspect, on the contrary, that both he and they who brought him north were disappointed by the results; but at all events he spoke out like a man: he made no concealment either of his views or his purposes. And this it is which has induced us to dwell upon his speeches at greater length, perhaps, than their importance deserves. For with these speeches, and all that they enunciate and approve, Mr Gladstone has, with extraordinary lack of prudence, identified himself. No longer ago than the 13th of November he addressed an audience at Bootle, in terms which we do not care to quote, so far do they fall below even his recent oratory. After labouring to defend himself a good half-hour against some ridiculous charge of embezzling the pew-rents or other funds of a church, he went on to heap opprobrious terms on Tory writers and speakers, because of their hostility to Mr Bright and his theories. Now one statesman

who stands up as the champion of another becomes responsible, in so doing, for the utterances of his *protégé*. Mr Bright advises all Liberals who are returned to Parliament to follow Mr Gladstone wherever he may lead; and Mr Gladstone, in order to prove that he is worthy of Mr Bright's confidence, throws his shield over Mr Bright's proposals, and virtually makes them his own.

Meanwhile others of Mr Gladstone's adherents not only adopt the same line of argument which Mr Bright adopted at Edinburgh, but go farther than even he has done into details. Sir Robert Peel, for example, addressing his constituents at Tamworth on the 5th of November (a most appropriate day), made use of the following expressions. He had, of course, condemned the Protestant Established Church—that all Mr Gladstone's satellites are expected to do—when, warming with his subject, he said: "They had next to deal with the land. The rebellion which commenced in 1641 was put down in 1650, but how put down? Why, 2,500,000 acres of land belonging to the Irish people were confiscated. Could they say, then, that the Irish people—a people ardently attached to the land of their country—had not great grounds of complaint, when it was remembered that they were driven from their homes in a way in which, perhaps, no other people were driven?" Mr Gladstone himself, in the course of his Lancashire stump, dwelt much upon the outrages which the Irish had suffered. He spoke, however, in general terms, being quite alive to the fact, that by descending to particulars he must, of necessity, acknowledge that the outrages which he described were things of the far past—a little later, and only a little later, than the expulsion of the Britons by the Saxons, or the conquest of the Saxons by the Normans, but not by any means so near to the memory of man as the forfeiture of the estates of the Derwentwaters in the north of England and the Drummonds in Perthshire. Sir Robert Peel bravely disregards such conventionalities, and pronounces the Irish people to be justified in their disloyalty to the British throne, because the power which overthrew the throne and the Church together perpetrated among them two hundred and twenty years ago many cruelties. Sir Robert forgets to state, though that is really of no consequence, that the Irish brought these cruelties a good deal upon themselves by the treacherous and cruel manner in which they began and carried on a civil war.

Sir Robert Peel is not the wisest of men. He is, however, a follower of Mr Gladstone, and at one time held office in a Government of which Mr Gladstone was a leading member. But whether wise or foolish, he is, on the present occasion, more logical than his chief. He meets his constituents in a Dissenting chapel (surely a strange place for a political gathering), and charms his audience by carrying Mr Gladstone's policy to its legitimate issues. "The Church of England does not compose more than one-half of the population, if so great a proportion. He cannot understand why it should possess its gorgeous cathedrals and have its wealthy bishops and deans, while the Nonconformists are compelled to pay their own ministers, and to worship God in plain unadorned structures like this." Sir Robert Peel may not know much about the particular subject which he is discussing; but he sees, clearly enough, to what his leader's Irish policy points; and, obeying the impulse of a generous nature, he discloses and adopts the issue.

Now it appears to us that Mr Gladstone, thus identified with that section of the Liberal party of which Mr Bright is the Coryphæus and Mr Mill the philosopher, can hardly receive from the other section of the party, which is supposed

to look to Lord Clarendon and Sir George Grey as its representative men, a very cordial support. Being as yet in opposition, they accept him as their ostensible leader; and with a view to keep down the Tories, they, and others who think with them, appear in public to endorse the wildest and most revolutionary of his utterances. But we all know —every man in London who mixes at all in what is termed society knows—that their private opinions are bitterly at variance with their public declarations. If proof of this were needed, which it is not, we should refer our readers to Mr Gregg's admirable letter to the 'Pall Mall Gazette'—his 'Pleas,' as he calls it, 'in arrest of Judgment'—every revelation contained in which is true as gospel. Get any number of leading Whigs round your mahogany, or meet them by groups at Brookes's, and then say what the impression is which their conversation leaves upon your mind. That they are more dissatisfied with the turn which public affairs have taken than the oldest and stanchest of the old Tories; that they consider Mr Gladstone the most dangerous man that ever achieved eminence in the State; that they look back upon his surprise on the Irish question, and on the success which attended it, with horror, and anticipate the possible destruction of the Irish Church with dismay. Yet they stand by him, and in public profess to be his followers. Will this state of things last? We hardly believe it. Fond as the Whigs are of place and power, it seems difficult to subscribe to the notion that, for the temporary possession of these things — and if they accept them on Mr Gladstone's terms their tenure can only be temporary—they will deliberately outrage their own sense of political right, and undermine the monarchy. Our persuasion, on the contrary, is, that when the present Government goes out of office, as it will probably do ere many days pass, the difficulties of the Liberal party will begin. It is rumoured already, though we are not prepared to vouch for the truth of the report, that when Mr Gladstone is sent for, if he be sent for at all, the first act of the more moderate among the aristocratic Liberals will be to request from him a sight of the list which he intends to submit to her Majesty for high office. If on this list certain names appear which we have no authority to particularise, and therefore abstain from putting on record, a large section of the old Whig clique will decline to act with him. If *all* the names likely to be obnoxious to that clique be omitted, then it appears to us that there is an end to cohesion in what is called the great Liberal party. Observe that we do not vouch for the truth of this rumour, which is in circulation while we write. But we do vouch for the fact that a Cabinet which shall include Mr Bright, Mr Lowe, Mr Forster, and one or two more of the same kidney, will startle, offend, and perhaps alienate the old Whigs, even though the Duke of Argyle and the hope of the house of Devonshire consent to take office in it. At the same time we cannot ignore the fact that the feeling of the Whigs towards the Tories is at this moment more rancorous than it has been since the struggle for the first Reform Bill. They are furious because of the Tory victories in the city, in Westminster, at Liverpool, and throughout Lancashire; and their present leader makes no secret of his bitter personal antipathy to the Prime Minister. He, and such of the old houses as trust him, cannot get over the fact that they have been beaten at their own weapons by the most expert of Parliamentary tacticians.

It is idle to speculate on what, though still in the future, must very soon become the present. Possibly there may be insurmountable obstacles in the way of Mr

Gladstone's political triumph after all. Possibly some man not so committed as he to revolutionary measures may be required to form an Administration. Possibly such a man may undertake the task. But then we may be very sure that not only will Mr Gladstone refuse to act under such a man, but his real followers—the extreme Liberals—would not allow him so to serve if he were willing. Where should we be then? Let the authors of the present crisis answer. They are in the hands of those who cannot easily be satisfied, and who are not over-scrupulous as to the terms which they propose. Scotland already points to a policy in advance of Mr Gladstone's. The Scotch constituencies see no benefit in a religious establishment at all. They will probably begin upon their own Kirk as soon as the Irish Church is got rid of; and when they do, neither Mr Gladstone nor anybody else will be able to stop them. Meanwhile Ireland speaks—the Ireland, we mean, of Cardinal Cullen—in no measured tones. She has, for the present, a specific object in view; and she insists upon attaining it, will ye, nil ye, without compromise and without delay. We wish Mr Gladstone joy of the temper of his followers, and especially of his Irish followers, as it is here painted.

It is the day of nomination for the City of Dublin.

Sir Dominic Corrigan then came forward and made a long speech, the following portion of which is very remarkable:—"I have stated through the press, and I repeat it here, that I will vote for the disestablishment and disendowment of the State Church of Ireland. The principle I advocate is a free Church in a free State. In discussing this question of the downfall of the Established Church, I speak of the downfall of no man's Church. I never will lend a hand to the downfall of any Church. I only claim equality for all; but I never will submit to pay for the support of the Established Church unless as long as I am compelled by English law and English bayonets. There is a cry got up in defence of the Church Establishment now, and that is, 'You are taking away our property.' Well, I think it is plain that the Established Church is taking away my property. What is my proposition? In the words of Gladstone, 'We will treat you not only with justice, but with more than justice—with liberality; you shall have more than even what we consider your rights. Your life interest shall be preserved. No private property shall be interfered with.' These are our terms now. Let them be rejected, and what may our terms be? Gentlemen, the storming-party does not always give the same mercy to the conquered that the beleaguering army offered. Let them bear that in mind. There is yet for those who would prolong this fruitless contest a time to repent, a time to acknowledge what we propose. What we say is, 'We smart under wrong and insult, and we will no longer bear it.' It is felt from the kitchen to the banquet-hall. I have said that we can have no nationality as long as this incubus rests upon us. Condescension and pride can never interchange hands, and we can never meet as united Irishmen, and feel proud of our country, and demand, as the Scotchmen do, rights for our country, till we meet on the platform of equality. But what do our opponents propose by this contest? Do they expect to gain a reversal of the decision of the House of Commons of last year? Is any man so silly as to dream that? Does any man expect that if they hold it any longer English bayonets will be sent over to form a fence round the Established Church? Fellow-electors, you remember the Alabama. You remember that it is not a month since almost every ear in England listened with apprehension for the tick of the telegraph from America, lest the Alabama might give rise to what might shake England to her centre. Thanks to the good sense of both sides, that Alabama question has been settled. But an Alabama question of greater importance rises now at home—the Alabama of the Established Church. We are now met about that Alabama. And then, when they say they will not yield, do you think that England will go to fight for the Alabama of the State Church, when she shrank from a contest over the American Alabama? You are always speaking of the Boyne Water, and No Surrender, reminding me very much of

the poor organ-grinder who had only one tune. If it amuses you I am sure I have not the slightest objection to your playing it as long as you like, but do not press it too far. You remind me of an old Irish mastiff I once saw annoyed by a nasty ill-tempered little cur that was always yelping at his heels, and his yelp, I remember, had a strong resemblance to the Kentish fire. At last the big good-natured mastiff, provoked beyond all endurance, took him up and dropped him into a ditch; and when the little cur at last came to his good senses, he lifted him up again, gently patted him, and rubbed him down. Now we will do just the same with the leprechauns. Sir Arthur Guinness has said that I called the Protestants leprechauns. I never did. I never called the Protestants leprechauns. I never called the adherents of the Church of England leprechauns; but I called the little people who appear on the 13th of July, and exhibit themselves in curious-shaped hats, swallow-tailed coats, and orange breeches, to speak of the Boyne and No Surrender. But do you think for one moment that I could connect them with my Protestant brethren, or with men like Sir Arthur Guinness? Indeed no. I have said we are willing still to hold out the hand of peace. Don't go too far. We are gentle, but we must have religious equality. We shall, keeping within the law, gain all we desire. Do you dare to talk of going beyond it? All of you know what the motto on the artillery of the Irish Volunteers was, 'Free-trade or else ——.' Don't force us to raise as our motto, 'Religious equality or else ——."

This is plain speaking, but it is Irish speaking. Listen now to Mr Lowe, a remarkable member of Mr Gladstone's proximate Administration, and observe how he deals, not with the universities of Oxford and Dublin alone, the former of which made him, but with the highest institutions of the country:—

"He believed he had the honour of representing a constituency which would bear a comparison with any other in the kingdom, not excepting either of the elder universities, Oxford and Cambridge. Theindegrees were granted after a more difficult and searching examination than was required for the ordinary degrees at either Oxford or Cambridge. Their Parliamentary representation, too, had not become, like that of the University of Oxford, a mockery and a misery. It had not, as at Oxford, fallen into the hands of persons who knew nothing of the University itself, and who only thwarted the wishes of the men who really performed the educational work of Oxford, and to whom Oxford owed all its efficiency and reputation. Neither had they become, like the University of Dublin, a close borough for the law officers of the Crown. In their university capacity they had no prejudices to consult. Among them there was a clear distinction made between the governing body and the examining body; and their examinations were in consequence conducted with a strictness and an earnestness which would never be found to exist in corporations in which it was naturally the interest and the desire of the examiners for degrees and honours to deal as leniently as possible with the candidates who came before them."

The next object of his care is the Imperial Parliament, of which he thus disposes. Referring to the repeal of various laws, and the effect produced thereby on the constitution of society in this country, he observes, sneering at the Tories:—

"There was nothing, in fact, changed, except the basis of everything, and that change they ignored. He believed that we ought all now to endeavour to ascertain how that change was to be encountered; and in his opinion the wisest thing we could do was to profit by the lesson we might derive from the experience of the United States of America. The constitution of that country had, amidst novel and most trying social conditions, lasted at all events eighty years, and had survived the difficulties and dangers of one of the greatest civil wars by which any nation had ever been afflicted. He found that in America the power of the House of Assembly was controlled by the action of an independent Senate, by the rights of local State legislatures, and by the authority given to the courts of law of declaring whether any particular measure was opposed to the principles of the Constitution. In England the House of Commons was the supreme depository of all power, and he did not wish to disturb that arrangement. But he thought that the House of Lords might be strengthened, not by the

creation of life-peerages, as had of late been frequently suggested, but by giving a seat and a vote in the House to every one who had held certain offices, just as in ancient Rome every person who had served the State in certain capacities was admitted to the Senate. He would not make such seats hereditary; he would have the holders known by their names as commoners; and he believed that by the adoption of such a proposal new blood would be constantly infused into our Upper House, and a new authority would be given to its deliberations."

As to the Irish Church, Mr Lowe's hostility to that institution is, if possible, more rancorous, because more concentrated, than that of Mr Gladstone himself:—

"He had two suggestions to offer in reference to that subject. The first was, that not only must the Irish Church be disendowed and disestablished, but that disendowment and disestablishment must go together. It had been proposed that the Irish Church should be disestablished at once, and that then the livings should be allowed to fall in one by one on the death of each incumbent. But in his opinion that would be a most unjust and most impolitic course of proceeding. It would be unjust, because the Church would still exist as a badge of conquest and tyranny for the people of Ireland generally; and it must be impolitic, because if the Irish Church was to exist at all, it would rely on the voluntary efforts of its members and supporters, which such a system would tend to discourage. When the State assistance was withdrawn from the Church, private individuals must supply some great central fund for its maintenance, and a period of strong excitement, such as would be created by the application of the principle of immediate disendowment, would be the most favourable for the raising of such a fund; while, if the ministers of religion were allowed to drop off one by one, no earnest exertion, probably, would ever be made to supply their places."

So speaks Mr Lowe in regard to the projected policy of the head of that Administration in which he may be expected to hold high office. Now hear him in reference to a probable colleague, whose association with himself, whenever it may take place, must be very much of a kin with the association of cat with dog, or oil with vinegar:—

"There was another circumstance in his personal history to which he hoped they would allow him for a moment to advert. Mr Bright had lately stated that he (Mr Lowe) was at present doing penance in sackcloth and ashes for some sins of his committed two years ago. Now he was no ascetic, and although Mr Bright might know him better than he knew himself, he could assure them that nothing he had ever said, or written, or thought, could authorise Mr Bright to place him in that penitential position. What he had done he had done honestly and sincerely; and it was for time alone to show whether or not he had been right. He was there that day to retract nothing, to explain away nothing, and to affect penitence for nothing. But he believed that both he and Mr Bright could spend their time much better than in unavailing regret on the one hand, or in equally sincere congratulations on the other."

Looking, then, to all these circumstances—to the positive antagonism that there is between constitutional Whiggery and Communism—to the personal dislike to Mr Bright of which the Whig aristocracy make no secret—to Mr Lowe's impracticable arrogance, and Mr Gladstone's impetuous egotism—we confess that the formation of a Liberal Government having the latter of these statesmen at its head seems to us all but an impossibility. In this, perhaps, we may go too far. But such an Administration, supposing it to be made up out of the only members of the rival though allied sections that will ever act together, could not, we take it upon us to predict, last a twelvemonth. The Irish question alone will break it up, because it is ridiculous to suppose that, be the majority in the Commons what it may, the House of Lords will ever pass a bill for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church in Ireland blindfold, and knowing nothing of what is to follow. No. The Radical administration must disclose its whole plan if it hope to

carry its measure, and the whole Radical plan will probably be, or we are much mistaken, such as neither the Lords nor the Crown could accept. Where shall we be then? Thrown back upon fresh combinations, and the construction of a new party out of the better elements of all the old parties, and the ranging of the intellect and political influences of the country into two camps, one side prepared to battle for the constitutional monarchy, the other for a course which can end only in its downfall. Who is to be put forward as the ostensible leader of this new party we do not take it upon us to say. But of this we can assure the Liberals in the meanwhile, that their tenure of office, as long as it shall last, will not be to them a season of recreation; that from his place in the front rank of the Opposition benches the man whom they have pursued with so much rancour will settle with them old scores; that against his keen wit and stubborn logic neither the sophisms of Mr Gladstone nor the wrath of Mr Bright will afford any protection; and that the process of disintegration will begin among themselves on the very night when their Irish policy is fully disclosed. Meanwhile, for the reasons adduced in this paper, and for others which may be brought forward by-and-by, we return to the conclusion with the record of which we opened: There is every reason to believe that the general condition of this country—of Ireland not less than of England and Scotland—will in no very essential point be different twelve months hence from what it is at the present moment. We may change our Administration, but we shall not change our Constitution in Church or State in the lifetime of the present generation.

P.S.—As we send this paper to press, the news arrives that Mr Gladstone has been rejected by South-West Lancashire. While supporting Lord Hartington in the Northern Division of the County, Mr Gladstone said, "I tell you, upon a minute and careful examination of the promises of the men of South-West Lancashire, that if there is truth in man—and there is truth in man—and apart from any strange and unforeseen accidents, this day week (Wednesday), please God, if I live, I shall be Member for South-West Lancashire." He will now, we suppose, write another autobiography, saying that he has changed his mind, and was wrong in supposing that there was "truth in man."

Lancashire must now prepare to share with Oxford the hostility of Mr Gladstone; and Edinburgh University, which has just rejected him for its Chancellor, will also be out of favour. Mr Gladstone's friends loudly assert that he is the most popular man in England—the Premier-elect of the people; but surely Oxford University, Edinburgh University, and the men of Lancashire, form a jury entitled to give an opinion on this point. At all events, there is no mistake about their verdict. The most striking and gratifying fact that we have to record is, that in this, the first election under Household Suffrage, Lancashire, the great seat of English labour, has returned six Tories, and as yet not a single member of the self-styled Liberal party. This, coupled with the returns for Westminster, Middlesex, Liverpool, Manchester, and other vast constituencies, abundantly proves that the people begin to know who are their real friends.

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